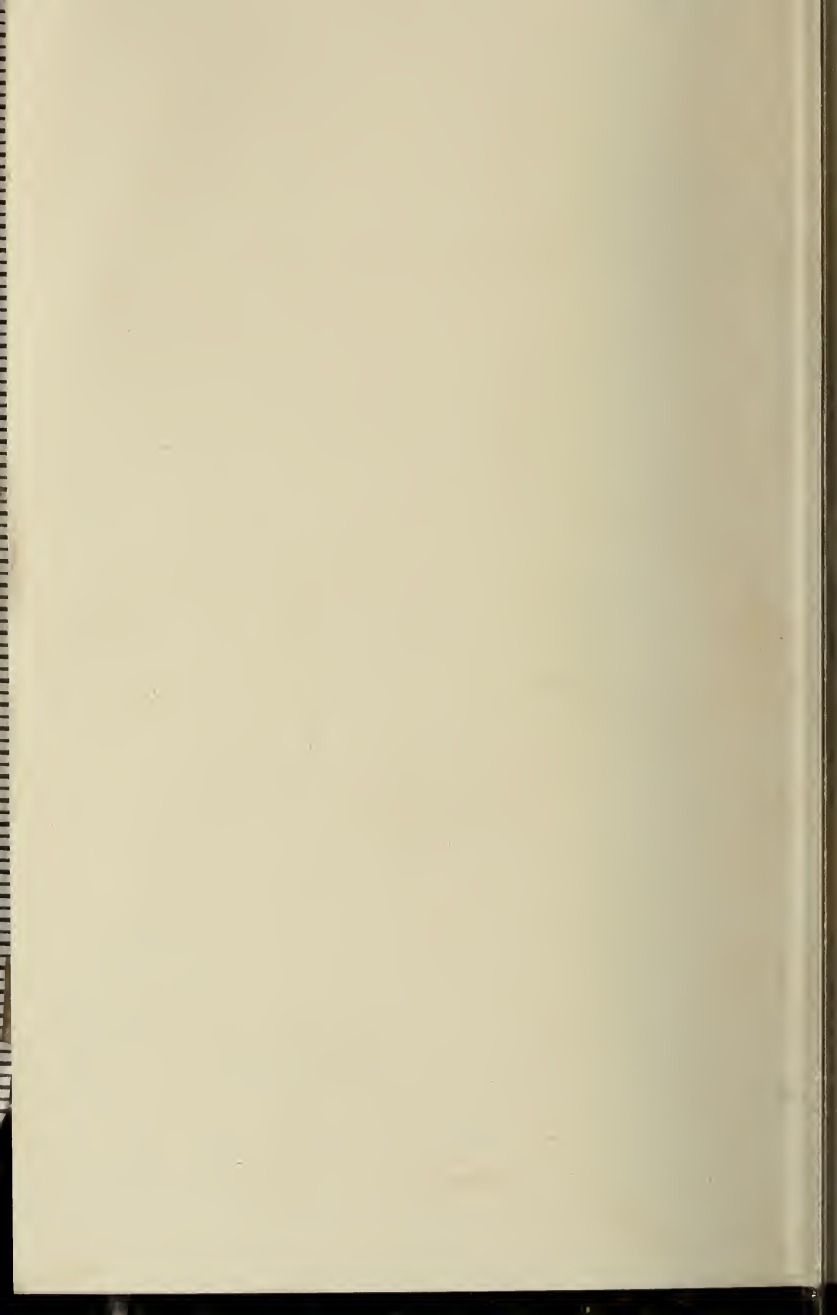
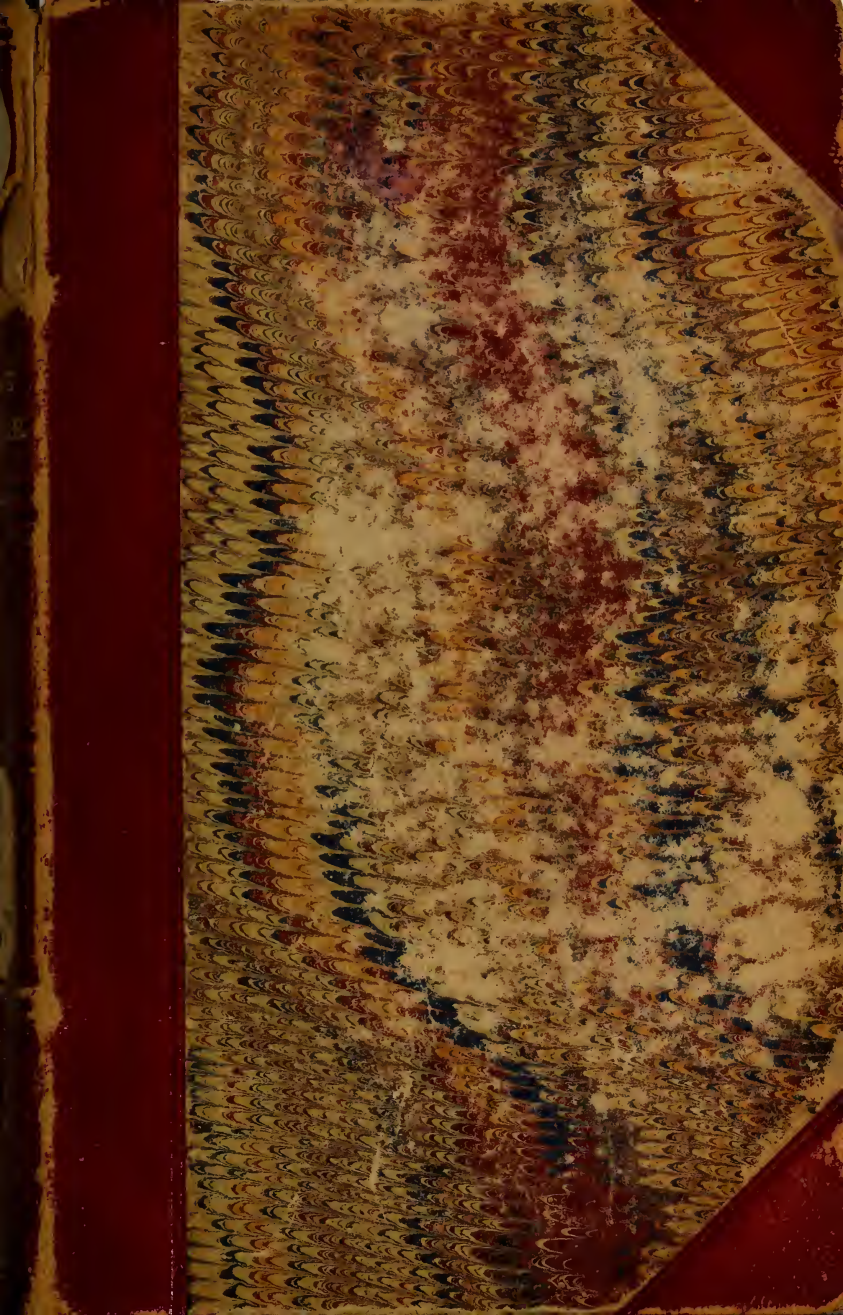


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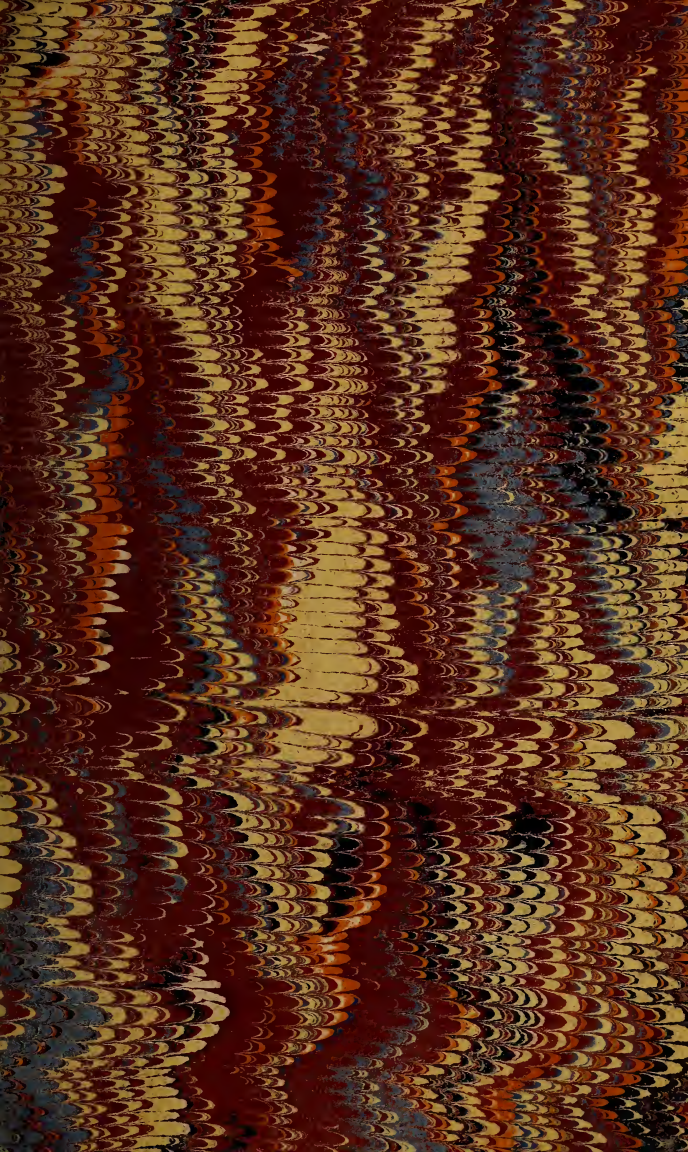


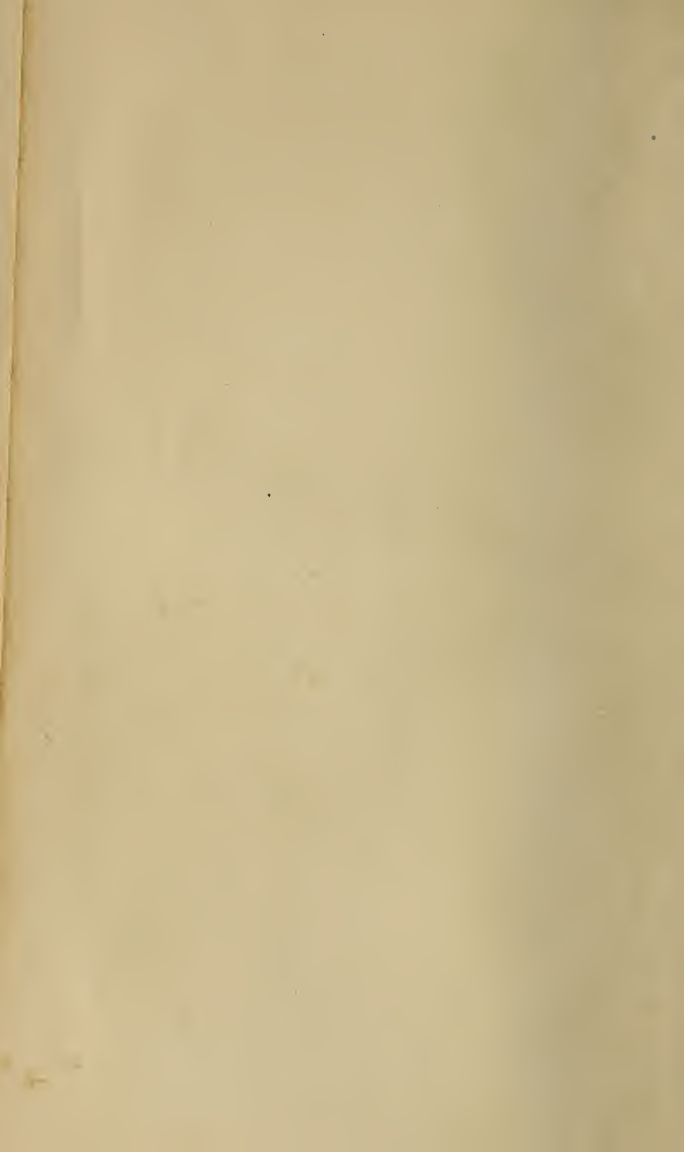
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Amory, Thomas

THE
SPIRIT OF BUNCLE;

OR THE

SURPRISING ADVENTURES

OF THAT

ORIGINAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER

JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ.

By T. Amory

O Memory! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropp'd by time;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new and beauty kind.

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE surprising adventures of the hero of the following pages have hitherto been incorporated with a ponderous substance:—the whole being placed in a literary alembic, and exposed to an intellectual fire, the residuum has fallen, and “The Spirit of Bunclie” ascended for the amusement of the age.

THE
SPIRIT OF BUNCLE.

CHAPTER I.

O Infancy,
From stain thy spotless heart is free :
No tongue hath ill to tell of thee.
Nor crimes remember'd bid thee weep,
Nor crimes projected break thy sleep.
No sordid passion's odious heat
Hath made, as yet, thy breast its seat.

THE events of my childhood are not worth recording, and therefore I commence my life from the first month of the seventeenth year of my age. In 1720 I was sent to the university, and entered a pensioner, though I had a larger yearly allowance than any fellow-commoner of my college. I determined to improve my natural faculties to the utmost of my power. Nature, I was sensible, had bestowed on me no genius ; but I had a tolerable share of natural understanding, and from my infancy was docile, and always

attentive to the directions of good sense. I desired only to acquire such degrees of perfection as lay within the small sphere Nature had marked out for me.

To this purpose, I devoted my college life to books; and for five years that I resided in the university, conversed so much with the dead that I had very little intercourse with the living. So totally had letters engaged my mind, that I was but little affected towards most other things. Walking and music were the principal recreations in which I delighted. I had scarcely a thought at that time of those foolish and fatal choices and pursuits of men, which are owing to a false judgment, and to a habit of acting precipitantly, without duly examining the inclinations and appetites; I therefore very rarely participated in the pleasures and diversions in which men of fortune in an university too commonly indulge. My relaxation, after study, was my German flute, and the conversation of some ingenious, sober friend; and when the weather permitted, I walked several miles into the country. At this exercise I had sometimes a friend or two with me; but for the most part my walks were solitary. My dog and my gun, however, were sufficient diversion on the way, and they frequently led me into scenes of enter-

tainment, which lasted longer than the day: some of them you will find in this journal. The history of the beautiful Harriet Noel you shall have by and by.

At present my scheme requires me to set down the books, and inform the reader of the issue of my studies. My time I devoted to philosophy, cosmography, mathematics, and the languages, for four years; and the fifth I gave to history.

The first book I took into my hand, after receiving my note of admission, was the Essay of that fine genius Mr. Locke; and I was so pleased with this clear and accurate writer, that I looked into nothing else, till, by reading it three times over, I had made a thorough acquaintance with my own understanding. This author taught me to examine my abilities, and enabled me to see to what objects my mind was suited. He led me into the sanctuary of vanity and ignorance, and shewed me how greatly true knowledge depended on a right meaning of words, and a just significancy of expression. From this inimitable Essay my understanding received unspeakable benefits, and to it I owe what improvement I have made in the reason given me. If I could, I would persuade all young gentlemen to read it over and over with great attention, and I am

sure they would find themselves very richly rewarded for their pains. They would acquire that justness and truth of understanding, which is the great perfection of rational beings.

After this I began to study the first principles of things—the structure of the universe, the texture of human bodies, the properties of animals, the physiology of plants, and the qualities of metals; and was exquisitely charmed with the contemplation of the beautiful order and wise final causes of Nature in all her laws and productions. The study had a delightful influence on the temper of my mind, and inspired a love of order in my heart, and in my outward demeanour. It likewise led to the Great First Cause, and, in repeated views of harmony, wisdom, and goodness in all the works of nature, impressed upon my mind a firm conviction, that all is under the administration of a general Mind, as far remote from all malice as from all weakness, whether in respect of understanding or of power. This gave me a due affection towards the infinitely perfect Parent of Nature; and as I contemplated his glorious works, I was obliged in transports to confess, that he deserved our love and admiration. I was also satisfied that whatever the order of the world produces, is in the

main both just and good ; and consequently that we ought in the best manner to support whatever hardships are to be endured for virtue's sake : that acquiescence and complacency, with respect to accidents and injuries, ought to be our duty under a perfect administration ; and with benignity and constancy we must ever act, from a settled persuasion, that all things are framed and governed by a universal Mind.

Such was the effect the study of natural philosophy had upon my mind. It set beyond all doubt before me, the moral perfection of the Creator and Governor of the universe. And if this Almighty God, I said, is perfect wisdom and virtue, does it not follow, that he must approve and love those who are at due pains to improve in wisdom ? —and what he loves and delights in, must he not make happy ? This is an evident truth. It renders the cause of virtue quite triumphant.

When I had finished my studies in cosmography, mathematics, and history, I proceeded to ethics, or moral philosophy, to which I devoted much attention, and in which I found unspeakable delight.

This science I collected, in the first place, from the ancient sages and philosophers, and studied all the moral writers of Greece and Rome. With

great pleasure I saw, that these immortal authors had delineated, as far as human reason can go, that course of life which is most according to the intention of Nature, and most happy; had shewn that this universe, and human nature in particular, was formed by the wisdom and counsel of a Deity, and that from the constitution of our nature various duties arose:—that, since God is the original independent being, complete in all possible perfection, of boundless power, wisdom, and goodness; the Creator, Contriver, and Governor of this world, to whom mankind are indebted for innumerable benefits most gratuitously bestowed; we ought to manifest the most ardent love and veneration toward the Deity, and worship him with affections of soul suited to the pre-eminence and infinite grandeur of the Original Cause of all; ought to obey him as far as human weakness can go, and humbly submit and resign ourselves and all our interests to his will; continually confide in his goodness, and constantly imitate him as far as our weak nature is capable. This is due to that original most gracious Power who formed us, and with a liberal hand supplies us with all things conducive to such pleasure and happiness as our nature can receive.—That, in respect of mankind, our natural

sense of right and wrong points out to us the duties to be performed towards others, and the kind affections implanted by nature excite us to the discharge of them: that, by the law of our constitution and nature, justice and benevolence are prescribed; and an intercourse of mutual offices required, not only to secure our pleasure and happiness, but to preserve ourselves in safety and in life: that the law of nature, or natural right, forbids every instance of injustice, a violation of life, liberty, health, property; and our honourable, kind powers, duly exercised, are not only a spring of vigorous efforts to do good to others, and thereby secure the common happiness; but they really procure us a joy and peace, internal applause and external advantages; while injustice and malice, anger, hatred, envy, and revenge, are often the cause of shame and remorse, and contain nothing joyful, nothing glorious: In the greatest affluence, the savage men are miserable.—That, as to ourselves, the voice of reason declares, that we ought to employ our abilities and opportunities in improving our minds to an extensive knowledge of Nature in the sciences; and by diligent meditation and observation, acquire that prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, which should constantly govern our lives:—that

solid prudence, which abhors rashness, inconsiderateness, a foolish self-confidence, and craft, and, under a high sense of moral excellence, considers and does what is really advantageous in life:—that justice, which constantly regards the common interest, and, in subserviency to it, gives to each one whatever is due to him upon any natural claim:—that temperance, which restrains and regulates the lower appetites, and displays the grace and beauty of manners:—and that fortitude, which represses all vain and excessive fears, gives us a superiority to all the external accidents of our mortal state, and strengthens the soul against all toils or dangers we may be exposed to, in discharge of our duty; as an early and painful death with virtue and honour, is highly preferable to the longest ignominious life, and no advantages can be compared, in point of happiness, with the approbation of God, and of our own hearts.

This beautiful moral philosophy I found scattered in the writings of the old philosophers, and with great pains reduced the various lessons to a system of active and virtuous offices: but this I knew was what the majority of mankind were incapable of doing; and if they could do it, I saw it was far inferior to Revelation. Every

Sunday I appropriated to the study of revealed religion, and perceived, as I read the sacred records, that the works of Plato, and Cicero, and Epicurus, and all the uninspired sages of antiquity, were but weak rules, compared with those of the divine oracles. It is the mercy and power of God in the triumphs of grace, that restores mankind from the bondage and ignorance of idolatry. The philosophy of Greece and Rome was admirable for the times and men: but it admits of no comparison with the divine lessons of our holy religion, and the charter of God's pardon granted to us by his blessed Son. Besides, the philosophers were in some degree dark and doubtful in respect of death and futurity; and, in relation to this world, there is not a sufficient power in their discourses to preserve us from being carried away by allurements in the midst of plenty, and to secure our peace against the casualties of fortune, and the torments of disappointment; to save us from the cares and solitudes which attend upon large possessions, and give us a mind capable of relishing the good things before us; to make us easy and satisfied as to the present, and render us secure and void of fear as to the future. These considerations made me prefer revealed religion in the beginning of my rational life. The mora-

lity of the ancient philosophers I admired; with delight I studied their writings, and received, I gratefully confess, much improvement from them. But the Christian religion I esteemed as the most consummate blessing God could bestow, or man receive.

CHAPTER II.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.

SHAKSPEARE.

ON the glorious first of August, before the beasts were roused from their lodges, or the birds had soared upwards to pour forth their morning harmony, before the sun with his auspicious presence began to animate inferior nature, I left my chamber, and with my gun and dog, went out to wander over a pleasant country. The different aspects and the various points of view were charming, as the light in fleecy rings increased; and when the whole flood of day descended, the embellished early scene was a fine entertainment. Delighted with the beauties of this morning, I climbed up the mountains, and travelled through many a valley. The game was plentiful, and for full five hours I journeyed onward, without knowing where I was going, or thinking of a return to college.

About nine o'clock, however, I began to grow very hungry, and was looking round to see if I could discover any proper habitation to my purpose, when I observed in a valley, at some distance, something that looked like a mansion. That way, therefore, I moved, and with no little difficulty, as I had a precipice to descend, or must go a mile round, to arrive at the place I wanted: down, therefore, I marched, got a fall by the way that had like to have destroyed me, and, after all, found it to be a shed for cattle. The bottom, however, was very beautiful, and the sides of the hills sweetly copped with little woods. The valley is so divided, that the rising sun gilds it on the right hand, and, when declining, warms it on the left. A pretty brook here likewise bubbles along, and even Hebrus strays not around Thrace with a purer and cooler stream.

In this sweet and delicious solitude I sauntered on for some time, by the side of the murmuring stream, and followed as it wound through the vale, till I came to a little harmonic building, that had every charm and proportion architecture could give it. It was situated on a rising ground in a broad part of the fruitful valley, and surrounded with a garden that invited a pensive wanderer to roam in its delightful retreats. The

walks were amazingly beautiful. Every side of this fine spot was planted thick with underwood, and kept so low, as not to prevent a prospect to every pleasing remote object.

Finding one of the garden-doors left open, I entered immediately, and, to screen myself from the scorching beams of the sun, got into an embowered way, that led me to a large fountain, in a ring or circular opening, and from thence, by a gradual, easy, shady ascent, to a semicircular amphitheatre of ever-greens that was charming to behold; in this were several seats for ease, repast, or retirement, and at each end of it a rotunda, or temple, of the Ionic order. One of them was converted into a grotto, or shell-house, in which a politeness of fancy had produced and blended the greatest beauties of nature and decoration. The other was a library, filled with the finest books, and a great variety of mathematical instruments. Here I saw Miss Noel sitting, and so intent on writing, that she did not take any notice of me, as I stood at the window, in astonishment looking at the things before me, and especially at the amazing beauties of her face, and the splendour of her eyes, as she raised them now and then from the paper she wrote on, to look into a book that lay open upon a small desk

before her. The whole scene was so very uncommon, and so amazing, that I thought myself, for a while, on some spot of magic ground, and almost doubted the reality of what my eyes beheld; till Miss Noel, by accident, looked full at me, and then came forward to the open window, to know whom I wanted.

Before I could answer, I found a venerable old gentleman standing by my side, and he seemed much more surprised at me than his daughter was; for, as this young lady told me afterwards, she guessed at once the whole affair, seeing me with my gun and dog, in a shooting dress; and knew it was a natural curiosity brought me into the garden, and stopped me at the window, when I saw her in such an attitude and in such a place. This, I assured them, was the truth of my case; with this small addition, however, that I was ready to perish for want of something to eat, having been from four in the morning at hard exercise, and had not yet broke my fast. "If this be the case," says the good old man, "you are welcome, Sir, to Eden Park, and you shall soon have the best breakfast our house affords." Upon this, Mr. Noel brought me into his house, and the lovely Harriet made tea for me, and had such plenty of fine cream, and extraordinary bread

and butter set before me, that I breakfasted with uncommon pleasure. The honour and happiness of her company rendered the repast quite delightful. There was a civility so very great in her manner, and a social goodness so charming in her talk and temper, that it was unspeakable delight to sit at table with her. She asked me a number of questions relating to things, and books, and people; and there was so much good sense in every inquiry, so much good humour in her reflections and replications, that I was entirely charmed with her mind, and lost in admiration when I contemplated the wonders of her face and the beauties of her person.

When breakfast was over, it was time for me to depart, and I made half a dozen attempts to rise from my chair; but, without her laying a rosy finger on me, this illustrious maid had so totally subdued my soul, and deprived me of all motive power, that I sat like the renowned Prince of the Massagetes, who was stiffened by enchantment in the apartment of the princess Phedima, as we read in *Amadis de Gaul*. This Miss Noel saw very plainly, and, in compassion to my misfortune, generously threw in a hint now and then for a little farther conversation, to colour my unreasonable delay. But this could not have been

of service much longer, as the clock had struck twelve, if the old gentleman, her father, had not returned to us, and told me, he insisted on my staying to dine with him, for he loved to take a glass after dinner with a facetious companion, and would be obliged to me for my company. "At present," Mr. Noel continued, "you will excuse me, Sir, as business engages me till we dine: but my daughter will chat the hours away with you, and shew you the curiosities of her library and grotto:—Harriet," he said, "will supply my place."

This was a delightful invitation indeed; and, after returning my hearty thanks to the old gentleman for the favour he did me, I addressed myself to Miss Noel, when her father was gone, and we were walking back to the library in the garden, and told her ingenuously, that though I could not be positive as to the situation of my soul, whether I was in love with her or not, as I never had experienced the passion before, nor knew what it was to admire a woman, having lived till that morning in a state of indifference to her sex; yet I found very strange emotions within me, and I was sure I could not leave her without the most lively and afflicting inquietude. "You will pardon, I hope, Madam, this effusion of my heart, and suffer me to demonstrate, by a thousand and a

thousand actions, that I honour you in a manner unutterable, and from this time can imagine no happiness but with you."

"Sir," this inimitable maid replied, "you are an entire stranger to me: and to declare a passion on a few hours' acquaintance, must be either to try my weakness, or because you think a young woman is incapable of relishing any thing but such stuff, when in conversation with a gentleman in secret." I could only answer, "Charming Harriet, my fate is in your hands. Dispose of it as you will, and make me what you please."

"You force me to smile," the illustrious Miss Noel replied, "and oblige me to call you an odd compound of a man. Pray, Sir, let me have no more of those romantic flights; and the remainder of our leisure, till dinner, we will pass in a visit to my grotto, and in walking round the garden to the parlour we came from." To the grotto then we went; and, to the best of my power, I will give my reader a description of this splendid room.

In one of the fine rotundas I have mentioned, at one end of the green amphitheatre very lately described, the shining apartment was formed. Miss Noel's hand had covered the floor with the most beautiful Mosaic my eyes have ever beheld,

and filled the arched roof with the richest fossil gems. The Mosaic painting on the ground was wrought with small coloured stones or pebbles, and sharp pointed bits of glass, measured and proportioned together, so as to imitate in their assemblage the strokes and colour of the objects which they were intended to represent, and they represented, by this lady's art, the Temple of Tranquillity, described by Volusenus in his dream.

At some distance the fine temple looks like a beautiful painted picture, as do the birds, the beasts, the trees, in the fields about it, and the river which murmurs at the bottom of the rising ground. So wonderfully did this genius perform the piece, that fishes of many kinds seem to take their pastime in the bright stream. But above all is the image of the philosopher, at the entrance of the temple, beautifully fine. With pebbles and scraps of glass, all the beauties and graces are expressed, which the pencil of an able artist could bestow on the picture of Democritus. You see him, as Diogenes Laertius has drawn him, with a philosophical joy in his countenance, that shews him superior to all events; and with a finger he points to the following golden inscription on the portico of the temple:—

*Flagrans sit studium bene merendi de seipso,
Et seipsum perficiendi.*

That is, *By a rectitude of mind and life, secure true happiness and the applause of your own heart, and let it be the labour of all your days to come as near perfection as it is possible for human nature to approach.*

This Mosaic piece of painting is, indeed, an admirable thing. It has a fine effect in this grotto, and is a noble monument of the superior taste of Miss Noel. Nor was her fine genius less visible in the striking appearance of the extremely beautiful shells and valuable curiosities all round the apartment. Her father spared no cost to procure her the finest things of the oceans and rivers from all parts of the world, and pebbles, stones, and ores of the greatest curiosity and worth. These were all disposed in such a manner, as not only shed a glorious lustre in the room, but shewed the understanding of this young lady in natural knowledge.

In one part of the grot were collected and arranged the stony coverings of all the shell fish in the sea, from the striated patella and its several species, to the pholades in all their varieties; and of those that live in the fresh streams, from the suboval limpet or umbonated patella, and its species, to the triangular and deeply striated cardia. Even all the

land shells were in this collection, from the pomatia to the round-mouthed turbo. The most beautiful genera of the sea shells, intermixed with fossil corals of all kinds, with animal substances become fossil; and with copper ores, agates, pebbles, pieces of the finest marmora and alabastritæ, and the most elegant and beautiful marcasites, and crystals, and spars. These filled the greatest part of the walls; and in classes here and there were scattered, as foils to raise the lustre of the others, the inferior shells.

With a large quantity of these most beautiful shells, which are rarely seen in any collection, Miss Noel formed a grotto that exceeded every thing of the kind, I believe, in the world. It was not only, that Miss Noel's happy fancy had blended all these things in the wildest and most beautiful disposition over the walls of the rotunda, but her fine genius had produced a variety of grotts within her grotto, and falling waters and points of view. In one place was the famous Atalanta, and her delightful cave: and in another part, the goddess and Ulysses's son appeared at the entrance of that grot, which, under the appearance of a rural plainness, had every thing that could charm the eye: the roof was ornamented with

shell-work, the tapestry was a tender vine, and limpid fountains sweetly purled around.

Such was Miss Noel's grotto, and with her, if it had been in my power to choose, I had rather have passed in it the day, in talking of the various fine subjects it contained, than have gone in to dinner; which a servant now informed us was serving up. Back then we returned to the parlour, and there found the old gentleman. We sat down immediately to two very good dishes; and when that was over, Mr. Noel and I drank a bottle of old Alicant. Though this gentleman was upwards of sixty, yet years had not deprived him of reason and spirit. He was lively and sensible, and still a most agreeable companion. He talked of Greece and Rome, as if he had lived there before the era of Christianity. The court of Augustus he was so far from being a stranger to, that he described the principal persons in it, their actions, their pleasures, and their caprices, as if he had been their contemporary. We talked of all these great characters. We went into the gallery of Verres. We looked over the ancient theatres. Several of the most beautiful passages in the Roman poets this fine old man repeated, and made very pleasant, by his moral remarks upon them.

In this manner did the old gentleman and I pass the time, till the clock struck five, when Miss Noel came into the room again, and her father said he must retire, to take his evening nap, and we should see him again at supper; for with him I must stay that night. "Harriet, make tea for the gentleman—I am your servant, Sir;" and he withdrew. To Harriet then, my life and my bliss, I turned, and over a pot of tea was as happy, I am sure, as ever with his Statira sat the conqueror of the world. I began to relate once more the story of a passion, that was to form, one day, I hoped, my sole felicity in this world, and with vows and protestations affirmed, that I loved from my soul. "Charming angel," I said, "the beauties of your mind have inspired me with a passion, that must increase every time I behold the harmony of your face; and, by the powers divine, I swear to love you so long as heaven shall permit me to breathe the vital air. Bid me, then, either live or die, and while I do live, be assured, that my life will be devoted to you only." My passion had risen so high for such uncommon female excellence, that I could not help snatching this beauty to my arms, and without thinking of what I did, I impressed on her balmy mouth half a dozen kisses. This was wrong, and gave her very great

offence ; but she was too good to be implacable ; and on my begging her pardon, and protesting it was not a willing rudeness, but the magic of her glorious eyes, and the bright powers of her mind, that had transported me beside myself, she was reconciled, and asked me, if I would play a game at cards? “With delight,” I replied; and immediately a pack was brought in. We sat down to cribbage, and had played a few games, when, by accident, Miss Noel saw the head of my German flute, which I always brought out with me in my walks, and carried it in a long pocket within side my coat. “You play, Sir, I suppose, on that instrument,” this lady said; “and as of all sorts of music this pleases me most, I request you will oblige me with any thing you please.” “In a moment,” I answered; and taking from my pocket-book the following lines, I reached them to her, and told her I had the day before set them to one of Lulli’s airs; and instantly began to breathe the softest harmony I could make.

ALMIGHTY Love’s resistless rage,
No force can quell, no art assuage:
While wit and beauty both conspire
To kindle in my breast the fire:
The matchless shape, the charming grace,
The easy air, and blooming face,

Each charm that does in Flavia shine,
To keep my captive heart combine.

I feel, I feel the raging fire !
And my soul burns with fierce desire !
Thy freedom, Reason, I disown,
And Beauty's pleasing chains put on ;
No art can set the captive free,
Who scorns his offer'd liberty ;
Nor is confinement any pain,
To him who hugs his pleasing chain.

Bright Venus ! offspring of the sea !
Thy sovereign dictates I obey ;
I own submit thy mighty reign,
And feel thy power in every vein :
I feel thy influence all-confess'd,
I feel thee triumph in my breast !
'Tis there is fix'd thy sacred court,
'Tis there thy Cupids gaily sport.

Come, my Boy, the altar place,
Add the blooming garland's grace ;
Gently pour the sacred wine,
Hear me, Venus, power divine !
Grant the only boon I crave,
Hear me, Venus, hear thy slave !
Bless my fond soul with beauty's charms,
And give me Flavia to my arms.

Just as I was finishing this piece of music, old Mr. Noel came into the parlour, in his wonted good humour, and seemed very greatly pleased with me and my instrument. He told me I was the young man he wanted to be acquainted with, and that, if it was no detriment to me, I should not leave him this month to come. "Come, Sir," continued the fine old gentleman, "let me hear another piece of your music—vocal or instrumental, as you will—for I suppose you sing as well as you play." "Both you shall have, Sir," I replied, "to the best of my abilities: and, by way of change, I will give you, first, a song called The Solitude."

YE lofty mountains, whose eternal snows,
Like Atlas, seem to prop the distant skies;
While shelter'd by your high and ample brows,
All Nature's beauties feast my ravish'd eyes:
And far beneath me o'er the distant plain
The thunders break, and rattling tempests reign.

Here, when Aurora with her cheerful beam
And rosy blushes marks approaching day,
Oft do I walk along the purling stream,
And see the bleating flocks around me stray:
The woods, the rocks, each charm that strikes my
sight,
Fills my whole breast with innocent delight.

Here gaily dancing on the flow'ry ground
The cheerful shepherds join their flute and voice ;
While through the groves the woodland songs re-
sound,
And fill the untroubled mind with peaceful joys:
Music and love inspire the vocal plain,
Alone the turtle tunes her plaintive strain.

Here the green turf invites my wearied head,
On Nature's lap, to undisturb'd repose ;
Here gently laid to rest, each care is fled ;
Peace and content my happy eyelids close.
Ye golden flattering dreams of state, adieu !
As bright my slumbers are, more soft than you.

Here free from all the tempests of the Great,
Craft and ambition can deceive no more :
Beneath these shades I find a blest retreat,
From Envy's rage secure, and Fortune's pow'r :
Here call the actions of past ages o'er,
Or truth's immortal source alone explore.

Here, far from all the busy world's alarms,
I prove in peace the Muse's sacred leisure :
No cares within, no distant sound of arms,
Break my repose, or interrupt my pleasure.
Fortune and Fame, deceitful forms ! adieu !
The world's a trifle far beneath my view.

This song delighted the old gentleman to a great degree. He told me, he was charmed with it, not only for the fine music I made of it, but the morality of it; and liked me so much, that I was most heartily welcome to make his solitary retreat my home, as often and as long as I pleased. And indeed I did so, and continued to behave in such a manner, that in two months time, I gained so entirely his affections, and so totally the heart of his admirable daughter, that I might have her in wedlock when I pleased, after the expiration of that current year, which was the young lady's request, and be secured of his estate at his death, besides a large fortune to be immediately paid down; and this though my father should refuse to settle any thing on me, or Miss Noel, my wife. This was as generous and charming as my heart could desire. I thought myself the happiest of men. Every week I went to Eden Park, one time or other, to see my dear Miss Noel, and pay my respects to her worthy father. We were, while I stayed, a most happy family, and enjoyed such satisfactions, as few, I believe, have experienced in this tempestuous hemisphere. Mr. Noel was passionately fond of his daughter, and he could not have regarded me more if I had been his own son. I loved my Harriet with a fondness

beyond description, and that glorious girl had all the esteem I could wish she had for me. Our mutual felicity could rise no higher till we gave our hands, as we had already plighted our hearts.

GOLDEN Hymen, bring thy robe,
 Bring thy torch, that still inspires,
 Round the stately amorous globe,
 Vigorous flames and gay desires.

Sister Graces, all appear ;
 Sister Graces, come away ;
 Let the heavens be bright and clear,
 Let the earth keep holiday.

Jocund Nature does prepare
 To salute the charming Bride,
 And with odours fills the air,
 Snatch'd from all the world beside.

Little Cupids, come and move
 Round the Bridegroom's longing eyes,
 Whilst the stately Queen of love
 Round the Bride her cestus ties.

This world is a series of visionary scenes, and contains so little solid, lasting felicity, as I have found it, that I cannot call *life* more than a

deception; and, as Swift says, he is the happiest man, who is best deceived. When I thought myself within a fortnight of being married to Miss Noel, and of being thereby made as completely happy in every respect as it was possible for a mortal man to be, the small pox stepped in, and in seven days time reduced the finest human frame in the universe to the most hideous and offensive block. The most amiable of human creatures mortified all over, and became a spectacle the most hideous and unbearable. This broke her father's heart in a month's time, and the paradise I had in view sunk into everlasting night.

My heart, upon this sad accident, bled and mourned to an extreme degree. All the tender passions were up in my soul, and with great difficulty could I keep my ruffled spirits in tolerable decorum. I lost what I valued more than my life—more than repeated millions of worlds, if it had been possible to get them in exchange. This engaged, beloved partner, was an honour to her sex, and an ornament to human kind. She was one of the wisest and most agreeable of women: and her life quite glorious for piety to God, compassion to the necessitous and miserable, benevolence and good-will to all, with every other grace and virtue. These shone with a bright lustre in

her whole deportment, and rendered her beloved, and the delight of all that knew her. Sense and genius were in her united; and by study, reflection, and application, she improved the talents in the happiest manner. She had acquired a superiority in thinking, speaking, writing, and acting; and in manners, her behaviour, her language, her design, her understanding, was inexpressibly charming. Miss Noel died in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

CHAPTER III.

His father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

HAVING thus lost Miss Noel and my good old friend, her worthy father, I left the university, and went down to the country, after five years and three months absence, to see how things were situated at home, and pay my respects to my father ; but I found them very little to my liking, and in a short time I returned to Dublin. My father had lately married in his old age a young wife, who was one of the most artful, false, and insolent of women ; and, to gratify her to the utmost of his power, he had not only brought her nephew into his house, but was ridiculously fond of him, and lavishly gratified all his desires. Whatever this little brute (the son of a drunken beggar, who had been a journeyman glover) was pleased, in wantonness, to call for, and his years, then

sixteen, could require, my father's fortune in an instant produced: while scarcely one of my rational demands could be answered. Money, clothes, servants, horses, dogs, and all things he could fancy, were given him in abundance; and, to please the basest of women, and the most cruel step-mother that ever ill-luck inspired to make the son of another woman miserable, I was denied almost every thing. The fine allowance I had at the university was taken from me. Even a horse to ride out to the neighbouring gentlemen was refused me, though my father had three stables of extraordinary cattle; and till I purchased one, I was forced to walk wherever I had a mind to visit. What is still more incredible (if any thing of severity can be so, when a mother-in-law is sovereign), I was not allowed to keep my horse even at grass on the land, though five hundred acres of freehold estate surrounded the mansion, but obliged to graze it at a neighbouring farmer's. Nor was this all the hard measure I received. I was ordered by my father to become the young man's preceptor; to spend my precious time in teaching this youngster, and in labouring to make the little despicable dunce a scholar. All this was more than I could bear. My life became insupportable, and I resolved to range even the

wilds of Africa, if nothing better offered, rather than live a miserable slave under the cruel tyranny of those unrelenting oppressors. Indeed it was impossible for me to stay at home, for my father took no notice of me, and my mother-in-law and the boy did all they could invent to render my life miserable.

CHAPTER IV.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

ON the first day of May then, early in the morning, as the clock struck one, I mounted my excellent mare, and with my boy, O'Fin, began to journey as I had projected, on seeing how things went. I did not communicate my designs to a soul, nor take my leave of any one; but in the true spirit of adventure, abandoned my father's dwelling, and set out to try what fortune would produce in my favour. I had the world before me, and Providence my guide. As to my substance, it consisted of a purse of gold, that contained fifty Spanish pistoles, and half a score moidores; and I had one bank note for five hundred pounds,

which my dear Miss Noel left me by her will, the morning she sickened ; and it was all she had of her own to leave to any one. With this I set forward, and in five days' time arrived from the western extremity of Ireland, at a village called Rings-end, that lies on the Bay of Dublin. Three days I rested there, and then got my horses on board a ship that was ready to sail, and bound for the land I was born in—I mean Old England.

The wind in the afternoon seemed good and fair, and we were in hopes of getting to Chester the next day ; but at midnight a tempest arose, which held, in all the horrors of hurricane, thunder and lightning, for two nights and a day, and left us no hope of escape. It was a dreadful scene indeed, and looked as if the last fatal assault was making on the globe. As we had many passengers, their cries were terrible, and affected me more than the flashing fires and the winds. For my part, I was well reconciled to the great change ; but I confess that nature shrunk at the frightful manner of my going off, which I expected every moment the second night. At last, however, we got into Whitehaven. It pleased the King of all the earth to still the storm.

One remarkable thing I noticed while the tempest lasted, which was, that the Dean of Derry,

Dr. Whaley, whom we had on board, (who might have been expected to have evinced great fortitude,) was much more afraid than one young lady of the company, who appeared quite serene. The Dean, though a fine orator on land, was ridiculous in his fears at sea. He screamed as loud as any of the people: but this young lady behaved like an angel in a storm. She was calm and resigned; and sat with the mate and me, the second night, discoursing of the Divine power, and the laws of nature, in such uproars. This young lady went to bed the first night, before the tempest began to stir: it was not many hours before a sea struck us upon the quarter, and drove in one of our quarter and one of our stern dead lights, where we shipped great quantities of water, that put us under great apprehensions of foundering, and filled so suddenly the close wooden bed in which Miss Melmoth lay, that had not I chanced to be then leaning against the partition, and snatched her out the moment I found myself all over wet and half covered with the breaking sea, she must inevitably have perished. I ran up on deck with her in my arms, and laid her almost senseless there: and as there was no staying many minutes in that place, I threw my great coat over her, and then brought her down

to my own birth, which I gave her, and got her dry clothes from her trunk, and made her drink a large glass of brandy, which saved her life. She got no cold, which I thought very strange, but was hurt a little in the remove. When all was over, she protested she would never go undressed into bed on board ship again.

When we had obtained the wished-for shore, the passengers all divided. The Dean and his lady, and some other ladies, went one way, to an inn recommended to them by a gentleman on board; and the young lady, whose life was by me preserved, went with me to the Talbot, which the mate informed me had the best accommodations, though the smallest inn in the town. This mate, Mr. Whitwell, deserves to be particularly mentioned, as he was remarkable for good-breeding, good sense, and a considerable share of learning, though a sailor. He was as remarkable this way, as the captain of the ship was the other, that is, for being the roughest and most brutal old tar that ever commanded a vessel.

Whitwell, the mate, about thirty-six years of age at this time, told me, he was the son of a man who once had a great fortune, and gave him an university education, but left an estate so encumbered with debts, and ruined with mortgages, that

its income was almost nothing, and therefore the son sold the remains of it, and went to sea with an East India captain, in the twenty-second year of his age; and was so fortunate abroad, that he not only acquired riches, in four years time that he trafficked about between Batavia and the Gulf of Persia, but married a young Indian lady, the daughter of a Rajah, or petty prince, in the Mogul empire. The lady was rich, wise, and beautiful, and made his life so very happy, for three years that she lived, that his state was a paradise, and he seemed a little sovereign. But this fleeting scene was soon over; and, on his return to England with all his wealth, their ship was taken by the pirates of Madagascar, who robbed him of all he had, and made him a miserable sinner for two years and upwards. He escaped from them to the tawny generations of Arabs, who lived on the mountains, on the other side of this African island, who used him with great humanity: their chief, being very fond of him, entertained him in his mud-wall-palace. He married there a pretty little yellow creature, niece to the poor ruler; and for twelve months was very far from being miserable with his partner, as they had a handsome cottage and some cattle, and his wife was good-humour itself, very sensible, and a

religious woman: her religion being half Mahometanism and half Judaism. But she died at the year's end, and her uncle, the chief, not living a month after her, Whitwell came down from the mountains to the next sea-coast under the conduct of one of the Arabians, his friend, and, meeting with an European ship there, got at last to London. A little money he had left behind him in England, in case of accidents, if he ever should return to his own country; and with this he dressed himself, got into business, and came at last to be mate of the Skinner and Jenkins. His destiny, he added, was untoward; but as he had thought, and read, and seen enough in his wide travels, to be convinced, that the world, and every being, and every atom of it, were directed and governed by unerring wisdom, he derived hopes and comfort from a due acknowledgment of Providence. This conclusion was just and beautiful; and a life and sentiments so uncommon, I thought, deserved a memorial.

Miss Melmoth and I continued at the Talbot for three weeks, and during that time, breakfasted, dined, and supped together. Except the hours of sleep, we were rarely from each other. We walked out together every day for hours, conversed, sometimes went to cards, and often she

sung, while I played on my flute. With the greatest civility and the most exact good manners, we were as intimate as if we had been acquainted for ages, and we found a satisfaction in each other's company, as great as lovers generally experience: yet not so much as one syllable of the passion was mentioned; not the least hint of love on either side was given, while we stayed at Whitehaven, and I believe neither of us had a thought of it. It was a friendship the most pure and exalted, that commenced at my saving her life in the manner I have related, and by some strange kind of magic, our notions and inclinations, tempers and sentiments, had acquired such a sameness in a few days, that we seemed as two spiritual Socias, or duplicates of each other's mind. Body was quite out of the case, though this lady had an extravagance of beauty. My sole delight was that fine perception which shed a lustre on her outward charms. How long this state would have lasted, had we continued more time together, and had the image of the late Miss Noel been more effaced, or worn out of the sensorium of my head, I cannot say; but while it did last, there could be nothing more strange, than to see two young people of different sexes, in the highest spirits and most confirmed health, live together

for twenty-one days, perfectly pleased with each other, entirely at their own disposal, and as to fortune, having abundantly enough between them both for a comfortable life; and yet never utter one word, nor give a look, that could be construed into a declaration of the passion, or a tendency towards a more intimate union; to complete that connexion which nature and providence require of beings circumstanced as we were:—this was very strange. Till the clock struck twelve every night we sat up, and talked of a variety of things, from the Bible down to the Clouds of Aristophanes, and from the comedies and tragedies of Greece and Rome, to the Minerva of Sanctius, and Hicckes's Northern Thesaurus. Instead of Venus or any of her court, our conversation would often be on the Morals of Cicero, his Academics, and *De finibus*; on the English or the Roman history; Shakspeare's scenes of nature, or maps of life; whether the *Œdipus*, or the *Electra* of Sophocles was the best tragedy; and the scenes in which Plautus and Terence most excelled. Like two critics, or two grammarians, antiquarians, historians, or philosophers, would we pass the evening with the greatest cheerfulness and delight.

Miss Melmoth had an astonishing memory, and talked on every subject extremely well. She remembered all she had read. She told me, her mother was another Madame Dacier, and as her father was killed in a duel, when she was very young, the widow Melmoth, instead of going into the world, continued to live at her country seat, and diverted herself with teaching her daughter the languages of Greece and Rome, and in educating her heart and mind. This enabled her to acquire a knowledge so various and fine, that it was surprising to hear her expatiate and explain. She talked with so much ease and good humour, and had a manner so cheerful and polite, that her discourse was always entertaining. These things, however, were not the only admirable qualities in this character. So happily had her good mother formed and instructed her mind, that it appeared full of all the principles of true honour, and devoted to that truly god-like religion, which exalts the soul to an affection rather than dread of the Supreme Lord of all things, and to a conviction that his laws lead us to happiness here as well as hereafter. In a word, this young lady was wise and good, humble and charitable. I have seen but one of her sex superior to her, in the powers of mind, and the beauty of person :

that was Miss Noel—very few have I known that were her equal.

The second day of June Miss Melmoth and I left Whitehaven, and proceeded from thence to Westmoreland. We travelled for five days together, till we came to Brugh under Stainmore, where we stayed a night, and the next morning we were to part. Miss Melmoth and her servants were going right on to Yorkshire; and I was bound to the left, to look for one Mr. Charles Turner, who had been my near friend in the university, and lived in some part of the north-east extremity of Westmoreland, or Yorkshire. But before we separated on the edge of Stainmore, we stopped at the Bell to breakfast, which is a little lone house on a descent to a vast romantic glen, and the only public house there is in this wild silent road till we come to Jack Railton the Quaker's house at Bows. We had a pot of coffee, and toast and butter for breakfast, and, as usual, we were very cheerful over it; but when we had done, and it was time to depart, a melancholy, like a black and dismal cloud, began to overspread the charming face of Charlotte, and, after some silence, the tears burst from her eyes. "What is the matter, Miss Melmoth?" I said—"what makes this amazing change?" "I will tell

you, Sir," this beauty replied; "to you I owe my life, and for three weeks past have lived with you in so happy a way, that the end of such a scene, and the probability of my never seeing you more, are too much for me." "Miss Melmoth," I answered, "you do me more honour than I deserve, in shedding tears for me; and since you can think me worth seeing again, I promise you upon my sacred word, that as soon as I have found a beloved friend of mine I am going to look for, and have paid my respects to him for a while, if he is to be found in this desolate part of the world, I will travel with my lad in the next place, if it be possible, to the East-riding of Yorkshire, and be at Mrs. Asgil's door, where you say you are to be found." This restored the glories to Charlotte's face again; and for the first time, I gave Miss Melmoth a kiss, and bade her adieu.

CHAPTER V.

How pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
When two old friends together meet.

HAVING thus lost my charming companion, I travelled into a vast valley, inclosed by mountains whose tops were above the clouds, and soon came into a country that is wilder than the Campagna of Rome, or the uncultivated vales of the Alps and Apennines. Warm with a classical enthusiasm, I journeyed on, and with fancy's eye beheld the rural divinities, in those sacred woods and groves which shade the sides of many of the vast surrounding fells, and the shores and promontories of many lovely lakes and bright running streams. For several hours I travelled over mountains tremendous to behold, and through vales the finest in the world. Not a man nor house could I see in eight hours time; but towards five in the afternoon, there appeared at the foot of a hill a delightfully situated cottage that was

half covered with trees, and stood by the side of a large falling stream : a vale extended from the south to the door, that was terminated with rocks and precipices on precipices, in an amazing point of view, and through the flowery ground the water was beautifully seen as it wound to a deeper flood at the bottom of the vale. Half a dozen cows were grazing in view : and a few flocks of feeding sheep added to the beauties of the scene.

To this house I sent my boy, to inquire who lived there, and to know if I could be entertained for the night, as I knew no where else to go. O'Fin very quickly returned, and informed me that one Farmer Price was the owner of the place, but had gone in the morning to the next town, and that his wife said, I was welcome to what her house afforded. In, then, I went, and was most civilly received by an exceedingly pretty woman, who told me her husband would soon be at home, and be glad, she was sure, to see me at their lone place ; for he was no stranger to gentlemen and the world, though at present he rarely conversed with any one. She told me, their supper would be ready an hour hence, and in the mean time would have me take a can of fine ale and a bit of bread. She brought me a cup of extraordinary malt liquor, and a crust ; and while I was eating my bread, in came Mr. Price.

The man seemed very greatly astonished on entering the room ; and after he had looked with great earnestness at me for a little time, he cried out, “ Good Heaven ! What do I see ? Falstaff, my class-fellow, and my second self ! My dear friend, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to this part of the world.” All this surprised me not a little, for I could not recollect at once, a face that had been greatly altered by the small-pox : and it was not till I reflected on the name Price, that I knew I was then in the house of one of my school-fellows, with whom I had been most intimate, and had played the part of plump Jack in Henry the Fourth, when he performed Prince Henry. This was an unexpected meeting indeed ; and considering the place, and all the circumstances belonging to the scene, a thing more strange and affecting never came in my way. Our pleasure at this meeting was very great ; and when the most affectionate salutations were over, my friend Price proceeded in the following manner.

“ Often had I remembered you since we parted, and exclusive of the Greek and English plays we have acted together at Sheridan’s school, in which you acquired no small applause ; I have frequently thought of our frolicsome rambles in vacation-time, and the merry dancings we had at Mother Red-Cap’s in Back-lane ; the hurling

matches we have played at Dolphin's barn, and the cakes and ale we used to have at the Organ-house on Arbor-hill. These things have often occurred to my mind: but little did I think we should ever meet on Stainmore-hills. What strange things does time produce! It has taken me from a town-life to live on the most solitary part of the globe:—and it has brought you to journey where never man, I believe, ever thought of travelling before.”

“So it is,” I replied; “and stranger things, dear Jack, may happen yet before our eyes are closed: why I journey this untravelled way, I will inform you by and by; when you have told me by what strange means you came to dwell in this remote and silent vale.” “That you shall know,” Price said, “very soon, as soon as we have eaten a morsel of something or other which my dear Martha has prepared against my return. Here it comes, a fowl, bacon, and greens, and as fine, I will answer, as London market could yield. Let us sit down, my friend, and God bless us and our meat!”

We sat down immediately to supper, and most excellent every thing was. The social goodness of this fond couple added greatly to the pleasure of the meal, and with mirth and friendship we ate our capon, our bacon, and our greens. When

we had done, Price brought in pipes and tobacco, and a fresh tankard of his admirable ale. "Listen now," he said, "to my story, and then I will hearken to yours."

"When I left you at Sheridan's school, my remove was from Ireland to Barbadoes, to become a rich uncle's heir; and I got by my Indian airing a hundred thousand pounds. There I left the bones of my mother's brother, after I had lived two years in that burning place; and from thence proceeded to London, to spend what an honest laborious man had long toiled to save. I lived a very dissipated life, till at last I found myself in very middling circumstances, and had not six hundred pounds left in the fourth year from my uncle's death. How to dispose of this and myself was now the question. What shall I do, was my deliberation, to secure bread and quiet? Many a thoughtful hour this gave me; and at length I determined to visit Westmoreland, when my wife, whom you saw at the head of the table, came by chance in my way, and pleased me so well with her good understanding, face, and person, that I resolved to marry her, if she would have me, and give her the management of my five hundred pounds on a farm, as she was a farmer's daughter, and could manage one to good advantage. Her

father was lately dead, and this little mountain-farm she continued to occupy : therefore nothing could be more to my purpose, if I could prevail on her to make me her husband ; and with some difficulty she did, to my unspeakable felicity. She had no money worth mentioning ; but her house was pretty and comfortable, and her land had grain and cattle ; and as I threw into her lap my five hundred pounds, a little before we were married, to be by her disposed of and managed according to her pleasure, she soon made some good improvements and additions, and by her fine understanding, sweet temper, and every Christian virtue, continues to render my life so completely happy, so joyous and delightful, that I would not change my partner and condition for one of the first quality and greatest fortune. In her I have every thing I could wish for in a wife and a woman, and she makes it the sole study and pleasure of her life to crown me every day with the highest satisfactions and comforts. Two years have I lived with her on these wild mountains, and in that time I have not had one dull or painful minute, but in thinking that I may lose her, and be the wretched survivor. That thought does sometimes wound me.—In short, my friend, we are the happiest of wedded mortals, and on this

small, remote farm, live in a state of bliss to be envied. This proves that happiness does not flow from riches only ; but that, where pure and perfect love, strict virtue, and unceasing industry, are united in the conjugal state, they can make the Stainmore mountains a paradise to mortals, in peace and little.

“But it is not only happiness in this world that I have acquired by this admirable woman, but life eternal ; for she has also converted me from a wicked blaspheming infidel, to, I hope, a meek and humble Christian.”

Here Price ended his remarkable story ; and, according to our agreement, I began to relate what happened to me from the time we parted at school, and concluded with informing him, that I was going in search of Charles Turner, my near friend, when fortune brought me to this house ; that this gentleman lived somewhere toward the confines of Cumberland or the North-riding of Yorkshire ; but where the spot was, I could not tell ; nor did I know well how to go on, as the country before me seemed impassable, on account of its mountains, precipices, and floods : I must try, however, what can be done, not only in regard to this gentleman, but because I have reason to think it may be very much to my advantage, as he is very rich and the

most generous of men. If he is to be found, I know I shall be welcome to share in his happiness as long as I please.—Price to this replied, that I was most heartily welcome to him as long as I pleased; and that though he was far from being a rich man, yet he had every day enough for himself and one more; and his Martha, he was sure, would be as well pleased with my company, as if I had been his own brother, since she knew I was his esteemed friend. In respect of the way, he said, he would enable me to find Mr. Turner, if he could, but the country was difficult to travel, and he doubted very much if a person could go to the extremity of Cumberland or Yorkshire over the hills; but we would try, however, and, if it was possible, find out Mr. Turner's house. Yet solely with him I must not stay, if he could be found: I must live between both, ~~till I got~~ some northern girl, and had a wife and habitation of my own. “And there is,” continued Price, “not many miles from me, a sweet pretty lass, the daughter of a gentleman farmer, who is a very good man, and would, I believe, upon my recommendation, give you his girl, and a sum of money, to sit down on those hills.”—“This is extremely kind, Jack,” said I, “and what I shall gratefully remember as long as I live. I may ride many a mile, I am sure,

and be an adventurer many a long day, before I meet with such offers again. Your sweetly situated house and good things, with a fine northern girl and money down, are benefits not to be met with every day. But at present the object I must pursue is my university friend, Charles Turner; and if you please to do me the great favour of guiding me, so far as you can, over this wild, uninhabited land, after I have stayed with you, for the first time, two or three days, and promise to abide many more hereafter if it be in my power, we will set out in quest of what I want." "As you will, my friend," Price replied; "and for the present let us be gay. Here comes my beloved, with a little bowl of punch; and as she sings extremely well, and you have not forgot, I fancy, our old song, we will have it over our nectar. You shall represent Janus and Momus, and I will be Chronos and Mars, and my wife Diana and Venus. Let us take a glass first—'the liberties of the world'—and then do you begin." We drank, and in the following manner I went on.

A S O N G .

JANUS.

Chronos, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run,
 In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in sight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
 I could not bear
 Another year
The load of human kind.

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done,
 To lay down thy pack,
 And lighten thy back.
The world was a fool e'er since it begun ;
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
 Can hinder the crimes,
 Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Chorus.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show!
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS.

Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds I awaken the day,
And hie to my woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon:
I course the fleet stag, and unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky;
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Chorus.

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

Then our age was in its prime,

CHRONOS.

Free from rage,

DIANA.

And free from crime.

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Chorus.

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime.
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

MARS.

Inspire the vocal brass, inspire ;
The world is past its infant age ;
 Arms and honour,
 Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.

Mars has look'd the sky to red,
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly ;
 The sprightly green

In woodland-walks no more is seen ;
The sprightly green has drunk thy Tyrian dye.

Chorus.

Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly ;
The sprightly green
In woodland-walks no more is seen ;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Through all the world around ;
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

Chorus.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Through all the world around ;
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

MOMUS.

Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree ;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care ;

But neither side a winner.
 For things are as they were.

Chorus.

The fools are only thinner,
 With all our cost and care ;
 But neither side a winner,
 For things are as they were.

VENUS.

Calms appear when storms are past,
 Love will have its hour at last :
 Nature is my kindly care ;
 Mars destroys, and I repair ;
 Take me, take me, while you may,
 Venus comes not every day.

Chorus.

Take her, take her, while you may,
 Venus comes not every day.

CHRONOS.

The world was then so light,
 I scarcely felt the weight ;
 Joy ruled the day, and love the night.
 But since the Queen of pleasure left the ground,
 I faint, I lag,
 And feebly drag
 The ponderous orb around.

MOMUS, *pointing to* DIANA.

All, all, of a piece throughout :
Thy chase had a beast in view ;

To MARS.

Thy wars brought nothing about ;

To VENUS.

Thy lovers were all untrue.

To JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Chorus.

All, all, of a piece throughout :
Thy chase had a beast in view ;
Thy wars brought nothing about ;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

In this happy manner did we pass the night in this wild and frightful part of the world, and for three succeeding evenings and days, enjoyed as much true satisfaction as it was possible for mortals to feel. Price was an ingenious, cheerful,

entertaining man; and his wife had not only sense more than ordinary, but was one of the best of women. I was prodigiously pleased with her conversation. Though she was no woman of letters, nor had any books in her house except the Bible, Barrow's and Whichcott's Sermons, Howell's History of the World, and the History of England; yet from these few, a great memory, and an extraordinary conception of things, she had collected valuable knowledge, and talked with an ease and perspicuity that was wonderful.

I took my leave of my friend John Price, and his admirable wife, promising to visit them again as soon as it was in my power; and proceeded on my journey in quest of Mr. Turner. I would not let Price go with me, on second thoughts, as many sad accidents might happen in this rough and desolate part of the world, and no relief in such case to be found. If I fell, there was no one belonging to me to shed a tear on my account; but if an accident should befall Jack Price, his wife would be miserable indeed, and I the maker of a breach in the sweetest system of felicity that love and good sense had ever formed. This made me refuse his repeated offers to accompany me. All I would have was a boy and horse of his, to carry

some provisions wet and dry, as there was no public-house to be found in ascending those tremendous hills, or in the deep vales through which I must go, nor any house that he knew of, beyond his own.

CHAPTER VI.

The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
The jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.

WITH the rising sun, then, I set out, and was charmed for several hours with the pure air and interesting views. The mountains, the rocky precipices, the woods, and the waters, appeared in various striking situations as I travelled on, and formed the most astonishing points of view. Sometimes I was above the clouds, and then descended to enchanting valleys below. Here glens were seen that looked as if the mountains had been rent asunder to form the amazing scene; and there, forests and falling streams covered the sides of the hills. Rivers in many places, in the most beautiful cascades, were tumbling along; and cataracts from the tops of mountains came roaring down. The whole was grand, wonder-

ful, and sublime. Till the evening, I rode and walked, and in numberless windings round impassable hills, and by the sides of rivers which it was impossible to cross, journeyed a great many miles: but no human creature, nor any kind of house, did I meet with in all the long way; and as I arrived at last at a beautiful lake, whose banks the hand of nature had adorned with vast old trees, I sat down by this water in the shade to dine, on a neat's tongue given me by good Mrs. Price; and was so delighted with the striking beauties and stillness of the place, that I determined to pass that night in this sweet retreat.

From the lake I proceeded, the next morning, toward the north-east part of Westmoreland; but was forced by the precipices to shape my course, from four in the morning till eight, to the north-west, and then the road turned east-north-east, till I came to a great glen, where a river made a rumbling noise over rocks and inequalities of many kinds, and formed a very wild and wonderful scene. The river was broad and deep, and on an easy descent to it was an assemblage of stones, that ran in length about one hundred feet, in breadth thirty feet, and somewhat resembling the Giant's Causeway, in the county of Antrim, and province of Ulster, in Ireland.

Another extraordinary thing I saw in a valley was a boisterous burning spring. It rises with great noise and vibration, and gushes out with a force sufficient to turn many mills. The water is clear and cold, but to the taste unpleasant, being something like a bad egg. I judged from the nature of its motion, that the water would take fire; and having lighted my torch, soon put it in a flame. The fire was fierce, and the water ran down the vale in a blaze. It was a river of fire for a considerable way, till it sunk under ground among some rocks, and thereby disappeared. After it had burnt some time, I took some boughs from a tree, and tying them together, beat the surface of the well for a few minutes, and the burning ceased. The water was not hot, as might be expected.

Leaving this, we mounted a very high and dangerous hill, and from the top of it descended into twenty acres of rich and beautiful ground. It was covered with flowers and aromatic herbs; and had, in the centre of it, a little grove of beautiful trees, among which were fruits of several kinds. A flowing spring of the purest water was in the middle of this sweet little wood, and ran in pretty windings over the ground. It refreshed and adorned the field, and it was beautiful to see the deer from the hills, and the goats, come down

from the cliffs, to drink at these streams. The whole was surrounded with precipices that ascended above the clouds; and through one of these rocky mountains there was an opening that had a stupendous appearance.

It was a vast amazing arch, that had some resemblance of the Gothic aile of a large cathedral church, and terminated in a few rocks hanging over rocks in a manner frightful to behold. It measured an hundred yards in length, forty in breadth, and I judged it to be fifty yards high. The pending rocks in view inclosed a space of four acres, and the bottom was so very deep that it looked the night below. What line I had could not reach it, nor could I make any thing of the depth by sound. The whole was a scene that harrowed the soul with horror.

By the spring in the little grove I have mentioned, I sat down, at eight in the morning, to breakfast on something that one of the lads produced from his store; while the other was looking for a passage between these vast precipices that surrounded us. Two hours he wasted in the search, and then returned to inform me there was no passage that he could find: the inclosed rocks were one continued chain of impassable mountains. Here then, I thought, was my *ne plus ultra*.

As the lad affirmed there was no getting beyond the vast inclosing cliffs that walled in this charming spot of earth, I imagined for some time, that I must of necessity return, and give over all thoughts of getting to the borders of Cumberland that way. It seemed impossible to proceed, and that was no small trouble to my mind. It was a great journey round, and if I did ride it, I knew not where to turn in on the confines of the country my friend lived on; for I had lost his direction, and had only a small remembrance of his dwelling somewhere on the north edge of Westmoreland or Yorkshire, or on the adjoining borders of Cumberland, or the county of Durham. What to do I could not for some time tell. Going back I did not at all like; and therefore, to avoid it if possible, resolved to pass the day in trying if I could find any way out, without climbing the mountain again that I had lately come down. Observing the hill, I took notice of a large clump of great trees in an angle, and in the mountain above them there appeared, as I thought, a distance or space that looked like an opening. I soon found it was so, and that at the back of this little wood there lay a very narrow way, only broad enough for two horses abreast; that it extended due west for more than a mile, and then west-north-west

for a quarter of a mile, till it terminated in a plain that was several miles in circumference, and entirely surrounded with hills. This I discovered in walking the pass by myself, and then returned to bring horses and boys through this amazing way. It was quite dark and dangerous all along. It was evident from the ground, that stones had fallen from the tops of the hills; and should any descend from so vast a height on us, though even small ones, they would, without all peradventure, cause immediate death.

The plain we came into from the defile, was above a mile over to the opposite hills, and across it was a walk of aged oaks, that seemed, in such a place, as the avenue that leads to the Fairies' Castle of Wishes. If such beings there are, as a famous doctor has in one of his books affirmed, then here, I said, in this fine romantic region, where all the charms of the field, the forest, the water, and the mountains, are united, may be their favourite mansion, and perhaps they will admit me into their fairy castle: then commences their friendship; and, when they have all breathed on me, it is but wishing for the future, and the completion of every desire is granted the moment it is formed. Would not this be complete happiness? what do you say, Reflection?

No, Reflection answered, as we rode upon this avenue. Imagination may form fine pictures of felicity from an indulgence in every wish; but, so blind are mankind to their own real happiness, that it is oftener to the gratification, than to the disappointment of their wishes, that all their misery is owing. We often choose what is not consonant to the welfare of our nature, and strive to avoid those incidents which are fated in the order of incontrollable events for our good. Frequently do we labour to secure the things that debase us into slaves, and overwhelm us with calamity; but seldom do we desire, rarely do we strive to obtain those objects, and acquire that station, which are most likely to render humanity as perfect as it can be in this world, rational, and god-like, and thereby crown our lives with true happiness. Many a man has pursued a Venus, an estate, an honour, with much toil and wonderful activity, and when possessed of the fancied blessing, has been made a very miserable mortal. The wished-for beauty has often made even the husband wretched. An aching fear is often covered with the laurel; and in respect of envied great fortunes, gaudy is the thing without, and within very often is mere bitterness. The wisdom is, as to this world, not to get from the fairies a

power of enjoying all that fancy may desire, if that was possible; but, to act well and wisely, in the most reasonable, lovely, and fair manner, and propose nothing of ourselves but with a reserve that Supreme Wisdom permits it; welcoming every event with cheerfulness and magnanimity, as best upon the whole, because ordained of infinite reason; and acquiescing in every disappointment, as ultimately tending to our benefit. This, continued Reflection, in respect of this life, were there no other, is preferable to the Castle of Wishes, if we could find it at the end of this avenue.

Thus did Reflection entertain me, as I rode up this grand shady walk, which looked like the avenue I had read of in the tales of the fairies, and brought me to a natural grotto, more beautiful than Ælian's description of Atalanta's, or that in Homer, where Calypso lived. It was a large cavern at the bottom of a marble mountain; and without, was covered round with ivy, that clung about some aged oaks, on each side the entrance, that seemed coeval with the earth on which they grew. Abundance of large laurel-trees, in clumps, adorned an extensive area before the door; and saffron, and hyacinths, and flowers of many colours, covered in confused spots the carpet green.

The beautiful ground refreshed the sight, and purified the air; and, to enhance the beauties of the spot, a clear and cold stream gushed from a neighbouring rock, which watered the trees and plants, and seemed to combat with the earth, which of them most contributed to their growth and preservation. It was a sweet rural scene. For charms and solitude the place was equally to be admired.

The inside of this grotto was a beautiful green marble, extremely bright, and even approaching to the appearance of the emerald. It was thick set with shells, some of the finest and largest kinds. The whole had a fine effect, and, as the cave had been divided by art into six fine apartments, and had doors and chimneys most ingeniously contrived, both the mansion and the situation charmed me in a high degree. On each side of it were many neat cottages, and, as sheep were feeding in the field, cows grazing, and various kinds of tame fowl before the doors, I concluded it was an inhabited place.

The first human being I beheld was an old woman, who appeared at a grotto-door, and I requested her to inform me who lived in this delightful place, and which was my best way to Cumberland? "Sir," replied the good old woman,

“you are welcome to Burcott Lodge. Women only are the inhabitants of this spot: and over the hills before you you must go to get to the country you mention. We are an hundred souls in all that live here, and our mistress, superior and head, is a young woman. Her name is Azora. Yonder she comes, goodness itself; and as it is now seven in the evening, too late to proceed any farther in this part of the world, you had better walk up to her, and pay her your respects.” Great was my surprise at what I heard. A little female republic among those hills was news indeed: and when I came near Azora, my astonishment increased.

She was attended by ten young women, straight, clean, handsome girls, and surpassed them in tallness. Her countenance was masculine, but not austere: her fine blue eyes discovered an excellence of temper, while they shewed the penetration of her mind. Her hair was brown, bright and charming; and Nature had stamped upon her cheeks a colour that exceeded the most beautiful red of the finest flower. It was, all over, the maiden blush of a modest innocence. She was dressed in a fine woollen stuff, made in the manner shepherdesses are painted, and had on her head a fillet, with a bunch of artificial flowers

in her hair. In her hand, she held a long and pretty crook ; and on her feet were seen black silk shoes, and the finest white stockings. She struck me greatly. She was a charming, and uncommon figure. When I came up to Azora, I could hardly forbear addressing her as the son of Ulysses did the supernal.—“Whoever you are, a mortal or a goddess, though sure your aspect speaks you all divine, can you, unmoved, behold a hapless son, by fate expelled, and urged by unrelenting rage, to wander through the world, exposed to winds and seas, and all the strokes of adverse fortune, till he arrived in this land of felicity and peace?”—But, on better thoughts, I only said, “I am your most humble servant, Madam ;” and told her I believed I had lost my way, and knew not where to go. To which she replied, “You are welcome, Sir, to our hamlet, and to the best entertainment it affords: only tell me,” she added with a smile, “what could induce you to travel this unbeaten road—and how did you pass the precipices and rivers you must have met with in the way?”—“Curiosity, Madam,” I answered, “was one cause — that I might see a country no traveller had been in ; and my next inducement was, to find a valuable friend, who lives somewhere in these parts ; and as I came from Burgh

under Stainmore, I judged it the shortest way, and the likeliest to succeed in my inquiry after my friend :—then, as to hills and waters, many dangerous ones I have gone over, and with great toil and fatigue have got thus far.” “ This,” Azora said, “ is a rational account of your journey ; and as there are many difficulties still before you, you are welcome to rest with us till you are refreshed, and able to proceed.”

By this time we reached the grotto-door, and upon entering the first apartment, I saw another lady, dressed in the same manner, and seeming to be of the same age, that is, about six-and-twenty. This was Azora’s companion and friend. She was a very pretty woman, though far inferior to Azora in charms : but her mind was equally luminous and good. Neither she nor Azora were learned women, that is, they understood no other language than the English, and in that they had but a small collection of the best books ; but those few they had read well, and they had capacities to think. In reason, philosophy, and mathematics, they were excellent, and, in the most agreeable manner, discovered in conversation the finest conceptions of the most excellent things. Azora, of the two, was by much the best speaker. Her voice was delightful, and her pronunciation

just, strong, clear, and various. With unspeakable pleasure did I listen to her, during three days that I happily passed with her and her companion, and received from both much valuable information. I thought I understood algebra very well, but I was their inferior, and they instructed me; and on the fundamental points of religion, they not only out-talked me, but out-reasoned me. It is very strange, I confess—it is, however, very true.

With respect to Azora, her fancy furnished ideas with amazing facility, and she spoke with so much ease, that she could, if she pleased, discourse for hours without any inconvenience; her judgment was so strong, and her words so proper and well placed, that I could have listened to her with delight and amazement the whole night. But, exactly at ten o'clock, the old woman I mentioned before, who first bade me welcome to Burcot Lodge, came into the chamber with candles, and Azora told me, that if I would follow Gladuse she would light me to bed. I did immediately, after wishing the ladies good night; and my guide brought me to her own cottage, which was next door to the grotto. She shewed me into a small clean room, neatly and prettily furnished, and there I found a good bed.

I rested extremely well ; and as the sun was rising, got up to write.

When I had done writing, I went to wait upon the ladies, and found them in their fine gardens, busily employed in the useful and innocent diversion which the cultivation of some of the greatest beauties of the creation affords. They had every kind of fruit-tree in their ground, every plant and flower that grows, and such a variety of exotic rarities as engaged my admiration, and finely entertained me for many an hour, during my stay in this place. They both understood gardening to perfection. The digging and laborious work was performed by many young women, who did it with great activity and understanding ; and the nicer parts, these ladies executed. I was astonished and delighted with their operations of various kinds. It was beautiful to see with what exquisite skill they managed grafts and scions, directed the branches and twigs in posture on espaliers, and raised flowers. They had every thing in perfection. Their fruits, roots, and herbs for the table, were most excellent ; their collection of herbs for medicine the most valuable : and as the whole contrivance of the gardens was beautiful in grass, gravel, and variety of evergreens, I was led with delight through the whole,

till I came into the green-house. There I saw Azora and Antonia at work, and paid them the compliments they deserved.

Immediately after my arrival, breakfast was brought in, chocolate and toasts, and the ladies were extremely pleasant over it. They asked me a great many questions about the world, and were so facetious in their remarks, and pleased with my strange account of things, that they laughed as heartily as I did, and that was at no small rate. This being done, we walked over every part of the gardens; and Azora did me the honour not only to shew me all the curiosities and improvements she had made, in the management of seeds, flowers, plants, and trees; but lectured on various fine objects that appeared in our way, with a volubility of tongue, and a knowledge of the subjects, that was amazing. Were I to set down what she said even on sallads, cucumbers, cauliflowers, melons, asparagus, early cabbages, strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, apples, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, &c. and especially her production of mushrooms, champignons, and buttons, this, exclusive of exotics and flowers, would make, I believe, an octavo: and in relation to exotics and flowers, I am sure she talked twice as much, and of every

thing extremely well. I never heard any thing like her. The discourse cost her no more than the breath of her nostrils.

But at last we came to a fish-pond, that was an acre of water, and I assure you, reader, that in half an hour's time the illustrious Azora not only talked more of fish and ponds, than the ingenious, and honourable Roger North, of Rougham in Norfolk, has written on these subjects, in his excellent discourse, but mentioned many useful things relative to them, to which Mr. North was a stranger. She told me, among other things, that there were only pike and perch in her pond, and that the reason of it was, that she loved pike above all fish, and, as the jacks were fish of prey, no fish but the perch could live with them: the perch, on account of the thorny fins on its back, escapes the pike's voracious appetite.

But I shall now leave the fish, and proceed with the history of Azora.

Azora Burcot was the daughter of a gentleman, who was once possessed of a very great fortune, but by a fatal passion for the grand operation, and an opinion of the possibility of finding the philosopher's stone, he wasted immense sums of money. His love of that fine ancient art, che-

mistry, brought him into this misfortune. For improvement and pleasure, he had been long engaged in various experiments, and at last an adept came to his house, who persuaded him it was possible to find the stone; for he, the adept, had seen it with a brother, who had been so fortunate as to discover it, after much labour and operation. The colour of it was a pale brimstone, and transparent, and the size, that of a small walnut. He affirmed that he had seen a little of this, scraped into powder, cast into some melted lead, which turned it into the best and finest gold. This had the effect the adept desired; and from chemistry, brought Mr. Burcot to alchymy. Heaps of money he wasted in operations of the most noble elixir, by mineral and salt; but the stone, after all, he could not find: and then by the adept's advice, he proceeded in a second method, by maturation, to subtilize, purify, and digest quicksilver, and thereby convert it into gold. This likewise came to nothing; and, instead of the gold he expected, he had only heaps of mercury fixed with verdigrise, which gives it a yellow tinge: gold it seemed, but on trial on the cople, it flew away in fumes, and the adept soon flew away after it. Too late this good and learned man saw he had been imposed on.

Chemistry is a fine and ancient art. The analysing of sensible bodies by fire, to discover their real powers and virtues, is highly praiseworthy, and the surprising experiments we make, fill the mind of an inquirer after truth, with the greatest veneration for the wonderful author of nature; but more than this is a sad romance, that ends in empty pockets. Never think, then, of the hermetical banquet, Glauber's golden ass, or the philosopher's magical gold. By the law of honest industry, endeavour to be rich if you can, for this sole reason, that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and, if that lies not within your capacity or means, be content with peace and little. There is more true happiness in daily bread, and the possession of the divine and social virtues, than in tons of gold without virtue.

When Mr. Burcot found he had almost ruined himself, and that he was no longer able to live as he had done, he laid his melancholy case before his daughter Azora, and asked her advice, what he should do. Azora advised him to retire immediately to this part of Stainmore, which was an unvalued part of his estate, and bring as many of his tenants as he could persuade to inhabit this fine tract of land:—to sell what remained of his fortune, and with the money

procure as many of the necessaries or comforts of living as could be had : to get, in particular, some young tradesmen and their wives, by offered rewards, in this place ; to build cottages for the people ; and render the fine caverns in the rock as habitable and pleasing for themselves as art could render them. “ Here,” Azora told her father, “ we shall live more happy than we could do if still possessed of a fortune to make an appearance in the world. We shall enjoy, by industry and prudence, every good thing that rational life can require, and live secure from the strokes of fortune, and the world’s contempt. Strangers to vanity and the pleasures of high life, in this delightful retreat, we shall pass our happy days as in a region of goodness, knowledge, and joy ; and the predominant bent of our hearts will be to wisdom and virtue, and to ascend into the realms of perfect day.” — “ Happy advice !” the father of Azora said ; and the thing was immediately done. A colony was quickly established here, and every thing was settled and ordered in the most advantageous manner. Cattle, instruments, and grain to sow the land, were sent in ; clothes, and every material the little republic could want, were provided ; and every hand was as useful as we could wish. “ For four years,” Azora continued

to inform me, "we lived in peace and tranquillity, and never once regretted the loss of our fortunes. We were happier far than when we had thousands. Industry, knowledge, and religion, were our employment. The night to come, of pain and death, gave us no uneasiness. We lived as the Christians of the first two centuries, and rather longed for, than feared that event, which is to remove us to growing brightness for ever and ever. But a fever came in among us, and swept away my father, and every man of our little republic: several women likewise perished; but a hundred souls remained—ninety-eight women, besides Antonia and Azora. These loved me too well," Azora continued, "to abandon me; and as they were happily situated, and many of them had learned their husbands' trades, they agreed to spend their lives with me here, and be as serviceable as possible without admitting any men to live among us. They are so in the highest degree: they are all useful and pious as I could wish them, and under the heavens there is not a happier society of mortals. We have the best of every thing—all we want, and in reason we could wish for."

Here Azora ended her relation, and I wondered greatly at what I heard; nor did my admiration

decrease, when I saw how she governed this community, and how they employed their time. Her great understanding enlightened and directed them in the execution of every thing serviceable and ingenious ; and she lived before their eyes an example of the greatest industry, and the most exalted piety.

As to the ten young women I mentioned, who walked after Azora when first I saw her, they were the daughters of some widows in this little republic, and by her chosen, not only to be her attendants and upper servants, and to look after her dairy, her bees, her poultry, and her aviary (which was the finest I have ever seen, for the variety of birds), but on account of their understanding, in which they excelled. These girls were carefully instructed by Azora and Antonia, and besides were taught the fine works of the needle, music, and the elements of the mathematics from the ladies. The eldest of these girls was but twenty, and the youngest eighteen ; and they all surprised me with their quickness in answering very difficult arithmetical questions. They could not only add, subtract, multiply, divide, find a fourth proportional, and extract roots of every kind, with exactness and readiness, and apply them upon all common occasions ; but

were perfect in fractions vulgar and decimal. They had even gone as far in algebra as the resolution of simple equations.

These young women talked of problems, theorems, and equations, and soon convinced me, that I was not superior to them in this kind of knowledge : though I had studied it for a much longer time, and had taken more pains than ever they did. Their fine understandings saw at once the things that had made me sweat many an hour ; and in less time than I required for an operation, they could answer the most difficult questions, and do any thing in simple quadrate equations, and in the composition and resolution of ratios. This I thought very wonderful ; especially as they had been taught no longer than one year by Mr. Burcot ; and that they had acquired the most abstruse part of their knowledge by their own application.—I note the thing down as one of the strangest and most extraordinary cases that ever came in my way ; perhaps, that ever was heard of. It is such a specimen of female understanding, as must for ever refute the positive assertions of some learned men, who will not allow that women have as strong reasoning heads as men.

CHAPTER VII.

———Of men

The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

I TOOK my leave of Mrs. Burcot and Mrs. Fletcher, for so they would be called, as they informed me, after I had once used the word Miss; and from this fine place proceeded on my journey by a paper of written directions I had received from them, as there was a pretty good, though a long and tedious way, out of the mountains, if a traveller knew the passes and turnings; but otherwise, it was either impossible to go on, or a man must journey at the hazard of his life a thousand times a day, in crossing waters and precipices.

Our first labour was to ascend a very narrow, steep way, in the side of a mountain, which went up due north for a full mile, and brought us to another large standing, black and unfathomable

water, on the top of this high hill. From this water we rode due east for half an hour, and then descended to a sandy valley, where flames were rising from the ground. The fire came up without noise, smoke, or smell.

Having passed the burning valley, we rode over a deep river, and then proceeded along a steep hill side, till we came to a rich lowland, covered with flowers and aromatic shrubs, and adorned with several clumps of oak, chesnut, and white walnut-trees. This plain is about twenty-five acres, surrounded with stony mountains, some of which are very high and steep; and from the top of one of the lowest of them, a cataract descends, like the fall of the river Niagara in Canada, or New France, in North America. Swifter than an arrow from a bow, that rapid water comes head-long down in a fall of one hundred and forty feet, which is three feet more than the descent of Niagara. The river here, indeed, is not half so large as that which comes from the vast lakes of Canada; but it is a great and prodigious cadence of water, and falls perpendicularly in as surprising a manner, from as horrible a precipice; and in this very nearly resembles the Niagara fall, that, as you stand below, as near the fall as it is safe to go, you see the river come down a sloping moun-

tain for a great way, as if it descended from the clouds. It is a grand and amazing scene. The water issues from a great lake on the top of a mountain that I found very hard to ascend; and the lake has many visible feeders from hills upon hills above it, which it is impossible to climb.

It was twelve o'clock by the time we arrived at this water-fall, and therefore I sat down by the side of it to dine, before I attempted to get up to the top of the precipice, and see from whence this water came. While my eyes were entertained with the descending scene, I feasted on a piece of venison pasty, and some fine ale, which, among other provisions, Mrs. Burcot had ordered her servants to put up for me: but, as I was thus happily engaged, my lad, O'Fin, had climbed up to the top of the water-fall, and was going to land from a tree that grew out of the rocky mountain, near the summit of the hill, when his foot slipped, and he came tumbling down in a miserable way. I expected him in pieces on the ground, as I had him full in my view. There seemed no possibility of an escape; and yet he received no harm. In the middle of the descent, he struck in another projecting thick tree, and from it came safely.

Having dined, and shot a bustard that weighed forty pounds, I proceeded, the course north-

west, for half a mile, and then, to my astonishment, it trended to the south for more than an hour; which was going back again: but at last it turned about, and for half an hour we went to the north-west again, and then due east for a long time, till we came to hills upon hills that were very difficult to pass. We were obliged to alight at many of them, and walk them up and down, which was a delay of many hours: but we did it at last, and came into a large sandy opening, that had a number of rapid streams breaking over it, that fell from the mountains, and with the forest on the surrounding hills, formed a very wild and pleasing scene. Over this we went for half a mile, and then came to a long glen, so very deep and narrow, that it was quite night when we got to the bottom of it, though the sun was not yet down; and it brought to my remembrance Anchises's son, the wandering prince of Troy, when he descended to the shades below. It had the appearance, indeed, of some such pass, and was a frightful way, as hills, like Caucasus and Atlas, were close on either hand of us, and a river roared through the bottom of the steep descent; which we were obliged to walk down on foot. This could not be the right road, I was certain. Azora and Antonia could never pass this deep and rapid

flood. It was too much for any man to venture into, without knowing where the torrent went, or how the channel of the river was formed.

Up then I came again to the day, and resolved to pass the night at the foot of one of the woody hills, on the margin of the streams that sounded sweetly over the shores : but how to proceed the next morning I knew not, as my paper of directions did not mention the dark steep descent we had been down, but a little valley that lay due east, through which we were to go : no such vale could we see, and of consequence, in some turning of the road, we had gone wrong.

When I came among the trees, on the side of one of the mountains, I began to look for some convenient resting-place, while my two boys were picking the bustard, and preparing a fire to roast it for supper ; and wandered a good way till I saw a pretty hermitage in an open plain like a ring, and, going up to it, found the skeleton of a man. He lay on a couch in an inward room without any covering, and the bones were as clean and white as if they had come from the surgeon's hands. The ants, to be sure, had eaten off the flesh. Who the man was, a paper lying on the table in a strong box, informed me. It was called the case of John Orton.

THE CASE OF JOHN ORTON.

I WAS twenty years old when Charles the Second was restored ; and being master of large fortunes, and educated in an aversion to puritans and republican principles, went into all the licentiousness and impieties which overspread and corrupted this nation when that profligate prince ascended the throne. I drank up to the excess of the times : I deceived every woman I could get within my power, by gold, treachery, or force ; maid, wife, and widow : I murdered several men in duels ; and blasphemed the God of Heaven continually. Satan was my first and last toast ; and, in a club I belonged to, I proceeded to such scarce-credible wickedness, as to perform the part of the priest in our infernal sodality. I was the most abominable of mortals. Contrary to all the dictates and principles of wisdom, virtue, and honour, I acted ; and lived the most execrable slave to the vilest inclinations and most heinous habits.

In this diabolical manner did I pass my life away till I was forty, and in twenty years time committed every evil that can dishonour human manners, and infest society. I was a disgrace to

my species, and unworthy of the name of man. At length being struck with remorse, I determined to reform, and retire from all human society; I was afraid of the world, and trembled when I thought of its temptations: besides, the great wickedness of my past life made it necessary that I should live in an extraordinary state of penitence, and by great mortification and piety make what amends I could for sinning against Heaven in the most atrocious manner, and wilfully, for a long series of years, breaking every law of the just and holy Governor of the world. A change of mind, and common piety, were not enough for such a wretch as I had been. I was unworthy of the innocent comforts of life. I ought to breathe in sighs, and speak in groans. I resolved, then, to reform indeed, and in this part of Stainmore mountains, which I was well acquainted with, to spend the remainder of my days, in the labours of a penitential piety.

As I had no relations living, I sold what estates I had left, and gave almost the whole money among the poor. With the little I kept, I bought what necessary things I should want in my solitude; and with tools and seeds, some clothes and linen, a few books, and other little matters, retired to this spot in the year 1681. I had some

working men from the next village, to build me the little hut I live in; to sow my garden with every vegetable, and put some fruit-trees in the ground; to cut me a pile of firing from the woody hills; and make my place as convenient as my intended life could require. All this was soon done; and then I was left alone, in the possession of every thing I had a wish for in this world. It is now twenty years since my arrival here, and in all the time I have not had one sick or dismal hour. My garden and my cottage employ me in agreeable labours, to furnish my table with roots and fruits; which is what I mostly live on; having nothing more but goats milk, and now and then a sea biscuit, my drink being water, and sometimes a cup of meath of my own making.

When I am weary of working, I sit down to study my Bible, and in that most perfect treasure of saving knowledge I find such joy and satisfaction, as make my life a scene of heavenly happiness, and charm me into raptures the nearer I approach to the hour of my dissolution. That will be a blessed hour.

Fellow mortal, whoever thou art, into whose hands this paper cometh, take my advice, and remember thy latter end. If, like me, thou hast been betrayed into great impieties and presump-

tuous sins, and hast been persuaded to abdicate heaven, and its eternal hopes, in exchange for illicit gratifications of every kind, and the pleasures of this world ; then, like me, repent, and in tears and mortification implore the mercy of Heaven. We must cease to do evil, and learn to do well, in order to be saved. Not according to promises and prayers at last, not according to legacies to be paid to the poor when we are dead, shall we be judged ; but as we have rectified the judgment and the will, made virtue the governor of the heart, and in all things sought God's glory, not our own. This do, and you will live.

May 1, 1701.

JOHN ORTON.

This extraordinary paper surprised me very greatly ; and when, from reading it, I turned my eyes to the bones of John Orton, I could not help breaking out in the following reflection :—And is this the once lively, gallant, drinking Jack Orton, who thought for forty years that he was made for no higher end than to gratify every appetite, and pass away time in a continual circle of vanity and pleasure ! Poor skeleton, what a miserable spectacle art thou ! Not the least remain of activity

and joy, of that sprightliness and levity of mind, that jocund humour and frolic, which rendered thee the delight of the wild societies of thy youthful time. Grim, stiff, and horrid, is thy appearance now : vain mirth and luxury, licentious plays and sports, can have no connexion with these dry bones.

O Death, what a change dost thou make ! The bulk of mankind are averse to serious thought, and hearken to the passions more than to the dictates of reason and religion. To kill time, and banish reflection, they indulge in a round of dissipations, and revel in the freedom of vicious excesses. Their attention is engrossed by spectacle and entertainments, and fixed to follies and trifles. Giddy and unthinking, loose and voluptuous, they spend their precious hours in the gay scenes of diversions, pomp, and luxury ; and as if the grave and a judgment to come were a romance of former times, or things from which they are secured, never think of these important and momentous subjects. With minds bewitched by exorbitant pleasure, and faculties enervated and broken by idle mirth and vanity, they pass their every day away without any of that consideration which becomes reasonable beings, and creatures designed for a state of immortality. But at last you ap-

pear, and in a moment turn delight and admiration into aversion and horror: strength, wealth, and charms, you instantly reduce to weakness, poverty, and deformity, in the first place, and then to a skeleton, like the bones before me.

I will take thy advice then, thou glorious penitent, John Orton; and since it is in my power to come forth unto the resurrection of life, and obtain immortality, honour, and glory, with the righteous, in the kingdom of their Father, I will open the reforming gospel night and morning, and by its heavenly directions regulate my conduct. I am determined to make a wise and serious preparation for death and judgment. To the best of my power, I will provide for that day, when the prayers and charities of the righteous will be brought forth as their memorials before the tribunal of Heaven.

Such was the soliloquy I spoke, as I gazed on the skeleton of John Orton; and just as I had ended, the boys brought in the wild turkey, which they had very ingeniously roasted, and, with some of Mrs. Burcot's fine ale and bread, I had an excellent supper. The bones of the penitent Orton I removed to a hole I had ordered my lad to dig for them; the skull excepted, which I kept, and still keep on my table, for a *memento*

mori; and that I may never forget the good lesson which the percipient who once resided in it had given. It is often the subject of my meditation. When I am alone of an evening, in my closet, which is often my case, I have the skull of John Orton before me, and as I smoke a philosophic pipe, with my eyes fastened on it, I learn more from the solemn object, than I could from the most philosophical and laboured speculations. What a wild and hot head once: how cold and still now! Poor skull! I say: and what was the end of all thy daring frolics and gambols—thy licentiousness and impiety?—A severe and bitter repentance. In piety and goodness John Orton found at last that happiness the world could not give him. There is no real felicity for man, but in reforming all his errors and vices, and entering upon a strict and constant course of virtue. This only makes life comfortable; renders death serene and peaceful; and secures eternal joy and blessedness hereafter. Such are the lessons I extract from the skull of John Orton.

When I had supped, I went about to see what things Mr. Orton had left behind him in his little cottage; and I found a large field bedstead, with a mattress, silk blankets, quilt, and cotton curtains; two oak stools, and a strong square table

of the same wood ; an oak settee, on which his bones lay ; a silver lamp to burn oil in ; a tinder-box and matches ; a case of razors ; six handsome knives and forks in a case ; half a dozen china plates, two china dishes, and two pint mugs of the same ware ; half a dozen drinking-glasses, a large copper kettle, a brass skillet, two silver spoons, and a silver ladle. In a chest were clothes and linen, shoes and stockings, and various useful matters. There were pens, ink, and paper in a writing-desk, and half a score guineas ; and on a shelf over it, a dozen good books ; three of which were a large English Bible, Thomas à Kempis, and Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World : under the shelf hung a plain gold watch, and a large ring sun-dial. In a dark closet, I found a box of sea-biscuits, many flasks of oil for eating, and jars of it for the lamp ; honey, salt, and vinegar ; four dozen of quart bottles of meath, and two stone bottles, that held three gallons each, full of brandy : this I suppose was against the days of weakness or sickness. He had not used a pint of this liquor.

Having found these things within doors, I proceeded from the house to the garden, which lay at a small distance from the little thatched mansion, and contained about four acres : it had been very

beautifully laid out, and filled with the best fruit-trees, and all the vegetables : but it was run to ruin and high weeds, and shewed that its owner had been long dead. I suppose he died soon after the date of his paper ; for I observed that many prior dates had been struck out ; and had he lived after the year 1701, he would, in all probability, have razed that likewise, and set down 1702. Some sudden sickness must have seized him ; and perhaps, when he found himself sinking, he laid himself out naked on the wooden couch where I found his skeleton. I can no otherwise account for his having no kind of covering over him. As to his bones being so clean, that, to be sure, was performed by the ants. I took notice of many nests here of the larger ants, in holes under the roots of great trees.

There was a pretty little wooden summer-house in the centre of the garden, and in it had been, in pots, some curious plants and flowers. Here were various tools, and many instruments of gardening. It appeared from them, and the great variety of things in the ground, that Mr. Orton must have used himself to hard labour, and found great pleasure in his improvements and productions. There was a deal of art and ingenuity to be traced in the wild wilderness the garden was

grown into. It was plain, from a book called 'The Carthusian Gardener' which lay on a table in the summer-house, that he had made that business his study. Round this summer-house were the remains of many hives on benches, but the bees were all gone, and the stock ruined.

All these things, and the place, set me a thinking, and soon suggested to my fancy, that, in my condition, I could not do better than succeed Mr. Orton on the premises; but without turning hermit. Here is, I said, a pretty small thatched mansion, that might easily be enlarged, if more rooms were wanting; and a garden, which labour would soon restore to its usefulness and beauty, and make it produce the best vegetables in plenty. Here is fish in the waters, fowl of every kind, and deer on the mountains. Here are goats in great herds, for milk, for kids, and when cut, for excellent venison. Here is the finest water; and by getting bees, as Mr. Orton had, meath may be made, that will be equal to the best foreign wine. As to the situation, it is most delightful. Nothing can be more charming than these shores and breaking waters, the rocky precipices and the woody hills, which surround this little region. What then should hinder but that I here sit down, and put an end to my adventures; as the few

things that are wanting may be had at the next town, and a stock for years be in a few days secured? The man I am looking for may never be found; and if I should meet with him, his circumstances and temper may be changed;—then, as to the world, I know not how to deal in any kind of business; and to live on the small fortune in my possession, must reduce me to poverty very soon. Here then it is good for me to reside, and make myself as happy as I can, if it be not in my power to be as happy as I would. I have two lads with me, who are active, useful young men, willing to work, and pleased to stay wherever I am; and if I can commence a matrimonial relation with some sensible, good-humoured, dear, delightful girl of the mountains, and persuade her to be the cheerful partner of my still life, nature and reason will create the highest scenes of felicity, and we shall live as it were in the suburbs of heaven. My lads too may pick up among the hills, upon scripture principles, two bouncing females: and a state will in a little time be formed. This is fine. For once in my life I am fortunate. And suppose this partner I want in my solitude could be Miss Melmoth, one of the wisest and most discreet of women; a thinking bloom, and good-humour itself in a human figure; then indeed I must be

happy in this silent, romantic station. This spot of earth would have all the felicities.—Resolved. *Conclusum est contra Manicheos*, said the great St. Austin; and with a thump of his fist, he cracked the table.

Thus was my head employed while I smoked a pipe after supper, and I determined to return to Orton's mansion, after I had found a way out of Stainmore; but the previous question was, how I should get out of the place I was in, without going back, as there appeared no passage onwards. Early next morning, one of the lads came running to me, to let me know that he had found a pass wide enough for one horse to go through, and he believed it was a way out. This was reviving news; and upon going into it, I found that it went straight on among the mountains, like a rent, or open crack, for three hundred yards, and then turned to the left for about fifty more, when it wound a little, and began to extend wider and wider every yard, till it brought us by several turnings to the beginning of a fine valley, where we again found the river we had seen in the bottom of the deep glen, and perceived that it ended in a great water, and went off in some subterranean way. The mountains were almost close to this fine water, on each side, for near half a mile, and

made a delightful rural scene. We could see the river, as we looked up it, come rolling on for a great way between the steep rocky precipices; and the broad bright lake it formed between vast frowning mountains, with wood and lawns in it, at the end of the vale, were altogether a view most charming. This made me more highly value Orton-Lodge.

There is a cave there likewise that adds great beauty to the place, and in charms and wonders exceeds the Grot of Tunis, a few miles east of Carthage, directly under Cape Bonn, formerly called the promontory of Mercury, where Æneas sheltered during the storm.

The cave in Stainmore is in the bottom of a perpendicular mountain of a vast height, the east side of the lake, and four yards from the shore. The entrance is a grand sweep, high and broad as the grot, that is, in breadth fifty-two feet, in height fifty-nine. It is an hundred and forty-seven feet long. The stone of it is extremely beautiful; of a yellow and reddish colour, bright and glittering, and beautifully variegated with arched and undulated veins of various tinges. I broke off a piece of it, and found it a congeries of plates of spar, stained with a fine mixture of colours. It is a species of the alabaster, called *Marmor*

Onichites, on account of its tabulated zones, resembling those of the onyx, and is very little inferior to the Egyptian alabaster.

The top of the cave is a bold arch, finished beyond all that art could do, and the floor is as smooth as it is possible to make the stone. At the far end of the grot, there are a dozen rows of seats like benches, that rise one above another. The uttermost will hold but two people, on each of the others a dozen may sit with ease: they make the place look as if it were the assembly-room, or council-chamber, of the water nymphs. There was no water dropping from the roof of this cave; but in a thousand places, where moss had agreeably covered the walls, it crept through the sides, and formed streams that ran softly over the ground, and wore it smooth. It brought to my remembrance some very poetical lines in Lucretius.

They bubble thro' the stones, and softly creep,
As fearful to disturb the nymphs that sleep.
The moss spread o'er the marbles, seems to weep,

This was exactly the case of the water in this fine cave. In the lowest harmony, it gently fell over the slanting floor; and as Oldham has it—

Away the streams did with such softness creep,
As 'twere by their own murmurs lull'd asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows;
A stranger to the pure delights
Of study and repose.

SUCH was the delightful spot I at last discovered, when I thought I was come to the *ne plus ultra*, that is, had gone on till I could go no farther; and now, seeing how my way lay, I departed from Orton Lodge betimes the next morning, leaving my lad O'Fin to keep possession of the place till I returned, and, with the other boy, went through the lawns in the wood I have mentioned at the end of the vale. This brought me to a range of mountains most frightful to behold, and to the top of them, with great toil, we managed to climb, and from thence descended, through many perils, to a bottom, between the hills we had come down, and some mountains that stood at a small distance from them. We came at last into a large and spacious plain, that was surrounded

with hills, whose tops and sides were covered with ancient trees and lofty groves, and some mountains whose heads were above the clouds. Flowers, and clover, and other herbs, adorned the ground, and it was watered with many never-drying streams. The plain seemed a vast amphitheatre by Nature formed; and variety and disposition refreshed the eyes whatever way they turned.

In the very centre of this ground, I found a house and gardens that charmed me very much. The mansion had a rusticity and wildness in its aspect beyond any thing I had seen, and looked like a mass of materials jumbled together without order or design. There was no appearance of rule in any part; and where a kind of proportion was to be seen, it seemed as a start into truth, by the inadvertent head of blind chance. It was the most gothic, whimsical, four-fronted thing without, that ever my eyes beheld; and within, the most convenient, comfortable dwelling I have seen.

This edifice, which looks more like a small gothic cathedral than a house, stands in the middle of large gardens, which are not only very fine, but different from all the gardens I have been in. There is no more rule observed in them, than in the house; but the plantations of trees,

and plots of flowers, the raised hills, the artificial valleys, the streams that water these vales, and the large pieces of water and lakes they have brought in and formed, are inexpressibly charming and fine. Wild and natural they seem, and are a beautiful imitation of the most beautiful scenes of nature. The wilderness, the openings, the parterres, the gardens, the streams, the lakes, the cascades, the valleys, and the rising grounds, in the most various disposition, and as if art had little or no hand in the designs, have an admirable effect upon the eye.

The passages from valley to valley, between the hills they have made, are not by formal straight walks, but by windings in various ways, which are decorated with little grottos, and diversified in the manner of laying out the ground : the streams and canals sometimes serpentine, and sometimes spread away. Rocks, artfully placed, seem to push the waters off, and on the banks are seeming wild productions of flowers. As the hills and risings are sprinkled with flowery trees, so are these banks with all the sweets that grow. Small boats are on the running streams ; and over them, in many places, are winding bridges of wood, most ingeniously and finely made. These streams, which they have from the mountains,

supply the larger pieces of water; and in the largest of those lakes they had raised a rock, in the most natural manner. On this is a summer-house of great beauty. It is the reverse of the mansion, and has every charm that pure architecture could give it. It is large enough for a small family.

When I came up to this seat, which the owners of it call *Ulubræ*, some gentlemen, who were in the gardens, saw me, and saved me the trouble of asking admission, by inviting me in with the greatest civility; but they seemed under a great surprise at my arrival; and much more so, when I gave them an account of the way I had travelled. It appeared almost incredible. They had not a notion of such a journey. They told me I was now in Yorkshire, and had been so when I ascended the high mountains that are some miles behind the hills that surround their house; but they did not imagine there was any travelling over those mountains, and the alps upon alps beyond them, to Brugh under Stainmore. It was a terrible way, I replied, and what I often despaired of coming through, even at the hazard of my life. But friendship and curiosity were too many for all the obstacles in the way; and in hopes of finding a beloved friend, who lives

somewhere in these parts, and that I might see a part of England, which even the borderers on it are strangers to, and of which Camden had not an idea, I went on, and have had success thus far. The journey has been worth my pains. I have beheld the most delightful scenes, and met with very extraordinary things; and should I find my friend at last, my labours will be highly rewarded indeed.

The gentlemen I was talking to, seemed to wonder very much at me and my discourse; and as the rest of the society by this time came into the parlour, they introduced me to them, and then related what I had said. They all allowed it was very extraordinary, and requested I would oblige them with some particulars that occurred. I did immediately. I told them, among other things, of my reception at Burcot-Lodge—and the skeleton of John Orton, which I found in the cottage on the side of a woody hill: I let them know the goods and conveniences I saw there, and that I was so pleased with the beauties of the place, the little mansion, the once fine gardens, and the useful things on the premises, that I intended to return to it, and make it my summer retreat; that I had left a man there to that purpose, who was at work in the garden, and ex-

pected to be back in a month's time, with such things as were wanting to make it an agreeable and comfortable little country-house.

The philosophers wondered not a little at what they heard. If they were surprised at seeing me as a traveller in such a place, they were much more astonished at my relation. They could not enough admire Mrs. Burcot and Mrs. Fletcher. The history of the penitent Orton, they thought very strange. They told me they were glad I had a thought of making Orton Lodge a summer retreat, and hoped it would occasion my calling upon them many times: that I should always be heartily welcome to their house, and might with less difficulty go backwards and forwards, as their lodge was at my service whenever I was pleased to do them the favour to call. This was civil, and I returned them the thanks they deserved.

Here dinner was brought in, and with these gentlemen I sat down to several excellent dishes. There was the best of every kind, and it was served up in the most elegant manner: their wine in particular was old and generous, and they gave it freely. We took a cheerful glass after dinner, and laughed a couple of hours away in a delightful manner. They were quite polite, friendly, and obliging; and I soon found, in conversing with

them, that they were men of great reading, and greater abilities. Philosophy had not saddened their tempers. They were as lively companions, as they were wise and learned men. These gentlemen are twenty in number, men of fortune, who had agreed thus to live together. Every member lays down a hundred pounds on the first day of the year, and out of that fund they live, pay their servants, keep their horses, and purchase every thing the society requires. What is wanting at home, this stock produces, and is to be expended only at Ulubræ, for every thing necessary and comfortable, except raiment and horses. When they are abroad, it is at a plus-expense.

I call these gentlemen philosophers, because, exclusive of their good morals, they devote the principal part of their time to natural philosophy and mathematics, and had, when I first saw them, made a great number of fine experiments and observations in the works of nature, though they had not been a society for more than four years. They make records of every thing extraordinary which comes within their cognizance, and register every experiment and observation. They make all the mathematical instruments they use, and have brought the microscope, in particular, to greater perfection than I have elsewhere seen it.

In one of their best double reflecting optical instruments, the finest point of a needle appeared blunt and unequal, like a broken nail; the finest edge of a razor was like the back of a dog, with the hair up; the finest paper was great hairs, cavities, and inequalities; and the smoothest plate of glass was very rough, full of cracks, fissures, and inequalities. Very different, indeed, are the things finished by human art, from the things finished by the hand of Nature. The points, the edges, the polish, the angles, every thing that Nature produces, appear in the instrument in a perfection that astonishes the beholder.

In the views I here took of the vegetable world, with my eye thus armed, I saw many extraordinary things I had never observed before. I took notice, in particular, that a sage-leaf is covered with a kind of cobweb, in which swarms of little active creatures, with terrible horns and piercing eyes, are busily employed. In a nettle, I observed its whole surface covered over with needles of the most perfect polish, every one of which had three points, and that these needles rested on a base, which was a bag of a flexible substance, in form of a wild cucumber, and filled with a sharp, poisonous liquor: this is discharged at the extremity of every point of the needles that cover the sur-

face of the nettle: from a hole visible in every point the poison is thrown out, and excites a sense of pain; and a heat arises as the blood flows more copiously to the wounded part. By pressing with my finger the extremity of the prickles, the bag of poison fell; and on taking off the finger, it swelled again.—What a piece of workmanship is here in a nettle! Wonderful are thy works, thou supreme Power!

A leaf of sorrel in this microscope exhibited oblong, rough, and straight atoms, sharp as needles, and from thence the tongue is twinged. In a bud cut away with a fine needle from a steeped seed of a French bean, I saw the entire plant; and in an almond so cut away, the perfect tree.

In the double reflecting telescope, a louse and a flea were put; which are creatures that hate each other, and fight to death when they meet. The flea appeared first in the box, and as he was magnified very greatly, he looked like a locust without wings; with a roundish body, that is obtuse at the end, and the breast covered with an armature of a triangular figure; the head small in proportion to the body, but the eyes large, red, and very fierce: his six legs were long, robust, and made for leaping; the antennæ short, but firm and sharp; his tail was scaly, and full of

stings, and his mouth pointed into active pincers : his colour was a deep purple.

The louse, in white, was next brought on, and had a well-shaped, oblong, indented body : his six legs were short, made for walking and running, and each of them armed at the extremity with two terrible claws : the head was large, and the eyes very small and black : his horns were short and jointed, and could be thrust forward with a spring : his snout was pointed, and opened, contracted, and penetrated, in a wonderful manner.

The first that was brought on the stage was the flea, and to shew us what an active one he was, he sprung and bounced at a strange rate : the velocity of his motions in leaping, were astonishing ; and sometimes, he would tumble over and over in a wanton way : but the moment the louse appeared, he stood stock still, gathered himself up, and fixed his flashing eyes on his foe. The gallant louse with a frown for some time beheld him, and then, crouching down, began very softly to move towards him ; when the flea gave a leap on his enemy, and, with his dangerous tail and pinching mouth, began the battle with great fury. But the louse soon made him quit his hold, by hurting him with his claws, and wounding him with his sharp snout. This made the flea

skip to the other side of the box; and they both kept at a distance for near a minute, looking with great indignation at each other, and offering several times to advance. The louse did it at last in a race, and then the flea flew at him, which produced a battle as terrible as ever was fought by two wild beasts. Every part of their bodies was in most violent motion, and sometimes the flea was uppermost, but more frequently the louse. They did bite, and thrust, and claw one another most furiously; and the consequence of the dreadful engagement was, that the flea expired, and the louse remained victor in the box: but he was so much wounded that he could scarce walk. This battle was to me a very surprising thing, as each of them was magnified to the size of two feet. But, considering what atoms of animated matter they were, it was astonishing to reflection to behold the amazing mechanism of these two minute things, which appeared in their exertions during the fray. It was still more strange to see the aversion these small creatures had to each other, the passions that worked in their little breasts, and the judgment they shewed in their endeavours to destroy one another. Nor was it the least part of my admiration to see, through the extraordinary transparencies of the louse, the

violent circulation of the blood in its heart. This was as plain as red liquor forced by a pump in several experiments through circulating glass pipes.

Another extraordinary thing these gentlemen shewed me, was a hole leading to some wonderful caverns in the side of a mountain, about a mile to the north of their house. This is the work of Nature, a steep and narrow descent of twenty-three yards, which I went down by having a rope under my arm, and setting my hands and feet against the sides of the passage, till I came to a flat rough rock, which opened two yards and a half one way, and four yards the other. This little cavern was two yards high. We went from it into a more easy sloping way, which brought us downward for thirteen yards, till we came to another cavern, that was six yards long, and four and a half broad. Here we found a perpendicular tunnel, two yards wide, and sixty-seven yards deep; but where it went to, and what caused the noise below, the gentlemen who came thus far with me, could not tell; for they had never ventured into it, nor could they persuade any of their people to be let down to the bottom, though they had found by the lead that there was hard ground below. "I will then," I said, "explore this subterranean realm, if you will let me and my lad

down, with proper conveniences for an inquiry of the kind; and I dare say I shall give you a good account of the region below." This, they answered, was not safe for me to do. I might perish many ways. The damps and vapours might kill me at once; or my lights by them might be put out, or kindle the vapour of the place below. But to this I said, that I was sure the noise we heard at the bottom was some running water, and, wherever that was in the caverns of the earth, the air must be pure and good. "As you please then," the gentlemen replied; "you shall have every thing you can desire, and be let down very safely, however you may fare when you get to the ground; and when you want to come up, pull the pack-thread you have in your hand, that will be tied to a bell at the top of the tunnel, and you shall be immediately drawn up again." These things being agreed, they let me down in a proper basket the next morning at eight o'clock, with a lighted torch in my hand; and soon after, my man Ralph followed, with every thing I had required. I was more than half an hour going down, for the rope was given like a jack-line from the engine it came from. I saw several dismal lateral holes by the way; but no mischief or inconvenience did I meet with in my passage to the ground.

When I came to the bottom, I found I was in a chamber of great extent, and, though one hundred and three yards from the day, breathed as free as if I had been above ground. A little river made a noise in its fall from a high rock, within four yards of the spot I landed on, and ran with impetuosity in a rough channel I knew not where. The water was not deep, as we found with our poles, and but three yards broad; and therefore we crossed it, at one hundred yards from the fall, to get into a cavern, that had an arched entrance, on the other side, within two yards of the stream. Our course to the crossing was due west, and then we went to the north, on passing the water, and walking up the second cave.

In it we ascended for seventy-nine yards, an easy rising way, and then came to a swallow, into which a river that ran towards us fell. Our course to this place was due north, but, as the flood came from the west, we turned next to that point, and by the side of this water marched fifty yards. The cavern was so wide we could not see the walls, and the roof was of a vast height.

At the end of the fifty yards, the river appeared due north again, and by its side we went for ten more, till we came to another vast cavern, that was a steep ascending opening, down which the

river very musically came. This steep reaches to the summit of the vast hills, and ends in an opening into day. We came out this way of an exceeding high mountain, after we had climbed from the bottom to the upper end, four hundred and seventy-nine yards : add to this two hundred and twenty-nine yards, the way we had come from the bottom of the tunnel to the beginning of the watery steep, and our march through the mountain, from the time we parted with the gentlemen, to our getting out at the top of it, was seven hundred and eight yards.

This was a laborious route, and performed at the hazard of our lives. Once, in particular, my lad Ralph fell into the river with his torch in the great ascent ; and in striving to save his life, I lost the other light I carried in my hand. This reduced us to a state of the blackest darkness, and in that condition we could not stir. It was a horrible scene. It chilled my blood, and curdled it in my veins ; but I had a tinder-box, matches, and wax-candle, in my pocket, and soon recovered the desirable light ; at which we lighted other torches, and proceeded to ascend the rough and rocky steep, till we came to the fountain that made the descending flood. The opening upwards from that became very narrow, and the

slant so great, that it was extremely difficult to go on ; but, as I could see the day at the end of it, I resolved to strive hard, and mount, if possible, these remaining sixty yards. In short, we did the work. As before related, we came out this way, and from the dismal caverns of night ascended to a delightful plain : from which we again beheld the glorious sun, and had the finest points of view. It was by this time noon ; and, under the shade of some aged trees, that grew on the banks of a great lake, on the summit of this vast hill, I sat down to some bread and wine I had brought with me for relief. Never was repast more sweet. I was not only fatigued very much, but had been in fear as to my ever climbing up, and knew not how to get down, when I had mounted two thirds of the way. The descent was a thousand times more dangerous than the ascent.

When I had done, I walked about to see if there was any way down the mountain's sides to go to Ulubræ, from whence I came ; but for miles it was a frightful perpendicular rock next that place, and impossible for a goat to descend. And on the side that faced Bishoprick, and a fine country-house and gardens, about a quarter of a mile off, in a delightful valley, that extended with

all the beauties of wood and lawn, meadow and water, from the foot of the mountain I was on—the precipice here was a terrible way for a man to venture down; but it was possible to do it with a long pole, at the hazard of his life, as the rocks projected in many places, and the side went sloping off; and therefore I resolved to descend. I could not think of going back the way I came; since I had got safe into day again, I thought it better to risk my limbs in the face of the sun, than perish, as I might do, in the black and dismal inside of those tremendous hills. Besides, the house in my view might be, perhaps, the one I wanted. It was possible my friend Turner might live there.

With art and caution then I began to descend, and so happily took every offered advantage of jutting rock and path in my way, that without any accident I got in safety down; though the perils were so great, that often I could not reach from rock to rock with my pole. In this case, I aimed the point of my pole at the spot I intended to light on, and clapped my feet close to it, when I went off in the air from the rock: the pole coming first to the place broke the fall, and then, sliding gently down by it, I pitched on the spot I designed to go to, though six, seven, or eight fathom

off, and the part of the rock below not more than a yard broad. It is a frightful piece of activity to a by-stander ; but the youths on the mountains of Ireland make nothing of it : they are as expert at this work as the Teneriffe men :—from them I learned it ; and made Ralph so perfect in the action, while he travelled with me, that he could go from rock to rock like a bird.

When we came to the ground, I sent my man before me to the house, with my humble service to the master of it, and to let him know, that I had travelled through the inside of one of the high mountains that surrounded his house, and, on coming out of the top of it, had made the precipice next him my road to the valley he lived in ; that I knew not which way to turn next, in order to go to Cumberland, and begged leave to dine with him, and receive his information. This strange message, delivered by Ralph with much comic gravity, that gentleman could not tell what to make of ; as I had ordered my young man not to explain himself, but still say, that we had travelled the inside of the mountain, and came down the precipice. This was so surprising a thing to the gentleman and his daughter, that they walked out with some impatience to see this extraordinary traveller, and expressed no little

amazement when they came near me. After a salute, Mr. Harcourt, for that was his name, told me he did not understand what my servant had said to him; nor could he comprehend how I arrived in this valley, as there was but one passage into it at the front of his house; and my being on foot too, increased the wonder of my appearing in the place: but, whatever way I came, I was welcome to his house, and he would shew me the way in.

“My arrival here, Sir,” I replied, “is, to be sure, very strange, and would be almost incredible to hear told by another person, of one that journeyed two hundred and twenty-nine yards deep, to the foundation of this alp, on the other side of it, then ascended a hollow way till he got out at the top, and came down a high and frightful precipice to the vale below: but here I am, a proof of the fact. I will explain how it was done;”—and began to relate every particular at large.

“But tell me, Sir,” Miss Harcourt said, “if you please, why did you not return the way you came; since the other side of the mountain is impossible to descend, as you inform us, on account of its being a perpendicular steep; and that you must have hazarded your life a thousand times, in coming down the way you did with the pole? I

tremble as I look at the place and only with Fancy's eye see you on the descent. Beside, the gentlemen you left on the other side of the hill will conclude you are lost, and be very unhappy on account of you."

"My reason, Madam," I said, "for coming down this very dangerous way, was, because I thought it, with all its perils, much safer than the inside road I had come. My activity, I had reason to think, was superior to the difficulties of the outward way, and if I should fall, it would be in the light of heaven, with a human habitation in view, that might afford me some relief, if I only broke my bones; but, if in descending the very steep and horrible caverns of the hill, which with the greatest difficulty I climbed up, I should happen to get a fall, as in all human probability I might, and break a limb in these most dismal cavities of eternal night, I must have perished in the most miserable manner, without a possibility of obtaining any relief. Nor is this all, Madam. The thing that brought me here among the mountains of Richmondshire, was to find a gentleman of my acquaintance; and when I saw your house from the top of the mountain, I did not know but it might be his. I fancied it was, as the situation answered my friend's description of the spot

he lived on. And if it had been his, Madam, it would have put an end to all my toils; for I am a wanderer upon the face of the earth, through the cruelty of a mother-in-law, and the unreasonableness of a rich father, who has forsaken me for no just cause."

This history of a forlorn seemed stranger to the young lady and her father than even the account of my journey through the inside of a mountain, and down a precipice that a goat would scarcely venture. They were both very greatly amazed at my relation, and Mr. Harcourt was just going to ask me some questions, when one of his servants came to inform him that dinner was ready, and by this put an end to our conversation. The master of the house brought me into a fine room, and I saw on the table an elegant dinner, and several men servants attending. Miss Harcourt sat at the head of the table, and at her right hand two young ladies, very handsome, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter in this journal; two ladies more were on the other side of her, pretty women, but no beauties; and next them sat three gentlemen, sensible, well-behaved men; one of them a master of music, the other a master of languages, and the third an eminent painter; who were kept in

the house on large salaries, to teach the young lady these accomplishments. Mr. Harcourt placed me by himself, and was extremely civil. He and his daughter took great care of me, and treated me as if I had been a man of distinction, rather than the poor pilgrim they saw me, with my staff in my hand. The young lady talked to me in a very pleasant manner; and as I saw the whole company were inclined to be very cheerful, I contributed as much as I could to promote good-humour, and increase the festivity of the table.

At this delightful spot I stayed a week, and passed it in a most happy way. Mr. Harcourt was fond of me, and did every thing in his power to render the place agreeable. His lovely daughter was not only as civil as it was possible to be, but did me the honour to commence a friendship with me, which lasted from that time till death destroyed the golden thread that linked it.

Miss Harcourt, at the time I am speaking of, was in the one and twentieth year of her age, and had all the qualities that constitute a beauty: she was tall and graceful, and in every action, and her whole behaviour, to the last degree charming: her eyes were fine, and had a sparkling brightness as great as could appear from the refraction of dia-

monds : her hair was as the polished jet, deep and glossy ; and yet her complexion fresh as the glories of the spring, and her lips like a beautiful flower.

This young lady was a foundress of a religious house of Protestant recluses ; but this part of her history is so well known, that it would be folly for me to detail it in this place.

CHAPTER IX.

Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise.

THE twenty-fifth day of June, I took my leave of Miss Harcourt and her father, and the rest of the good company, and, on horses I borrowed, we returned to the philosophers at Ulubræ. The road was nineteen miles round, and most terrible, great part of it being deep and swampy, with holes up to the horses' shoulders in some places; and for several miles we were obliged to ride on the sides of very steep and craggy mountains, in a path so very narrow that we risked life, and passed in terror; a wrong step would have been destruction beyond recovery. It was likewise no small perplexity to find, that I was going back again, the course being south and south-west; and that there was no other way of journeying from Mr. Harcourt's to Ulubræ, but through the pass I first travelled from Westmoreland, unless I rode from

Mr. Harcourt's into Cumberland, and then round through Bishoprick to the valley the gentlemen lived in. On, then, I went, at all hazards, and in a tedious manner was forced to creep the way : but, to make some amends, the prospects from the hills were fine. Groups of crests of mountains appeared here and there, like large cities with towers and old gothic edifices, and from caverns in their sides torrents of water streamed out, and fell in various courses to the most delightful vales below. In some of the vast hills there were openings quite through, so as to see the sun at the end of three or four thousand yards; and in many of them were sloping caverns, very wonderful to behold.

I found in one of them, near the top of a very high mountain, a descent like steps of stairs, that was in breadth and height like the aisle of a church. The descent was four hundred and seventy-nine yards almost in a straight line, and opened in a view of meadows, scattered trees, and streams, that were enchantingly fine. There appeared to be about four and twenty acres of fine land, quite surrounded with the most frightful precipices in the world; and in the centre of it a neat and pretty little country-house on an easy rising ground. I could discover with my long glass a young and

handsome woman sitting at the door, engaged in needle-work of some kind ; and on the margin of a brook hard by, another charmer stood, angling for fish of some sort : a garden appeared near the mansion, that was well improved ; and in the fields were sheep and goats, horses and cows : cocks and hens, ducks and geese, were walking about the ground ; and I could perceive a college of bees. The whole formed a charming scene.

Pleased with the view, and impatient to know who the two charmers were, I quite forgot the poor situation in which I left Tim, holding the horses at the mouth of the cavern, on the dangerous side of so high a hill, and proceeded immediately to the house, as soon as I had recovered myself from a fall. My foot slipped in the passage, about six yards from the day, and I came rolling out of the mountain in a violent and surprising manner. It was just mid-day when I came up to the ladies ; and as they did not see me till they chanced to turn round, they were so amazed at my appearing, they changed colour, and one of them shrieked aloud ; but this fright was soon over, on my assuring them that I was their most humble servant, and had against my will tumbled out of the hole that was at the bottom of that vast mountain before them. This I explained, and protested that

I had not a thought of paying them a visit, when curiosity led me into an opening near the top of the hill, as I was travelling on; but that when I did get through so wonderful a passage, and saw what was still more strange, two ladies in so wild and silent a place, I judged it my duty to pay my respects, and ask if they had any commands that I could execute in the world? "This was polite," they said, and gave me thanks; but told me, they had no other favour to ask than that I would dine with them, and inform them how it happened that I was obliged to travel over these scarcely passable mountains, where there was no society nor support to be had. "Beside, if in riding here you should receive a mischief, there is not a possibility of getting any relief. There must be something very extraordinary surely, that could cause you to journey over such frightful hills, and through the deep vales at the foot of them.

"Ladies," I replied, "necessity and curiosity united are the springs that move me over these mountains, and enable me to bear the hardships I meet with in these ways. Forced from home by the cruelties of a step-mother, and forsaken by my father on her account, I am wandering about the precipices of Richmondshire in search of a gentleman, my friend; to whose hospitable house

and generous breast I should be welcome, if I could find out where he lives in some part of this remote and desolate region : and as my curiosity is more than ordinary, and I love to contemplate the works of Nature, which are very grand and astonishing in this part of the world, I have gone many a mile out of my way while I have been looking for several days past for my friend, and have ventured into places where very few, I believe, would go. It was this taste for natural knowledge that travelled me down the inside of the mountain I am just come out of. If I had not had it, I should never have known there was so delightful a little country here as what I now see : nor should I have had the honour and happiness of being known to you."

" But tell me, Sir," one of these beauties said, " how have you lived for several days among these rocks and desert places, as there are no inns in this country, nor a house, except this, that we know ? Are you the favourite of the fairies and genii—or does the wise man of the hills bring you every night in a cloud to his home ?"

" It looks something like it, Madam," I said, " and, to be sure, it must appear very strange ; but it is like other strange things : when the nature of them is known, they appear easy and plain. This

country, I find, consists, for the most part, of ranges and groups of mountains horrible to behold, and of bogs, deep swampy narrow bottoms, and waters that fall and run innumerable ways; but this is not always the case: like the charming plain I am now on, there are many flowery and delicious extensive pieces of ground, inclosed by vast surrounding hills—the finest intervals between the mountains. The sweetest interchange between hill and valley, I believe, in all the world, is to be found in Richmondshire; and in several of those delightful vales I discovered inhabitants, as in this place; but the houses are so separated by fells scarcely passable, and torrents of water, that those who live in the centre of one group of mountains know not any thing of agreeable inhabitants that may dwell on the other side of the hills in an adjacent vale. If there had been a fine spot at the bottom of the precipice I found the opening in, and people living there (as might have been the case), you, ladies, who live here, could have had no notion of them, as you knew nothing of a passage from the foot to the summit of yonder mountain, withinside of the vast hill, and, if you did, would never venture to visit that way; and as there is not a pass in this chain of hills, to ride or walk through, to the other side of them,—but the way

out of this valley we are now in, as I judge from the trending of the mountains all around us, must be an opening into some part of Cumberland. For this reason Stainmore hills may have several families among them, though you have never heard of them; and I will now give you an account of some, who behaved in the most kind and generous manner to me." Here I began to relate some particulars concerning my friend Price and his excellent wife; the admirable Mrs. Burcot and Mrs. Fletcher; the philosophers who lived at Ulubræ, to whom I was returning; and the generous Mr. Harcourt and his excellent daughter, whom I left in the morning, and at whose house I arrived by travelling up the dark bowels of a tremendous mountain—as, on the contrary, I arrived at theirs by a descent through yonder frightful hill, till I came rolling out, by a fall within, in a very surprising way; “a way that would have made you laugh, ladies, or, in a fright, cry out, if you had happened to be walking near the opening in the bottom of that hill, when, by a slip of my foot, in descending a few yards from the day, I tumbled over and over, not only down what remained of the dark steep within, but the high sloping bank that reaches from the outside of the opening to the first flat part of the vale. There is nothing

wonderful, then, in my living in this lone country for so many days. The only strange thing is, considering the waters and swamps, that I was not drowned; or, on account of the precipices and descents I have been engaged on, that I did not break my neck."

The ladies seemed greatly entertained with my histories, and especially with my tumbling out of the mountain into their vale. They laughed very heartily; but told me, if they had happened to be sitting near the hole, in the bottom of that tremendous rocky mountain, as they sometimes did, and often wondering where the opening went to, and I had come rolling down upon them, they would have been frightened out of their senses; for they must have thought it a very strange appearance.

Here a footman came to let his mistress know that dinner was on the table, and we immediately went in to an excellent one. The ladies were very civil, and exerted a good-humour, to shew me, I suppose, that my arrival was not disagreeable to them, though I tumbled upon their habitation, like the genius of the caverns, from the hollows of the mountains. They talked in an easy, rational manner, and asked me many questions that shewed they were no strangers to books, or men, or

things : but at last it came to pass, that the eldest of those ladies, who acted as mistress of the house, and seemed to be about one and twenty, desired to know the name of the gentleman I was looking for among these hills, and called my friend. “ My reason, Sir, for asking is, that you answer so exactly in face and person to a description of a gentleman I heard of not very long ago, that I imagine it may be in my power to direct you right.”

“ Madam,” I replied, “ the gentleman I am in search of is Charles Turner, who was my school-fellow, and my senior by a year in the university, which he left two years before I did, and went from Dublin to the North of England, to inherit a paternal estate on the decease of his father. There was an uncommon friendship between this excellent young man and me, and he made me promise him, in a solemn manner, to call upon him as soon as it was in my power ; assuring me at the same time, that if, by any changes and chances in this lower hemisphere, I was ever brought into any perplexities, if he were alive, I should be welcome to him and what he had, and share in his happiness in this world, while I pleased. This is the man I want : a man, for his years, one of the wisest and best of the race.

His honest heart had no design in words. He ever spoke what he meant, and, therefore, I am sure he is my friend."

To this the lady answered, "Sir, since Charles Turner is the man you want, your enquiry is at an end, for you are now at his house; and I, who am his sister, bid you welcome to Skelsmore-vale in his name. He has now been a year and a half in Italy; and a little before he went, he gave me such a description of you, as enabled me to guess who you were after I had well observed you; and he added to his description a request, that if you should chance to call here, while I happened to be in the country, I would receive you as if you were himself; and when I removed, if I could not, or did not choose to stay longer in the country, that I would make you an offer of the house, and give you up all the keys of it, to make use of it and his servants, and the best things the place affords, till his return; which is to be, he says, in less than a year. Now, Sir, in regard to my brother and his friend, I not only offer you what he desired I should, but I will stay a month here longer than I intended; for this lady (my cousin, Martha Jacquelot), and I, had determined to go to Scarborough next week, and from thence to London:—nor is this all: as I know I shall the

more oblige my brother the civiller I am to you, I will, when the Scarborough season is over, if you choose to spend the winter here, come back to Skelsmore-vale, and stay till Mr. Turner returns."

This discourse astonished me to the last degree—to hear that I was at my friend Turner's house; he abroad, and to be so for another year; the possession of his seat offered me; and his charming sister so very civil and good, as to assure me she would return from the Spa and stay with me till her brother came home: these were things so unexpected and extraordinary, that I was for some time at a loss what to say. I paused for some minutes, with my eyes fastened on this beauty, and then said, "Miss Turner, the account you have given of your brother, and the information that I am now at his house,—his friendly offers to me by you, and your prodigious civility, in resolving to return from Scarborough, to stay with me here till your brother arrives, are things so strange, so uncommon, and exceedingly generous and kind, that I am quite amazed at what I hear, and want words to express my obligations, and the grateful sense I have of such favours. Accept my thanks, and be assured that while I live, I shall properly remember the civility and benevolence

of this day ; and be ever ready, if occasion offers, and the fates shall put it in my power, to make a due return. Your offer, Madam, in particular is so high an honour done me, and shews a spirit so humane, as I told you I was an unfortunate mortal, that I shall ever think of it with pleasure, and mention it as a rare instance of female worth: but as to accepting these most kind offers, I cannot do it. Since Mr. Turner is from home, I will go and visit another friend I have in this country, to whom I shall be welcome, I believe, till your brother returns. To live by myself here at my friend's expense, would not be right, nor agreeable to me: and as to confining you, Madam, in staying with me, I would not do it for the world." "Sir," Miss Turner replied, "in respect of my staying here, it will be no confinement to me, I assure you. My heart is not set upon going to London. It was only want of company made Miss Jacquelot and me think of it; and if you will stay with us, we will not even go to Scarborough this season." This was goodness indeed: but against staying longer than two or three days, I had many good reasons that made it necessary for me to depart: beside the unreasonableness of my being an expense to Mr. Turner in his absence, or confining his sister to the coun-

try. There was Orton-lodge, where I had left O'Fin, my lad, at work, to which I could not avoid going again: and there was Miss Melmoth, on whom I had promised to wait, and did intend to ask her if she would give me her hand, as I liked her and her circumstances, and fancied she would live with me in any retreat I pleased to name; which was a thing that would be most pleasing to my mind. It is true, if Charles Turner had come home, while I stayed at his house, it was possible I might have obtained his sister, who was a very great fortune: but this was an uncertainty, and in his absence I could not in honour make my addresses to her: if it should be against his mind, it would be acting a false part, while I was eating his bread: Miss Turner, to be sure, had fifty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and so far as I could judge of her mind, during the three days that I stayed with her at Skelsmore-vale, I had some reason to imagine her heart might be gained: but for a man worth nothing to do this, in her brother's house, without his leave, was a part I could not act, though by missing her I had been brought to beg my bread. Three days, then, only I could be prevailed on to stay, and the time indeed was happily spent.

Miss Turner was good-humoured, sensible, and discreet, as one could wish a woman to be ; talked pleasantly upon common subjects, and was well acquainted with the three noblest branches of polite learning, antiquity, history, and geography. She likewise understood music, and sung, and played well on the small harpsichord. But her moral character was what shed the brightest lustre on her soul. Her thoughts and words were ever employed in promoting God's glory, her neighbour's benefit, and her own true welfare ; and her hand very often, in giving to the poor. One-third of her fine income she devoted to the miserable, and was in every respect so charitable, that she never indulged the least intemperance in speaking. The goodness of her heart was great indeed ; the integrity of her life was glorious. She was perfection, so far as it was possible for a mortal to be exempt from blame in life. An absolute exemption from faults cannot be the condition of any one in this world : but, to the ladies I now speak, you may, like Miss Turner, be eminently good, if you will do your best to be perfect in such a kind and degree as human frailty does admit.

Miss Jacquelot was by the head lower than Miss Turner, and her hair the very reverse of my

friend's sister, that is, black as the raven : but she had a most charming little person, and a mind adorned with the finest qualifications. Reason never lost the command in her, nor ceased to have an influence upon whatever she did. It secured her mind from being ever discomposed, and disengaged her life from the inconveniences which a disregard to reason exposes us to. By a management it dictated, she enjoyed perpetual innocence and peace. She never uttered a word that intrenched upon piety, infringed charity, or disturbed the happiness of any one; nor at any time shewed the least sign of a vain and light spirit : yet she had a sportfulness of wit and fancy that was delightful, when she could handsomely and innocently use it, and loved to exert the sallies of wit, when they had no tendency to defile or discompose her mind, to wrong or harm the hearer, or her neighbour, or to violate any of the grand duties of piety, charity, justice, and sobriety. Every thing that reason made unfit to be expressed, in relation to these virtues, she always carefully avoided ; but otherwise, such things excepted, would enliven and instruct by good sense in jocular expression, in a way the most charming and pleasing. She was very wise, agreeable, and happy.

With these ladies I spent three days in Skelsmore-vale; and the time we talked, walked, played, and laughed away. Sometimes we rambled about the hills, and low adown the dales. Sometimes we sat to serious *ombre*; and often went to music by the falling streams. Miss Turner sung; Miss Jacquelot played the violin: and on my German flute I breathed the softest airs. We were a happy three, and parted with regret on every side. Fain would they have had me stay, and Scarborough and London should be thought of no more: but the reason of things was against it, and the 28th day of June I took my leave. Through the mountain I had descended, I went up again to Tim and my horses; who were stabled in the mouth of the cavern above, and had got provender from the vale below.

The sun was rising when we mounted our horses, and we rode over the brows of many high hills, till we descended to a narrow vale, which trended due west, for an hour, and brought us to the foot of another high mountain. This we ascended with the horses as far as it was possible to bring them, and from thence I climbed up to the top, by a steep craggy way, near two hundred yards. This was very difficult and dangerous, but I had an enchanting prospect, when I gained the

summit of the hill. A valley nearly a mile in breadth appeared between the opposite mountains and that on which I stood ; and a river was running through it, that spread sometimes into little lakes, and sometimes fell headlong from the rocks in sounding cascades. The finest meadows, and little thickets, bordered those waters on every side, and beyond them the vast hills had a fine effect in the view : some were covered with forest, and some with precipitating streams. I was charmed with this assemblage of the beauties of nature. It is a more delightful landscape than art has been able to form in the finest gardens of the world.

The descent was easy to this beautiful vale ; and after I had feasted my eyes with the prospect of the place, I went down to see who lived in a house, covered with creeping greens, that stood by a sonorous waterfall. Some wise one, perhaps, I said, who scorns the character of the libertine, or the sot, and to the pursuits of avarice and ambition leaves the world, to enjoy in this fine retreat the true happiness of man : by embracing that wisdom which is from above, and aspiring to an equality with saints and angels :—happy man ! if such a man be here. Or, it may be, some happy pair possess this charming spot of earth, and

in discharging all the duties of the matrimonial relation, enjoy that fulness of satisfactions and felicities which the divine institution was designed to produce:—happy pair indeed! if such a pair be here.

But when I came near the mansion, no human creature could I see, nor, for some time, could I find an entrance any way. The gate of the garden in which the house stood was fast, and so was every window and door; but as the gardens were in fine order, and full of fruits, vegetables, and flowers, I knew it must be an inhabited place, though its people were from home. With my pole therefore I leaped a deep moat, which surrounded the garden, and for half an hour continued walking about it, pulling some things, and looking at others, in hopes that some one might be seen: no soul, however, appeared, and I was going to return to my horses, when, by accident, I came to a descent of stairs, that was planted round with shade of laurel, ever-green, and branching palm. Down I went immediately. I walked through a long arched passage, in which two lamps were burning, and at the end of it came to an open door, that admitted me into an entry which led to a flight of stairs. Should I go any farther? was the question. If any one

within, I might greatly offend : and if it was the habitation of rogues, I might find myself in a pound. What shall I do then? Go on, says Curiosity, and bravely finish the adventure.

Softly then I ascended, listening, by the way, if I could hear any voice; and proceeded upwards to the first floor. A door was there open, and on my tiptoes I went to look in : but all I could see was a room well furnished; and through it I passed to another, which was likewise full of fine things, and had a door unlocked, that opened into a large library. The books were all bound in vellum, in an extraordinary manner, the collection valuable, and most judiciously ordered. Mathematical instruments of all sorts were on a table, and every thing looked as belonging to a scholar and man of fortune. Great was my amazement, as I saw no living creature. I knew not what to think of all these things : nor did my astonishment diminish, when I went from the library into two very handsome bedchambers, and saw in one of them the apparel of a woman, in the other the dress of a man.

Musing on these matters, and looking over the books, I continued nearly an hour, when I turned round to depart, and saw at the door of the library I was in, a gentleman, and two young ladies in

riding-dresses, who seemed more than amazed at the sight of me. The man's face I knew very well, and soon remembered he was one of the company that came over with me from Ireland in the Skinner and Jenkins, and a person I had thought a very odd man; for he never stirred out of his birth all the while he was on board, nor spoke a syllable to any one except myself, and that only for a couple of hours after we landed; when he was pleased to single me out, and requested we might dine together; to which I said, With pleasure, Sir, and he came with Miss Melmoth and me to our inn. With us he sat for the time I have said, and talked like a man of sense and virtue. He was but three or four years older than I was, and yet so very grave, that in respect of temper he was fit for the bench. He told me, he lived in too remote a place, ever to expect to see me in the country; but he had a house in London, where he was every winter, if not hindered by sickness, and to a part of it I should be welcome, if it was agreeable to me to improve our acquaintance. Many other civil things he said, and shewed a regard for me that I little expected, and could not but wonder at. All this made me as well known to him as he was remembered by me; but he looked as it were astonished at the sight of

me, and for some time the gentleman was not able to speak, or come forward; but at last, moving towards me, he said, "By what strange chance have I the favour of seeing you here? Inform me, I beseech you, in the name of friendship, what surprising accident has thrown you on this solitude, without horse or servant—and how did you get over the broad moat of water, as the two garden-gates were locked?"

"Mr. Berrisfort," I answered, "you may well wonder at seeing me in this remote, and silent part of the world, and especially at my being in your study, without either horse or attendant in waiting, that you could find, on coming home; but the thing was all natural, in the common course of events, as you shall hear.

"Three weeks after you left me at Whitehaven, I set out from that place for Brugh under Stainmore, and went from thence up the northern mountains, in search of a gentleman I had some business with, who lives but a few miles beyond you; and on my return from his house, as the road lay very high on the side of yonder vast hill, I quitted my horse out of curiosity, to climb up to the top of the mountain, and see what kind of country lay on the other side of this long range of high hills. It was with great difficulty I got

up to the pike, and few, perhaps, but myself, would have attempted it. I was rewarded, however, by the fine prospect, and seeing the descent on this side easy, and a house and large gardens before me, I could not refrain from going down to the bottom. I marched on to take a view of the mansion; I leaped the moat with this pole, and, after I had wandered about the ground, by accident came to the shady enclosure, in which I found the descending stairs from the garden; and seeing the lamps burning in the passage, could not avoid going down, and proceeded till I arrived at this fine library."

Mr. Berrisfort replied:—"Sir, I am glad there was any thing in the force and operation of casualties, that could bring you to my house, and I assure you, upon my word, that you are most heartily welcome. As I lay in my cabin on ship-board, I conceived a great regard for you, on account of many things I heard you say. I assure you, I am most heartily glad to see you, and I shall take it as a great favour if you will pass the summer with me in this wild country place. Every thing shall be made as agreeable as possible, and, exclusive of this closet of books, which you shall possess while you stay here, we will hunt, and shoot, and enjoy all the pleasures of the field :

but in the mean time, as it is now ten o'clock, we ought to think of breakfast ;” and he desired his sister, a most charming creature, to call for it immediately, and I soon saw several servants bring in every thing that was elegant and excellent. He told me I need be under no uneasiness about my mare and horses, for there was a steep narrow way for them to come down to his stables, about half a mile from the place I left them, and he would immediately send one of his servants to bring them.

This was extremely civil and affectionate; and I told Mr. Berrisfort, that I was under great obligations to him for his goodness, which I should ever have an extreme sense of, but I was obliged to go on upon business: a few days, however, I would enjoy the happiness he offered me ;—and we passed them in a very delightful manner.

Early in the morning we went out with the hounds, and for half-a-dozen hours had the dogs in full cry before us. We had hawks and pointers in the afternoon, and enjoyed abroad all the sports of the field. Within, when our labours were over, we had the most elegant dinners and suppers; and the conversation was excellent after the repasts.

Mr. Berrisfort was a man of letters and breeding; and the ladies had fine sense, and were no strangers to the best English books. They understood no other language than the English; but the choicest authors of every kind that our country has produced, they had read with great care. The master of Yeoverin Green was a learned, worthy, polite man, free in discourse (if he knew his company, and liked them, but otherwise quite mute), and he was instructive in every thing he said. His sister and cousin were very good; discreet in their behaviour, temperate in their discourse, and easy in their manner. They talked, without vanity, of the best things; and what they did say, they expressed in a most agreeable way. There was no being dull with such people, in such a place. I have seen very few young ladies in my time that I liked better than those girls. They both charmed me with their persons, their faces, their good manners, and their chat; but I could not enough admire Miss Berrisfort for one particular, in which she not only excelled Miss Fox, but all the women that I have ever seen. This was in hunting. In the field, she seemed the silver-shafted queen.

Mr. Berrisfort and Miss Fox followed the dogs with caution, and never attempted any thing that

could hazard their necks or their bones; but the charming Juliet Berrisfort had so violent a passion for the diversion of the field, that she was seized with a kind of enthusiasm when she heard the cry of the hounds, and, as if she had been the goddess of the silver bow, or one of her immortal train, went on without a thought of her having brittle limbs. She leaped every thing to keep in with the dogs; five-bar gates; the most dangerous ditches and pales; and drove full-speed down the steepest hills, if it was possible for a horse to keep his feet on them. She frightened me the first morning I was out with her. She made my heart bounce a thousand times. I expected every now and then that she would break her neck; that neck where lilies grew. I was reckoned a very desperate rider by all that knew me, and yet, with this young lady, I paused several times at some leaps, when she did not hesitate at all. Over she went, in a moment, without thinking of the perils in her way; and then, if I broke my neck, I could not but pursue.

When glory call'd, and beauty led the way,
What man could think of life, and poorly stay?

It was not in my complexion to stay, and by that means I got a terrible fall the second day;

whether by my own fault, or my horse's, I cannot tell: but as no bone was broken, and I had received no other mischief than a black eye, a bruise in my side, and a torn face, I was soon on my mare again, and by Miss Berrisfort's side. She laughed immoderately at me, while the dogs were at fault, as my bones were safe, and advised me, with a humorous tenderness, to ride with her brother and Miss Fox.

It was not, however, very long before I had more satisfaction than I desired; for in half an hour's time, we came to some pales, which the stag went over, and I leaped first; but Miss Berrisfort's horse, though one of the best in the world, unfortunately struck, and cleared them in such a manner, that the lovely Juliet came over his head. She fell very safely in high grass, where I waited for her, for fear of an accident of any kind, and did not receive the least hurt; but in the violence of the motion, and the way she came down, the curtain was thrown on her breast, and she lay for some moments stunned upon the ground. In a minute, however, I snatched her up, and set her on her feet. She came to herself immediately, and thanked me for my care of her; but was vexed to the heart at what had happened. She requested I would

not mention the thing to her brother, or Miss Fox, and hoped I would be so generous as not to speak of it to any one.—“ Miss Berrisfort,” I said, “ it is not in my soul to extract a mirth from the bad fortune of any one ; and much less is it in my power to ridicule, or laugh at a woman of distinction, for an accident like this. You may believe me, when I promise you, upon my word, and swear it by every sacred thing, that I will not so much as hint it to any mortal while you remain in this world.” This gave her some relief, and by her foot in my hands, I lifted her into her saddle again.

Two benefits were from this mischance derived. One was, that for the future this lady hunted with a little more caution, and did not take the leaps she was wont to do :—the other, that it gained me her heart (though I did not know it for many months), and thereby secured for me the greatest happiness, against a day of distress. From the most trivial things the most important often spring: but I proceed.

Vexatious as the fall was to this young lady, it was I, however, that had all the pain, by the mischief I received when my horse threw me. My eye was in a sad black way, my side troubled

me, and the skin was off half my face: yet I did not much mind it, as the diversion was good, and immediately after the death of the stag, we hastened back to an excellent dinner, and some flasks of old generous wine.

CHAPTER X.

Friendship, to thee I touch the string ;
From thy blest source what pleasures spring
To cheer each passing day !

THE third of July, I left Yeoverin Green, and set out again for Ulubræ, to get my horses and portmanteau. After several hours' walk, we came to a sweet pretty cottage on the margin of a river. I went up to the house to ask my way, and found at the door three men, the eldest of whom seemed to be about thirty years old. They asked me very civilly to walk in, and seemed to wonder not a little at seeing me and my man, in such a place, with our poles in our hands.

These men were three brothers, and Roman catholics. Two of them were gentlemen-farmers, who lived together, and jointly managed the country business. The eldest was a Franciscan friar, who came to visit them. Their good manners, in their plain dress, surprised me : and their

benevolence made me wonder a great deal more. Their maid laid a clean cloth in a minute, and brought some cold roast beef, good bread, and fine ale. They bade me heartily welcome many times, and were so frank and generous, so cheerful and gay, especially the eldest of the farmers, who sang several good songs over a bowl of punch after dinner, that I could not think of leaving them immediately, if I had known my road, and was easily prevailed on to stay several days. A friendship commenced immediately between the eldest Fleming and me, and there was not one cold or cross minute in it for the few years that he lived. He loved me as his brother from the first day he saw me; and I had so great a regard for him, that with a sorrow I cannot help, I think of his death to this day. How to account for such sudden passions I know not. The thing has always appeared to me very strange. Mr. Fleming was certainly a man of a bright and very extraordinary understanding, though no more than a farmer in this world, had a most happy temper, a generosity too great for his fortune, and was for ever cheerful and free; but these things, however pleasing, could not be the cause of the sudden and lasting friendship between us, as I have been acquainted with men of

fortune, who equalled him in these respects, and yet they never struck me more than for the present time. Whatever might be the cause, the fact is certain. No two men ever liked one another more than we did from the first hour of our acquaintance; and as I had the happiness of converting him to the Protestant religion, it is possible, that might cement a friendship, which a sameness of disposition had helped to produce. This is all I can say as to the reason of this matter. In respect of the thing, it was of the greatest service to me. My new-acquired friend assisted me to the utmost of his power, in the accomplishment of my designs, in that part of the world I then was. I had his head, his hand, and his house at my service, and by them I was enabled to give a roundness to a system, that was too happy to last long. By this good man's guidance I arrived at Ulubræ the seventh day of July, being the seventeenth day from the morning I left the philosophers. The gentlemen were startled at the sight of me, as they concluded I had perished, and had, as they assured me, mourned my sad fate; they were impatient to hear my adventure.

I promised to tell my story as soon as we had dined, as the servants were then bringing the

dishes in ; and accordingly, when we had done, I gave them a relation in detail. They were greatly pleased with my history, and much more to have me returned to them in safety again. If they had not seen me, they said, they could not believe the thing ; and they would order the whole account to be entered in the journal of their society, as the most extraordinary case they had ever known, or, perhaps, should ever hear related again. Their secretary, as directed, wrote it down in the big book of transactions, and it remains in their records to this day. In short, reader, these worthy men were so greatly rejoiced at my being alive, when they thought me for certain among the dead, that they put the bottle round in a festal manner after dinner. We drank and laughed till it was midnight.

The eighth day of July, I took my leave of the gentlemen at Ulubræ, and proceeded to the East-riding of Yorkshire, to look for Miss Melmoth. Fleming came with me as far as Eggles-ton to shew me the passes between the hills, and the best ways over the mountains. Many vast high ones we crossed, and travelled through very wonderful glens. Several scenes were as charming as any I had before seen, and the low ways as bad ; but he knew all the roads and cross turn-

ings perfectly well, and shortened the journey a great many miles. I had told him the business I was going on, and he requested, if I succeeded, that I would bring Miss Melmoth to his house, that his brother might marry us; and as to Orton Lodge, which I had described to him, and told him where to find, for he had no notion of it, nor had ever been among the fells of Westmoreland, as he thought that country impassable, he promised me he would go there himself, and bring with him two labouring men to assist my lad in putting the garden and house in the best condition they were capable of receiving; that he would bring there seeds, and trees, such as the season allowed, and do every thing in his power to render the place convenient and pleasing: he would likewise sell me a couple of his cows, a few sheep, and other things, which I should find before me at the lodge, and let me have one of his maids for my servant in the house. This was good indeed. I could not wish for more.

CHAPTER XI.

Thus did the stars preside with friendly rays,
And bid me hail at last the happy days,
When sheltered within this wild retreat,
Above the scorn, below the rage of fate ;
Blest in a wife, a friend, and books, alone ;
To this mad world, and all its plagues unknown ;
The smooth-paced hours did sweetly pass away,
And happy nights still closed each happy day.

THE ninth of July, early in the morning, Fleming and I parted, and I proceeded, as fast and as well as I could, to the appointed station ; but when I came to Mrs. Asgill's door, the second day in the evening, July 10th, and asked for Miss Melmoth, an old man, the only person in the house, told me Mrs. Asgill had been dead nearly a month, and Miss Melmoth went from thence immediately after the funeral of her friend : that she had left a letter with him for a gentleman that was to call upon her ; but that letter by an accident was destroyed, and where the lady then was, he could

not so much as guess: he farther told me, that Miss Melmoth had sold the goods of the house, and the stock, bequeathed to her by her deceased friend, to the gentleman who inherited the late Mrs. Asgill's jointure, and she would return no more to the place. This was news to me: it struck me to the soul. Doleful tidings, how ye wound! What to do I could not tell; but, as I rode to the next town, determined at last to try if I could hear of her at York. To that city I went the next day, asked at the inns, walked the walls, and went to the assembly-room. My inquiries were all in vain. One gentleman only did I see who was acquainted with her, and he knew nothing of her present abode. From York, then, I proceeded the next morning to search other towns, and left no place unexamined where I could think she might be. Three weeks were spent in this manner, without hearing a syllable of her, and then I thought it was best to return to my lodge; for what signified my five hundred pounds to appear with in the world? it must be soon gone, as I had not the least notion of any kind of trade; and if I joined any one that was in business, I might be mistaken in the man, and so cheated and undone. Then what could I do but carry a brown musket, or go a hand before

the mast? for, as to being an usher to a school for bread, were I reduced to want, that was the life of all lives that I most abhorred. Nothing else then had I for it but my silent mountain-lodge, which kind Providence had brought me to. There I resolved to go, and in that charming solitude peruse alone the book of Nature, till I could hear of some better way of spending my time.

To this purpose then I went, the 2nd of August, 1725, to Barnard Castle in Durham, and intended the next morning to set out for Mr. Fleming's house in Stainmore, to go from thence to my cottage on the side of a Westmoreland fell: but after I had rode a mile of the road to Eggleston, where I purposed to dine, I called out to my lad to stop. A sudden thought came into my head, to ride first to Greta-bridge, as I was so near it, to see some fine Roman monuments, that are in the neighbourhood of that village. To that place I went then, and passed the day in looking over all the antiquities and curiosities I could find there. I returned in the evening to my inn; and while a fowl was roasting for my supper, stood leaning against the house-door, looking at several travellers that went by, and some that came to rest where I did that night. Many figures I beheld, but none I knew. At last there came riding up

to the inn, full speed, a young lady on a most beautiful beast, and after her, two horses more; on one of which was her 'man-servant, and on the other her maid. She had a black mask on her face, to save her from the dust and sun, and when she alighted from her horse, she did not take it off, but went with it on into the house, after she had looked for a moment or two at me. This I thought very strange. A charmer, to be sure, I said. With what life and grace did she come to the ground! but how cruel the dear little rogue is, to conceal the wonders of its face! "Landlord," I said to the master of the house, who was coming up to me, "can you contrive a way to get me one view of that masked lady, and I will give you a pint."—"Sir," mine host replied, "that I can do very easily, for this lady has sent me to let you know she wants to speak with you."—With me! Transporting news! I flew to her apartment, and there saw that dear irresistible creature, who had added to the inferior charms of face and person that wisdom and goodness of conduct and conversation which are the true glory of woman. It was Miss Melmoth. She had heard I had been at Mrs. Asgill's house, and did not get the letter she left for me; which made her think of riding towards Greta-bridge, on an imagination she might find me

thereabout, as she remembered to have heard me say, in one of our conversations, that I intended, as soon as I could, to look at the Roman antiquities in this place: but she had very little hopes (she added) of succeeding in her inquiry; as little as I had of her riding up to the inn; and this made the meeting the more pleasing. It did enhance the pleasure indeed. It turned the amour into an adventure, and gave it that delicious flavour, which the moderns read of in the histories of past times, but rarely experience in these days. The reader that has been engaged in such a wonderful and tender scene, can only form an idea of a felicity, which words would in vain attempt to express.

As soon as we had supped, I recited my adventures since we parted, and gave Miss Melmoth a flowery description of Orton Lodge; then asked, if she would bless me with her hand, and sit down with me in my pretty solitude.

“Sir,” Miss Melmoth replied, “if you required it, I would go with you to Hudson’s Bay, had I a hundred thousand, instead of four thousand pounds, which is my fortune, exclusive of some personal estate, which my friend Mrs. Asgill by her will bequeathed me; and the whole is at your service, to dispose of as you please.”

“Give me thy hand then,” I said, “thou generous girl. You make me the happiest of men, and in return I swear by that one, supreme, tremendous Power I adore, that I will be true and faithful to thee, till death dissolves the sacred obligation. Twice do I swear, by the great Spirit, in whose dread presence I am, with your right hand now locked fast in mine, across this table, and call on him as witness to our vows, that neither time nor chance, nor aught but death’s inevitable hand, shall e’er divide our loves.” Miss Melmoth said, “Amen.”

Early the next morning, the third of August, we rode to Eggleston, where we breakfasted, and proceeded from thence to Mr. Fleming’s house, up Stainmore hills, where we arrived at nine o’clock in the evening, and had beds there that night. My friend Tom and his brother Jemmy were gone to a fair; but the eldest brother, the Franciscan friar, was at home, and entertained us very well. We took him with us very early the next day to Orton Lodge, which we reached at eight in the evening, and found the house and garden in good order. My friend Mr. Fleming had done every thing possible, to make it a convenient and comfortable place. He had made near the lodge two little rooms for servants, and had put a bed in the

green-house in the garden for a friend. He had likewise sent there a couple of cows, some sheep and lambs, ducks and geese, cocks and hens, and every necessary he thought we might want there. Good Tom Fleming! there never was a better man, or a kinder friend, to his small power.

We had likewise fish in abundance, in the waters at the foot of our hills, and goats and kids, and plenty of wild fowl. Few things were wanting that reason could desire; and for us, who thought that happiness, that is, pleasure and repose, did not precariously depend on what others think, or say, or do, but solidly consisted in what we ourselves did feel, and relish, and enjoy, there could not be a more delightful station discovered on this globe.

To conclude, the best things that Orton Lodge afforded, were ordered to the fire, and before they were brought on the table, the man of God threw the fillet or ribband over our hands, according to the Romish manner, and pronounced the nuptial benediction on us. Husband and wife we sat down to supper.

CHAPTER XII.

Go, happy pair ! in strictest bonds ally'd,
Whom Nature joins, and can alone divide :
'Tis thus their riches and their joys increase,
Their cares grow lighter, and they smile in peace.

Two years, almost, this fine scene lasted, and during that period the business and diversions of our lone retreat appeared so various and pleasing, that it was not possible to think a hundred years, so spent, in the least degree dull and tedious. Exclusive of books and gardening, and the improvement of the farm, we had, during the fine season, a thousand charming amusements on the mountains, and in the glens and valleys of that sweet silent place. Whole days we would spend in fishing, and dine in some cool grot by the water-side, or under an aged tree, on the margin of some beautiful stream.

Another of our amusements, during the summer's bright day, was the pointer and gun, for

the black cock, the moor cock, and the cock of the wood, which are in great plenty on those vast hills. Charlotte was fond of this sport, and would walk with me for hours, to see me knock down the game; till, late in the evening, we would wander over the fells, and then return to our clean, peaceful, little house, to sup as elegantly on our birds as the great could do, and with a harmony and unmixed joy they are for ever strangers to. After supper, over some little nectared bowl, we sweetly chatted, till it was bed-time; or I played on my flute, and Charlotte divinely sung. It was a happy life; all the riches and honours of the world cannot produce such scenes of bliss as we experienced in a cottage in the wilds of Westmoreland. Even the winter, which is ever boisterous and extremely cold in that part of the world, was no severity to us. As we had most excellent provisions of every kind in abundance, and plenty of firing from the ancient woods which cover many of those high hills; and two men servants, and two maids, to do whatever tended to being and to well being, to supply our wants, and to complete our happiness: this softened the hard rough scene, and the roaring waters, and the howling winds, appeared pleasing sounds. In short, every season, and all our hours, were quite

charming, and full of delight. Good Tom Fleming, our friend, did likewise enhance our felicity by coming once or twice a week to see us, and staying sometimes two or three days. In the summer time we also went now and then to visit him ; and if one was inclined to melancholy, yet it was impossible to be dull while he was by ; his humour, and his songs, over a bowl of punch, were enough to charm the most splenetic, and make even rancour throw its face into smiles.

Two years, as I have said, this fine scene lasted ; and during that soft, transporting period, I was the happiest man on earth. But in came Death, when we least expected him, snatched my charming partner from me, and melted all my happiness into air, into thin air. A fever, in a few days, snapped off the thread of her life, and made me the child of affliction, when I had not a thought of the mourner. Language cannot paint the distress this calamity reduced me to ; nor give an idea of what I suffered, when I saw her eyes swimming in death, and the throes of her departing spirit. Blest as she was, in the exercise of every virtue that adorns a woman, how inconsolable must her husband be ! and, to add to my distress, by the same fever fell my friend Tom Fleming, who came, the day before my wife sickened, to see

us. One of my lads likewise died, and the two servant-maids. They all lay dead around me, and I sat like one inanimate by the corpse of Charlotte, till Friar Fleming (the brother of Tom) brought coffins, and buried them all. Thus did felicity vanish from my sight, and I remained like a traveller in Greenland who had lost the sun.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! it is thou alone puttest wisdom into the human heart, and suddenly makest man to know himself.—It is death that makes the conqueror ashamed of his fame, and wish he had rather stolen out of the world, than purchased the report of his actions by rapine, oppression, and cruelty; by giving in spoil the innocent and labouring soul to the idle and insolent; by emptying the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filling them again with so many and so variable sorts of sorrows.

Thus did I reflect as I sat among the dead, with my eyes fastened on the breathless corpse of Charlotte; and I wished, if it was possible, to have leave to depart, and in the hospitable grave lie down from toil and pain, to take my last repose; for I knew not what to do, nor where to go. I was not qualified for the world; nor had I a friend, or even an acquaintance in it,

that I knew where to find. But in vain I prayed ; it was otherwise decreed : I must go on, or continue a solitary in the wild I was in. The latter it was not possible for me to do, in the state of mind I was in, overwhelmed with sorrow, and without a companion of any kind ; and, therefore, I must of necessity go to some other place. I sold all the living things I had to Friar Fleming, and locked up my doors. My furniture, clothes, books, liquors, and some salt provisions, instruments of various kinds, and such like things, I left in their several places. There was no one to take them, or probability that any one would come there to disturb them ; and perhaps, some time or other, the Fates might bring me back again to the lone place. Though it was then a desolate, silent habitation, a striking memento of the vanity and precarious existence of all human good things ; yet it was possible, that hearty friendship, festivity, and social life might once more be seen there. The force and operation of casualties did wonders every day, and time might give me even a relish for solitude in a few years more. Thus did I settle affairs in that remote place ; and, taking leave of my friend the Friar, with my lad O' Finn, rode off.

CHAPTER XIII.

Collect thy powers divine, and then drive off
 That evil thing call'd fear, that slavish fiend.
 Let hope, let joy, thy bosom-inmates be,
 Through life still cherish'd, and in death held fast.
 A gracious God, loud-speaking to thy heart,
 Through all his works, this truth inculcates still,
 Nature's thy nurse, and Providence thy friend.
 Integrity, with fearless heart, ride on :
 Undaunted tread the various path through life.

DAY THOUGHTS.

THE sun was rising, when we mounted our horses, and I again went out to try my fortune in the world ; not like the Chevalier of La Mancha, in hopes of conquering a kingdom, or marrying some great princess ; but to see if I could find another country girl for a wife, and get a little more money, as they were the only two things united that could secure me from melancholy, and confer real happiness. To this purpose, as the day was extremely fine, and Finn had something cold and a couple of bottles at the end of his wallet, I gave my horse the rein, and let him take what

way his fancy chose. For some time, he gently trotted the path he had often gone, and over many a mountain made his road : but at last he brought me to a place I was quite a stranger to, and made a full stop at a deep and rapid water, which ran by the bottom of a very high hill I had not been up before. Over that river I made him go, though it was far from being safe, and after many hours, ride from that flood, we came to a fine rural scene. It was pasture-ground, of a large extent, and in many places covered with groves of trees of various kinds ; walnuts, chesnuts, and oaks, the poplar, the plane-tree, the mulberry, and maple. There were likewise the Phœnician cedar, the larix, the large-leafed laurel, and the cytissus of Virgil. In the middle of this place were the ruins of an old seat, overrun with shrubby plants ; the Virginia creeper, the box-thorn, the jessamine, the honeysuckle, the periwinkle, the birdweed, the ivy, and the climber ; and near the door was a flowing spring of water, which formed a beautiful stream, and babbled to the river we came from. Charming scene ! so silent, sweet, and pretty, that I was highly pleased with the discovery.

On the margin of the brook, under a mulberry-tree, I dined on something which Finn produced from his wallet, tongue and ham, and potted black-

cock ; and, having drunk a pint of cyder, set out again, to try what land lay right onward. In an hour, we came to a large and dangerous watery moor, which we crossed over with great difficulty, and then arrived at a range of mountains, through which there was a narrow pass, wet and stony, a long and tedious ride, which ended on the border of a fine country. At four in the afternoon, we arrived on the confines of a plain, about a hundred acres, which was strewed with various flowers of the earth's natural produce, that rendered the glebe delightful to behold, and was surrounded with groves. The place had all the charms that verdure, forest, and vale, can give a country. In the centre of this ground was a handsome square building ; and behind, a large and beautiful garden, which had a low, thick, holly-hedge, that encompassed it. As the door of this house was not locked, but opened by a silver spring turner, I went in, and found it was one fine spacious room, filled on every side with books. Globes, telescopes, and other instruments of various kinds, were placed on stands, and there were two fine writing-tables, one at each end of the library, which had paper, ink, and pens. In the middle of the room there was a reading-desk, which had a short inscription, and on it leaned the

skeleton of a man. The legend said,—This skeleton was once Charles Henley, Esq.

This scene astonished me much; and my wonder at the whole increased, as I could find no human creature living, nor discover any house or cottage for an inhabitant. This I thought exceeded all the strange things I had seen in this wonderful country. But perhaps, it occurred at last, there might be a mansion in the woods before me, or somewhere in the groves on either side; and therefore, leaving the library, after I had spent an hour in it, I walked onwards, and came to a wood, which had private walks cut through it, and strewed with sand. They shewed only light enough to distinguish the blaze of day from evening shade, and had seats dispersed, to sit and listen to the chorus of the birds, which added to the pleasures of the soft silent place. For about three hundred yards the walk I was in extended, and then terminated in meadows, which formed an oval of twenty acres surrounded by groves, like the large plain I came from. Exactly in the middle of these fields, part of which were turned into gardens, there stood a very handsome stone house, and, not far from the door of it, a fountain played. On each side of the water was a garden chair of a very extraordinary make, cu-

rious and beautiful, and each of them stood under an evergreen oak, the broad-leaved ilex—a charming shade.

In one of these chairs sat an ancient gentleman, a venerable man, whose hair was white as silver, and his countenance had dignity and goodness. His dress and manner shewed him to be a man of fortune and distinction; and, by a servant in waiting, it appeared he was lord of the mansion I was arrived at. He was tall and graceful, and had not the least stoop, though he wanted but a year of an hundred. I could not but admire the fine old gentleman.

On the same chair, next to him, sat a young lady, who was at this time just turned of twenty, and had such diffusive charms, as soon new fired my heart, and gave my soul a softness even beyond what it had felt before. She was a little taller than the middle size and had a face that was perfectly beautiful. Her eyes were extremely fine; full, black, sparkling; and her conversation was as charming as her person; both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly.

When I came near to such personages, I bowed low to the ground, and asked pardon for intruding into their fine retirement. But the stars had led me, a wanderer, to this delightful soli-

tude, without the least idea of there being such a place in our island; and as their malignant rays had forced me to offend, without intending it, I hoped they would pardon my breaking in upon them. To this the old gentleman replied, "You have not offended, Sir, I assure you, but are welcome to the Groves of Basil. It gives me pleasure to see you here; for it is very seldom we are favoured with company. It is difficult to discover or make out a road to this place, as we are surrounded by impassable mountains, and a very dangerous morass: nor can I conceive how you found your way here without a guide, or ventured to travel this country, as there are no towns in this part. There must be something very extraordinary in your case; and as you mentioned your being a wanderer, I should be glad to hear the cause of your journeying in this uninhabited region. But first," Mr. Henley said, "as it is now near eight at night, and you must want refreshment, having met with no inn the whole day, we will go in to supper." He then arose, and brought me to an elegant parlour, where a table was soon covered with a fine cold collation, and we immediately sat down. Every thing was excellent, and the wine and other things in perfection. Miss Henley sat at the head of the table, her grandfather over against her, and placed me at her right

hand between them both. The young lady behaved in a very easy, genteel manner, and the old gentleman with freedom, cheerfulness, and good manners. Till nine this scene lasted, and then Mr. Henley again requested that I would oblige him with an account of my travels in that part of the world. This I said I would do in the best manner I could, and while he leaned back in his easy chair, and the beautiful Statia fastened her glorious eyes upon me, I went on in the following words.

“ I am an Englishman, Sir, but have passed the greatest part of my life in Ireland, and from the western extremity of it I came. My father is one of the rich men in that kingdom, and was, for many years, the tenderest and most generous parent that ever son was blessed with. He spared no cost on my education, and gave me leave to draw upon him, while I resided in the university of Dublin, five years, for what I pleased. Extravagant as I was in several articles, he never set any bounds to my demands, nor asked me what I did with the large sums I had yearly from him. My happiness was his felicity, and the glory of his life to have me appear to the greatest advantage, and in the most respected character that money can gain a man.

But at last he married his servant-maid, an artful, cruel woman, who obtained by her wit and charms so great an ascendancy over him, that he abandoned me, to raise a young nephew this step-mother had to what splendour and power she pleased. He had every thing he could name that money would procure, and was absolute master of the house and land. Not a shilling at this time could I get, nor obtain the least thing I asked for; and because I refused to become preceptor to this young man, my father was so enraged that he would not admit me to his table any longer, but bade me begone. My mother-in-law likewise for ever abused me; and her nephew, the lad, insulted me when I came in his way.

“ Being thus compelled to withdraw, I set sail for England as soon as it was in my power, and arrived in Cumberland by the force of a storm. I proceeded from thence to the mountains of Stainmore, to look for a gentleman, my friend, who lived among those hills; and as I journeyed over them, and missed him, I chanced to meet with a fine northern girl, and a habitation to my purpose. I married her, and for almost two years past was the happiest of the human race, till the sable curtain fell between us, and the angel of death translated her glorious soul to the fields of

paradise. Not able to bear the place of our residence, after I had lost my heart's fond idol, I left the charming spot and mansion, where unmixed felicity had been for some time my portion, and I was travelling on towards London, to see what is ordained there in reserve for me; when by accident I lost my way, and the Fates conducted me to the Groves of Basil. Curiosity led me into the library I found in the plain, without this wood, from whence, in search for some human creatures, I proceeded to the fountain, where I had the pleasure of seeing you, Sir, and this young lady. This is a summary of my past life; what is before me, Heaven only knows. My fortune I trust with the Preserver of men, and the Father of spirits. One thing I am certain of by observation, few as the days of the years of my pilgrimage have been, that the emptiness and unsatisfying nature of this world's enjoyments, are enough to prevent my having any fondness to stay in this region of darkness and sorrow. I shall never leap over the bars of life, let what will happen; but the sooner I have leave to depart, I shall think it the better for me." The old gentleman seemed surprised at my story; and, after some moments silence, when I had done, he said, "Your measure, Sir, is hard; I will be your friend, and, as a subaltern providence,

recompense your loss as to fortune in this world. In what manner, you shall know to-morrow, when we breakfast at eight. It is now time to finish our bottle, that we may, according to our custom, betimes retire.”

At the time appointed I met the old gentleman in the parlour, and just as we had done saluting each other, Statia entered, bright and charming as Aurora. She was in a rich dress, and her bright victorious eyes flashed a celestial fire. She made our tea, and gave me some of her coffee. She asked me a few civil questions, and said two or three good things on the beauties of the morning, and the charms of the country. She left us the moment we had done breakfast; and then the old gentleman addressed himself to me in the following words:

“I do not forget the promise I made you; but must first relate the history of my family.

“The skeleton you saw in the library was once my son, Charles Henley, a most extraordinary man. He had great abilities, and understood every thing a mortal is capable of knowing, of things human and divine. When he was in his nineteenth year, I took him to France and other countries, to see the world, and, on our return to England, married him into a noble family, to a

very valuable young woman of a large fortune; and the fruit of the marriage was the young lady you saw sitting on the chair near the table by me. This son death has deprived me of, and also his amiable wife, who soon followed her husband to the grave, with a broken heart. In losing them, I have lost all relish for the world; and being naturally inclined to retirement and a speculative life, have never stirred since from this country-house. Here my son devoted himself entirely to study, and amused himself with instructing his beloved Statia, the young lady you have seen. At his death he consigned her to my care; and as her understanding is very great, and her disposition sweet and charming, I have not only taken great pains in educating her, but have been delighted with my employment. Young as she is, but in the second month of her one and twentieth year, she not only knows more than women of distinction generally do, but would be the admiration of learned men, if her knowledge in languages, mathematics, and philosophy, were known to them: and as her father taught her music and painting, perhaps there is not a young woman of finer accomplishments in the kingdom.

“ Her father died in the thirty-ninth year of his age, when she was not quite sixteen, and, by his

will, left her ten thousand pounds, and Basil House and estate; but she is not to inherit it, or marry, till she is two-and-twenty. This was her father's will. As to the skeleton in the library, it was my son's express order it should be so; and that the figure should not be removed from the place it stands in, while the library remained in that room, but continue a solemn memorial in his family, to perpetuate his memory, and be a *memento mori* to the living.

“This is the history of Basil Groves, and the late owner of this seat, and his daughter Statia. We live a happy, religious life here, and enjoy every blessing that can be desired in this lower hemisphere. But as I am not very far from a hundred years, having passed that ninety-two which Sir William Temple says he never knew any one he was acquainted with arrive at, I must be on the brink of the grave, and expect every day to drop into it. What may become of Statia then, gives me some trouble to think; as all her relations, except myself, are in the other world. To spend her life here in this solitude, as seems to be her inclination, is not proper; and to go into the world by herself, when I am dead, without knowing any mortal in it, may involve her in troubles and distresses. Hear then, my son,

what I propose to you. You are a young man, but serious. You have got some wisdom in the school of affliction, and you have no aversion to matrimony, as you have just buried, you say, a glorious woman, your wife. If you will stay with us here, till Statia is two-and-twenty, and in that time render yourself agreeable to her, I promise you, she shall be your's the day she enters the three and twentieth year of her age, and you shall have with her fortune all that I am owner of, which is no small sum. What do you say to this proposal?"

"Sir," I replied, "you do me vast honour, much more, I am sure, than my merits can pretend to. I am infinitely obliged to you, and must be blind and insensible, if I refused such a woman as Miss Henley, were she far from being the fortune she is. But I have not vanity enough to imagine I can gain her affections; especially in my circumstances; and to get her by your authority, or power of disposing of her, is what I cannot think of. I will stay, however, a few months here, since you so generously invite me, and let Miss Henley know, I will be her humble servant, if she will allow me the honour of bearing that title." This made the old gentleman laugh; and he took me by the hand, saying, "This is right. Come, let us go and take a walk before dinner."

There I passed the winter, and part of the spring, and lived in a delightful manner. The mornings I generally spent in the library, reading, or writing extracts from some curious MSS. or scarce books ; and in the afternoons Miss Henley and I walked in the lawns and woods, or sat down to cards. She was a fine creature indeed, in body and soul, had a beautiful understanding, and charmed me to a high degree. Her conversation was rational and easy, without the least affectation from the books she had read ; and she would enliven it sometimes by singing, in which kind of music she was as great a mistress as I have heard. As to her heart, I found it was to be gained ; but an accident happened that put a stop to the amour.

In the beginning of March, the old gentleman, the excellent Mr. Henley, Statia's grandfather and guardian, and my great friend, died, and by his death a great alteration ensued in my affair. I thought to have had Miss Henley immediately, as there was no one to plead her father's will against the marriage, and intended to send O'Finn for Friar Fleming ; but when Statia saw herself her own mistress, without any superior, or control, and in possession of large fortunes, money, and an estate, that she might

do as she pleased ; this had an effect on her mind, and made a change. She told me, when I addressed myself to her, after her grandfather was interred, that what she intended to do, in obedience to him, had he lived, she thought required very serious consideration now she was left to herself : that, exclusive of this, her inclination really was for a single life ; and had it been otherwise, yet it was not proper, since her guardian was dead, that I should live with her till the time limited by her father's will for her to marry was come ; but that, as she had too good an opinion of me, to imagine her fortune was what chiefly urged my application, and must own she had a regard for me, she would be glad to hear from me sometimes, if I could think her worth remembering, after I had left the Groves of Basil. This she said with great seriousness, and seemed by her manner to forbid my urging the thing any farther.

I assured her, however, that time only could wear out her charming image from my mind, and that I had reason to fear, she would long remain the torment of my heart. She had a right, to be sure, to dismiss me from her service, but, in respect of her inclination to live a single life, I begged leave to observe, that it was certainly quite

wrong, and what she could not answer to the wise and bountiful Father of the Universe, as she was a Christian; for Christianity taught us that marriage was honourable.

The Divine command was to increase and multiply; "Marry then," I said, "illustrious Statia, marry; and let the blessing of Abraham come upon us Gentiles. Oppose not the gospel covenant; that covenant which was made with that patriarch, but mind the comfortable promises; 'I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring. The seed of the righteous is blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them.' To resolve to live in a state of virginity, when we have opportunity to enter the holy state of matrimony, in my opinion, is a greater sin than murder. What is murder, but forcing one from his post against the will of Providence? and if the virgin hinders a being or beings from coming on the post, against the will of Providence, must she not be culpable? and must she not be doubly criminal, if the being or beings she hinders from coming on the stage, or into this first state, were to be a part of the perpetual generations, who have a right to the inheritance, the blessing, and were to be heirs, according to the promise made to Abraham? Ponder, illus-

trious Statia, on the important point. Consider what it is to die a maid, when you may, in a regular and honourable way, produce heirs to that estimable blessing of life and favour, which the munificence of the Most High was pleased freely to bestow, and which the great Christian Mediator, Agent, and Negotiator, republished, confirmed, and sealed with his blood. Marry then in regard to the Gospel, and let it be the fine employment of your life, to open gradually the treasures of Revelation to the understandings of the little Christians you produce.

“This, I am sure, your holy religion requires from you: and if from the Sacred Oracles we turn to the book of Nature, is it not in this volume written, that there must be a malignity in the hearts of those mortals, who can remain unconcerned at the destruction and extirpation of the rest of mankind; and who want even so much good-will as is requisite to propagate a creature (in a regular and hallowed way), though they received their own being from the mere benevolence of their Divine Master? What do you say, illustrious Statia? Shall it be a succession, as you are an upright Christian? And may I hope to have the high honour of sharing in the mutual satisfaction that must attend the discharge of so momentous a duty?”

All the smiles sat on the face of Statia, while I was haranguing in this devout manner, and her countenance became a constellation of wonders. When I had done, this beauty said, "I thank you, Sir, for the information you have given me. I am a Christian. There is no malignity in my heart. You have altered my way of thinking, and I now declare for a succession. Let Father Fleming be sent for, and without waiting for my two-and-twenty, or minding my father's will, as there is no one to oblige me to it, I will give you my hand."—Charming news! I dispatched my lad for the Friar. The priest arrived the next day, and at night we were married. Three days after, we set out for Orton Lodge, at my wife's request, as she longed to see the place. For two years more I resided there; it being more agreeable to Statia than the improved Groves of Basil. We lived there in as much happiness as it is possible to have in this lower hemisphere, and much in the same manner as I did with Charlotte my first wife. Statia had all the good qualities and perfections which rendered Charlotte so dear and valuable to me: like her she studied to increase the delights of every day, and by art, good-humour, and love, rendered the married state such a system of joys as might incline

one to wish it could last a thousand years. But it was too sublime and agreeable to have a long existence here. Statia was taken ill of the small-pox, the morning we intended to return to Basil Groves: she died the seventh day, and I laid her by Charlotte's side. Thus did I become again a mourner. I sat with my eyes shut for three days; but at last called for my horse, to try what air, exercise, and a variety of objects, could do.

CHAPTER XIV.

'Twas when, the faithful herald of the day,
The village-cock crows loud with trumpet shrill,
The warbling lark soars high, and morning grey
Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill ;
Nature's wild music fills the vocal vale ;
The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground,
The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
And cavern'd echo, swell the cheerful sound.

VERY early, as soon as I could see day, the first of April, 1729, I left Orton Lodge, and went to Basil Groves, to order matters there. From thence I set out for Harrogate, to amuse myself in that agreeable place ; but I did not go the way I came to Mr. Henley's house. To avoid the dangerous morass I had passed at the hazard of my life, we went over a wilder and more romantic country than I had before seen. I walked up a very steep and stony mountain, which took me two hours, and then arrived at what I had often

seen before me in this part of the world, a great lake, the water of which was black as ink to look at as it stood, though very bright in a cup, and must be owing, as I suppose, to its descending to the abyss. By the side of this water, under the shade of oak-trees, many hundred years old, we rode for an hour, on even ground, and then came to a descent so very dangerous and dark, through a wood on the mountain's side, that we could hardly creep on our feet, nor our horses keep their legs as we led them to the bottom. This declivity was more than a mile, and ended in a narrow lane between a range of precipices that almost met at top. This pass was knee-deep in water, from a spring in the bottom of the mountain we had come down, which ran through it, and so very stony, that it took us three hours to lead our horses to the end of it, though it was not more than two miles: but at last we came to a fine plain, over which we rode for an hour and a half, and arrived at a wood, which seemed very large, and stood between two very impassable hills. In this forest was our way, and the road so dark, and obstructed by the branches of trees, that it was dismal and uneasy to go. On, however, we went for a long time, and about the middle of it came to a circular opening about four

acres, in which four very narrow roads met that we had travelled, another before us, and one on each hand. The way straight on we were cautioned not to go, as it was a terrible ride; but whether to turn to the right or left, we had forgot. I thought to the right; but my lad was positive he remembered the direction was, to take the left-hand road. This caused a stop for some time, and as I was a little fatigued, I thought it best, while we paused, to dine. Finn brought immediately some meat, bread, and a bottle of cider, from his wallet, and under a great oak I sat down, while our horses fed on the green. One hour we rested, and then went on again, to the left, as O'Finn advised. For several hours we rode, or rather our horses walked, till we got out of the wood, and then arrived at the bottom of a steep mountain; one side of which is in the northern extremity of Westmoreland, and the other in the north end of Stainmore, Richmondshire. This vast hill we ascended, and came down the other side of the fell, into a plain, which extends south-east for near half a mile to the river Tees, that divides the north end of Stainmore from the county of Durham. Yorkshire here ends in an obtuse angle, between two mountains; and the angle, for a quarter of a mile, is

filled with that beautiful tall ever-green tree, the broad-leaved alaternus, intermixed here and there in a charming manner with the fir-tree, the Norway spruce, and the balm of Gilead. It is as fine a grove as can in any part of the world be seen.

Just at the entrance of it, by the side of a plentiful spring, which runs into the Tees, there stood the prettiest little house I had ever beheld; and over it crept the pretty rock-rose, the cassine, the sea-green coromilla, and other ever-green shrubs. Before the house, was a large garden, seven or eight acres of land, under fruit-trees, and vegetables of every kind, very beautifully laid out, and watered in a charming manner by the stream that murmured a thousand ways from the spring by the house-door. It appeared so beautiful and useful, so still and delightful a place, so judiciously cultivated, and happily disposed, that I could not help wishing to be acquainted with the owner of such a lodge.

As there was no other fence to this fine spot of ground but a ditch to keep cattle out, I leaped into the gardens, and roamed about for some time, to look at the curious things. I then went up to the house, in hopes of seeing a human creature either high or low. I knocked at the door, but no one could I find, though the mansion did not look

like an uninhabited place. I then sauntered into the grove behind, and in a winding way of three hundred yards, that had been cut through the perennial wood, and was made between banks of springing flowers, beautiful exotics, and various aromatic shrubs, crept on till I arrived at a sleeping-parlour, which stood in the middle of a circular acre of ground, and was surrounded and shaded with a beautiful grove; the larix, the Phœnician cedar, and the upright savin. There was a little falling water near the door, that was pleasing to look at, and charmed the ear. Entering this room, I found the walls painted by some masterly hand, in baskets of flowers and the finest rural scenes. Two handsome couches were on each side the chamber; and between these was as curious a table, for wood and workmanship, as could be seen. Pretty stools stood near it, and one arm-chair.

On one of the couches, as it was then evening, and I knew not what to do, I threw myself down, and very soon fell fast asleep. I lay the whole night without waking; and as soon as I could perceive any day, went to see what was become of Finn and the horses. The beasts I found feeding on very good grass in the green, and my lad still snoring under a great tree; but he

was soon on his legs, and gave me the following account.

About an hour after my departure from him, he saw a poor man pass over the plain, who had come down the mountain we descended, and was going to cross the Tees in a small skiff of his own, in order to go to his cottage, on the other side of Bishoprick: that he lived by fishing and fowling, and sold what he got by land and water to the gentlefolks twenty miles round him: and on asking who lived in the house before us, on the skirts of the grove, he said, it belonged to a young lady of great fortune, Miss Antonia Cranmer, whose father had been dead about a year—died in the house I saw: that she was the greatest beauty in the world, and only nineteen; and for one so young, wise to an astonishing degree: that she lived mostly at this seat, with her cousin, Agnes Vane, who was almost as handsome as she: that Miss Cranmer had no relish for the world, being used to still life, and seldom stirred from home but to visit an old lady, her aunt, who lived in Cumberland: that she was at present there, about twenty miles off, and would soon return: that she kept four young gentlewomen, who had no fortunes, to attend her and Miss Vane; two old men-servants, a gardener,

and a cook, and two boys: that, whenever she went from her house, she took her whole family with her, and left every place locked up as I saw. Finn's account surprised me. It set me thinking if it was possible to get this charming girl. I paused with my finger in my mouth for a few minutes, and then bade him saddle the horses.

As soon as it was possible, I went over the river to the fisherman's house, determining there to wait, till I could see the beautiful Antonia, and her fair kinswoman, another Agnes de Castro, to be sure. My curiosity could not pass two such glorious objects without an acquaintance with them.

The poor fisherman gave me a bed very readily for money, as he had one to spare for a traveller, and he provided for me every thing I could desire. He brought bread and ale from a village a few miles distant, and I had plenty of fish and wild fowl for my table. Every afternoon I crossed the water, went to the sleeping-parlour, and there waited for the charming Antonia.—Twenty days I went backwards and forwards, but the beauties in that time did not return. Still, however, I resolved to wait.

One night when the fisherman returned, he informed me the ladies were come home; and as he

had given Miss Cranmer some account of me, as a traveller who had journeyed into that remote corner of the world in search of antiquities and curiosities, he did not think this lady would be averse to seeing me, and hearing me too, if I contrived any plausible pretence to throw myself in her way.

Immediately then I crossed the water, went up to the house, and as I saw her and the fair Agnes, her cousin, walking in the garden, near the ditch, I leaped over it immediately, broad as it was, and with my hat in my hand, made her a low bow, began an apology for presuming to introduce myself to her presence in such a manner, and concluded with my being in love with her charming character, before I had the honour and happiness of seeing her. What a condition then must I be in, when a heaven-born maid like her appeared! Strange pleasures filled my soul, unloosed my tongue, and my first talk could not be any thing but love. A deal I said on the subject, not worth now repeating; and the issue was, that I became so well acquainted with this innocent beauty, that, on taking my leave, I had an invitation to breakfast with her the next morning. I was there by eight, and really and truly quite charmed with her. She was pretty as it was possible for flesh

and blood to be ; had a beautiful understanding ; and as she had very little notion of men, having seen very few, except the two old servants who lived with her, she had not a notion of any danger that could come from conversing freely with a man she knew nothing of, and who might be an enemy in disguise.

After breakfast, I offered to go, but she asked me to stay and dine ; and to sum up the matter, I did dine, sup, and breakfast with her every day for a month, till my good priest, Friar Fleming, arrived, on a letter I had sent him, and we were married before the end of six weeks. We loved to excess, and did enhance human happiness to a high degree. She was good as an angel ; and for two years we lived in unspeakable felicity. For the greatest part of that time, we were at Orton Lodge, as she liked the wild place. There she likewise died of the small-pox, in the first month of the third year, and left me the most disconsolate of men. Four days I sat with my eyes shut, on account of this loss ; and then left the Lodge once more, to live, if I could, since my religion ordered me so to do, and see what I was next to meet with in the world. As grief sat powerfully on my spirits, and, if not dislodged, would have drunk them all up very soon, I re-

solved to hasten to Harrogate, and in the festivities of that place forget my departed partner as soon as I could. I laid my Antonia by my Charlotte and my Statia, and then rode off. What happened at the Wells, and all the observations I made there, and thereabout, will be detailed in the next chapter.

N. B. As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives, some readers may perhaps wonder at this, and therefore, to give a general answer, once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many, to carry on the succession; but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I heard of—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history.

CHAPTER XV.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever Chance or Nature brings
To strain the tuneful poise within,
And disarrange the sweet machine,—
Thou, goddess, with a master-hand,
Dost each attemper'd key command,
Refine the soft, and swell the strong,
'Till all is concord, all is song.

IN the year 1731, I arrived at Harrogate, in the West-riding of Yorkshire, in order to amuse my mind with the diversions and company of the place.

In short, of all the Wells I know, Harrogate is, in my opinion, the most charming. The waters are incomparable, no air can be better; and with the greatest civility, cheerfulness, and good-humour, there is a certain rural plainness and freedom mixed, which is vastly pleasing. The lady of pleasure, the well-dressed tailor, and the games-ter, are not to be found there. Gentlemen of the

country, and women of birth and fortune, their wives, sisters, and daughters, are for the most part the company. There were at least fourscore ladies in the country-dances every night while I was there; and among them many fine women.

Among the company I found at this agreeable place, were six Irish gentlemen, who had been my contemporaries in Trinity College, Dublin, and were right glad to see me, as we had been *Soçiorums* (a word of Swift's) at the *Conniving-house* at *Ring's-end*, for many a summer's evening, and their regard for me was great. They thought I had been long numbered with the dead, as they could not get any account of me for so many years; and when they saw me, at their entering the public room, sitting by a beauty, in deep discourse, "Zounds," says one of them, "there he is, making love to the finest woman in the world!" These gentlemen were; Mr. Gollogher, Mr. Gallaspy, Mr. Dunkley, Mr. Makins, Mr. Monaghan, and Mr. O'Keefe, descended from the Irish kings, and first cousin to the great O'Keefe, who was buried in *Westminster-Abbey*. They were all men of large fortunes, and, Mr. Makins excepted, were as handsome, fine fellows as could be picked out in all the world. Makins was a very low, thin man, not four feet high, and had but one eye, with

which he squinted most shockingly. He wore his own hair, which was short and bad, and only dressed by his combing it himself in the morning, without oil or powder. But, as he was matchless on the fiddle, sung well, and chatted agreeably, he was a favourite with the ladies. They preferred ugly Makins, as he was called, to many very handsome men.

O'Keefe was as distinguished a character as I have ever known. He had read and thought, travelled and conversed, was a man of sense, and a scholar. He had a greatness of soul which shewed a pre-eminence of dignity, and by conduct and behaviour, the faithful interpreters of the heart, always attested the noblest and most generous sentiments. He had an extreme abhorrence of meanness of all kinds, treachery, revenge, envy, littleness of mind; and shewed in all his actions the qualities that adorn a man. His learning was of the genteel and useful kind; a sort of agreeable knowledge, which he acquired rather from a sound taste and good judgment, than from the books he had read. He had a right estimation of things, and had gathered up almost every thing that is amusing or instructive. This rendered him a master in the art of pleasing: and as he had added to these improvements the

fashionable ornaments of life, languages, and bodily exercises, he was the delight of all that knew him.

Makins was possessed of all the excellent qualities and perfections that are within the reach of human abilities. He had received from nature the happiest talents, and he made singular improvements of them by a successful application to the most useful and most ornamental studies. Music, as before observed, he excelled in. His intellectual faculties were fine, and to his honour I can affirm, that he mostly employed them, as he did his great estate, to the good of mankind, and the advancement of morality.

Makins was a religious man, but his religion was without any melancholy, nor had it any thing of that severity of temper, which diffuses too often, in the hearts of the religious, a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to its pleasures. He avoided the assemblies of fools, knaves, and blockheads, but was fond of good company, and condemned that doctrine which taught men to retire from human society under the pretence of preparing for the society of celestials.

Gallaspy was the strongest and tallest man I have ever seen, well made, and very handsome. He had wit and abilities, sung well, and talked

with great sweetness and fluency; but was so extremely wicked, that it would have been better for him if he had been a natural fool. By his vast strength and activity, his riches and eloquence, few things could withstand him. He was the most prophane swearer I have known; and drank seven in a hand—that is, seven glasses so placed, between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. This was a common thing, I find from a book in my possession, in the reign of Charles the Second; but this gentleman was the only man I ever saw who attempted to do it. And he made but one gulp of whatever he drank: he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but, if it was a quart, poured it in, as from pitcher to pitcher. When he smoked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke of both out of his nostrils. He had killed two men in duels before I left Ireland, and would have been hanged, but it was his good fortune to be tried before a judge who never let any man suffer for killing another in this manner: this was the late Sir John St. Leger. He set no bounds or restrictions to mirth and revels. He

only slept every third night, and that often in his clothes in a chair, where he would sweat so prodigiously as to be wet quite through; as wet as if come from a pond, or a pail of water had been thrown on him. While all the world was at rest, he was either drinking or dancing, scouring the stews, or riding, as hard as he could drive his horse, on some iniquitous project. And yet he never was sick, nor did he ever receive any hurt or mischief. In health, joy, and plenty, he passed life away; and died about a year ago at his house in the county of Galway, without a pang, or any kind of pain. This was Jack Gal-laspy. There are, however, some things to be said in his favour; and as he had more regard for me than any of his acquaintance, I should be ungrateful if I did not do him all the justice in my power.

He was, in the first place, far from being quarrelsome; and if he fought a gentleman at the small sword, or boxed with a porter or coachman, it was because he had in some degree been ill used, or fancied that the laws of honour required him to call an equal to an account for a transaction. His temper was naturally sweet.

In the next place, he was the most generous of mankind. His purse of gold was ever at his

friend's service : he was kind and good to his tenants, and to the poor a very great benefactor. He would give more money away to the sick and diseased in one year, than, I believe, many rich and pious people do in seven.

How far all this can excuse Mr. Gallaspy, I pretend not to determine ; but as I thought it proper to give the world the picture of so extraordinary a man, it was incumbent on me, as his friend, to say all I could, with truth, in his vindication.

Dunkley had an extensive capacity, and exquisite taste, and a fine genius. Besides an erudition which denominates what we call a man of learning, he happily possessed a social knowledge, which rendered him agreeable to every body. He was one of those men that are capable of touching every note. To all the variety of topics for conversation, the diversity of occurrences and incidents, the several distinctions of persons, he could adapt himself. He would laugh like Democritus : weep like Heraclitus. He had the short, pert trip of the affected ; the haughty, tragic stalk of the solemn ; and the free, genteel gait of the fine gentleman. He was qualified to please all tastes, and capable of acting every part.

He was grave, gay, a philosopher, and a trifler. He had a time for all things relative to society and his own true happiness, but none for any thing repugnant to honour and conscience. He was a surprising and admirable man.

Monaghan had genius and knowledge, had read many books, but knew more of mankind. He laughed at the men who lost among their books the elegance of mind so necessary in civil society. He had no relish but for nice studies and fine literature, and despised too serious and abstruse sciences. This was reckoned a fault in him by several judges; but with me it is a quere if he were much to blame. Politeness is certainly preferable to dry knowledge and thorny inquiries: this gentleman's was such as rendered him for ever agreeable and engaging. He was continually an improving friend, and a gay companion. In the qualities of his soul, he was generous without prodigality, humane without weakness, just without severity, and fond without folly. He was an honest and charming fellow. This gentleman and Mr. Dunkley married ladies they fell in love with at Harrogate Wells: Dunkley had the fair Alcmena, Miss Cox, of Northumberland; and Monaghan, Antiope with haughty charms, Miss

Pearson, of Cumberland. They lived very happy many years, and their children, I hear, are settled in Ireland.

Gollogher was a man of learning and extraordinary abilities. He had read very hard for several years, and during that time, had collected and extracted from the best books more than any man I ever was acquainted with. He had four vast volumes of common-place, royal paper, bound in rough calf, and had filled them with what is most curious and beautiful in works of literature, most refined in eloquent discourses, most poignant in books of criticism, most instructive in history, most touching and affecting in news, catastrophes, and stories; and with aphorisms, sayings, and epigrams. A prodigious memory made all this his own, and a great judgment enabled him to reduce every thing to the most exact point of truth and accuracy. A rare man! Till he was five-and-twenty, he continued this studious life, and but seldom went into the mixed and fashionable circles of the world. Then, all at once, he sold every book he had, and determined to read no more. He spent his every day in the best company of every kind; and as he had the happy talent of manner, and possessed that great power which strikes and awakens fancy, by giving every

subject the new dress and decoration it requires;—could make the most common thing no longer trivial when in his hand, and render a good thing most exquisitely pleasing;—as he told a story beyond most men, and had, in short, a universal means towards a universal success, it was but natural that he should be every where liked and wished for. He charmed wherever he came. The specific I have mentioned made every one fond of him. With the ladies especially he was a great favourite, and more fortunate in his amours than any man I knew. Had he wanted the fine talents he was blessed with, yet his being an extremely handsome man, and a master on the fiddle, could not but recommend him to the sex. He might, if he had pleased, have married any one of the most illustrious and richest women in the kingdom; but he had an aversion to matrimony, and could not bear the thought of a wife. Love and a bottle were his taste. He was, however, the most honourable of men in his amours, and never abandoned any woman to distress, as too many men of fortune do, when they have gratified desire. All the distressed were ever sharers in Mr. Gollogher's fine estate, and especially the girls he had taken to his breast. He provided happily for them all, and left his nineteen daugh-

ters, of seventeen mothers, a thousand pounds each. This was acting with a generous temper; and to the memory of the benevolent Tom Gollogher I devote this memorandum.

While I was at Harrogate it was my fortune to dance with a lady who had the head of Aristotle, the heart of a primitive Christian, and the form of Venus de Medicis. This was Miss Spence, of Westmoreland. I was not many hours in her company before I became most passionately in love with her. I did all I could to win her heart, and at last asked her the question. But before I inform my reader what the consequence of this was, I must take some notice of what I expect from the critical reviewers. These gentlemen will attempt to raise the laugh. Our moralist, they will say, has buried three wives running, and they are hardly cold in their graves, before he is dancing like a buck at the Wells, and plighting vows to a fourth girl, the beauty Miss Spence. An honest fellow this Suarez, as Pascal says of that Jesuit, in his provincial letters.

To this I reply, that I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember, that to lament a dead

woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object, formed by the imagination; and to be still devoted to her, is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world, than if she had existed before the flood. As we cannot restore what nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction.— Nor is this all. If the woman we marry has the seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in a wife, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction, yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms can be no reason for accusing Providence of injustice; nor can it authorize us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duty and business of life. This wife was born to die, and we receive her under the condition of mortality. She is lent but for a term, the limits of which we are not made acquainted with; and when this term is expired, there can be no injustice in taking her back; nor are we to indulge the transports of grief to distraction, but should look out for another with the seven qualifications, as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is by the Abrahamic covenant bound to carry on

the succession, in a regular way, if it be in his power.—Nor is this all; if the woman adorned with every natural and acquired excellence is translated from this gloomy planet to some better world, to be a sharer of the Divine favour, in that peaceful and happy state which God has prepared for the virtuous and faithful, must it not be senseless for me to indulge melancholy and continue a mourner on her account, while she is breathing the balmy air of paradise, enjoying pure and radiant vision, and beyond description happy?

In the next place, as I had forfeited my father's favour and estate, and had nothing but my own honest industry to secure me daily bread, it was necessary for me to lay hold of every opportunity to improve my fortune, and of consequence do my best to gain the heart of the first rich young woman who came in my way after I had buried a wife. It was not fit for me to sit snivelling for months, because my wife died before me, which was, at least, as probable as that she should be the survivor; but instead of solemn affliction, and the inconsolable part, for an event I foresaw, it was incumbent on me, after a little decent mourning, to consecrate myself to virtue and good fortune united in the form of a woman. Whenever she appeared, it was my business to get her if I

could. This made me sometimes a dancer at the Wells, in the days of my youth.

As to Miss Spence, she was not cruel, but told me at last, after I had tired her with my addresses and petitions, that she would consider my case, and give me an answer, when I called at her house in Westmoreland, to which she was then going:—at present, however, to tell me the truth, she had very little inclination to change her condition: she was as happy as she could wish to be, and she had observed, that many ladies of her acquaintance had been made unhappy by becoming wives. “The husband generally proves a very different man from the courtier, and it is luck indeed if a young woman, by marrying, is not undone.—During the *mollia tempora fandi*, as the poet calls it, the man may charm, when, like the god of eloquence, he pleads, and every word is soft as flakes of falling snow; but when the man is pleased to take off the mask, and play the domestic hero, gods! what miseries have I seen in families ensue! If this were my case, I should run stark mad.”

Miss Spence’s mentioning the memorable line from Virgil surprised me not a little, as she never gave the least hint before, though we had conversed then a fortnight, of her having any notion

of Latin; and I looked at her with a raised admiration, before I replied in the following manner.—
“ What you say, Miss Spence, is true. But this is far from being the case of all gentlemen. If there be something stronger than virtue in too many of them, something that masters or subdues it; a passion, or passions, rebellious and lawless, which makes them neglect some high relations, and take the throne from God and reason—gaming, drinking, keeping; yet there are very many exceptions, I am sure. I know several who have an equal affection to goodness; and were my acquaintance in the world larger than it is, I believe I could name a large number, who would not prefer indulgence to virtue, or resign her for any consideration.

“ On the other hand, I would ask, if there are no unhappy marriages by the faults of women? Are all the married ladies consistently and thoroughly good, that is, effectually so? Do they all yield themselves entirely and universally to the government of conscience, subdue every thing to it, and conquer every adverse passion and inclination? Has reason always the sovereignty, and nothing wrong to be seen? Are truth, piety, and goodness, the settled prevailing regard in the hearts and lives of all the married ladies

you know? Have you heard of no unhappy marriages by the passions and vices of women, as well as by the faults of men? I am afraid there are too many wives as subject to ill-habits as the men can be. I could tell some sad stories to this purpose: but all I shall say more is, that there are faults on both sides, and that it is not only the ladies run a hazard of being ruined by marrying. I am sure there are as many men of fortune miserable by the manners and conduct of their wives, as you can name ladies who are sufferers by the temper and practice of their husbands. This is the truth of the case; and the business is, in order to avoid the miseries we both have seen among married people, to resolve to act well and wisely. "This is the thing, to be sure," Miss Spence replied; "This will prevent faults on either side. Such a course as virtue and piety require must have a continued tendency to render life a scene of the greatest happiness; and it may gain infinitely hereafter. — Call upon me then, at Cleator, as soon as you can," Miss Spence concluded, with her face in smiles, "and we will talk over this affair again."—Thus we chatted as we dined together in private; and early the next morning Miss Spence left the Wells.

CHAPTER XVI.

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the painful cloud of care.
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend, and pleasure's queen !
Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife ;
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deform the scene where thou art by :
No sick'ning husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female power ;
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs :
Th' officious daughters pleased attend ;
The brother rises to the friend :
By thee our board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs our walks resound :
By thee the sprightly mornings shine,
And evening hours in peace decline.

ON May 19, 1731, I mounted my horse, and riding several miles, I came into a silent unfrequented glade, that was finely adorned with streams and trees. Nature there seemed to be lulled into a kind of pleasing repose, and con-

spired as it were to soften a speculative genius into solid and awful contemplations. The woods, the meadows, and the water, formed the most delightful scenes, and the charms of distant prospects multiplied as I travelled on: but at last I came to a seat which had all the beauties that proportion, regularity, and convenience, can bestow. The pretty mansion was situated in the midst of meadows, and surrounded with gardens, trees, and various shades. A fountain played to a great height before the door, and fell into a circular reservoir of water, that had foreign wild-fowl swimming on its surface. The whole was very fine.

Here I walked for some time, and after roaming about, went up to the house, to admire the beauties it displayed. I found the windows open, and could see several ladies in one of the apartments. How to gain admittance was the question, and I began to contrive many ways; but while I was busied in this kind of speculation, a genteel footman came up to me, and said, his lady had sent him to inform me I might walk in and look at the house, if I pleased. So in I went, and passed through several grand rooms, all finely furnished, and filled with paintings of great price. In one of those chambers the ser-

vant left me, and told me, he would wait upon me again in a little time. At length, however, a door was opened, and a lady entered, who was very handsome, and richly dressed beyond what I had ever seen. She had diamonds enough for a queen. I was amazed at the sight of her, and wondered still more, when, after being honoured with a low courtesy, on my bowing to her, she asked me in Irish, how I did, and how long I had been in England. My surprise was so great I could not speak; and upon this she said, in the same language, "I see, Sir, you have no remembrance of me. You have quite forgot young Imoinda, of the county of Galway in Ireland, who was your partner in country-dances, when you passed the Christmas of the year 1715 at her father's house." "What!" I said, "Miss Wolf of Balineskay? O my Imoinda!" And snatching her to my arms, I almost stifled her with kisses. I was so glad to see her again, and in the situation she appeared in, that I could not help expressing my joys in that tumultuous manner, and hoped she would excuse her Valentine, as I then remembered I had had that honour when we were both very young.

This lady, who was good-humour itself in flesh and blood, was so far from being angry at this

strange flight of mine, that she only laughed excessively at the oddness of the thing; but some ladies who came into the apartment with her seemed frightened, and at a loss what to think, till she cleared up the affair to them, by informing them who I was, and how near her father and mine lived to each other in the country of Ireland. She was indeed extremely glad to see me, and from her heart bade me welcome to Clankford. Our meeting was a vast surprise to both of us. She thought I had been in the Elysian fields, as she had heard nothing of me for several years: and I little imagined I should ever find her in England, in the rich condition she was in. She asked me by what destiny I was brought to Yorkshire; and in return for my short story, gave me an account of herself at large. Till the bell rang for dinner, we sat talking together, and then went down to as elegant a one as I had ever seen. There were twelve at table, six young ladies, all very handsome, and six gentlemen. Good-humour presided, and in a rational delightful cheerfulness we passed some hours away. After coffee, we went to cards, and from them to country-dances, as two of the footmen played well on the fiddle. The charming Imoinda was my partner, and as they all danced extremely

well, we were as happy a little set, as ever footed it to country measure. Two weeks I passed in this fine felicity. Then we all separated, and went different ways.

I intended, on leaving this lady, to be at Knaresborough at night; but the Fates, for a while, took me another way. At the inn where I dined, I became acquainted with a gentleman, who was of my own age, and an ingenious agreeable man. This was Oliver Wincup, Esq.; who had lately married Miss Horner of Northumberland, a fine young creature, and a great fortune. This gentleman, by his good-humour, and several good songs, pleased me so much, that I drank more than I intended, and was easily prevailed on to go with him, in the evening, to Woodcester, the name of his seat, which was but ten miles from the house we had dined at. We came in just as they were going to tea. There was a great deal of company, at least a dozen ladies, besides half a score gentlemen, and all of them as gay and engaging as the best-bred young mortals could be.

At this delightful place I stayed ten days, and was very happy indeed. We drank, we laughed, we danced, we sung, and chatted; and when that was done, it was night. But country-dances

were the chief diversion, and I had a partner, who was not only a wonder in face and person, divinely pretty, but did wonders in every motion. This was Miss Veyssiere of Cumberland: the dear creature! There were few could equal me in dancing. But Miss Veyssiere outdid me far: her steps were infinite, and she did them with that amazing agility, that she seemed like a dancing angel in the air. Eight nights we footed it together, and all the company said, we were born for each other. She did charm me, and I should have asked her the question, to try her temper, if Wincup had not told me, her father intended to sacrifice her to a man old enough to be her grandfather, for the sake of a great jointure; and in a week or two she was to dance the reel of Bogee with an old monk.—“Poor Miss Veyssiere!” I said, “what connexion can there be between the hoary churl and you,

While side by side the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid?

I do not wish you may feather him, but may you bury him very quickly, and be happy.”

Another of our diversions at Woodcester, was a little company of singers and dancers Mr. Wincup

had hired, to perform in a sylvan theatre he had in his gardens. These people did the mime, the dance, the song, extremely well. There was among them one Miss Hinxworth, a charming young creature, who excelled in every thing; but in singing, especially, had no equal, I believe, in the world. She was a gentleman's daughter, and had been carried off by one O'Regan, an Irishman and dancing-master, the head of this company. He was the most active fellow upon earth, and the best harlequin I have ever seen. Every evening we had something or other extraordinary from these performers. He gave us two pieces which so nearly resembled the two favourite entertainments called Harlequin Sorcerer, and the Genii, (though in several particulars better,) that I cannot help thinking Mr. Rich owed his Harlequin Sorcerer to O'Regan; and that the Genii of Drury-Lane was the invention of this Irishman.

You know, reader, that in the first scene of Harlequin Sorcerer there is a group of witches at their orgies in a wilderness by moon-light, and that harlequin comes riding in the air between two witches, upon a long pole. Here O'Regan did what was never attempted at Covent-Garden house, and what no other man

in the world, I believe, did ever do. As the witches danced round and round, hand in hand, as swift as they could move, O'Regan leaped upon the shoulder of one of them, and for near a quarter of an hour, jumped the contrary way as fast as they went, round all their shoulders. This was a fine piece of activity. I think it much more wonderful, than to keep at the top of the out-wheel of a water-mill, by jumping there, as it goes with the greatest rapidity round. This Mun. Hawley, of Loch-Gur in the county of Tipperary, could do. He was a charming fellow in body and mind, and fell, unfortunately, in the twenty-second year of his age. In a plain field, by a trip of his horse, he came down, and fractured his skull. He did not think he was hurt: but at night, as soon as he began to eat, he was sick. A surgeon was sent for to look at his head. It was cracked in several places, and he died the next day. He and I were near friends.

The first of June, 1731, at five in the morning, I took my leave of honest Wincup, as cheerful and worthy a fellow as ever lived, and set out for Knaresborough; but lost my way, went quite wrong, and in three hours time came to a little blind alehouse, the sign of the Cat and Bagpipe,

in a lone silent place. The master of this small inn was one Tom Clancy, brother to the well-known Martin Clancy in Dublin. He came to England to try his fortune, as he told me; and married an old woman, who kept this public house, the sign of the Cat, to which Tom added the Bagpipe. As he had been a waiter at his brother's house, he remembered to have seen me often there, and was rejoiced at my arrival at the Cat and Bagpipe. He got me a good supper of trouts, fine ale, and a squib of punch; and after he had done talking of all the gallant fellows that used to resort to his brother Martin's, such as the heroes of Trinity College, Dublin, Captain Maccan of the county of Kerry, and many more, he let me go to sleep.

The next morning, betimes, I was up, and walked into a wood adjoining to Clancy's house. I sauntered on for about an hour easily enough, but at last came to a part of the forest that was almost impenetrable. Curiosity incited me to struggle onwards, if possible, that I might see what country was before me, or if any house was to be found in this gloomy place: this cost me a couple of hours, much toil, and many scratches; but at length I arrived at the edge of a barren moor, and beyond it, about a quarter of

a mile off, saw another wood. Proud to be daring, on I went, and soon came to the wood in view, which I found cut into walks, and arrived at a circular space surrounded with a forest, that was above a hundred yards every way. In the centre of this was a house, inclosed within a very broad deep moat, full of water, and the banks on the inside, all round, were so thick planted with trees, that there was no seeing any thing of the mansion but the roof and the chimneys. Over the water was one narrow drawbridge, lifted up, and a strong door on the garden-side of the moat. Round I walked several times, but no soul could I see: not the least noise could I hear; nor was there a cottage any where in view. I wondered much at the whole; and if I had had my lad O'Finn with me, and my pole, I would most certainly have attempted to leap the foss, broad as it was, and if it was possible, have known who were the occupants of this strange place. But as nothing could be done, nor any information be had, I returned again to the Cat and Bagpipe.

It was ten by the time I got back, and at breakfast I told Clancy, my landlord, where I had been, and asked him if he knew who lived in that wonderful place. "His name," he replied, "is Cock, an old lawyer and limb of the devil, and the most

hideous man to behold that is upon the face of the earth. Every thing that is bad and shocking is in his compound : he is to outward appearance a monster : and within, the miser, the oppressor, the villain. He is despised and abhorred, but so immensely rich, that he can do any thing, and no one is able to contend with him. — “ I could relate,” says Tom, “ a thousand instances of his injustice and cruelty ; but one alone is sufficient to render his memory for ever detested. Two gentlemen of fortune, who had employed him several years in their affairs, and had a good opinion of him, on account of a canted uprightness and seeming piety, left him sole guardian of a daughter each of them had, and the management of fifty thousand pounds a-piece, the fortune of these girls, with power to do as he pleased, without being subject to any controul, till they are of age. These ladies, as fine creatures as ever the eye of man beheld, he has had now a year in confinement in that prison you saw in the wood ; and while he lives, will certainly keep them there, on account of the hundred thousand pounds, or till he dispose of them to his own advantage, some way or other. He intends them, it is said, for two ugly nephews he has, who are now at school, about fourteen years

old; and for this purpose, or some other as bad, never suffers them to stir out of the garden surrounded by the moat, nor lets any human creature visit them. They are greatly to be pitied, but bear the severe usage wonderfully well. One of them, Miss Martha Tilston, is in her twentieth year; and the other, Miss Alithea Llandsoy, in her nineteenth. They are girls of great sense, and would, if any kind of opportunity offered, make a brave attempt to escape; but that seems impossible. They are not only so strictly confined, and the lawyer for ever at home with them, except he rides a few miles; but are attended continually in the garden, when they walk, by a servant who is well paid, and devoted to the old man her master. This makes them think their state is fixed for life; and to banish melancholy, they read, and practise music. They both play excellently on the fiddle."

Here Clancy had done, and I was much more surprised at his relation than at the place of their residence which I had seen. I became very thoughtful, and continued for some time with my eyes fixed on the table, while I revolved the case of these unfortunate young ladies. "But is all this true?" at last I said: "or only report? How did you get such particular information?"—

“ I will tell you,” Tom answered. “ Old Cock is my landlord, and business often brings me to his house in the wood, to pay my rent, or ask for something I want. Besides, I sometimes bring a fat pig there, and other things to sell. My daughter, likewise, has sometimes a piece of work in hand for the ladies, and she and I take a walk with it there by a better and shorter way than you went. You cannot think how glad they are to see us, and they let me into all their perplexities and distress.”

On hearing this, a sudden thought of being serviceable to these ladies came into my head, and I was going to ask a question in relation to it, when two horsemen rode up to the door, and one of them called House! “ This,” says my landlord, “ is old Cock and his man;” and immediately went out to him, to know his will. He told him, he came for the ride-sake himself, to see if any letters were left for him by that day’s post at his house, and would dine with him, if he had any thing to eat. “ That I have,” the man replied, “ as fine a fowl, bacon and greens, as ever was served up to any table, and only one gentleman, a stranger and traveller, to sit down to it.” Cock upon this came into the room I was sitting in, and after looking very earnestly at me, said,

“Your servant, Sir.” I told him I was his most humble, and right glad to meet with a gentleman for society in that lone place. I immediately began a story of a cock and a bull, and made the old fellow grin now and then. I informed him among other things, that I was travelling to Westmoreland, to look after some estates I had there, but must hurry back to London very soon, for my wife was within a few weeks of her time. “You are a married man then, Sir,” he replied. “Yes, indeed, and so supremely blessed with the charms and perfections, the fondness and obedience of a wife, that I would not be unmarried for all the world: few men living so happy as I am in the nuptial state.”—Here dinner was brought in, and, to save the old gentleman trouble, I would cut up the fowl. I helped him plentifully to a slice of the breast, and the tips of the wings, and picked out for him the tenderest greens. I was as complaisant as it was possible, and drank his health many times. The bottle after dinner I put about pretty freely, and told my old gentleman, if affairs ever brought him up to London, I should be glad to see him at my house in Golden-square, the very next door to Sir John Heir’s; or, if I could be of any service to him there, he would oblige me very much by letting

me know in what way. In short, I so buttered him with words, and filled him with fowl and wine, that he seemed well pleased, especially when he found there was nothing to pay, as I informed him it was my own dinner I had bespoke, and dined with double pleasure in having the satisfaction of his most agreeable company. He was a fine politician, I said, and talked extremely well of the government and the times: that I had received more true knowledge from his just notions, than from all I had read of men and things, or from conversing with any one. The glass during this time was not long still, but in such toasts as I found were grateful to his heart, I drank brimmers as fast as opportunity served; and he pledged me and cottoned in a very diverting way. He grew very fond of me at last, and hoped I would spare so much time, as to come and dine with him the next day. This honour I assured him I would do myself, and punctually be with him at his hour. He then rode off, brim-full, and I walked out to consider of this affair. But before I proceed any farther in my story, I must give a description of this man.

Cock, the old lawyer and guardian, was a low man, about four feet eight inches, very broad, and near seventy years old. He was humped behind

to an enormous degree, and his belly, as a vast flasket of garbage, projected monstrously before. He had the most hanging look I have ever seen. His brows were prodigious, and frowning in a shocking manner; his eyes very little, and above an inch within his head: his nose hooked like a buzzard, wide nostrils like a horse, and his mouth sparrow. In this case was a mind quite cunning, in the worst sense of the word, acute, artful, designing, and base. There was not a spark of honour or generosity in his soul.

How to circumvent this able one, and deliver the two beauties from his oppressive power, was the question: it seemed almost impossible: but I resolved to do my best. This I told Clancy, and requested, as I was to dine with Cock the next day, that he would be there in the morning, on some pretence or other, and let the ladies know I offered them my service, without any other view than to do them good; and if they accepted it, to inform me by a note, slipped into my hand when they saw me, that if they could direct me what to do, I would execute it at any hazard; or, let them hint the least particular that might have any tendency to their freedom in some time to come, though it were three months off, and I would wait for the moment, and study to

improve the scheme. This my landlord very carefully acquainted them with, at the time I mentioned; and by two o'clock I was at Cock's house to see these beauties, and know what they thought of the service offered them. The old man received me with more civility than I thought he would do when he was sober, and had, what my landlord told me was a very rare thing in his house, a good dinner that day. Just as it was brought in, the ladies entered, two charming creatures indeed, and made me very low courtesies, while their eyes declared the sense they had of the good I intended them. Cock said, "These are my nieces, Sir;" and as soon as I had saluted them, we sat down to table. The eldest carved, and helped me to the best the board afforded; and, young as they were, they both shewed by their manner, and the little they said, that they were women of sense and breeding. They retired a few minutes after dinner, and the youngest contrived, in going off, to give me a billet in an invisible manner. I then turned to Cock entirely, heard him abuse the government in nonsense and falsehoods; and, after we had drunk and talked for better than an hour, took my leave of him very willingly, to read the following note.

“ SIR,

“ As you can have nothing in view but our happiness in your most generous offer of assistance, we have not words to express our grateful sense of the intended favour. What is to be done upon the occasion, as yet we cannot imagine, as we are so confined and watched, and the doors of the house locked and barred in such a manner every night, that a cat could not get out at any part of them. You shall hear from us however soon, if possible, to some purpose; and in the mean time we are,

“ SIR,

“ Your ever obliged servants,

“ M. T.

“ A. L.”

What to do then I could not tell; but, as I rode back, I consulted with my lad O’Finn, who was a very extraordinary young man, and asked him what observations he had made on the servants and place. He said, he had tried the depth of the water in the moat all round, and found it fordable, at one angle, waist high, and about two feet broad the rock he trod on. He had stripped, and walked it over, to be sure of the thing. As to the people, he fancied there was

one young man, a labourer by the year under the gardener, who would, for a reasonable reward for losing his place, be aiding in the escape of the ladies; for he talked with pity of them, and with great severity of his master: that if I pleased, he would sound this man, and let me know more in relation to him: that if he would be concerned, he could very easily carry the ladies on his back across the water, as he was a tall man, and then we might take them behind us to what place we pleased: or, if it was not safe trusting this man, for fear of telling his master, in hopes of more money on that side, then he would himself engage to bring the ladies and their clothes over on his own back, with wetting only their legs, if they could be at the water-side some hour in the night. This was not bad, to be sure; but I was afraid to trust the man; for, if he should inform old Cock of the thing, they would be confined to their chambers, and made close prisoners for the time to come. It was better therefore to rely entirely upon O'Finn, if they could get into the garden in the night.

In answer, then, to another letter I had from the ladies by my landlord's daughter the next morning, in which they lamented the apparent impossibility of an escape, I let them know immedi-

ately the state of the water, and desired to be informed what they thought of the gardener's man; or, if he would not do, could they at any particular hour get to that angle of the moat I named, to be brought over on my man's back, and then immediately ride off behind us on pillions, which should be prepared.—Their answer was, that they dared not trust any of Mr. Cock's men, but thought my own servant would do, and the scheme reasonable and seemingly safe, if they could get out. They gave me a million of thanks for my amazing care of them, and called the immortal powers to witness the high sense they had of their unutterable obligation to me.

Waiting then for them, I stayed at the little inn three days longer, and at last received a billet to let me know, that at twelve o'clock that night, which was the sixth of June, they could, by an accident that had happened, be at the appointed place, and ready to go wherever I pleased. To a minute my man and I were there, and in a few moments, O'Finn brought them and their clothes over safe. In an instant after they were behind us, and we rode away as fast as we could. Six hours we travelled without stopping, and in that time had gone about thirty miles. We breakfasted very gaily at our inn, and when the horses had

rested a couple of hours, we set out again, and rode till three in the afternoon, when we baited at a lone house in a valley, called Straveret Vale, which had every rural charm that can be found in the finest part of Juan Fernandes. A young couple, vastly civil, kept here a small clean public house, the sign of the Pilgrim, on the very margin of a very pretty river; and the plain things they had were as good as we could desire. Their bread, their drink, their fowl, their eggs, their butter, cheese, vegetables, and bacon, were excellent; and as they had good beds, I thought we could not do better than lie by for two or three days in this sweet place, till it was determined where the ladies should fix. We were at least sixty miles from old Cock's house, and in an obscurity that would conceal us from any pursuers; for we had kept the cross-roads and by-ways, and were on the confines of Westmoreland. Here then we agreed to rest for a little time. In reality, it was just as I pleased. The ladies were all acknowledgment for what I did to deliver them, and all submission to my direction. They had each of them thirty guineas in their purses, as they shewed me; but what to do after that was gone, or where to go while it lasted, to be in safety, they could not tell.

The affair perplexed me very much, and I turned it a thousand ways, without being able to settle it as I would. I had two young heiresses on my hands, who wanted more than a year of being of age, and I must support them, and place them in some spot of decency, security, and peace, since I had gone thus far; or I had injured them greatly, instead of serving them, in bringing them from their guardian's house. This took up all my thoughts for three days. I concealed, however, my uneasiness from them, and endeavoured to make the house and place quite pleasing to them. I kept up a cheerfulness and gaiety, and we sat down with joy and pleasure to breakfast, dinner, and supper. Within doors, we played at cards, we sung, and I entertained them with my German flute. Abroad, we walked, fished, and sometimes I rowed them up the river in a boat the man of the house had. The whole scheme was really delightful, and as the girls had great quickness and vivacity, and were far from being ignorant, considering their few years, I could have wished it was possible to stay there much longer: but it was no place for them, and I was obliged to call at Claytor in a little time. I could not forget my promise to the lovely Miss Spence.

My honour was engaged, and there was no time to lose. It is true, if I had not been engaged, I might immediately have married either the beautiful Miss Tilston, or the more beautiful Miss Llandsoy, then become my wards; but as they were minors, if such a wife died under age, I could be no gainer, and might have children to maintain without any fortune. All these things sat powerfully on my spirits, and I was obliged at last to make the following declaration to the ladies; which I did the third day after dinner.

“Miss Tilston, Miss Llandsoy, I am sensible you have too high an opinion of what I have done to serve you, and think there is more merit in it than there really is; for a man of any generosity and ability would, I imagine, do all that was possible to deliver two young ladies of your charms and perfections from the slavery and misery your guardian kept you in. I am likewise sure you believe I would do every thing in my power to secure your happiness, and give you the possession of every blessing of time. I honour, I admire, I regard you both to a high degree; and if I were some powerful genius, I would crown your lives with stable felicity and glory. But nature, ladies, has irrevocably fixed limits, beyond which we cannot pass, and my sphere of

action is far from being large. My fortune is not very great, and thereby prevents my being so useful a friend to you as I would willingly be. However, though it is not in my power to do according to my inclination, in regard to your case, and with security place you in some station fit for your rank and worth, yet I can bring you to a spot of tranquillity, and in still life enable you to live without perplexity or care of any kind. You shall have peace and little, and may perhaps hereafter say, you have enjoyed more real happiness, for the time you had occasion to reside there, than you could find in the tumult, pomp, and grandeur of the world.”

Here I gave the ladies an account of Orton Lodge, in the northern extremity of Westmoreland, where I had lived a considerable time, told them the condition it was in, the goods, the books, the liquors, and other necessaries and conveniences that were there, and if, in that charming romantic spot, where no mortal could come to hurt them, they could bear to live for a while, I would settle them there, and get a manservant to work in the garden, and a couple of maids. I would likewise procure for them two cows, a few lambs, some poultry, and corn, and seeds for the ground: in short, that they should

have every thing requisite in such a place: I would return to them as soon as possible; I would write to them often, directing my letters to the nearest town, to be called for by their man. "What do you say, ladies, to this proposal? In London it is not possible for you to be; at a farm-house you might have no satisfaction; and any where that was known and frequented, you may be liable to discovery, as Cock, your guardian, will inquire every where; and if he hears of you, you will be carried home most certainly to his dismal habitation, and be used ten times worse than before. What do you think then of this scheme?"

"Sir," they both replied, "you are to us a subaltern power, by Heaven sent to deliver us from misery, and secure our happiness in this world, We have not words to express the gratitude of our souls for this farther instance of your goodness in the offer you make us; nor can it ever be in our power to make you the return it deserves. You will be pleased to accept our grateful thanks, and, all we have to add at present, our prayers for your preservation and health. Conduct us, we beseech you, immediately to that sweet spot of peace you have described."

This being agreed on, the next thing to be

done was to get two horses for the ladies, for mine were not able to carry double any farther, if there had been a turnpike road before us; then up the mountains we were to go, where no double horse could travel; and when they were at the Lodge, they would want horses to ride sometimes, or to remove, if the necessity of their case should happen to require it. To my landlord, therefore, I applied upon the occasion, and he very quickly got for me not only two pretty beasts, but a young labouring man, and two country girls to wait upon the ladies. I then sent to the next town for a couple of side-saddles, gave the servants directions to go to the Rev. Mr. Fleming's house, to wait there till they heard from me, and then we set out for Orton Lodge. Two days we spent in travelling there, feeding on cold provisions we had with us, and lying a night on the fern of the mountains. The second evening we arrived at the Lodge. There I found every thing safe, and the place as I had left it. I opened my various storehouses, to the surprise of the young ladies, and brought them many good things; biscuits, potted char, potted black-cocks, sweetmeats, and liquors of various kinds. O'Finn likewise got us a dish of trouts for supper; and the two beauties and I sat down with cheerful-

ness to our table. Vastly amazed they were at all they saw. Every thing was so good, and the wild charms of the place so pleasing, that they could not but express the transports they were in at their present situation. The whole, they said, was charming as enchantment, and in language there was not a force sufficient to express their grateful sentiments upon the occasion. This gave me much pleasure, and till the end of June I lived a very happy life with these fine young creatures. They did all that was possible to shew their esteem and gratitude. Exclusive of their amazing fine faces and persons, they were ingenious, gay, and engaging, and made every minute of time delightful. If I had not been engaged to Miss Spence, I should certainly have sat down in peace with these two young ladies, and, with them connected, have looked upon Orton Lodge as the Garden of Eden. They were both most charming women. Miss Llandsoy was a perfect divinity.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to love;
 The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
 Sink in the soft captivity together.

THE first of July, just as the day was breaking, I mounted my horse, and went again from Orton Lodge; and after a pleasant journey arrived safe at Harrogate again, and there found the following letter, of an old date, left for me:—

SIR,

As you told me you intended to go to London soon, and business obliges me to ride up to the capital a few weeks hence, I should take it as a great favour if you would make Westmoreland your way, and through Lancashire to Chester road, that I may have your protection and guidance in this long journey.

“I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“MARIA SPENCE.”

Cleator, six miles to
 the south-west of
 Wharton Hall.

This letter surprised me. "Yes, dear creature," I said, "I will make Westmoreland my way to London." At four in the morning I mounted my horse, and rode to Cleator.

When I came to Miss Spence's door, I sent in my name by a servant, and immediately Maria came out herself to welcome me to Cleator. She told me she was glad to see me, and extremely obliged to me for riding so many miles out of my way, to travel up with her to London; but as she had never been farther from home than Harrogate, and was afraid of going such a journey by herself, she wrote to me, in hopes curiosity, and my great complaisance to the ladies, might induce me to take Cleator in my way to town, though so much about: but as so many weeks had passed since she came away from the Wells, and she heard nothing of me, she had laid aside all expectation of my coming. This made the visit the more pleasing.

In answer to this I replied, that if I had received her letter sooner, I would have been with her long before: but that was not possible, as I had been at a little lodge and farm of mine in the northern extremity of Westmoreland, to settle things there, and returned to Harrogate but yesterday, when I had the honour of receiving her

letter, and, upon reading it, set out at day-break this morning to kiss her hand, and execute any commands. Here an excellent hot supper was brought in, and after it, Miss Spence said, she was surprised to hear I was an inhabitant of Westmoreland, as she had never heard of me in the north, nor seen me at Harrogate before the other day.

I told her I was a stranger in the county, and by a wonderful accident, as I travelled a few years ago out of curiosity, and in search of a friend, up Stainmore hills, I became possessed of a lodge I had on the northern edge of Westmoreland, where I lived a considerable time, and once imagined I should never leave it, as it is the most romantic and the most beautiful solitude in the world.

While I was giving this short relation, Miss Spence seemed greatly amazed, and her uncle, an old clergyman, who had looked with great attention at me, hoped it would be no offence to ask me how old I was.

“None at all, Sir,” I replied; “I want some months of twenty-six; and though I dance and rattle at the Wells, and am now going up to London, where all is tumult and noise, yet my passion for still-life is so great, that I prefer the most silent retreat to the pleasures and splendours of the

greatest town. If it was in my power to live as I please, I would pass my days unheard of and unknown, at Orton Lodge, (so my little silent farm is called) near the southern confines of Cumberland, with some bright partner of my soul. I am sure I should think it a complete paradise to live in that distant solitude with a woman of Miss Spence's form and mind."

"But tell me, I request," Maria said, "how did you get to the confines of Westmoreland over Stainmore hills? and what was that accident that put you in possession of Orton Lodge? It must be a curious account, I am sure."

"This," I replied, "you shall hear to-morrow morning after breakfast; there is not time for it now. All I can say at present is, that it was love kept me among the mountains for some years, and if the heaven-born maid (vastly like you, Miss Spence, she was) had not by the order of heaven been removed to the regions of immortality and day, I should not have left the solitude, nor would you ever have seen me at Harrogate; but mutable is the condition of mortals, and we are blind to futurity and the approaches of fate. This led me over the vast mountains of Stainmore, enabled me to cross the amazing fells of Westmoreland, and brought me to that spot where I

had the honour and happiness of becoming acquainted with Miss Spence." Thus did we chat till eleven, and retired to our chambers.

Early the next morning I arose and walked out, to look at the place. Cleator is one of the finest spots that can be seen in a wild romantic country. The natural views are wonderful, and afford the eye vast pleasure. The charming prospects of different kinds, from the edges of the mountains, are very fine.—The winding hills, pretty plains, vast precipices, hanging woods, deep vales, the easy falls of water in some places, and in others cataracts tumbling over rocks,—form all together the most beautiful and delightful scenes. All the decorations of art are but foils and shadows to such natural charms.

In the midst of these scenes, and in a theatrical space of about two hundred acres, which the hand of Nature cut, or hollowed out, on the side of a mountain, stands Cleator-Lodge, a neat and pretty mansion. Near it were groves of various trees, and the water of a strong spring murmured from the front down to a lake at the bottom of the hill.

This was Miss Spence's country-house. Here the wise and excellent Maria passed the best part of her time, and never went to any public place but Harrogate once a year. In reading, riding,

fishing, and some visits to and from three or four neighbours now and then, her hours were happily and usefully employed. History and mathematics she took great delight in, and had a very surprising knowledge in the last. She was another of those ladies I met with in my travels, who understood that method of calculation, beyond which nothing farther is to be hoped or expected: I mean the arithmetic of fluxions.

With astonishment I beheld her. I was but a young beginner, or learner, in respect of her, though I had applied so close to fluxions, after I had learned algebra, that my head was often ready to split with pain; nor had I the capacity, at that time, to comprehend thoroughly the process of several operations she performed with beauty, simplicity, and charming elegance. Admirable Maria! no one have I ever seen that was her superior in this science. And does not this demonstrate, that the faculties and imagination of women's minds, properly cultivated, may equal those of the greatest men? And since women have the same improvable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other? Learning and

knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are rational creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species they belong to. And if women of fortune were so considered, and educated accordingly, I am sure the world would soon be the better for it. It would be so far from making them those ridiculous mortals Moliere has described under the character of learned ladies, that it would render them more agreeable and useful, and enable them, by the acquisition of true sense and knowledge, to be superior to gaiety and spectacle, dress and dissipation. They would see that the sovereign good can be placed in nothing else but in rectitude of conduct; as that is agreeable to our nature; conducive to well-being; accommodate to all places and times; durable, self-derived, indeprivable; and of consequence, that on rational religion only they can rest the sole of the foot, and the sooner they turn to it, the happier here and hereafter they shall be. Long before the power of sense, like the setting sun, is gradually forsaking them,—that power on which the pleasures of the world depend,—they would, by their acquired understanding and knowledge, see the folly of

pleasure; and that they were born not only to virtue, friendship, honesty, and faith, but to religion, piety, adoration, and a generous surrender of their minds to the Supreme Cause. They would be glorious creatures then. Every family would be happy.

But as to Miss Spence, this knowledge, with a faultless person, and a modesty more graceful than her exquisite beauty, were not the things that principally charmed me; nor was it her conversation, than which nothing could be more lively and delightful; nor her fine fortune. It was her manners. She was a Christian, and considered benevolence and integrity as the essentials of her religion. She was extremely charitable to others, and considered conscious virtue as the greatest ornament and most valuable treasure of human nature. Excellent Maria!

With this young lady, and her two servants, (her footman and her woman,) I went up to London. We set out from Cleator the thirty-first day of July, and without meeting with any mischiefs in all that long way, came safe to London. We were nine days on the road; and as the weather was fine, and our horses excellent, we had a charming journey. My companion was so agreeable, that had it been two thousand miles from

Cleator to London, instead of two hundred and seventy-two, I should still have thought it too short. Her conversation was so various and fine, that no way could seem tiresome and tedious to him that travelled with her. Her notions and remarks were ever lively and instructive. It was vast pleasure to hear her, even on the driest and most abstruse subjects, on account of the admiration her discourse raised, and the fine knowledge it communicated to one who understood her.

On the 10th of August we got safe to London ; and the consequence of the journey was, that the last day of the same month, I had the honour and happiness of being married to this young lady.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I am thinking with myself every day, says one of the philosophers, how many things are dear to me ; and after I have considered them as temporary and perishable, I prepare myself, from that very minute, to bear the loss of them without weakness.

CLEANTHES.

WISE is the man, who prepares both for his own death and the death of his friends : who makes use of the foresight of troubles, so as to abate the uneasiness of them, and puts in practice this resolution of the philosopher. I thought of this the morning I married the beautiful ingenious Miss Spence, and determined if I lost her, to make the great affliction produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The man must feel, in such a case ; the Christian will submit. Before the end of six months, she died ; and I mourned the loss with a degree of sorrow due to so much

excellence, endearment, and delight. My complaint was bitter, in proportion to the desires of nature. But, as nature says, Let this cup pass: grace says, Let thy will be done. If the flower of all my comfort was gone, the glory departed! yet thy glory is, O man, to do the will of God, and bear the burthen he lays upon thee. Let nature, grace, and time, do their part to close the wound, and let not ignorance impeach the wisdom of the Most High. "The cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink?" I will. I will not quarrel with Providence. In short, I resigned; and not long after I had buried this admirable woman, who died at her seat in Westmoreland, I went into the world again, to relieve my mind, and try my fortune once more. What happened there I will report, when I have related the extraordinary case of my wife, Miss Spence, and the four physicians I had to attend her. It is a very curious thing.

This young lady was seized with that fatal distemper called a malignant fever: something foreign to nature got into her blood, by a cold, and other accidents, it may be, and the *luctus* or strife to get clear thereof became very great. The effervescence, or perturbation, was very soon so violent as to shew that it not only endangered, but

would quickly subvert the animal fabric, unless the blood was speedily dispersed, and nature got the victory by an exclusion of the noxious particles. The thirst, the dry tongue, the coming *causus*, were terrible, and gave me too much reason to apprehend this charming woman would sink under the conflict. To save her, if possible, I sent immediately for a great physician, Dr. Sharp, a man who talked with great fluency of medicine and diseases.

This gentleman told me, the alkaline was the root of fevers, as well as of other distempers; and therefore, to take off the effervescence of the blood in the ebullitions of it, to incide the viscous humour, to drain the tartarous salts from the kidneys, to allay the preternatural ferment, and to brace up the relaxed tones, he ordered orange and vinegar in whey, and prescribed spirit of sulphur and vitriol, the cream, crystals, and vitriolate tartar in other vehicles. If any thing can relieve, it must be plenty of acid. *In acidis posita est omnis curatio.* But these things gave no relief to the sufferer.

I sent then in all haste for Dr. Hough, a man of great reputation; and he differed so much in opinion from Sharp, that he called an acid the chief enemy. It keeps up the *luctus* or struggle,

and, if not expelled very quickly, will certainly prove fatal. Our sheet-anchor then must be the *testacea*, in vehicles of mineral-water; and accordingly he ordered the absorbent powders to conflict with this acidity, the principal cause of all diseases. Pearl and coral, crab's eyes, and crab's claws, he prescribed in divers forms; but they were of no use to the sick woman. She became worse every hour.

Dr. Pym was next called in, a great practitioner, and learned man. His notion of a fever was quite different from the opinions of Sharp and Hough. He maintained that a fever was a poisonous ferment or venom, which seized on the animal spirits: it breaks and smites them; and unless by alexipharmics the spirits can be enabled to gain a victory in a day or two, this ferment will bring on what the Greeks call a *synochus*, that is, a continual fever. In that state, the venom holds fast the animal spirits; will not let them expand, or disengage themselves, and then they grow enraged, and tumultuating, are hurried into a state of explosion, and blow up the fabric. Hence the inflammatory fever, according to the diverse indoles of the venom; and when the contagious miasms arrive at their highest degree, the malignant fever ariseth. The spirits are

then knocked down, and the marks of the enemy's weapons, the spots, &c. appear. "This (the doctor continued,) is the case of your lady, and therefore the thing to be done is, to make the malignant tack about to the mild, and produce an extinction of the ferment, and relief of the symptoms. This I endeavour to do by alexipharmics and vesicatories, and by subduing the poison by the bark and the warmer antidotes." Thus did my doctor marshal his animal spirits, and fight them against the enemy venom, to great disadvantage. If his talk was not romance, it was plain his spirits were routed, and venom was getting the day. His alexipharmics and warm antidotes were good for nothing. The malady increased.

This being the case, I sent again in haste for a fourth doctor, a man of greater learning than the other three, and therefore, in opinion, opposite, and against their management of the fever. This great man was Dr. Frost. He was a mechanic, and affirmed that the solid parts of the human body are subjected to the rules of geometry, and the fluids to the hydrostatics; and therefore, to keep the machine in right order, that is, in a state of health, an equilibrium must be maintained, or restored, if destroyed. The balance must not turn

to one side or the other. To restore sanity in acute cases, and in chronic too, our business is to prevent the vessels being elevated or depressed beyond the standard of nature: when either happens, the division of the blood is increased, the motion is augmented, and so produce a fever. There cannot be an inordinate elevation of the oily or fiery parts of the blood, till the vessels vibrate above the standard of nature.

In a slight fever, the blood increases but little above the balance; but if more than one day, it turns to a *synochus*, which is but the same fever augmented beyond the balance of nature. This turns to a putrid *synochus*, and this to a *causus*. "This is the case of your lady. From an elevated contraction," the doctor continued, to my amazement, "her blood obtains a greater force and motion; hence greater division, hence an increase of quantity and fluidity; and thus from greater division, motion, and quantity increased, arises that heat and thirst, with the other concomitant symptoms of her fever; for the blood dividing faster than it can be detached through the perspiratory emunctories of the skin, is the immediate cause of the heart's preternatural beating: and this preternatural division of the blood arises

from the additional quantity of obstructed perspirable matter, added to the natural quantity of the blood.

“ Things being so,” the doctor went on, “ and the fever rising by the blood’s dividing faster than can be detached by the several emunctories, and this from an elevation of the solids above the balance, we must then strive to take off the tension of the solids, and subtract the cause. This makes me begin in a manner quite contrary to the other physicians, and I doubt not but I shall soon get the better of the fury and orgasm ; make an alteration in the black scabrous tongue, and by according with the *modus* of nature, throw forth the matter of the disease. I will enable nature to extricate herself. I hope to disentangle her from the weight.”

Thus did this very learned man enlarge ; and while he talked of doing wonders, the dry and parched skin, the black and brushy tongue, the crusty fur upon the teeth, and all the signals of an *incendium* within, declared her dissolution very near. As the serum diminished fast, and the intestine motion of the *crassamentum* increased, nature was brought to her last struggles. All the dismal harbingers of a general wreck appeared,

to give the by-standers notice of approaching death. She died the ninth day, by the ignorance of four learned physicians; who, by their vile prescriptions and bad management, killed one of the finest and most excellent women that ever lived.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Thou attribute divine! thou ray of God!
Immortal reason! come, and with thee bring,
In thy exulting train, invincible,
The honest purpose, and the cheerful heart;
The joyful fancy, fill'd with images
Of truth, of science, and of social love.
There is no ground for fear, while we are good:
Nature's the nurse, and Providence the guide.

HAVING lost my Maria, I went up to London, and on my way to the metropolis, dined at a pleasant village, not far from Nottingham, where I saw two gentlemen well worth mentioning. They were sitting in a room the waiter shewed me into, and had each of them a porringer of mutton broth. One of them seemed a little consumptive creature, about four feet six inches high, uncommonly thin, or rather exsiccated to a cuticle. His broth and bread, however, he supped up with some relish. He seemed to be past three-score. His name was Ribble.

The other was a young man, once very handsome, tall, and strong, but so consumed and weak, that he could hardly speak or stir. His name was Richmond. He attempted to get down his broth, but not above a spoonful or two could he swallow. He appeared to me to be a dying man.

While I beheld things with astonishment, the servant brought in dinner, a pound of rump-steaks, and a quart of green peas; two cuts of bread, a tankard of strong beer, and a pint of port wine. With a fine appetite, I soon dispatched my mess; and over my wine, to help digestion, began to sing the following lines:

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains,
Who range the mazy grove or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns,
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

Come, Rosalind, O come, and infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours;
By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose.

Hark! from yon bowers what airs soft warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding, shines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears.

While I was singing these lines, and all the while I was at dinner, the gentlemen looked with wonder at me, and at last, as soon as I was silent, old Ribble expressed himself in the following words. "You are the most fortunate of mortals, to be sure, Sir. A happy man indeed! You seem to have health and peace, contentment and tranquillity, in perfection. You are the more striking, when such spectacles as my cousin Richmond, pointing to the dying gentleman in the room, and I, are in contrast before you. I will tell you our stories, Sir, in return for your charming song; and hope what I am going to say may be of service to you, as you are coming on, and we go off from this world.

"My kinsman there, the dying Richmond, in that chair, was once a Sampson, and the handsomest man of his time, though the remains of

beauty or strength cannot now be traced. He has brought himself by a dissipated life to what you see; to a state that eludes all the arts of medicine. He has an aggravated cough, and with the utmost difficulty he respire. A stretching pain racks him if he lies on either side. His hair is fallen off, and his nails, you see, are dead-coloured, and hooked. His countenance, you observe, is Hippocratical, the very image of death: his face a dead pale, his eyes sunk, his nose sharp, his cheeks hollow, his temples fallen, and his whole body thin like a skeleton. What a figure now is this once curled darling of the ladies! It was done, good Sir, by the hand of intemperance.

“As to myself,” Ribble continued, “I brought a consumption into the world with me, and by art have supported myself under it. I was born with the sharp shoulders you see, which are called pterogoides, or wing-like, and had a contracted thorax, and long chest, a thin and long neck, a flaccid tone of all the parts about the breast, and a very flabby contexture of the muscles all over my body: but nevertheless, by a strict temperance all my life, I have lived to the present period. I also contrived more useful hours to myself than the strong and young can enjoy in their continued scenes of dissipation and riot.

In me is seen the wonderful effect of rule and sobriety. I am now past fifty several years, notwithstanding my very weak and miserable constitution; and by attending to nature, and never indulging in gratification or excess, am not only able to live without pain, but to divert life by experimental philosophy. (Ribble went on)—I came down to this pleasant place, chiefly for the benefit of poor Richmond, my kinsman, (whom you see with his eyes shut before you, the very picture of death,) and also with a view to do some good to myself, as it is the finest air in the world. I took a house in the village, to live the more easily, as the lodging-houses are all crowded here; and resolved to amuse the days I have left in cultivating the science of chemistry. To this purpose, I made for myself a laboratory, and about a year ago, began to employ my vessels and furnaces in various processes. A vast variety of entertaining things have since occurred, and my life is thereby made agreeable and pleasing, though, to look at my poor frame, you would think me incapable of any satisfactions.”

Leaving Ribble the chemist, and his dying friend, I mounted my horse, and being deep in reflection, I trotted on for several hours without minding the road, and arrived as the sun was

setting, in a deep and melancholy vale, through which a pleasant river ran, that by the murmur of its streams seemed to be marked out for the rendezvous of the thoughtful, who love the deep recesses, and embowering woods, with the soft thrillings of gliding streams, as much as the sprightly court the gayest scenes. In this sweet spot I found a pretty country-house, and, not knowing where I was, rode up to the door to inquire my way. A gentleman, who seemed to be about forty, immediately appeared, informed me I was at a considerable distance from any town, and as it was near ten, told me I had best rest with him that night, and I was most heartily welcome. I accepted the kind invitation. He brought me into a decent room, and gave me a handsome meal. We had a couple of bottles after supper, talked of a thousand things, and then withdrew to wind up the machines. He would not let me stir the next morning, and after dinner we became well acquainted. Six days this gentleman prevailed with me to stay at his house, and then I left him with regret. He was so generous, so civil, and in every thing so agreeable, that I could not avoid admiring him, and regarding him to an extreme degree. His name was Monckton.

Avery Monckton had seen the world when he was a young man, and by reading much, and thinking a great deal, had acquired an extensive knowledge and a deep penetration. In him the gentleman and the scholar were visible. He seemed superior to folly, and his philosophy appeared to be an assiduous examination of his ideas, fancies, and opinions, in order to render them true and just. His religion consisted in a cheerful submission to the divine pleasure, with respect to all things independent of us, or absolutely external to us; and in a continued exertion of benevolence, in doing all the good he could. What the theology of sects was, and the notions of divines, he never minded. It was his opinion, that an active charity is the only thing that can liken and approve us to the original benevolent mind: and that it is reasonable to submit to all his dispensations, since the providence of an infinitely perfect being must do all for the best in the whole. This was Avery Monckton, Esq. In his person he was tall, and very thin.

This gentleman told me the following remarkable story relating to himself, on my asking him if he had ever been married?—"Yes, Sir," he replied: "when I was about five and twenty, a young lady came in my way, who had all the ex-

ternal charms that ever adorned a woman, and I thought her mind as perfect in goodness of every kind, as minds can be on this earth. I made my addresses to her, and with some difficulty persuaded her to accept of a good jointure, and be a wife; for she had got it into her head, that Christian perfection consisted in a virgin-life. I loved her to an extreme degree, and fancied myself beyond mortals happy, as her fondness seemed equal to my passion, and she expressed it in a most transporting way. Three months passed on in this delightful manner, and I should have thought an age but minutes, if the scene was to have no change. But every thing must have an end in this poor state. Business called me one morning early into the city, and till it was late at night, I thought not to return: back, however, I was compelled to go for some papers I had forgot, and, designing to surprise agreeably my wife, came in by a key I had at the wash-house door, and unseen went softly up to my chamber, where I expected to find my beloved in a sweet sleep. Gently I touched the lock, and intended, as my charmer slumbered, to give this idol of my heart a kiss: but, as I opened the door without being heard, I saw a man by my bed-side, and my fond, faithful wife caressing him. Amazement seized

me ; but I was not in a rage : I only said, ‘ Is that Louisa I see ? ’ and shut the door. Down stairs I went immediately, and out again the same way I came in. I had done with love for ever, and from that time never saw my wife more. A ship being to sail the next day for Constantinople, I went a passenger in it, and resolved to live abroad some years.

“ Six years I resided in Greece, and visited every curious place : four I spent in Asia Minor, and two in Italy and France. I diverted myself with noting down the extraordinary things I saw, and I purchased several fine antiquities by the way. When done, I came back to my country again ; and this little seat I now live at being to be sold, I bought it immediately, and have resided here ever since. My study, my garden, and my horse, divert me fully and finely every day. I have all I desire in this world, and reign more happily over my few subjects in this airy, silent, secret spot, than the greatest monarch can do on a throne. My people are only one young man, who is my gardener, my footman, and my groom, and two old women, my maids. These are ever attentive to my will, and by their good behaviour and management make my lodge as agreeable, and life as pleasing, as can be expected in the system of things.”

Monckton's story pleased me much, and I wondered greatly at his happy temper, when he saw his beloved wife caressing the man. "But did you ever hear what became of her after? And, faulty as she was, may there not be found an honest charming woman, to render your hours more delightful than study and contrivance can make them without a soft partner through life? Come into the world with me, Sir, and I will engage to find out for you a mere primitive Christian of a woman, with all the beauties of body that Lucian gives his images."

"You are very good, Sir," Monckton replied, "in offering to look out for another wife for me, and I thank you very heartily for your well-meant kindness; but as I never inquired what became of my first wife from the morning I left her, and know only that she is dead, as her jointure has not been demanded for several years past; so shall I never be concerned with a second. Perhaps there are some honest women in the world. I hope so; but I have had enough of marriage. Besides, I think it time now to turn my thoughts a better way. In the forty-fifth year of my age, it cannot be weak to begin to consider the great change before me, and fix my hopes on a good remove into some better and happier region. If

I was unfortunate with a wife when a young man, I have little reason to expect better days with one as age comes on. I might find myself again most sadly mistaken. But there can be no disappointment in making it the principal work of life, to prepare, in such a retirement as this, for that approaching hour, when we must submit to the power and tyranny of death and corruption. By this means the greatest happiness may be secured; In every thing else there is uncertainty and vanity.

“I do not say this by way of preaching, but that you may thereby have a truer idea of the man you chanced to find in a lone house on this vast common. Seven years have I now lived here, and in all that time have not been once in London: but sometimes I ride to a neighbouring village, and if on the road, or at an inn, I can pick up a sensible agreeable man, I love to dine with him, and drink a pint of wine. Such a man I frequently ride in quest of, and if he be entirely to my mind, (which is very rarely the case,) I invite him home with me, to pass at my lodge two or three days. Far then am I from being unsocial, though I live in solitude; but I left the world because I was ill-used in it, and happen to think very differently from the generality of

men." Here Monckton ended his story ; and a little after, we parted.

I rode for six hours without meeting with any thing remarkable ; but, as I baited about three o'clock at a lone inn, the situation of which was so fine in forest and water that I determined to go no farther that day, there arrived, a little after, a young lady, her maid, and two men-servants. They were all well mounted, and the lady's beast, in particular, as great a beauty of its kind as its mistress was among women. I thought I had seen the face before, and had been somewhere or other in her company ; but as it must be several years ago, and her face and person were a little altered, I could not immediately recollect her : but Finn, my lad, coming up to me, asked me, if I did not remember Miss Turner of Skelsmore Vale ? " Miss Turner ! " I said : " to be sure, now I think, it is she ; but this lady just arrived here is much fatter, and, if it be possible, something handsomer." " It is she, believe me," quoth Finn, " and you ought to wait upon her instantly." I went. It was Miss Turner, one of the beauties that adorn a gallery of pictures in the North, and who is with great truth in the following lines described, in a poem written on this collection of paintings :—

But see ! Emilia rises to the sight,
In every virtue, in every beauty bright !
See those victorious eyes, that heavenly mien !
Behold her shine like Love's resistless Queen !
Thou fairest wonder of thy fairest kind !
By Heaven some image of itself design'd !
As if in thee it took peculiar care,
And form'd thee like some favourite seraph there ;
But though thy beauty strikes the ravish'd sight,
Thy virtue shines distinguishingly bright !
And all the graces of thy form combined,
Yield to the charms of thy unblemish'd mind,
Where all is spotless, gentle, and serene,
One calm of life untouch'd by guilt or pain !
Could I in equal lays thy worth design,
Or paint exalted merit such as thine !
To latest ages should thy name survive,
And in my verse Emilia ever live ;
The admiring world should listen to thy praise,
And the fair portrait charm succeeding days.

This lady knew me at once on my entering the room, and we dined together. She told me, her brother, my friend, died in Italy, on his return home ; and Miss Jaquelot, her cousin and companion, was happily married ; and that being thus left alone, by these two accidents, she was going up to London, to reside in the world.

“Miss Turner,” I said then, “as you are now your own mistress, I may with justice make my addresses, and tell you, that from the first hour I saw you, I was in love with you, and am so still: that if you will do me the honour to be my wife, I will make the best of husbands. I have now some fortune, and if you will allow, that an honest man is the best companion for an honest woman, let us marry in the country, and instead of going up to that noisy tumultuous place called London, retire to some still delightful retreat, and there live, content with each other, as happy as it is possible for two young mortals to be in this lower hemisphere. What do you say, Miss Turner?”

“You shall have my answer, Sir, in a few days. But as to going up to London, I think I had best see it, since I am come so far. It may give me a new relish for still-life, and make the country seem more charming than I thought it before. On the other hand, it may perhaps make me in love with the town, and put me out of conceit with the country.—In short, on second thoughts, I will not go up to the capital. I will return to Skelsmore Vale. I think so now: but how I may think in the morning, at present I do not know. In the mean time,” Cæsia continued,

“ring, if you please, for a pack of cards, and let us pass the evening in play.” The cards were brought in, the game began, and before we had played many hours, I saw this dear charming creature was all my own. She sat before me, like blushing beauty in the picture. Early the next morning I sent Finn for father Fleming, and he was with me in a few days. The evening he arrived we were married. Man and wife we sat down to supper.

Here the morose, the visionary, and the dunce, will again fall upon me, for marrying a fifth wife, so quickly after the decease of the fourth; who had not been three months in her grave: but my answer is, that a dead woman is no wife, and marriage is ever glorious. It is the institution of Heaven, a blessing to society, and therefore hated by the Devil: Satan, by opposing it, promotes confusion and perdition, and destroys every thing gentle, generous, and social. Celibacy is at best but a solitary and helpless condition; and has in all ages been discouraged by the prudent policy of well-regulated states: while marriage, on the contrary, is productive of the highest degree of human felicity, and has always received the sanction of the wisest and most virtuous part of mankind.

My dear Reader, if you are unmarried, and healthy, get a wife as soon as possible, some charming girl, or pretty widow, adorned with modesty, robed with meekness, and who has the grace to attract the soul, and heighten every joy continually; take her to thy breast, and bravely enter into holy wedlock. Despise and hiss those who teach the contrary doctrine. They would deprive the world of the purest sources of domestic comfort; and deserve to be drummed out of society.

CHAPTER XX.

Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go ?
 What mystic fate, what secret wouldst thou know ?
 If this sad world, with all its forces join'd,
 The universal malice of mankind,
 Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind ?
 If stable virtue can her ground maintain,
 While fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain ?
 If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,
 And honesty consist in meaning well ?
 If right be independent of success,
 And conquest cannot make it more nor less ?—
 Are these, my friend, the secrets thou wouldst know.
 Those doubts for which to oracles we go ?
 'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
 And horned Ammon can no more unfold.

ROWE.

FOR six weeks after our marriage, we resided at the inn, on account of the charms of the ground, and seemed to be in possession of a lasting happiness, which it is impossible for words to describe. Every thing was so smooth and so round, that we thought prosperity must be our own for many years to come, and that we were quite se-

cure from the flames of destruction. Calamity, however, soon laid hold of us, when we had not the least reason to expect it; and from a fulness of peace and felicity, we sunk at once into an abyss of afflictions. Instead of going back to Skelsmore Vale, as we had resolved, my wife would go up to town, and pass a few weeks in London and its vicinity, before she retired to the mountains. I was against it, but her will was my law. We set out for the capital, and the first day's journey was delightful. But her fine beast having met with an accident in the night, by a rope in the stable, which got about its foot, and cut it so deeply as rendered it unable to travel, we took a chariot and four to finish our way; but on driving by the side of a steep hill, the horses took fright, overturned the carriage, and my charmer was killed. This was a dismal scene.

Just as she expired, she took me by the hand, and with the spirit of an old Roman, bade me adieu. Can you form an idea, reader, of the distress I was then in? It is not possible, I think, unless you have been exactly in the same situation; unless you loved like me, and have been as miserably separated from as charming a woman. But it was in vain for me to continue lamenting. She was gone for ever, and lay as the clod of the

valley before me. Her body I deposited in the next church-yard; and immediately after rode as fast as I could to London, to lose thought in dissipation, and resign the better to the decree. For some days I lived at the inn I put up at, but, as soon as I could, went into a lodging, and it happened to be at the house of the famous Curll the bookseller; a man well known in the *Dunciad*, and Pope's Letters to his Friends, on account of Curll's frauds in purchasing and printing stolen copies of Mr. Pope's Works. It is in relation to these tricks, that Pope mentions Curll in his *Dunciad* and Letters.

Curll was in person very tall and thin, an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light-grey, large, projecting, goggle and purblind. He was splay-footed, and baker-kneed.

He had a good natural understanding, and was well acquainted with more than the title-pages of books. He talked well on some subjects. He was a debauchee to the last degree, and so injurious to society, that by filling his translations with wretched notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four-shilling book to ten. Thus, in particular, he managed

Burnet's Archæology: and when I told him he was very culpable in this, and other articles he sold, his answer was, "What would I have him to do? He was a bookseller." His translators in pay, lay three in a bed, at the Pewter Platter Inn, in Holborn; and he and they were for ever at work to deceive the public.

As Curll knew the world well, and was acquainted with several extraordinary characters, he was of great use to me at my first coming to town, as I knew nobody, nor any place. He gave me the true characters of many I saw, told me whom I should avoid, and with whom I might be free. He brought me to the playhouses, and gave me a judicious account of every actor. He understood those things well. No man could talk better on theatrical subjects. He brought me likewise to Sadler's Wells, to the night-cellars, and to Tom King's, the famous night-house at Covent Garden. As he was very knowing, and well-known at such places, he soon made me as wise as himself in these branches of learning; and, in short, in the space of a month, I was as well acquainted in London, as if I had been there for years. My kind preceptor spared no pains in lecturing.

While I lodged at Curll's, two Irish gentlemen came to see me, Jemmy King, an attorney, and that famous master in chancery, who seduced Nelly Hayden the beauty, and kept her several years. I knew these men were as great rakes as ever lived, and had no notion of religion; that they were devoted to pleasure, and chased away every sober thought and apprehension by company, by empty, vicious, and unmanly pleasures. The voice of the monitor was lost, in the confused noise and tumult of the passions; but I thought they had honour at the bottom, according to the common notion of it. I never imagined they were sharpers, nor knew, that being ruined in Ireland, they came over to live by a gaming-table. The doctor, especially, I thought was above ever becoming that kind of man, as he had a large estate, and the best education, always kept good company, and to appearance was as fine a gentleman as ever was seen in the world. With these two I dined, and after dinner they brought me, as it were out of curiosity, to a gaming-table they had by accident discovered, where there was a bank kept by men of the greatest honour, who played quite fair, and by hazard-ing a few guineas, I might perhaps, as they did, come off with some hundreds.

At entering the room, I saw about twenty well-dressed men sitting round a table, on which lay a vast heap of gold. We all began to play, and for two or three hours I won some hundreds of pounds: the doctor and the other cheat, his friend, seemed to lose a large sum; but before morning they won it all back from me, with a great deal more; and I not only lost what I had got then, but, excepting a few pounds, all that I was worth in the world—all the thousands I had gained by my several wives. I had sold their estates, and lodged the money in my banker's hands. The villains round this table got it all, and my two Irishmen were not to be seen. They disappeared, and left me madly playing away my all. I heard no more of them, till I was told several years after, that they were in the Isle of Man, among other outlawed, abandoned, wicked men; where they drank night and day, according to the custom of the place, and lived in defiance of God and man. There these two advocates of impiety dwelt for some time, and died as they had lived, enemies to all good principles, and friends to a general corruption.

As to the well-dressed company round the table, they went off one by one, and left me all alone to the bitter thought, which led me to what

I was some hours before, by what I then found myself to be. I was almost distracted. "What had I to do with play?" I said: "I wanted nothing. And now by villains, with a set of dice that would deceive the devil, I am undone! By sharpers and false dice I have sat to be ruined." The reflection numbed my senses for some time; and then I started, was wild, and raved.

This transaction made me very thoughtful, and I sat within for several days, thinking which way to turn. Curll saw I was perplexed, and, on his asking me if I had met with any misfortune, I told him the whole case; that I had but one hundred pounds left, and requested he would advise me what I had best do. To do justice to every one, Curll seemed deeply concerned, and after some silence, as we sat over a bottle at a coffee-house, he bade me take notice of an old gentleman who was not far from us. "That is Dunk the miser, who lives in a wood about twenty miles off. He has one daughter, the finest creature in the universe, and who is to succeed to his great estate, whether he will or not; it being so settled at his marriage; but he confines her so much in the country, and uses her so cruelly every way, that I believe she would run away with any honest young fellow, who could find means to address

her. Know then," continued Curll, "that I serve Mr. Dunk with paper, pens, ink, wax, pamphlets, and every thing he wants in my way. Once a quarter of a year, I generally go to his country-house with such things, as he is glad to see me sometimes ; or if I cannot go myself, I send them by some other hand. Next week I am to forward some things to him, and if you will take them, I will write a line by you to Miss his daughter, recommend you to her for a husband, as one she may depend on for honour and truth. She knows I am her friend ; and who can tell but she may go off with you ? She will have a thousand a year when the wretch her father dies, if he should leave his personal estate another way."

This thought pleased me much ; and at the appointed time, away I went to Mr. Dunk's country-house with a wallet full of things, and delivered Curll's letter to Miss. As soon as she had read it, I began my address, and in the best manner I could, made her an offer of my service, to deliver her from the tyrant her father. I gave her an account of a little farm I had on the borders of Cumberland—a purchase I had made on account of the charms of the ground, and a small pretty lodge which stood in the middle of it, by a clump of old trees, near a murmuring stream ;

that, if she pleased, I would take her to that sweet silent spot, and enable her to live in peace; though far away from the splendours and honours of the world. "Away from the idle modes of fashion, perpetual love and unmixed joys may be our portion, through the whole of our existence here; and when called away from this lower hemisphere, we shall have nothing to fear, as we shall have used this world as though we used it not; as we shall have known no gratifications and liberties but what our religion allowed us: as our enjoyments will have been but the necessary convenience and accommodation for passing from this world to the realms of eternal happiness. Follow me then, Miss Dunk; I will convey you to a scene of still life and felicity, great and lasting as the heart of woman can wish for."

The charming Agnes seemed not a little surprised at what I had said; and after looking at me very earnestly for a minute or two, told me, she would give me an answer to Mr. Curll's letter in less than half an hour, which was all she could say at present; and with it I returned to give him an account of the reception I had. "It will do," he said, after he had read the letter I brought him from Miss Dunk; "but you must be my

young man for a week or two more, and take some more things to the same place." He then shewed me the letter, and I read the following lines.

“ SIR,

“ I am extremely obliged to you for your concern about my happiness and liberty, and will own to you, that in my dismal situation, I would take the friend you recommend for a guide through the wilderness, if I could think his heart was as sound as his head. If his intentions were as upright as his words are fluent and good, I need not be long in pondering on the scheme he proposed. But can we believe him true, as Lucinda says in the play ?

The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.”

To this Curll replied in a circumstantial manner, and vouched very largely for me. I delivered his letter the next morning, when I went

with some acts of parliament to old Dunk, and I found the beauty, his daughter, in a rosy bower—*simplex munditiis*, neat and clean as possible in the most genteel undress; and her person so vastly fine, her face so vastly charming, that I could not but repeat the lines of Otway :

Man when created first wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his vassal brutes ;
But when a heaven-born maid like you appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his soul, unloosed his tongue,
And his first talk was love.—

A deal I said upon the occasion : we became well acquainted that day, as her father had got a disorder that obliged him to keep his bed, and by the time I had visited her a month longer, under various pretences of business invented by the ingenious Curl, Agnes agreed to go off with me, and commit herself entirely to my care and protection. But, before I relate this transaction, I think it proper to give my readers the picture of this lady.

Agnes in her person was neither tall nor thin, but almost both, young and lovely, graceful and commanding : she inspired a respect, and compelled the beholder to admire and love and reverence her. Her voice was melodious ; her words

quite charming; and every look and motion to her advantage. Taste was the characteristic of her understanding; her sentiments were refined; and a sensibility appeared in every feature of her face. She could talk on various subjects, and comprehended them, which is what few speakers do; but with the finest discernment, she was timid, and so diffident of her opinion, that she often concealed the finest thoughts under a seeming simplicity of soul. This was visible to a hearer, and the decency of ignorance added a new beauty to her character. In short, possessed of excellence, she appeared unconscious of it, and never discovered the least pride or precipitancy in her conversation. Her manner was perfectly polite, and mixed with a gaiety that charmed, because it was as free from restraint as from boldness.

In sum, exclusive of her fine understanding, in her dress, and in her behaviour, she was so extremely pleasing, so vastly agreeable and delightful, that she ever brought to my remembrance, when I beheld her, the Corinna described in the beautiful lines of Tibullus :

When love would set the gods on fire, he flies
To light his torches at her sparkling eyes.

Whate'er Corinna does, where'er she goes,
The graces all her motions still compose.
How her hair charms us, when it loosely falls;
Comb'd back and tied, our veneration calls!
If she comes out in scarlet, then she turns
Us all to ashes,—though in white she burns.
Vertumnus so a thousand dresses wears,
So in a thousand, ever grace appears.

We met within half a mile of her father's house, by the side of an ancient wood and a running stream, which had a pleasing effect, as it happened to be a bright moonshine. With her foot in my hand, I lifted her into her saddle, and as our horses were excellent, we rode many miles in a few hours. By eight in the morning, we were out of the reach of old Dunk; and at the sign of the Pilgrim, a lone house in Esur Vale, in Hertfordshire, we breakfasted very joyfully. The charming Agnes seemed well pleased with the expedition, and said a thousand things that rendered the journey delightful. Twelve days we travelled in a fulness of delights, happy beyond description, and the thirteenth arrived at a village not far from my little habitation. Here we designed to be married two days after, when we had rested, as there was a church and a parson in the town,

and then ride on to Foley-farm in Cumberland, as my small spot was called, and there sit down in peace and happiness.

But the second day, instead of rising to the nuptial ceremony, to crown my life with unutterable bliss, and make me beyond all mankind happy, the lovely Agnes fell ill of a fever. A sense of weight and oppression discovered the inflammation within, and was attended with sharp and pungent pains. The blood could not pass off as it ought in the course of circulation, and the whole mass was in a violent fluctuation and motion. In a word, she died in a few days; and as she had requested, if it came to that, I laid her out, and put her into the coffin myself. I kept her seven days, according to the custom of the old Romans, and then in the dress of sorrow followed her to the grave.—Thus was my plan of happiness broken to pieces. I had given a roundness to a system of felicity, and, in the place of it, saw death and horror, and disappointment before me.

What to do next I could not tell. One question was, should I return to Orton Lodge, to my two young heiresses? No: they wanted two years of being at age.—Then, should I stay at Foley-Farm where I was, and turn hermit? No: I had

no inclination yet to become a father of the deserts. — Will you return to London then, and see if fortune has any thing more in reserve for you? This I liked best; and after six months deliberation on the thing, I left my farm in the care of an old woman, and set out in the beginning of January.

CHAPTER XXI.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in earth,
Have burst their cerements ? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?

IT was as fine a winter's morning as I had seen, which encouraged me to venture among the Fells of Westmoreland ; but at noon the weather changed, and an evening very terrible came on. A little after three, it began to blow, rain, and snow very hard, and it was not long before it was very dark. We lost the way, and for three hours wandered about in as dismal a night as ever poor travellers had. The storm rattled : the tempest howled : we could not see the horses' heads, and were almost dead with cold. We had nothing to expect but death, as we knew not which way to turn to any house, and it was

impossible to remain alive till the day appeared. It was a dismal scene; and, when we had no ground to expect deliverance, the beasts of a sudden stopped, and Soto found we were at the gate of a walled yard. There he immediately made all the noise he could, and it was not long before a servant with a lantern came. He related our case within, and had orders to admit us. He brought me into a common parlour, where there was a good fire, and I got dry things. The man brought me half a pint of hot Alicant, and in about half an hour I was alive and well again. On inquiring where I was, the footman told me, it was Doctor Stanvil's house; that his master and lady were above in the dining-room, with some company, and he had directions to light me up, when I had changed my clothes, and was recovered. Upon this I told him I was ready, and followed him.

On the servant's opening a door, I entered a handsome apartment, well lighted with wax, and which had a glorious fire blazing in it. The doctor received me with great politeness, and said many civil things upon fortune's conducting me to his house. The conversation naturally fell upon the horrors of the night, as it still continued to rain, hail, and blow, beyond what any of the

company had ever heard ; and one of the ladies said, she believed the winter was always far more boisterous and cold among the Fells of Westmoreland, than in any other part of England, for which she gave several good reasons : the solemn mountains, the beautiful valleys, the falling streams, form one of the most charming countries in the world in summer-time ; but in winter, it is the most dreadful spot of earth, to be sure.

The voice of the lady who talked in this manner, I thought I was well acquainted with ; but by the position of the candles, and the angle of a screen in which she sat, I could not very well see her face : amazement however began to seize me, and as an elegant supper was soon after brought in, I had an opportunity of seeing, that Miss Dunk, whom I had buried, was now before my eyes, in the character of Dr. Stanvil's wife ; or, at least, it was one so like her, it was not possible for me to distinguish the figures. There was the same bright victorious eyes, and chesnut hair ; the complexion like a blush, and a mouth where all the little Loves for ever dwelt : there was the fugitive dimple, the enchanting laugh, the rosy fingers, the fine height, and the mien more striking than Calypso's. O heavens ! I

said to myself, on sitting down to supper, What is this I see! But as she did not seem to be at all affected, or shewed the least sign of her having ever seen me before that time, I remained silent, and only continued to look with admiration at her, unmindful of the many excellent things before me. In a minute or two, however, I recovered myself. I ate my supper, and joined in the festivity of the night. We had music, and several songs. We were easy, free, and happy, as well-bred people could be.

At midnight we parted, and finding an easy-chair by the side of my bed, I threw myself into it, and began to reflect on what I had seen; Finn standing before me with his arms folded, and looking very seriously at me. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then the honest fellow spoke in the following manner. "I beg leave, Sir, to imagine you are perplexing yourself about the lady of this house, whom I suppose you take for Miss Dunk, we brought from the other side of England half a year ago, and buried in the next church-yard to Blenkern. This, if I may be so free, is likewise my opinion. I would take my oath of it in a court of justice, if there was occasion for it. However she got out of the grave, and by whatever casualty she

came to be Mrs. Stanvil, and mistress of this fine house; yet I could swear to her being the lady who travelled with us from the west to Cumberland. But then it seems very wonderful and strange, that she should forget you so soon, or be able to act a part so amazing, as to seem not to have ever seen you before this night. This has astonished me, as I stood behind your chair at supper, looking full at her; and I observed she looked at me once or twice. What to say to all this, I know not; but I will make all the inquiry I can among the servants, as to the time and manner of her coming here, and let you know to-morrow what I have been able to collect in relation to her. In the mean time, be advised by me, Sir, though I am but a poor fellow; and think no more of the matter to the loss of your night's rest. We have had a wonderful deliverance from death by getting into this house, I am sure; and we ought to lie down with thankfulness and joy, without fretting ourselves awake for a woman, or any trifling incident that could befall. Besides, she is now another man's property, however it came to pass, and it would be inconsistent with your character to think any more of her. This may be too free; but I hope, Sir, you will excuse it in a servant

who has your interest and welfare at heart." Here the sage Finn had done. He withdrew, and I went to sleep.

Betimes the next morning, Finn was with me; and, on my asking what news, he said, he had heard something from all the servants, and more particularly had got the following account from the doctor's own man: "that Dr. Stanvil had a small lodge within three miles of the house we were in, and retired there sometimes to be more alone than he could be in the residence we were at: that this lodge was a mere repository of curiosities, in the middle of a garden full of all the herbs and plants that grew in every country of the world; and in one chamber of this house was a great number of skeletons, which the doctor had made himself; for it was his practice to procure bodies from the surrounding church-yards, by men he kept in pay for the purpose, and cut them up himself at this lodge: that some of these dead bodies were brought to him in hampers, and some in their coffins on light railed cars, as the case required: that near six months ago, the last time the doctor was at his lodge, there was brought to him by his men the body of a young woman in her coffin, in order to a dissection as usual and the bones being wired;

but as it lay on the back, on the great table he cuts up on, and on applying the point of his knife at the pit of the stomach, to open the breast, he perceived a kind of motion in the subject, heard a sigh soon after, and looking up to the head, saw the eyes open and shut again: that, upon this, he laid down his knife, which had but just scratched the body at the beginning of the *linea alba* (as my informer called it), and helped himself to put it into a warm bed: that he took all possible pains, by administering every thing he could think useful, to restore life, and was so fortunate as to set one of the finest women in the world on her feet again. As she had no raiment but the shroud which had been on her in the coffin, he got every thing belonging to dress that a woman of distinction could have occasion for, and in a few days time she sparkled before her preserver in the brightness of an Eastern princess. He was quite charmed with the beauties of her person, and could not enough admire her uncommon understanding: he offered to marry her, to settle largely on her; and, as she was a single woman, she could not in gratitude refuse the request of so generous a benefactor. My informer farther related, that they have both lived in the greatest

happiness ever since; and the doctor, who is one of the best of men, is continually studying how to add to her felicities every day: that he offered to take her up to London to pass the winters there, but this she refused, and desired she might remain where she was in the country, as it was really most agreeable to her, and as he preferred it to the town."

This account made the thing quite plain to me. And to judge impartially, considering the whole case, I could neither blame the lovely Agnes for marrying the doctor, nor condemn her for pretending to be a stranger to me. She was fairly dead and buried, and all connexion between us was at an end of course, as there had been no marriage, nor contract of marriage. And as to reviving the affair, and renewing the tenderness which had existed, it could answer no other end than producing unhappiness, as she was then Mrs. Stanvil, in a decent and happy situation. And farther, in respect of her marrying the doctor so soon after her separation from me, it was certainly the wisest thing she could do, as she had been so entirely at his disposal, was without a stitch to cover her, and I in all probability, after burying her, being gone up to London, or in some place where she could never

hear of me more :—I might likewise have been married, if any thing advantageous had offered after laying her in the church-yard. And besides, she neither knew the place she fell sick in, nor the country to which the doctor removed her, as soon as ever he could get any clothes to put on her. So that, naked and friendless as she was, without any money, and ignorant of what became of me, without a possibility of informing herself, I could not but acquit her. I even admired her conduct, and resolved so far to imitate her, in regard to the general happiness, that nothing should appear in my behaviour, which could incline any one to think I had ever seen her before the night the tempest drove me to her house. I was vexed, I own, to lose her. But that could be no reason for making a senseless uproar, that could do nothing but mischief.

As composed then as I could be, I went down to breakfast, on a servant's letting me know they waited for me; and found the same company who had so lately parted to slumber, all quite alive and cheerful, easy and happy as mortals could be. At the request of Dr. Stanvil, who was extremely civil, I stayed with them two months; and passed the time in a delightful conversation, intermixed with music, cards, and

feasting. With sadness I left them all, but especially on account of parting for ever with the late Miss Dunk. It was indeed for the pleasure of looking at her that I stayed so long as I did at Dr. Stanvil's; and when it came to an eternal separation, I felt, that morning of my departure, an inward distress of which it is impossible to give an idea to another. It had some resemblance, I imagine, to what the visionaries call a dereliction; when they sink from ecstasy to the black void of horror, by the strength of fancy, and the unaccountable operation of the animal spirits.

Here, before I proceed, I think I ought to remove some objections that may be made against my relation of Mrs. Stanvil's coming to life again, and her being brought from the couch of lasting night to a bridal bed. It is not easy to believe, that after I felt certain she was dead, and kept her the proper number of days before interment, saw her lie the cold wan subject for a considerable time, and then let down into the grave; yet from thence she should come forth, and now be the desire of a husband's eyes. This is a hard account, sure. But nevertheless it is a fact. As to my being mistaken, no less a man than Dr. Cheyne thought Colonel Townsend dead: and that several have lived for many

years, after they had been laid in the tomb, is a thing too certain, and well-known, to be denied. In Bayle's Dictionary, there is the history of a lady of quality, belonging to the court of Catherine de Medicis, who was brought from the church-vault, where she had been forty-eight hours, and afterwards became the mother of several children, on her marriage with the Marquis D'Auvergne. The learned Dr. Conner, in his History of Poland, gives us a very wonderful relation of a gentleman's reviving in that country, after he had been seemingly dead for near a fortnight; and adds a very curious dissertation on the nature of such recoveries. The case of Duns Scotus, who was found out of his coffin, on the steps going down to the vault he was deposited in, and leaning on his elbow, is full to my purpose. And I can affirm from my own knowledge, that a gentleman of my acquaintance, a worthy excellent man, was buried alive, and found not only much bruised and torn, on opening his coffin, but turned on one side. This many still living can attest, as well as I. The reason of opening the grave again, was his dying of a high fever in the absence of his lady, who was in a distant county from him; and on her return, three days after he was buried, would have a

sight of him, as she had been extremely fond of him. His face was sadly broken, and his hands hurt in striving to force up the lid of the coffin. The lady was so affected with the dismal sight, that she never held up her head after, and died in a few weeks. I could likewise add another extraordinary case of a man who was hanged, and to all appearance was quite dead, yet three days after his execution recovered as they were going to cut him up. How these things happen it is not easy to account for; but happen they do sometimes. And this case of Mrs. Stanvil may be depended on as a fact.

CHAPTER XXII.

Opinion's foot is never, never found
Where Knowledge dwells, 'tis interdicted ground ;
At Wisdom's gate the opinions must resign
Their charge, those limits their employ confine.
Thus trading barks, skill'd in the watery road,
To distant climes convey their precious load ;
Then turn their prow, light bounding o'er the main,
And with new traffic store their keels again.
Thus far is clear. But yet untold remains,
What the good genius to the crowd ordains,
Just on the verge of life.

He bids them hold

A spirit with erected courage bold.
Never (he calls) on Fortune's faith rely,
Nor grasp her dubious gift as property.
Let not her smile transport, her frown dismay,
Nor praise, nor blame, nor wonder at her sway,
Which reason never guides : 'tis fortune still,
Capricious chance, and arbitrary will.
Bad bankers, vain of treasure not their own,
With foolish rapture hug the trusted loan :
Impatient, when the powerful bond demands
Its unremember'd covenant from their hands.
Unlike to such, without a sigh restore
What fortune lends : anon she'll lavish more.
Repenting of her bounty, snatch away,
Yea, seize your patrimonial fund for prey.

Embrace her proffer'd boon, but instant rise,
 Spring upward, and secure a lasting prize,
 The gift which Wisdom to her sons divides;
 Knowledge, whose beam the doubting judgment guides,
 Scatters the sensual fog, and clear to view
 Distinguishes false interest from the true.
 Flee, flee to this, with unabating pace,
 Nor parley for a moment at the place,
 Where Pleasure and her harlots tempt, nor rest
 But at false Wisdom's inn; a transient guest:
 For short refection at her table sit,
 And take what science may your palate hit:
 Then wing your journey forward, till you reach
 True wisdom, and imbibe the truth she'll teach.
 Such is the advice the friendly genius gives,
 He perishes who scorns—who follows lives.

SCOTT'S CEBES.

WITH this advice of the genius, I set out, as I had resolved, for York, and designed to go from thence to London; hoping to meet with something good, and purposing, if it were possible, to be no longer the rover, but turn to something useful, and fix. I had lost almost all at the gaming-table, as related, and had not thirty pounds of my last hundred remaining. This, with a few sheep, cows, and horses, at Orton Lodge, and a very small stock at my little farm on the borders of Cumberland, was all I had left. It made me very serious, and brought some dismal apprehensions in view. But I did not despair.

As my heart was honest, I still trusted in the providence of God, and his administration of things in this world.

On then I trotted, brave as the man of wood*, and hoped at the end of every mile to meet with something fortunate; but nothing extraordinary occurred till the second evening, when I arrived at a little lone public house, on the side of a great heath, by the entrance of a wood. For an hour before I came to this resting-place, I had rid in a tempest of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder, so very violent, that it brought to my remembrance old Hesiod's description of a storm.

Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod :

* Claude relates, that it was the humour of the Prince of Condé, to have a man of wood on horseback, dressed like a field-officer, with a lifted broad-sword in its hand; which figure was fastened in the great saddle, and the horse it was on always kept by the great Condé's side, when he travelled or engaged in the bloody field. Fearless the man of wood appeared in many a well-fought day; but, as they pursued the enemy one afternoon through a forest, in riding hard, a bough knocked off the wooden warrior's head; yet still he galloped on after flying foes, to the amazement of the enemy, who saw a hero pursuing without a head.

He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play,
They flash, and rend through heaven their flaming
way :

Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The singed earth groans, and burns with all her groves :
A night of clouds blots out the golden day,
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play :
Nor slept the wind ; the wind new horror forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before the outrageous storms ;
While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount the encumber'd skies :
At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky.

It was a dreadful evening upon a heath, and so much as a bush was not to be met with for shelter ; but at last we came to the thatched habitation of a publican, and I thought it a very comfortable place. We had bread and bacon, and good ale for supper ; and in our circumstances it seemed a delicious meal.

This man informed me, that about a mile from his habitation, in the middle of the wood, there dwelt an old physician, one Dr. Fitzgibbons, an Irish gentleman, who had one very pretty daughter, a sensible woman, to whom he was able to

give a good fortune, if a man to both their liking appeared; but as no such one had as yet come in their way, my landlord advised me to try the adventure, and he would furnish me with an excuse for going to the doctor's house. This set me a thinking: Dr. Fitzgibbons, an Irish gentleman, I said: I know the man. I saved his son's life, in Ireland, when he was upon the brink of destruction; and the old gentleman was not only then as thankful as it was possible for a man to be, in return for the good I had done him, at the hazard of my own life; but assured me, a thousand times over, that if ever it was in his power to return my kindness, he would be my friend to the utmost of his ability. He must ever remember, with the greatest gratitude, the benefit I had so generously conferred on him and his. All this came full into my mind, and I determined to visit the old gentleman in the morning.

Next day, as I had resolved, I went to pay my respects to Dr. Fitzgibbons, who remembered me perfectly well, was most heartily glad to see me, and received me in the most affectionate manner. He immediately began to repeat his obligations to me for the deliverance I had given his son, and that, if it was in his power to be of service to me in England, he would leave nothing undone

that was possible for him to do, to befriend me.* He told me, that darling son of his, whose life I had saved, was an eminent physician at the court of Russia, where he lived in the greatest opulence and reputation; and as he owed his existence as such to me, his father could never be grateful enough in return. "Can I any way serve you, Sir? Have you been fortunate or unfortunate, since your living in England? Are you married or unmarried? I have a daughter by a second wife, and if you are not yet engaged, will give her to you, with a good fortune, and in two years' time, if you will study physic here under my direction, will

* The case was this. As I was returning one summer's evening from Tallow-Hills, where I had been to see a young lady (mentioned in the beginning of my volume), I saw in a deep glen before me two men engaged; a black of an enormous size, who fought with one of those large broadswords which they call in Ireland *Andrew Ferraro*; and a little thin man with a drawn rapier. The white man, I perceived, was no match for the black, and must have perished very soon, as he had received several wounds, if I had not hastened up to his relief. I knew him to be my acquaintance, young Fitzgibbons, my neighbour in the same square of the college that I lived in; and immediately drawing an excellent Spanish tuck I always wore, took the Moor to myself, Fitzgibbons not being able to stand any longer; and a glorious battle ensued. As I was a master at the small

enable you to begin to practise, and get money as I have done in this country. I have so true a sense of that generous act you did to save my son, that I will with pleasure do any thing in my power that can contribute to your happiness."

To this I replied, by thanking the doctor for his friendly offers, and letting him know, that since my coming to England several years ago, which was occasioned by a difference between my father and me, I had met with several turns of fortune, good and bad, and was at present but in a very middling way; having only a little spot among the mountains of Richmondshire, with a

sword in those days, I had the advantage of the black by my weapon (as the broad-sword is but a poor defence against a rapier), and gave him three wounds for every slight one I received: but at last he cut me quite through the left collar-bone, and, in return, I was in his vast body a moment after. Thus dropped the robber, who had been a trumpeter to a regiment of horse; and Fitzgibbons and I were brought, by some people passing that way, to his father's house at Dolfin's Barn, a village about a mile from the spot where this affair happened. A surgeon was sent for, and we recovered in a few weeks' time; but my collar-bone was much more troublesome to me than the wounds Fitzgibbons had were to him, though he lost much more blood. This was the ground of the obligation the doctor mentioned in his conversation with me.

cottage and garden on it, and three or four beasts, which I found by accident without an owner, as I travelled through that uninhabited land; and a small farm of fifty acres, with some stock, on the borders of Cumberland, which I got by a deceased wife;—this, with about fifty guineas in my purse, was my all at present: and I was going up to London, to try if I could meet with any thing fortunate in that place; but that, since he was pleased to make me such generous offers, I would stop, study physic as he proposed, and accept the great honour he did me in offering me his daughter for a wife. I told him likewise very fairly and honestly, that I had been rich by three or four marriages since my being in this country; but that I was unfortunately taken-in at a gaming-table, by the means of two Irish gentlemen he knew very well, and there lost all; which vexed me the more, as I really do not love play:—that as to my father, I had little to expect from him, though he had a great estate, “and the wife you know he married, a low cunning woman, does all she can to maintain the variance, and keep up his anger to me, that her nephew may do the better on my ruin. I have not written to him since my being in England; nor have I met with any one who could give me any account of the family.”

The doctor answered me, that since I was pleased to accept of his offer, his friendship I might depend on :—that, if I would, I should begin the next day the study of physic under his direction ; and at the end of two years, he would give me his daughter, who was not yet quite twenty.

Just as he had said this, Miss Fitzgibbons entered the room, and her father introduced me to her. The sight of her astonished me ; though I had before seen so many fine women, I could not help looking with wonder at her. She appeared one of those finest creatures whom we cannot enough admire, and, upon acquaintance with her, became much more glorious.

What a vast variety of beauty do we see in the infinity of nature ! Among the sex, we may find a thousand and a thousand perfect images and characters, all equally striking, and yet as different as the pictures of the greatest masters in Italy. What amazing charms and perfections have I beheld in women as I journeyed through life ! When I have parted from one, “ Well,” I said, “ I shall never meet another like this inimitable maid ;” and yet, after all, Julia appeared divinely fair, and happy in every excellence that can adorn the female mind. Without that exact regularity of beauty, and elegant softness of propriety, which rendered Miss

Dunk a very divinity, Julia charmed with a graceful negligence, and enchanted with a face that glowed with youthful wonders—beauties that art could not adorn, but always diminished. The choice of dress was no part of Julia's care, but by the neglect of it she became irresistible. In her countenance there ever appeared a bewitching mixture of sensibility and gaiety; and in her soul, by converse, we discovered that generosity and tenderness were the first principles of her mind. To truth and virtue she was inwardly devoted, and at the bottom of her heart, though hard to discover it, her main business to serve God, and fit herself for eternity. She was one of the finest originals that ever appeared among woman-kind, peculiar in perfections which cannot be described; and so inexpressibly charming in an attractive sweetness, a natural gaiety, and a striking negligence, a fine understanding, and the most humane heart; that I found it impossible to know her without being in love with her: her power to please was extensive indeed. In her one had the loveliest idea of a woman.

To this fine creature I was married at the end of two years from my first acquaintance with her; that is, after I had studied physic so long, under the care and instruction of her excellent father,

who died a few weeks after the wedding, which was in the beginning of the year 1734, and the twenty-ninth of my age. Dying, he left me a handsome fortune, his library, and house; and I imagined I should live many happy years with his admirable daughter, who obliged me by every endearing means to be excessively fond of her. I began to practise upon the old gentleman's death, and had learned so much in the two years I had studied under him, from his lecturing and my own hard reading, that I was able to get some money among the opulent round me; not by art and collusion, the case of too many doctors in town and country, but by practising upon consistent principles.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good ; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears !
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone !

The Tenth Satire of Juvenal, DRYDEN.

HAVING married the illustrious Julia, and by the death of her father soon after the wedding, acquired a handsome settlement, a considerable sum of money, and a valuable collection of books, I thought myself so happily situated in the midst of flourishing mercies, and so well secured from adversity, that it was hardly possible for the flame of destruction to reach me. But when I had not the least reason to imagine that prosperity was not my own, infelicity came stalking on unseen ; and from a fulness of peace, plunged us

at once into an abyss of woe. It was our practice, when the evenings were fine, to take boat at the bottom of a meadow, at the end of our garden, and in the middle of a deep river, pass an hour or two in fishing; but at last, by some accident or other, a slip of the foot, or the boat's being got a little too far from the bank-side, Julia fell in, and was drowned. This happened in the tenth month of our marriage. The loss of this charming angel in such a manner sat powerfully on my spirits for some time; and the remembrance of her perfections, and the delights I enjoyed while she lived, made me wish I had never seen her. To be so extremely happy as I was, and be deprived of her in a moment, in so shocking a way, was an affliction I was hardly able to bear. It struck me to the heart. I sat with my eyes shut ten days.

After which I called to O'Finn, my man, to bring the horses out immediately, and I would go somewhere or other to see new scenes, and if I could, get another wife, with whom I might lawfully carry on the succession. As a friend to society, and passively obedient to the laws of my higher country, "A wife for ever!" I declared: for if, on losing one, we can be still so fortunate as to get another, who is pretty without pride, witty

without affectation, to virtue only and her friends a friend,—

Whose sense is great, and great her skill,
For reason always guides her will ;
Civil to all, to all she's just,
And faithful to her friend and trust :
Whose character, in short, is such,
That none can love or praise too much—

If such a charmer should again appear,—and ten thousand such there ever are among the sex, silly and base though the majority may be,—what man could say he had had enough of wedlock, because he had buried seven such wives ? I am sure I could not. And if, like the men who were but striplings at fourscore, in the beginning of this world, I was to live for ages, and by accidents lost such partners as I have described ; I would with rapture take hundreds of them to my breast, one after another.

With these notions in my head, I mounted my horse ; and determined, in the first place, to pay a visit to my two beauties at Orton Lodge, who were by this time of age, and see what opinions they had acquired, and if they had any command for me. But, when I arrived at my romantic spot, I found the ladies were gone, all places shut up,

and no soul there; the key of the house-door was left for me, and a note fastened to it, to inform me how the affair was.

“ SIR,

“ Not having had the favour of hearing from you for almost three years, and despairing of that honour and happiness any more, we have left your fine solitude, to look after our fortunes, as we are of age; and on inquiry have found that old Cock, our cruel guardian, is dead and gone. We are under infinite obligations to you, have an extreme sense of your goodness, and hope, if you are yet in the land of the living, that we shall soon be so happy as to get some account of you, to the end that we may return the weighty balance due from,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obliged,

“ and ever humble servants,

“ ***** ”

From the date of this letter it appeared, that they were not a month gone before my arrival; but to what place they said not, and it was in vain for me to inquire. I found every thing in good order, and all the goods safe; the garden full of

fruits and vegetables, and plenty of various eatables in the house, pickled, potted, and preserved. As it was in the month of June, the solitude looked vastly charming in its vales and forest, its rocks and waters; and for a month I strove to amuse myself there, in fishing, shooting, and improving the ground; but it was so dull, so sad a scene, when I missed the bright companions I had with me in former days, who used to wander with me in the valleys, up the hills, by the streams, and make the whole a paradise all the long day, that I could not bear it longer than four weeks; and rode from thence to Dr. Stanvil's seat, to ask him how he did, and look once more at that fine curiosity, Miss Dunk that was, but at the time I am speaking of, his wife. However, before I left my lodge, I made a discovery one day, as I was exploring the wild country round my little house, that was entertaining enough, and to this day, in remembrance, seems to me so agreeable, that I imagine a relation of this matter may be grateful to my readers. It contains the story of a lady, who cannot be enough admired, can never be sufficiently praised.

THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL
LEONORA.

As I rambled one summer's morning, with my gun and my dog, over the vast mountains which surrounded me at Orton Lodge, I came, as the sun was rising, to a valley about four miles from my house, which I had not seen before, as the way to it, over the Fells, was a dangerous road. It was green and flowery, had clumps of oaks in several spots, and from the hovering top of a precipice at the end of the glen, a river falls ingulfed in rifted rocks. It is a fine rural scene.

Here I sat down to rest myself, and was admiring the natural beauties of the place, when I saw three females turn into the vale, and walk towards the water-fall. One of them, who appeared to be the mistress, had an extravagance of beauty in her face, and a form such as I had not often seen. The others were pretty women, dressed like quakers, and very clean. They came very near the water where I was, but did not see me, as I was behind two rocks which almost joined: and after they had looked a while at the headlong river, they went back, and entering a narrow way between two

hills, disappeared. I was greatly surprised at what I had seen, not imagining I had such a neighbour in Richmondshire, and resolved to know who this beauty was. The wonders of her face, her figure, and her mien, were striking to the last degree.

Arising then as soon as they were out of sight, I walked on to the turning I saw them enter; and in half an hour's time came to a plain, through which several brooks wandered, and on the margin of one of them was a grove and a mansion. It was a sweet habitation, at the entrance of the little wood; and before the door, on banks of flowers, sat the illustrious owner of this retreat, and her two maids. In such a place, in such a manner, so unexpectedly to find so charming a woman, seemed to me as pleasing an incident as could be met with in travelling over the world.

At my coming near this lady, she appeared to be astonished, and to wonder much at seeing such an inhabitant in that part of the world: but on pulling off my hat, and telling her I came to visit her as her neighbour, to pay my humble respects to her and beg the honour of her acquaintance, she asked me, from what vale or mountain I came,

and how long I had been a resident in that wild part of the world? This produced a compend of some part of my story; and when I had done, she desired me to walk in. Coffee and hot rolls were soon brought, and we breakfasted cheerfully together. I took my leave soon after, having made her a present of some black cocks and a hare I had shot that morning; and hoped, if it was possible to find an easy way to my lodge, which I did not yet know, that I should some time or other be honoured with her presence at my little house, which was worth her seeing, as it was situated in the most delightful part of this romantic silent place, and had many curiosities near it; that in the mean time, if it was agreeable, I would wait upon her again, before I left Richmondshire, which would be soon, for I only came to see how things were, and was obliged to hasten another way. This beauty replied, that it would give her pleasure to see me, when I had a few hours to spare. Three times more then I went, very soon; we became well acquainted, and after dinner one day she gave me the following relation.

“ My name was Leonora Starsfield before I married an Irishman, one Burk, whom I met at Avignon in France. He is one of the handsomest

men of the age, though his hopes were all his fortune; but proved as great a villain as ever disgraced mankind. His breeding and his eloquence, added to his fine figure, induced me to fancy him an angel of a man, and I imagined I had well bestowed a hundred thousand pounds, to make him great and as happy as the day is long. For three months he played the god, and I fondly thought there was not such another happy woman as myself in all the world. I was mistaken. Burk found out, by some means or other, that I had concealed five thousand pounds of my fortune from his knowledge. When Burk perceived this, he threw off the disguise, and appeared a monster instead of a man: he began to use me in the vilest manner, and by words and deeds did all he could to make my life a burden to me. He was for ever abusing me in the vilest language; and by blows compelling me to inform him where my money was. He has left me all over blood very often, and when he found I still held out, and would not discover to him what remained of my fortune, he came to me one night with a small oak sapling, and beat me in such a manner as left me almost dead. He went out of the house, told me he would return by twelve, and make me comply,

or he would break every bone in my body. This happened at a country-seat of mine in this shire; all the servants being obliged to lie every night in an out-house, that he might have the more power over me.

“ Being thus left by Burk in this sad situation, bleeding, and miserable with pains, but still in dread of worse usage on his return; I crawled down stairs, to a small door in a back place, which opened to a private way out of the house. This was known only to myself, as it was a passage my father had made (in case of thieves, or any villains), from a little unfrequented cellar, by a narrow ascending arch, to a thicket in the corner of a shrubby field at a small distance from the house. To a labyrinth made in this small grove I made what haste I could, and had not been long there, before I perceived through the trees my inhuman husband; and as he came near me, heard him say, she shall tell me where my money is, for all she has is mine; or I will burn her flesh off her bones. The sight of the monster made me tremble to so violent a degree, that I was scarcely able to proceed to the cottage of a poor woman, my sure friend, about two miles from the place I was hid in; but I did my best to

creep through cross ways ; and after many difficulties, and suffering much by going over ditches, I got to my resting-place. The old woman, my nurse, screeched at the sight of me, as I was sadly torn, and all over gore. Such a spectacle, to be sure, has seldom been seen. But by peace and proper things, I got well again in two months, and removed to this lone house, which my father had built in this spot for his occasional retirement. Here I have been for two years past, and am as happy as I desire to be : nay vastly so, as I am now free and delivered from a monster, whose avarice and cruelty made me a spectacle to angels and men : because, Sir, I would not reduce myself to the state of a beggar, to satisfy his insatiable love of money.

“ Such, Sir, was my fatal marriage, which I thought would be a stock of such felicities that time only by many years could reduce to an evanescent state, and deprive me of. As Venus was at the bridal with her whole retinue ; the ardent amorous boy, the sister-graces in their loose attire, Aglavia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, bright, blooming, and gay ; and was attended by Youth, that wayward thing without her ; was conducted by Mercury, the god of eloquence, and by Pitho,

the goddess of persuasion ; as all seemed pleasurable and enchanting, my young imagination formed golden scenes, and painted a happiness quite glorious and secure. But how precarious and perishing is what we mortals call felicity ! Love and his mother disappeared very soon, as I have related ; and to them succeeded impetuous passion, intense, raging, terrible, with all the Furies in the train. The masked hero I had married was a Phalaris, a miser, a wretch who had no taste for love, no conception of virtue, no sense of charms ; but to gold would sacrifice every thing that is fair and laudable. *Le Diable a quatre* he shone in as a player, and was the Devil himself in flesh and blood. ‘Where is the rest of your gold ?’ with uplifted arm, was the thundering cry in my ears.”

Here the beautiful Leonora had done, and I wondered very greatly at her relation. Nor was her action in speaking it, and the spirit with which she talked, less surprising. With admiration I beheld her, and was not a little pleased that I had found in my neighbourhood so extraordinary a person, and so very fine an original. Had the reader seen her attitude, her energies, and the faces she made, when she mentioned

her husband, sure I am, it would be thought much more striking than Garrick in Richard, or Shuter in his exhibition of Old Philpot. I was greatly delighted with her, and as she was very agreeable in every thing, I generally went every second day to visit her, while I continued in Richmondshire; but this was not long. I journeyed from thence to pay my respects to Dr. Stanvil and his lady.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shady bowers, and never-fading greens ;
To flowery meads, the vales, and mazy woods,
Some sweet soft seat, adorn'd with springs and floods ;
Where with the Muses I may spend my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays.
With age unknown to pain or sorrow bless'd,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest ;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving turns to ashes whence it came ;
And my freed soul departs without a groan ;
In transport wings her flight to worlds unknown.

FROM Orton Lodge I went to Bassora, to pay my respects to Dr. Stanvil and his charming consort. I was received by them both with the greatest goodness and civility ; but, as before, this lady did not seem to have had any former acquaintance : one might well think, from the part she acted, that she had never seen me till the accident I have related brought me to her husband's house. I did not however even hint

any thing to the contrary; but, turning to the Doctor a little after my arrival, began to ask him some questions.

And as he had an Essay on Fevers in his hand, when I entered the room, I requested to know, “how he accounted for the effects of cantharides, in raising and strengthening a low trembling pulse, and driving the natural heat and efflatus of the blood outward,—in giving relief in delirious ravings, stupors, and loss of reason,—in reducing continual fevers to distinct remissions,—and in cleansing and opening the obstructed glands and lymphatics, so as to bring on the critical sweats, and let loose the saliva and glandular secretions. How does blistering so wonderfully cool and dilute the blood? It seems to me somewhat strange.”

Dr. Stanvil replied, “It is easily accounted for: the Spanish fly, that extremely hot and perfectly caustic insect, is stocked with a subtile, active, and extremely pungent salt, which enters the blood upon the application of the blister, and passes with it through the several glandular strainers and secretory ducts.

“This being evident, it is plain from thence, that the penetrating salts of the fly, that is, the

volatile pungent part of the cantharides, act in the blood by dissolving, attenuating, and rarifying the viscid cohesions of the lymph and serum ; by stimulating the nervous coats of the vessels, throw off their stagnating viscidities, and by cleansing the glands, and forcing out the coagulated serum, restore the circulation and freedom of lymph from the arteries to the veins ; opening, scouring, and cleansing at the same time the expurgatory glands. These active salts penetrate the whole animal machine, become a glandular lymphatic purge, and perform the same thing in all the small straining conveying pipes, that common purgatives effect in the intestines : and as by this means all the sluices and outlets of the glandular secretions are opened, the cantharides must be cooling, diluting, and refrigerating in their effects to the greatest degree, though so very hot, caustic, and pungent in themselves. So wonderfully has the great Creator provided for his creature man, in giving him not only a variety of the most pleasing food, but so fine a medicine, (among a thousand others) as the Spanish fly, to save him from the destroying fever, and restore him to health again. It is not by a discharge of serum, as many imagine,

that a blister relieves, for five times the quantity may be brought off by bleeding, vomiting, or purging; but the benefit is entirely owing to that heating, attenuating, and pungent salt of this fly, (and this fly only,) which the divine power and goodness has made a lymphatic purgative, or glandular cathartic, for the relief of man, in this fatal and tormenting malady. Vast is our obligation to God for all his providential blessings. Great are the wonders that he does for the children of men !”

Here the Doctor dropped off his chair, just as he had pronounced the word men, and in a moment became a lifeless body. His death was occasioned by the blowing up of his stomach, as I found upon opening his body at the request of his lady. When the blood which is confined within the vessels of the human body, is agitated with a due motion, it maintains life; but if there be a stagnation of it in an artery, it makes an aneurism; in a vein, a varix; under the skin, a bruise; in the nose, it may excite an hæmorrhage; in the vessels of the brain, an apoplexy; in the lungs, an hæmoptoe; in the cavity of the thorax, an empyema; and when it perfectly stagnates there, immediate death.

An animal (observe me, reader,) must live so

long as this fluid circulates through the conical pipes in his body, from the lesser base in the centre, the heart, to the greater in the extreme parts; and from the capillary evanescent arteries, by the nascent returning veins, to the heart again; but when this fluid ceases to flow through the incurved canals, and the velocities are no longer in the inverse duplicate ratio of the inflated pipes, then it dies. The animal has done for ever with food and sex; the two great principles which move this world, and produce not only so much honest industry, but so many wars and fightings, such cruel oppressions, and that variety of woes we read of in the tragical history of the world. Even one of them does wonders—*teterima belli causa*. And when united, the force is irresistible.

But, as I was saying, when this fluid ceases to flow, the man has done with passion and appetite. The pope, the warrior, and the maid, are still. The machine is at absolute rest, that is, in perfect insensibility: and the soul of it is removed to the vestibulum or porch of the highest holy place, in a vehicle (says Wollaston, and Burnet of the Charter-house,) as needful to our contact with the material system;—as it must exist with a spiritual body, to be sure, (says the

Rev. Mr. Caleb Fleming, in his Survey of the Search after Souls,) because of its being present with its Saviour, beholding his glory, who is in human form and figure, which requires some similitude in the vehicle, in order to the more easy and familiar society and enjoyment. Or, as the learned Master of Peter-house, Dr. Edmund Law, and Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London, inform us, it remains insensible for ages, till the consummation of all things;—from the dissolution of the body, is stupid, senseless, and dead asleep till the resurrection.

Such was the case of my friend Dr. Stanvil; he dropped down dead at once. A rarefaction in his stomach, by the heat and fermentation of what he had taken the night before at supper, destroyed him. That concave viscus, which is seated in the abdomen below the diaphragm, I mean the stomach, was inflamed; and as the descending trunk of the aorta passes down between it and the spine, that is, between the stomach and back part of the ribs, the inflation and distension of the bowels compressed and constricted the transverse section of the artery aorta, in its descending branch, and by lessening it, impeded the descent of the blood from the heart, and obliged it to ascend in greater quan-

tity than usual to the head. By this means, the parts of the head were distended and stretched with blood, which brought on an apoplexy, and the operation upward being violent, the equilibrium was entirely broken, and the vital tide could flow no more. This I found, on opening the body. Thus fell this gentleman in the 32d year of his age.

Whether the learned Dr. Edmund Law and the great Dr. Sherlock Bishop of London be right in asserting that the human soul sleeps like a bat or a swallow, in some cavern for a period, till the last trumpet sounds; or whether Mr. Fleming has declared the truth, in maintaining that the conscious scheme was the doctrine of Christ and his apostles; this however is certain, that my friend Stanvil is either now present with his Saviour, beholding his glory, in a vehicle resembling the body of our Lord; or he will have eternal life at the resurrection. He was as worthy a man as ever lived; an upright Christian, whose life was one unmixed scene of virtue and charity. Such a man was Dr. John Stanvil. If men of fortune would form their manners on such a model, virtue by degrees would spread through the inferior world, and we should soon be free from superstition and irreligion.

Having mentioned the sleeping and the conscious schemes, I would here examine these opinions, and shew why I cannot think a dead unconscious silence is to be our case till the consummation of the ages; as a happiness so remote would weaken, I believe, the energy and influence of our conceptions and apprehensions, in respect of faith, hope, and expectations. To curb desire, or suffer severely here, for the sake of truth and virtue, and then cease to be, perhaps for ten thousand years to come, or much longer, (for there is not any thing in revelation, or an appearance out of it, that can incline a rational man to think he is near the day of judgment or general resurrection,) this seems to be an obstacle in the progress of the pilgrim: and therefore, why I rather think we step immediately from the dark experiences of this first state, to a blissful consciousness in the regions of day, and by death are fixed in an eternal connexion with the wise, the virtuous, and the holy—this, I say, I would in the next place proceed to treat of, by considering what the scriptures reveal in relation to death, and what is most probable in reason, but that it is necessary to proceed in my story.

When the beautiful Mrs. Stanvil saw that her

husband was really dead, and had paid that decent tribute of tears to his memory which was due to a man who left her in his will all his estates, real and personal, to be by her disposed of as she pleased, she sent for me to her chamber the next morning, and after a long conversation with her, told me, she could now own who she was, and instead of acting any longer by the directions of her head, let me know from her heart, that she had still the same regard for me as when we travelled away together from her father's house in the West, to the North of England ; and if I would stay at Bassora, where I was, but for three months she must be away, she would then return, and her fortune and hand I might command. This I readily consented to, and when the funeral was over she departed. For the time agreed on I continued in the house, and to a day she was punctual in her return. We were married the week after, and I was even happier than I had ever been before, which must amount to a felicity inconceivably great indeed. Six months we resided at her seat, and then thought it best to pay a visit to my father in Ireland. We arrived at Bagatrough Castle in the western extremity of that island, in the spring of the year 1735, and were most kindly received.

I found my father in a dying state ; his anger against me was appeased, and he greatly rejoiced at my coming, though he was scarcely able to speak. I related to him my surprising adventures, in which the old gentleman felt great interest.

CHAPTER XXV.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.

SOON after my arrival at Bagatrogth Castle, my father's seat on Mall-Bay, on the coast of Galway in Ireland, the old gentleman died; and as, in a passion, he had irrevocably settled the greatest part of his large estate on a near relation of mine, and had it not in his power to leave me more than a hundred a year, a little ready money, and a small ship, which lay before his door in the Bay, he descended to the grave in great trouble, with many tears. Like old Isaac over Esau, he wept bitterly, and wished, in vain, that it was in his power to undo what he had done.

As soon as my father was buried, I returned to England with my wife, in the little vessel, now my own, which lay in the Bay; and immediately after landing, and laying up my ship in a safe place, we went to Bassora again, and there lived for

one year as happy as two mortals could be. But in the beginning of the year 1736, she died of the small-pox; and, to divert my mind, it came into my head to go to sea, and make some voyages in my own little ship, which was an excellent one for strength and sailing, though but a sloop of twenty-five tons. I went captain myself, and had an ingenious young gentleman, one Jackman, for my mate, who had been in the East Indies several times, six good hands, and two cabin-boys. Every thing necessary, convenient, and fit, books, mathematical instruments, &c. we took on board; and weighed anchor the 5th of July, 1736.

We went on shore at the Canary Islands, the Cape de Verd Islands, and other places. We passed the Sun in 15 degrees North latitude, and from that time standing South, crossed the Line; the heats intolerable, and the musquitoes and bugs insufferable. We soon lost sight of the Northern star, and had the Crosiers and Magellan clouds in view. In three months time we anchored at St. Catherine's on the coast of Brazil. The 2nd of December we saw the Straits Le Maire, that run betwixt Terra del Fuego and Staten, and are the boundary between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; but, instead of venturing into them, and hazarding our lives among the

impetuous blasts and waves which sweep round Cape Horn, (as Admiral Anson did the 7th of March 1741, two months too late, by the fault of the ministry, in his way to the South Seas,) we kept out at sea to the East of Staten-land, and ran to the latitude 64, before we stood to the Westward. The weather was fine, as it was then the height of summer, to wit, in December and January. All the occurrences in this course, the discovery we made in the latitude above mentioned of an inhabited island governed by a young Queen, and what appeared and happened there, and in our run from thence to Borneo and Asia, round the globe; and from China to Europe, on our return home; with the events we afterwards met with, and the observations I made in other places,—the reader will find in a book called “The Voyages and Travels of Dr. Lorimer.”

Nine years of my life were spent in travelling and sailing about; and at last I returned to rest and reflect, and in rational amusements pass away the remainder of my time on this planet.

Dr. Cheyne calls it a ruined planet, in his wild posthumous book—a notion he had from the pious but enthusiastic Law; but from what I have seen on three continents, and in traversing the

ocean round the globe, from West to East, and from the Southern latitude 64 to 66 North, I consider the earth a planet in reality so divinely made and perfect, that one can never sufficiently adore and praise an infinitely wise God for such a piece of his handywork. A world so wisely contrived, so accurately made, as to demonstrate the Creator's being and attributes, should cause every rational mortal to acknowledge, and fear, and obey so great and tremendous a Being.

I now desired a little country-house where I might rest from my labours, and easily know what was doing in this hemisphere; and purchased a retirement near the capital—a spot surrounded with woods and streams, plants and flowers, and over which a silence hovers that gives a relish to still life, and renders it a contrast to the busy, bustling, envious crowds of men.

Here I sat down at last, and have lived as happily ever since as mortal can do, having done with hopes and fears for ever.

“Here grant me, Heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And pass what's left of life in studious ease;
Here court the Muses, whilst the sun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky;
Soon as Aurora from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,

Reclined in silence on a mossy bed,
Consult the learned volumes of the dead ;
Fallen realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew ;
Oft from the bursting tombs, in fancy raise
The sons of Fame, who lived in ancient days ;
Oft listen till the raptured soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Or when the Night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale Moon begins her solemn round ;
When Night has drawn her curtains o'er the plain,
And silence re-assumes her awful reign ;
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant orbs that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray,
Oblique, direct, along the aërial way :
Fountains of day ! stupendous orbs of light !
Which by their distance lessen to the sight :
And if the glass you use, to improve your eyes,
Millions beyond the former millions rise.
For no end were they made ? or, but to blaze
Through empty space, and useless spend their rays ?
Or ought we not with reason to reply,
Each lucid point which glows in yonder sky,
Informs a system in the boundless space,
And fills with glory its appointed place :
With beams, unborrow'd, brightens other skies,
And worlds, to the unknown, with heat and life
supplies ?

But chiefly, O my soul, apply to loftier themes,
The opening heavens, and angels robed with flames ;
Read in the sacred leaves how time began,
And the dust moved, and quicken'd into man ;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove ;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God ;
Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven.

Thus lonely, thoughtful may I run the race
Of transient life, in no unuseful ease :
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day ;
Of right observant, while my soul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends :
Can welcome death with Faith's expecting eye,
And mind no pangs, since Hope stands smiling by ;
Nor studious how to make a longer stay,
Views heavenly plains and realms of brighter day ;
Shakes off her load, and wing'd with ardent love,
Spurns at the earth, and springs her flight above,
Soaring through air to realms where angels dwell,
Pities the shrieking friends, and leaves the lessening
bell."

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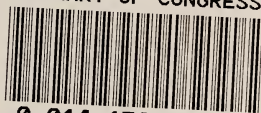
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