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William Pitt Scargill**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK RANK AND TALENT; A NOVEL, VOL. 2 (OF 3) ***

RANK AND TALENT;

A NOVEL.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "TRUCKLEBOROUGH-HALL."

When once he's made a Lord,
Who'll be so saucy as to think he can
Be impotent in wisdom? Cook

Why, Sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the mere passage of an history; yet there are a sort of discontented creatures, that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base malicious appliment.

MARSTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

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RANK AND TALENT.

CHAPTER I.

"Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this!"

SHAKSPEARE.

The season commenced in London much as usual. New faces were prepared, and old ones repaired, for exhibition. All the world was weary of the country; the ocean was monotonous; and the game all killed. Equipages came in one after another. Saloons were lighted up; and every successive night the noise of wheels and brilliancy of town-mansions increased. Cards were handed about; and in the distribution our queer friend, old John Martindale, was not forgotten. Many a saucy, lace-bedizened lacquey sneered at the humble-looking residence of a man whom nobility of the first rank condescended to notice. The report was quickly spread abroad, that old Mr. Martindale had discovered a daughter of the days of his imprudence. Many romantic tales were told of the discovery; and many a wonder-exciting paragraph was inserted in the newspapers, but nobody knew their authors. Brigland may be a famous place for gossip, but London is infamous. Country-made lies and wonders are nothing to be compared with those manufactured, swallowed, printed, and circulated in London.

Old Mr. Martindale was overwhelmed with astonishment at the numbers who paid their respects and congratulations personally. He had not read the paragraphs in the newspapers. He had not heard that all the world was talking of Signora Rivolta as the finest woman living, and of Clara as the brightest jewel of a beauty. He did not know that Colonel Rivolta was supposed to have been in the confidence of Napoleon Bonaparte, and to be intimately acquainted with the secret history of most of the courts of Europe. All these reports brought together a multitude of curious and inquiring geniuses to pay their respects to Mr. Martindale, who was ungrateful enough to call them a set of simpletons for their pains. In the course of one week, Mr. Martindale and his family received invitations to upwards of twenty parties of one kind or another. The old gentleman himself could not tolerate any species of visit except a snug quiet dinner-party. He resolved, however, in order to gratify his daughter by the exhibition of what might be to her a curiosity, to take her to some evening-party. With this view he looked over the cards of invitation, in order to select one which might be the least intolerable. The inviters would not have been much flattered had they heard the old gentleman's comments on their respective characters, and on the characters of their parties. He took up the cards one after another, and looked them all over, giving a cynical sneer as he surveyed them, and talking rather to himself than to his daughter, who did not know the parties, he muttered:

"Lady B. is a great simpleton. I wonder how she contrives to fill her rooms. Shan't let my daughter be seen in such company. Countess of C.! Never saw such a vulgar woman. Talks one to death; asks the same question ten times. Lady D.—I don't like Lady D. Very impertinent woman: only invites my family to make a show of them. She'll stare poor little Clara quite out of countenance. Stay, stop, Sampson, Sampson! Oh, let me see! the soap-boiler; ay, he is a quiet sensible man; gives a good dinner now and then: great fool though to be knighted; but that was his wife's doing."

This grumbling, muttering soliloquy was carried to a much greater length than we have thought it necessary to relate; and it at length terminated in the resolution that, passing by the parties of those of higher rank, he would take his family to be amused at the expense of Sir Gilbert Sampson, and his over-decorated daughter. Philip Martindale was, of course, ordered to attend them. It would have better suited his inclinations had his unaccountable cousin fixed upon some one of higher rank; but as it might yet be convenient for the honorable gentleman to use the earnings of Sir Gilbert Sampson for the liquidation of claims on the Martindale estate, he yielded with a tolerably good grace. In good truth he could not help himself; his rank must be supported by some means or other, and at present he had not any other than the liberality, such as it was, of old John Martindale. That ingenious old gentleman was cunning enough to know that the best mode of insuring gratitude is to engage it prospectively: for he had lived long enough in the world to see that men are more thankful for favors that are to be, than for those that have been. He therefore kept his cousin in a state of humble dependence by keeping him in a state of

expectation. He knew that he had him thoroughly in his power when the offer of Brigland Abbey was accepted, and when the young gentleman relinquished his legal studies, and took to living like a lord. When, however, a new interest and a new set of favorites sprung up in the family of Colonel Rivolta, the old gentleman cared less for his honorable cousin, and very readily accepted his resignation of the great house. But the very acceptance of the Abbey in the first instance, and the habits which it had created destroyed all means and power of independence on the part of Philip, and he was thus left at the mercy of his feeders for the time being. He was, therefore, under an unavoidable necessity of complying with the invitation.

A great, large, noisy, tumultuous, promiscuous, crowding, crushing, perfumed, feathered, flowered, painted, gabbling, sneering, idle, gossiping, rest-breaking, horse-killing, pannel-breaking, supper-scrambling evening-party is much better imagined than described, for the description is not worth the time of writing or reading it. It was very presumptuous of Sir Gilbert Sampson thus to ape his betters. Pity it is that no sumptuary laws are passed in this legislating age to prevent all persons of inferior rank from imitating so closely the manners of the higher orders. It should be ordained that all those who can remember by what means and at what time their wealth was acquired should be considered as people of yesterday, and be prohibited from having any party beyond a certain number. We do not, however, assert that the soap-boiler's evening-party was extraordinarily large, or at all equalling some parties which are collected at the mansions of higher people; but it was as large as it possibly could be, and Miss Sampson had contrived to send out the invitations, so that the number of carriages was great in proportion to the party.

Miss Sampson among the splendid was the most splendid; and had there been no looking-glasses in the rooms for the good people to enjoy the sight of their own dear selves, her splendor would have fixed the gaze of every eye in the apartments. Miss Sampson addressed Colonel Rivolta in Italian; but the Colonel, either from politeness or because he could not understand her, requested permission to use the language of the country in which he was residing; for it was his opinion that it was most suitable that the Italians should speak English in England, and that the English should speak Italian in Italy. Miss Sampson was going to say that the Italian language was as familiar to her as the English, but she thought that was going too far. Signora Rivolta was much astonished at the magnificence of the house, and at the number and decorations of the guests. Fancying that she must be in an assemblage of English nobility of the highest rank, and wishing to be familiar with their names, she interrogated Miss Sampson, who was disposed to be very communicative, as to the names, rank, title and honors of several individuals to whom she directed Miss Sampson's attention. Some of these Miss Sampson did not know, and therefore could not tell their names; and unfortunately some of them she did know, and therefore would not tell their names; lest being urged to be more descriptive and particular, she should betray to the Signora that her visitors were not all of them persons of rank. It is very true, and we are ashamed almost to acknowledge the truth, that there are to be found most serious manifestations and displays of the pride of rank even among those who have no rank to be proud of. And Miss Sampson was more pleased with her *papa's* knighthood, the only thing that made him ridiculous, than with his commercial success and his own natural good sense and good understanding. But still Miss Sampson was a good-humored, kind-hearted creature: this Signora Rivolta soon discerned; but she did also as soon discern that the young lady was a simpleton. Had the Signora required farther corroboration of her suspicions, that corroboration was abundantly given when the Hon. Philip, after lounging about from one drawing-room to another, and vainly looking for some one to whom he might vouchsafe the patronage and condescension of his honorable notice, presented himself to Miss Sampson. With a most pompous obsequiousness, if our readers know what that means, did the young lady receive the notice of and enter into conversation with the honorable gentleman. She repeated his name in every sentence she uttered, and talked very long and very loudly of Lord and Lady Martindale.

Signora Rivolta, to whom a crowded party was a novelty and a matter of curiosity, employed herself in observing the individuals that composed it; and it puzzled her much to divine the purpose for which they were assembled. And as Miss Sampson was talking very earnestly and attentively to Mr. Philip Martindale, the Signora left her, and went in search of old Mr. Martindale, whom she found very much out of humor at being out of breath in walking about in a few crowded rooms among a set of people of whom he knew nothing. Poor little Clara was quite as tired, and was very much disgusted at the rude manner in which some great boys had stared at her. The carriage, however, had been ordered at a certain hour, and it was absolutely necessary that the party should remain till that hour, and support their troubles as well as they could.

While Mr. Philip Martindale and Miss Sampson were sitting on the same sofa, and Miss Sampson was waving her plumes and showing her teeth, and laughing aloud at Mr. Philip's wit, there were standing near the same sofa two young gentlemen, in very fashionable attire, who seemed to be on very good terms with themselves and with each other. They also took the liberty of talking wittily and laughing loudly. Thereat Mr. Philip felt himself rather annoyed, and hinted his dislike by most awful frowns and withering looks. But his frowns were not dreaded, and his looks were not interpreted as he had designed them. He therefore took the liberty of muttering, almost aloud, a short sentence in which the word "puppy" was clearly audible, accompanying that word with a look of interpretation towards one of the young gentlemen, so that there could be no mistake as to its intended application. This led to some angry words between the parties, at which Miss Sampson would have gone into hysterics, but she did not know how, and the supper-hour was very near at hand, and she was particularly desirous of seeing how well the

arrangements had been made. It therefore suited her better to retire from the scene of contest, which she did, but not without casting a look of disapprobation on the young gentleman who was in angry talk with Philip Martindale. In spite of this look, cards were exchanged. The Hon. Philip Martindale scowled at his adversary's card without reading it, and put it hastily into his pocket. The name was printed in the old English character called black letter, and was not very legible; and the place of abode was so diminutively done, that it also was not very distinct. Mr. Martindale's name was on such a large space, and in such a small letter, that the agitated young gentleman did not distinctly apprehend it. The parties therefore were mutually pledged to unknown antagonists. This is a matter in which also the legislature should interfere. People talk about the voluminous nature of our statute-books, forsooth. Nonsense! they are not half large or numerous enough. There is room and necessity for hundreds and thousands of new laws. And if duelling cannot be prevented, it might at least be regulated, and a shooting-license regularly taken out every year; and the licenses only granted to persons of a certain rank, and property, and age. Say, for instance, that none under fifteen years shall be allowed a license; that livery servants, apprentices, clerks in counting-houses, coach and waggon offices, hairdressers, and tailors who use the thimble in person, should be considered as unqualified persons. This would render duelling more select and respectable. But let that pass.

The supper was very splendid and costly. Mr. Philip was at a distance from Miss Sampson, but not so far as not to see that her eyes were anxiously looking round and about the room as if in search of some individual. He thought it must be only himself, but he was wrong; for when he had caught the lady's attention, and smiles had been exchanged, the anxiously inquiring look of Miss Sampson was repeated, and Mr. Philip's curiosity was excited but not gratified. He also looked about to catch a sight of the young gentleman who, by an exchange of cards, had dared him to mortal combat. This young gentleman he could not see. He therefore conjectured that the absent challenger was the person for whom Miss Sampson was so eagerly looking. His next suspicion was, that the young lady, in the fulness of her humanity and kind consideration, was desirous of interposing, with her high authority, to prevent bloodshed. With this suspected humanity he was not well pleased; and he determined to take an opportunity of expostulating with the young lady on the absurdity of her intentions, if he should detect and ascertain that such were her intentions. But while this thought was in his mind, the carriage of old John Martindale was at the door, and the old gentleman was arbitrary and would not wait, or suffer any of his party to keep his horses in the cold. That was very considerate of the old gentleman. Dr. Kitchener, of facetious memory, was very much indebted to old John Martindale for many valuable hints on the subject of carriages and horses.

Poor Philip Martindale was therefore under the necessity of leaving the party before he could have an opportunity of speaking to Miss Sampson. This young lady, however, was more considerate than he had imagined her to be; for she had indeed been anxious to prevent a duel taking place; but her anxiety was not on the ground of anticipated bloodshed, nor was it merely to save the wounds of the body, but to prevent those of the mind or spirit. She had not the slightest doubt that Mr. Philip Martindale would be extremely happy to receive a pistol-ball between any two of his ribs; but knowing the young gentleman's fastidious notions and feelings as concerns the subject of rank and dignity, she thought that he would not properly enjoy the pleasure of being shot, should he know that the kind friend to whom he was indebted for that luxury was a young gentleman of the city, whose usual occupation was casting accounts and making entries in a little dark counting-house in the vicinity of the East India House.

As Mr. Martindale's carriage seldom moved at a much more rapid rate than a hackney-coach, the party within had an opportunity of hearing themselves speak. And very much was Mr. Philip entertained at hearing the original and curious remarks which Signora Rivolta made on the party which they were just leaving. So humorous, and withal so good-naturedly satirical, were her observations, that Philip was quite delighted with them. The subject was renewed when they had alighted from the carriage, and entered the house, insomuch that the young gentleman retired to bed and to sleep, absolutely forgetful of the dreadful quarrel which had taken place at Sir Gilbert Sampson's.

CHAPTER II.

"How grateful does this scene appear
To us, who might too justly fear,
We never should have seen again
Aught bright but armour on the plain."

HALIFAX.

The Hon. Philip Martindale, as we have said, went to bed and to sleep, forgetful of the fact of having exchanged cards with a fierce-looking dandy at the house of Sir Gilbert Sampson. The awful truth, however, was brought to his memory the following morning while he was sitting at breakfast. A messenger came, requiring the ear of the Hon. Philip Martindale immediately on very important business. The young gentleman paid ready attention to the messenger who brought a very polite message from one of the police-offices, stating that the magistrate requested Mr. Philip's attendance at the office as soon as possible. The message being urgent as well as polite, Mr. Philip went with the messenger. The magistrate very politely received the

young gentleman in his private room. After a suitable preface of grave looks and wise truisms, the worthy magistrate very gravely said to Mr. Philip:

"I am sorry, sir, that I am placed under the disagreeable necessity of binding you over to keep the peace towards Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe."

With the most unaffected astonishment the young gentleman stared and started at the charge, and most seriously and sincerely did he disavow all malice against or even any knowledge of the person of Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe. His memory, however, was presently refreshed by the well-informed magistrate; and when he was questioned about the exchange of cards with a young gentleman at a party on the preceding evening, he forthwith drew from his pocket-book a very economical piece of card whereon, its edges having been previously or subsequently gilded, was engraved in good broad old English characters, *Mr. Isaac Solomons*; and in a snug sly corner, very small neatly-engraved character, was *St. Mary Axe*. This was proof positive. There was no denying or evading the fact, that he had received this card with the intention of making an arrangement for a duel with its owner. Now, had all the duelling-pistols in England been loaded, primed, cocked, and pointed to the person of the Hon. Philip Martindale, ready to be discharged into the head, heart, or any other vital part of the said honorable gentleman, he could not have felt more completely horrified than he did, at being detected with a card of Mr. Isaac Solomons, of St. Mary Axe. In a moment the thought rushed into his mind, that all the morning and daily evening papers would be employed in communicating to the world an affair of honor between the Hon. Philip Martindale and Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe. This was really mortifying, after the great pains which Mr. Philip had taken to keep up his dignity, and to support the glory and honor of his rank. It availed nothing that he had kept at a lordly distance the former companions of his legal studies, and that he had laid bets with dukes and lost money to black-legs: there was no pleasure to be enjoyed from these delightful reflections, so long as it was now likely to be proclaimed to all the world that the Hon. Philip Martindale had an affair of honor with Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe.

All these sorrows arose from the Hon. Philip Martindale having mistaken his own peculiar talents and capacities. Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, was the son of Mr. Isaac Solomons, senior. The old gentleman was one of those persons who did not think the affairs of the Hon. Philip Martindale sufficiently promising to accommodate him with a loan. The young gentleman had frequently met Mr. Philip at Epsom, Newmarket, and other places, where noblemen and gentlemen make large bets to keep up their own dignity, and to improve the breed of English horses. Mr. Philip, finding that persons of high rank gave countenance to these sports, thought of course that it was his business also to take part in the same; but being at the same time of very aristocratic feelings, he wished to keep inferior people at a distance: this, however, he could not always well effect. He found himself incompetent to the task of sustaining, with due propriety, the double character of blackguard and gentleman. Some have succeeded very well in this attempt, but Philip Martindale had not a sufficient stock of impudence for the purpose: he was, therefore, exposed frequently to mortifications, which seriously annoyed him. The person of Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, he remembered very well; but who or what he was, Mr. Philip did not know: he merely took him for a gentleman. Sufficiently mortified, therefore, was he by this development.

Patiently in appearance, but most impatiently and pettingly in spirit, did Mr. Philip undergo the good advice which the worthy magistrate was pleased to administer gratuitously and copiously. Much did he hear of the follies of youth, and of the dignity of his high rank, and the high character of Lord Martindale. There is, however, one pleasure in matters of advice given to such young gentlemen as Philip Martindale—there is the pleasure of hearing the last of it. But he was not certain when, if ever, he should hear the last of his affair of honor with Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe; for he soon found after his interview with the worthy magistrate, that the private hearing and all the particulars, and even more than all, had been given to the public. It is really a shame that, when people of rank make fools of themselves, they should be exposed.

It is not to be imagined that so observant a personage as old John Martindale should take no notice, and learn no intelligence, on the subject of Mr. Philip's interview with the worthy police magistrate. Had there been no other means of his ascertaining the fact, he was copiously supplied with all needful information by the active and intelligent Sir Andrew Featherstone, who had been of the party at Sir Gilbert Sampson's the preceding evening. Sir Andrew and Mr. John Martindale were in close conversation when Philip returned from the police-office. Sir Andrew, immediately on the appearance of the Hon. Philip Martindale, cordially congratulated the young gentleman on the escape which he had fortunately had from the duel, which seemed so imminently to threaten him. Philip did not receive the congratulations with a good grace, and endeavoured to affect not to understand what Sir Andrew alluded to; but old John Martindale, who was rather angry that Mr. Philip should have so exposed himself, very pettishly exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what, young gentleman, you may affect as much ignorance as you please, but the fact is, you have been making an arrant fool of yourself. If you had as great regard for a really good name as you pretend to have for what you call honor, you would not suffer yourself to be subject to such insults. An insignificant puppy like that, which you were quarrelling with last night, is absolutely incompetent to insult a man of real honor. You must have let yourself down most pitifully before he could have dared to offer an exchange of cards. I am ashamed of you. I hope Lord Martindale will not hear of your folly."

Philip frowned and looked big, and was preparing to make something of a reply; but poor Sir Andrew, who had been the informant who had excited this ebullition of wrath in the old

gentleman's bosom, feeling himself a little annoyed at being witness of this lecture-like harangue, endeavoured to turn off the affair humorously.

"Well, well, my good friend, don't be angry. It is all very fortunate that things are no worse. If young gentlemen like a little fighting, why should they not enjoy themselves. You ought to be happy that your cousin has preserved his honor and shown himself a man of spirit, and come off with a whole skin. I remember the time when I would have given half my estate to have the credit of readiness to fight a duel without frightening myself by an actual conflict in the field of honor." Then addressing himself to Philip, he continued: "You were terribly frightened last night, I suppose. Could you sleep at all? I should like to know how a man feels when he expects to be called out. Is Mr. Isaac Solomons a good shot? But it would have been mortifying to be shot by a little Jew-boy—would it not, Philip?"

"Upon my word, Sir Andrew," replied the mortified young gentleman, "you presume very much upon our good acquaintance. I am very sorry that I have not the liberty at present of letting you know what it is to feel expecting to be called out. Suppose, when I am at liberty, I should ask you for satisfaction."

"Upon my word, Mr. Philip," replied Sir Andrew, "I would not give you satisfaction. I am very nervous—I cannot bear to be frightened. Besides, it spoils one's digestion to be in fear."

"Pshaw, nonsense!" interrupted Mr. John Martindale; "these matters are not to be made a joke of. It is serious to have one's name so exposed and made a public talk for the very rabble."

Old Mr. Martindale was manifestly quite out of humor, and young Philip Martindale was quite out of spirits. He had experienced the interference of his opulent relative in the government of his establishment and in the employment of his time, but he had never before heard him speak with such decided and authoritative harshness; and he attributed this to a suspicion which the old gentleman might entertain, that there had been, on the part of his dependent, other violations of propriety and decorum than the present. Sir Andrew Featherstone felt uncomfortable at the aspect of affairs, and speedily took his leave; but not without beseeching his young friend not to carry his feeling of honor so far as to cross the channel to settle the dispute.

When the impertinent baronet had departed, Mr. John Martindale renewed and repeated his disapprobation of his relative's conduct; and poor Philip had to undergo, without any alloy or abatement, a long and tedious lecture on the conduct which a young man of high rank ought to pursue. It was not very gratifying to him to find, that in no one instance he had acted as he ought. This, however, arose from his own unfortunate ignorance. He thought that he acted very much like a man of rank when he dropped all intimacy with the middling class of persons whom his legal studies had brought him acquainted with; he thought that he acted like a man of high rank when he patronised the ring by his presence, and supported it by his purse; he thought that he acted like a man of high rank when he attempted to improve the breed of English horses by playing at the hazard-table at Newmarket; he thought that he acted like a man of high rank when he encumbered and anticipated his revenue by the kind assistance of the Jewish people; he thought he acted like a man of high rank when, being very angry with Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe, he exchanged cards with the young gentleman, and designed to give him satisfaction by blowing out his brains; for if a man is not satisfied when his brains are blown out, he is never likely to be satisfied at all: he thought he had also acted like a man of high rank by taking a seat in parliament, and never attending to his business there except when his feeders whistled to him to come and vote. In all this, however, it seems that he erred. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that he did not feel very great satisfaction in his own conduct. He felt that he was not respectable. He had no real enjoyment in his follies; but he thought that if his means were increased, he should be more happy, and he now began to suspect more seriously than ever that he was suffering all the annoyance of dependence without any great hopes of reaping much ultimate advantage from it.

Left to himself, the thoughts of his dependent and equivocal situation rushed painfully and perplexingly into his mind. He saw no immediate prospect of extrication from his difficulties, except it should be in an advantageous marriage. Whatever ultimate advantage might result from marrying Clara Rivolta, it was very obvious that no immediate benefit would be derived from it. He would be thus rendering himself more than ever dependent on the caprice of his wealthy relative; and he did not much approve or admire the style of Signora Rivolta, whose notions of dignity differed much from his, and who possessed a very obvious and powerful influence over the mind of her father. Nothing appeared to promise him any effective liberation from his perplexities but a marriage with Miss Sampson. This, however, he could not contemplate with perfect satisfaction, and it began to be even less tolerable than it had formerly appeared. The more he knew of Miss Sampson, the more proofs did he find of her weakness and frivolity; and from the specimen which he had seen at the evening-party, he concluded that their city connexions were more numerous and less select than he had before imagined. Then again he recollected how sneeringly and contemptuously he had accustomed himself to speak and to think of vulgar people. For when Mr. John Martindale had offered him a residence at Brigland Abbey, and had, in making that offer, used such language as intimated his intention of constituting Mr. Philip his heir, the young gentleman began to swell and expand with very lofty thoughts, and to plume himself greatly on his rank, and to anticipate the embellishment and perhaps increase of his rank by means of an ample fortune. Gradually however these high thoughts abated, and the mortifications of dependence on a capricious old humorist became more sensible and annoying. And when the discovery of a daughter and her family had diverted the mind and thoughts of his

opulent relative into another channel, then indeed did he most seriously tremble for his own fate.

From the painful thoughts into which these circumstances plunged him, he was roused by a message from his father, Lord Martindale, expressing a wish to see him immediately. The summons was immediately obeyed; and how great was his astonishment and concern at finding his lordship in his chamber with all the apparatus of sickness about him, and bearing on his countenance manifest symptoms of serious illness. Philip expressed and really felt great concern at these appearances, and began to reproach himself that he had neglected for several days past to call on his father and family. Lord Martindale desired him not to reproach himself on that head, for he felt assured that his son was not wanting in filial affection and regard for him. His lordship's voice was very feeble, but he exerted himself to say:

"I have sent for you, Philip, to explain some matters to you which might otherwise give you serious concern, should you not know them till my decease should reveal them."

Philip was about to speak, but Lord Martindale requested him to forbear, and proceeded:

"I am not sure that the illness under which I am now labouring will terminate fatally; but I have my apprehensions, and it is best to be prepared. The business on which I wish to speak to you, Philip, is the disposal of that part of my property which is in my own power to dispose of. The entailed estate must of course descend to you; and it might perhaps be supposed, as this estate is small compared with the income which I have spent, that I should bequeath you something more. My inclination would lead me to do so, but it is not in my power. I have lived for a long time on my capital, and that I am concerned to say is so much reduced, that instead of leaving you any thing in addition to the entailed estate, I must make it my request that you will as far as lies in your power assist your younger brothers. There is a living for Robert, but you must support him at the university; and as you have relinquished the profession, you must assist in preparing Henry for the bar. I know not what are the intentions of my cousin, John Martindale, and perhaps he hardly knows himself. This recent discovery of his daughter may and of course will make a serious alteration in the disposal of his property. I regret very much that you ever complied with his offer of the Abbey; I regret also that I ever accepted the offer of rank. These regrets, however, are of no avail. We must make the best of present circumstances. I see no probability of any other resource for you than an advantageous marriage or a place. The rank to which we are advanced must be supported by some means or other."

His lordship ceased. Philip was too much and too deeply interested to interrupt him till he finished; and then he uttered very earnest and sincere wishes for his father's recovery, and also he avowed that, whatever might be in his power, he would willingly do for his younger brothers. Seriously, however, he was affected at the prospect which was now before him; for by a little confused mental reckoning, he made it out that nearly the whole proceeds of the entailed estate were necessary for the payment of the encumbrances. Selfish or ungenerous the young man certainly was not—his only wish was to keep up his dignity, and get rid of the encumbrances with which he had embarrassed himself. He made to his father every protestation that under circumstances were necessary or requisite.

When, after a little farther talk on the subject, Lord Martindale seemed revived, Philip expressed his readiness to accept of and to perform the duties of any station or place that might be assigned him; but the difficulty with him was how such place was to be procured. Mr. Martindale the elder had, it is true, some borough influence, but not enough to command any thing great.

"Perhaps," said Philip, "it may be best to insure a fortune by a marriage which may easily be made. I allude to the daughter of Sir Gilbert Sampson."

Lord Martindale looked thoughtful, and was silent for a minute or two, and then said:

"It would have been more agreeable could you have formed an union with a lady of better family; but under present circumstances, I fear that if you have no insuperable objections, it will be advisable to submit to this arrangement. Sir Gilbert Sampson is a very respectable and intelligent man. I know nothing against him, but the unpleasant circumstance of his city origin."

This also was the only objection that Mr. Philip knew. His wealth was undoubted, and his affection for his child such as that his whole wealth would ultimately be hers. How much immediately would devolve upon her was uncertain. Philip would have had a little more confidence in proposing and in speaking of the subject of dowry, had he possessed some tangible rent-roll to exhibit on his own side; but the idea of carrying his nobility to market rather pained and mortified him. He would have confided to the liberality of Sir Gilbert; but the fact was, that he could not afford to confide to any one's liberality. Such also he knew to be Sir Gilbert's disposition, that desirous as the worthy citizen might be to purchase nobility for his child, he would not suffer the earnings of his industry to be made the means of liberating any nobleman's estate from the claims of the money-lenders.

CHAPTER III.

"Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,

From the state in which Philip found Lord Martindale, it seemed very clear that anxiety of mind had the greatest share in producing his illness. That father and son should both have been living beyond their means, in order to keep up their dignity, was indeed a painful consideration; but more especially was it painful to the young gentleman, who now very strongly felt the difference between real and nominal independence. When his father was a commoner, and he himself was pursuing the studies of a profession, he thought that it would be a very fine thing to be heir to a title, and to live independent of the world. And when that long-desired and long-sought-for honor became his father's portion, then did the pride of rank take possession of the young gentleman's soul; and though the necessity for occupation was greater, the inclination to it was less. It might be tolerable for the younger sons to pursue a profession, but the heir was above it. When also the opulent patronage of Mr. John Martindale was added to the other stimulants to grandeur of feeling; and when the Hon. Philip Martindale found himself heir to a title, and probable heir to a very splendid mansion and an ample fortune, the folly of pride began to shoot forth with rank luxuriance, and the young man behaved with the greater absurdity. Very soon, however, as we have seen, did he feel the inconveniences and perplexities of his situation; and every day those inconveniences and perplexities grew more troublesome and annoying. And when old Mr. Martindale found his daughter and her family, and when he had opened his eyes to the folly of his cousin, then was the young man in a state of real and severe distress. The title also to which he once looked forward with the greatest complacency and satisfaction, now threatened to devolve upon him at a moment when it would be rather an inconvenience and an encumbrance than any very high gratification.

Watching therefore with great anxiety the progress of his father's illness, and finding that no very immediate change was likely to take place, he at last determined most heroically to lead to the altar the daughter of the retired soap-boiler. Let no one cavil at our phraseology, when we say that the determination was most heroic. It was a sacrifice of very strong feeling on the part of Philip Martindale; nothing but absolute necessity could have driven him to it.

To narrate the progress of a courtship in which one party was urged by pecuniary necessity, and the other by vanity aspiring after a title, would be somewhat difficult and tedious. Suffice it to say, that the offer was accepted quite as readily as Mr. Philip could wish, perhaps, indeed, something more so. The bride elect did not mightily recommend herself by the manner in which the offer was accepted; and during the short period which interfered between the acceptance of the offer and the celebration of the marriage, the young lady was so much intoxicated with the anticipation of the approaching honor, that, to use a very coarse though expressive phrase, she made herself quite ridiculous. Philip was mortified deeply at the prospect which now threatened him; but there was no possibility of escape. From some of Miss Sampson's language, it appeared that she was not altogether ignorant of the claims which the Jewish people had on the Hon. Philip Martindale; and by the young lady's mode of expressing herself, it appeared that she was indebted for a knowledge of that fact to the communicative tongue of Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe. Here then was an additional and increasing mortification. To retract was impossible, and indeed in one sense undesirable. With heavy heart the courtship, if such it might be called, proceeded; and if the honorable gentleman had entertained any fears that his more fashionable friends would look coolly on him in consequence of his convenient match with opulence from the city, he soon perceived that the place of former acquaintants would be amply and copiously supplied by recruits from the east. Miss Sampson was too proud of her humble servant, her gallant knight, her sentimental swain, to lose any opportunity of introducing him to those of her friends or distant relatives, in whose eyes she was desirous of shining with a splendor that should eclipse them all. Miserable was the mortification which the Hon. Philip Martindale endured, when he was compelled to sit down at Sir Gilbert's table with Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe; and when, at the kind and good-humored peace-making solicitations of Celestina, he was under the unavoidable necessity of shaking hands with that gallant gentleman. Philip Martindale was not partial to perfumery, but he was forced to see and to smell Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson till he was quite tired of the creature. This perfumed gentleman was indeed very gentle and courteous: he would never act as Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe. He was particularly cautious of giving offence voluntarily; but involuntarily he gave much offence, yet not such as is the custom to resent by a challenge to mortal combat. He was offensive by means of his perfumery, and affectation, and servility, and over-officiousness. But notwithstanding all this, Miss Sampson would persist in calling him a "nice man." So convinced was Miss Sampson of this truth, that she would frequently appeal to Mr. Philip for his judgment, and ask him if he did not really think Mr. Tippetson was a "nice young man." There were many other nice men and nice women to whom Miss Sampson did contrive to introduce to her destined spouse. Being in violent good-humor and high spirits; her weakness of mind and natural folly were rendered more decidedly conspicuous; while, on the other hand, Philip being in low spirits was more observant of, and more annoyed by, these petty vexations. Philip never entertained a very high opinion of Miss Sampson, though he did not think her to be an absolute simpleton; but his opinion of the agreeableness of her manners and the soundness of her understanding, considerably abated on the formation of that acquaintance with her which was destined to lead to matrimony.

We have hinted at the awkwardness which Mr. Philip felt on the subject of the marriage-settlement; very happily however for him, Sir Gilbert Sampson was very prompt and liberal on the occasion. Not suspecting the use to which the money was devoted, he was liberal even to

Philip's most sanguine expectations. Sir Gilbert, though a man of ambition, and though pleased with the title to which his daughter would be advanced, was not weak enough to suppose that Philip Martindale or any other person of rank would marry the daughter for any other than substantial reasons. He was well satisfied that Philip must be in want of money, and therefore, with a very proper and becoming spirit, paid handsomely for the honor to which Miss Sampson was advanced. This event naturally put Mr. Philip into better spirits; and though he had at first been somewhat desirous of postponing the marriage till the season was nearly over in town, yet now as the purse of the city knight seemed to open so freely, he thought it most advisable to make speedy use of the means which it offered him for getting rid of his mortifying encumbrances.

Resolving therefore to take the earliest opportunity of bringing the negotiation to a close, he of course made it a business to inform Mr. John Martindale, with regular formality, of his intention of honoring Miss Sampson by conferring upon her the style and title of the Hon. Mrs. Martindale. To communicate a simple fact to a plain straight-forward man might seem a very easy task, but it was, at all events, to Mr. Philip, not a pleasant task. He anticipated unpleasant observations, and perhaps some allusion to Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, of St. Mary Axe, and perhaps also some allusions to others of that nation; but still it was absolutely impossible to avoid mentioning the affair. Very soon, therefore, after Sir Gilbert had given his consent, or to speak more accurately, had expressed his approbation, and signified his satisfaction at the prospect of the marriage, Mr. Philip Martindale ventured one morning, when his cousin and he were together, and no one else in the apartment, to say in a somewhat subdued and sheepish manner:

"I think it proper for me to inform you, sir, that I have it in contemplation very shortly to enter into the married state."

"So I hear," replied the old gentleman; "the more fool you. But if you want money, Miss Sampson has abundance. What else there is to recommend her, I can't say. Where do you intend to live? I suppose now you would be glad to go back to the Abbey. You may, if you like."

"I feel myself greatly obliged, sir, by your kind offer; but I think that a smaller and less expensive house would be more suitable."

"Ay, I think so too. I was a fool to build the house. I am only laughed at for my pains. Will you have Trimmerstone Hall fitted up for your reception? That will not be fine enough for you. Now, Mr. Philip, you know I am a strange old fellow, and rather addicted to the sin of curiosity; may I then take the liberty of asking how much the soap-boiler gives you to take his daughter. I mean how much does he place at your own actual immediate disposal. Is it a very great secret?"

Philip had no objection to answer the question, but he was hesitating as to what could be the motive of the old gentleman in making the inquiry. He very much feared that his cousin was too well acquainted with the purpose to which that money was devoted; and when he had answered the question, he found that his suspicions were well-founded. Most seriously was he overwhelmed with confusion, when, after he had mentioned to his cousin the sum which was to be at his own absolute disposal, Mr. Martindale hastily said:

"And pray, sir, how much of that is destined to go to the money-lenders to liquidate your gambling-debts?"

Without waiting for an answer, the old gentleman continued: "Look ye here, young man; you have been playing the fool for some years past, and I believe I am almost as much to blame for it as yourself."

Philip was beginning to say something, as it were, exculpatory; but the old gentleman stopped him, saying:

"Have the goodness to hear me out. I was saying that you had been playing the fool, and that I was almost as much to blame as yourself; for if I had not invited you to Brigland, you would not perhaps have been exposed to so many temptations. Now, as I think I am to blame, I ought to pay my part. If, therefore, you will fairly state to me the whole of your debts without any reserve, they shall be immediately discharged, so that you may not deprive your wife that is to be, of her property; for you ought, in point of honor, to consider that property to be hers, though placed at your disposal. You are to manage the property for her advantage."

This was a very generous offer on the part of the old gentleman. Philip most heartily wished that the offer had been made before, so that he might have been saved the necessity of ennobling the blood of the Sampsons. Better late than never; for by this liberality a burden was removed from his mind, which had very seriously and heavily weighed upon him; and he began again to see some prospect of holding up his head again, and living like a man of rank and family. His acknowledgments to the old gentleman were profuse and liberal, as the old gentleman's offers to him. Mr. Martindale the elder interrupted his acknowledgments, saying:

"I don't want your thanks, young man; but let us understand one another. You know I must do something for my own daughter and her family; but I do not forget the name of Martindale. You may yet do honor to it; though I cannot for the life of me imagine what your father could be thinking about to suffer himself to be raised to the peerage. Foolish vanity. Well, but that can't be helped now. However, as I was saying, I shall not forget you or your family. Now you have enough with tolerable management to live respectably; but if you attempt to live more than respectably, you will end with living less so. Accordingly as you conduct yourself, so you will find

my will. I will not leave my property to be wasted."

The old gentleman in the midst of his speech suddenly stopped, and leaving the room for a few minutes, returned with a handful of memorandums. Throwing them on the table, and hastily looking over them, he presently took up one of them, and said: "Now, look ye here. This is a memorandum of that part of my will which concerns you. After stating a number of legacies, which I can tell you, young man, do not dip very deeply into the property, I bequeath to you all that remains on these conditions; namely, that you shall not for one whole year previous to my decease have attended any races, or cock-fights, or boxing-matches; that you shall not have lost or won by any bet or game any sum exceeding fifty pounds; and that you shall not have given any entertainments at an expense exceeding two hundred pounds; and provided also, that at the time of my decease you shall not be in debt. There, now you know what you have to depend upon. I hope you will make good use of the information. You see I am very candid; I have no wish to keep you in the dark. If after this you are disinherited, you will disinherit yourself. Don't complain of me for being harsh and cynical. There are numbers of young men who would be very glad of such a conditional legacy; but I am very much afraid you will be simple enough to lose your chance. Remember, I have forewarned you."

Philip repeated and said all that ought to be repeated and said on such an occasion. But old John Martindale did not believe his protestations, and placed no very great confidence in his strength of mind.

CHAPTER IV.

"Lo! our opinion is a child so dear,
We love its prattle, though a simple note."

PETER PINDAR.

From the conversation which was mentioned as having taken place between Mr. John Martindale and his young relative in the last chapter, Mr. Philip derived a very considerable degree of satisfaction. He felt very confident that there was no danger that he should lose the property which was destined conditionally to devolve to him. He was most happy in being relieved from the claims of the money-lenders, and being able to call the property which he should receive with Miss Sampson his own.

There was still, however, some little alloy in the pleasure that he enjoyed in these thoughts. He was by his circumstances almost excluded from all notoriety, and deprived of those very pleasures for which wealth and rank were in his estimation desirable. The constitution too of Miss Sampson's mind was not such as could render retirement delightful and desirable; and even had her mind been ever so well informed, or her disposition ever so reflective and intellectual, those things would not have afforded much interest to the Hon. Philip Martindale. At the first moment, when Mr. Martindale the elder announced his designs of liberality towards the young gentleman, Philip felt much delighted; and it was indeed a great pleasure to be relieved from the demands of his creditors. All these matters Philip thought it desirable to state to Lord Martindale, knowing that they must reach his ear by some channel, and thinking it most desirable that the information should come from himself. Lord Martindale, it seemed, was not ignorant of these circumstances, so far at least as concerned his son's transactions with money-lenders, and the occasion which rendered these transactions necessary. Here was another mortification; for Philip had a feeling of regard for his parents, and was concerned at what gave them pain. Lady Martindale had long and deeply felt the unpleasantness of dependence on the caprices and whims of Mr. John Martindale; and the more frequently the subject recurred to her thoughts, the more did she regret the vanity which induced them to aspire after nobility.

In due time, the Hon. Philip Martindale led to the altar Celestina, only child of Sir Gilbert Sampson. The happy couple immediately after the marriage-ceremony set out on a tour, in which we have no intention of accompanying them. Lord Martindale, after he found that the circumstances of his son were so essentially improved, partially recovered his health and spirits; but there was yet a feeling of mortification in his lordship's mind, at the necessity which had compelled his son to avail himself of mercantile wealth to keep up his dignity: still, however, his lordship had the consolation of thinking that it was not quite so great a mortification, as if the young gentleman had been compelled to have recourse to his own talents at the bar. Wealth, it appears, is always honorable, and always honored; but there are various degrees in which it is honorable. That wealth is most honorable which has been handed down through many generations, and which has been acquired nobody knows how, and nobody knows when: that wealth is less honorable which is the obvious result of commercial diligence, skill, and activity; but in process of time, as the inheritors of that wealth grow more ignorant of the means by which it was acquired, it becomes more honorable. There is some degree of honor in possessing wealth by means of marriage with an heiress, even if that heiress inherit mercantile wealth, provided that the person marrying doing any thing to provide for himself. There is honor also in wealth acquired by commercial skill, but that honor is of a very equivocal kind; and those more highly-favored persons who have descended from a long line of ancestors who never disgraced themselves by obtaining a livelihood for themselves, ought to look down with a proper degree of contempt on such individuals as have, by using their understandings and employing their skill,

acquired property for themselves. This is exceedingly appropriate and decent in a country which depends on commerce; and this feeling the Right Hon. Lord Martindale possessed, or rather was possessed by most strongly. The young gentleman also felt his share of the mortification. To such a degree was he annoyed by the thought of the origin of his wealth, that he could not bear to hear any mention of soap. We pity the young gentleman very much—we pity Lord Martindale too, and we pity all who are similarly circumstanced; and the said heiress never did, or attempted to do, or was capable, of we should be very happy to suggest a plan to keep the superfine people more distinct from the common people, but it is not in our power. So we must let the world go on as it has done, and as it will do in spite of our teeth; and we take to ourselves some credit for our modesty in that, while we are putting forth a book full of wisdom and of the fruits of wise observation, we do not anticipate that we shall thereby produce any great change in the aspect of society or the manners of mankind.

Seeing that the Hon. Philip Martindale, in whom our readers are so much interested, is now most happily married, and is set out on a tour, we may very safely dismiss him for the present; assuring the public that they need not entertain any hopes or fears that the honorable gentleman should on his return present them with a volume of travels. We warrant him quarto-proof.

There was mention made in a former part of this history of an amiable and worthy widow, Lady Woodstock, concerning whom it was reported that Mr. John Martindale would in all probability make her an offer of his hand. There was no other ground for the report than that Mr. Martindale, thinking her the most intelligent woman among his acquaintance, paid very especial attention to her, listened very patiently when she spoke, and seemed always pleased when in her company. The reports concerning Mr. John Martindale's attachment to the intelligent and amiable widow revived again, and circulated with renewed activity; when immediately, on Mr. Philip's marriage and his departure on his tour, Lady Woodstock made her appearance in town. For the most part, this worthy lady spent summer and winter, and spring and autumn, at Hollywick Priory; but by some unaccountable movement or other, it so happened that the good lady and her four daughters made their appearance in London within a week of the time when Philip set out on his tour. Lady Woodstock's acquaintance was by no means extensive; and in all probability very few of the world would ever have known any thing about her, had it not been that the very rich and eccentric old John Martindale was supposed to be paying his addresses to her. It is a certain and undeniable fact, that the old gentleman waited on the Woodstocks as soon as they arrived in town; that they were scarcely noticed by any one else, and that they only visited Mr. Martindale, and that they were almost the only company which Mr. Martindale entertained at his house. We are relating facts and not making romances, therefore we will plainly and straight-forwardly tell our readers, that as Mr. Martindale was a very great oddity and had very singular notions, he thought that no one but Lady Woodstock was a fit companion for Signora Rivolta. He had, therefore, solicited and implored her ladyship to bring her family up to London, and to remain there during the rest of the season. Mr. Martindale the elder is not the only man in the world who has a habit of fancying some one individual to be the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best creature that ever lived or could live. On this ground, and on this only, did he seek for the society of Lady Woodstock, when and wherever it was to be had; and he had no more thoughts of marrying her than you have, gentle reader.

Now it came to pass that, soon after the arrival in London of Lady Woodstock and her family, and soon as the report was spread abroad that Mr. John Martindale was likely to marry the widow, that the charms of Lady Woodstock's daughters were most loudly blazoned forth, and multitudes began to see beauties of person and mind in these young ladies which they had never seen before. When there appeared a probability that Lady Woodstock was about to become the wife of a very opulent man, and when it was thought as a necessary and natural consequence that her daughters would be handsomely portioned, then, and not till then, was it found out that Lady Woodstock had as choice an assortment of ancestors as any body else; then it was discerned that her daughters were remarkably intelligent and unaffected young women; and then many of her ladyship's old acquaintance who had for some years nearly or totally forgotten her, began to wonder that she never had come up to town before during the season. As yet, however, it was not thought safe for any young gentleman to make formal proposals to any one of the daughters; but the young ladies were by no means neglected. They were not cut either by new or old acquaintance; they never made their appearance without most courteous recognition; and as the younger of the four had scarcely finished her education, but was even in town attended by a music-master at the special appointment of old John Martindale, some songs and some sonatas were dedicated to the young ladies. By degrees, the Woodstocks rose into a species of celebrity. The young ladies did not much affect to set themselves up as literary ladies, but they were perhaps a little proud of being thought not quite so frivolous as the generality of young ladies of the present day. Our readers, we suppose, do not need to be informed that young ladies of the present day are very frivolous; and that they have been so for centuries past, and will be for centuries to come. The times are sadly altered, and so they always will be to the end of time. The daughters of Lady Woodstock were not absolutely blue-stockings. The two eldest had read Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and thought it was a book which every body should read. They had also read Paley's Works and Cowper's Poems. The eldest had the reputation of having read Cowper's translation of Homer, though but few gave her credit for that accomplishment. The mother and her four daughters very simultaneously and loudly rebuked the flippancy of the present generation of books. This is also an important and interesting fact which we wish to impress on the minds of our readers, that the modern publications are of a very frivolous and flimsy nature: none of them are worth reading. It is a self-evident maxim—it does not require proof; and if we were to attempt illustration, we should be absolutely overwhelmed

with superabundance of materials. Modern publications always have been and always will be worthless. The very words modern and newfangled are in themselves expressions of condemnation. The modern writers merely string together a multitude of words; they have no ideas at all, or if they have by accident any thing like an idea or thought, they overwhelm it with a host of unmeaning words. If Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, or Young's *Night Thoughts*, had been written by any of the writers of the present day, they would have spun the same materials out to a most immoderate and unreasonable length; and if Lord Byron had been the author of the *Iliad*, he would have made of it a poem as long as *Childe Harold*; or if any of our modern novel-writers had taken the subject of *Clarissa Harlowe*, there is every reason to suppose that they would have extended it to the dimensions of *Rees's Cyclopaedia*. The taste of the daughters of *Lady Woodstock* did not much approve modern literature; and no wonder, when we consider the emptiness and wordiness of the present race of writers; and as to modern periodicals, where is there one that can for a moment compete with what the *Lady's Magazine* was sixty years ago? But the young ladies were not altogether ignorant of modern literature. They were generally acquainted with the names and titles of new books, and could speak very fluently concerning them at their first appearance, but afterwards they made it a rule to forget them.

Lady Woodstock and her daughters were very religious, according to the present fashion. They were not religious purely for fashion's sake, but merely according to the fashion. They certainly believed themselves to be religious, and so far they certainly were. One of the first thoughts that entered their minds on arriving in town was to engage a pew at church. *Lady Woodstock* herself would have been as religious, let the fashion be as it might; but we believe that the young ladies admired the popular preacher as much for his popularity as for his piety. There was to the west of *Temple Bar*, but how far to the west and in what street our informant has not been careful enough to inform us, a very handsome chapel of ease, answering by its comfortable internal accommodations most completely to its name; at which chapel there officiated a preacher whose discourses were as soft and beautiful as the velvet cushion on which his elbows reclined, and light as the feathers wherewith that cushion was stuffed. *Lady Woodstock* was so far religious as to regard the church-prayers as a matter of devotion, but the young ladies rather considered the sermon as a matter of diversion. They were most skilful sermon critics, very loudly praising zeal and seriousness, and very acute in detecting grammatical errors. It was very amusing to hear the young ladies on Sunday morning tumultuously and in concert gabbling forth the praises or dispraises of the sermon of the day, and criticising the air, tone, aspect and manner of the reverend officiating divine. "What a delightful sermon we have had this morning."—"Did you notice how solemnly he gave out the text?"—"I like to hear the words of Scripture uttered solemnly and seriously."—"But did not you very much admire that beautiful simile of the gilded bark and the rippling wavelets, there is something so very pretty in the word wavelets?"—"Yes, it is a very pretty word, but I do not think it is in *Johnson*."—"I should like to read that sermon, it was so accurately composed; I am sure it would read well." Such talk as this, but extended to a length which it would be tedious to narrate, established for the young ladies in their own thoughts and in the thoughts of their neighbours that they were very religious. So pleased and well satisfied were they with that kind of discourse, that they were not unfrequently led to think very lightly of the religion of such as could not or would not join them in the discussion. Old *Mr. Martindale* would sometimes in his peculiar way laugh at the zeal of the young ladies in discussing these matters, and they had long ago very deliberately set him down as a man of no religion. With all this, however, they were very good and amiable young women. They were benevolent,—they were affectionate—they were diligent—they were cheerful—they were decidedly decorous in their conduct and manners; and their whole character was truly respectable. They were rather confined in their notions, but that was the accident of education; and *Mr. Martindale* thought that they would be better companions for his grand-daughter than many others with whom an acquaintance might have been formed, and who were more extensively acquainted with that sort of stuff which people call the world.

CHAPTER V.

"A heated fancy or imagination
May be mistaken for an inspiration."
BYRON.

With such tastes and views as the daughters of *Lady Woodstock* possessed, it is not to be supposed that they should be long in town without forming an acquaintance with the charming preacher, whose melodious voice and pious similies so regularly delighted and edified them every Sunday. And let no critic carp at this phraseology. To be delighted is to be put in good humor; to be put in good humor is to have the best feelings of our souls called into action. There is to some ears devotional impulse and excitement to holy feeling in the wordless eloquence of a well-played voluntary; and why should not a well-turned period from the lips of a graceful speaker have power to edify as well as to please? There was not any impropriety in *Lady Woodstock's* taking notice of the preacher of whom we are speaking. He was a middle-aged married man with a numerous family, for whom he was endeavouring to provide as well as might be. His preferment was but little, though his popularity was great. He was unfortunate in having too many patrons. Every body thought that, as *Mr. Henderson* had a very fashionable audience, he must of necessity

be in the way of preferment; and so he certainly was, as the one mile stone is on the road to Windsor a very little way on, and not likely to get any farther.

Now old John Martindale had his crotchets, as our readers may have perceived; and one of his crotchets was, that with all his natural obstinacy, if he ever took a fancy to an individual for one quality which pleased him, he kindly gave that individual credit for every possible human excellence, and would suffer himself to be led, guided, or drawn, *ad libitum*, by the said individual. He was pleased with Lady Woodstock as being a woman of good natural sense, quiet, unobtrusive, unaffected manners; and he was also pleased with the young ladies her daughters, because they differed much from the majority of young ladies of the present age. Thereupon, whatever Lady Woodstock said was right; and the daughters also had their influence over the old gentleman. Had any one else attempted to persuade Mr. Martindale to attend service at Mr. Henderson's chapel, he would have uttered such an outrageous and violent philippic against popular preachers, as would have shocked and terrified all lovers of velvet cushions. But the young ladies ruled their mamma, and Mr. Martindale thought that there must be some good sense in a preacher whom so intelligent a woman as Lady Woodstock could tolerate. He therefore was prevailed on to attend occasionally at this fashionable chapel; and a very nice, warm, snug, comfortable place it was. Yet, though Mr. Martindale was induced to give his occasional attendance, he could not help so far yielding to his natural propensity as to criticise somewhat cynically and severely the performances and exhibitions of the preacher. When, indeed, preachers condescend to lose sight of the dignity of their profession, and to set themselves up as orators and flower-mongers to attract the gaping gaze of a rabble of Sunday loungers, they must not feel mortified if their performances undergo the same kind of criticism, and produce no more than the same effect as the performances of singers, dancers, fiddlers, conjurors, or any others who exhibit themselves for the amusement of the public.

By more frequent attendance the old gentleman grew less fastidious, and he fancied that he could discern, amidst all the flowery and pretty eloquence of the popular preacher, some symptoms of strong good sense; and he more than suspected that the style was assumed for the sake of rendering that tolerable which otherwise would not be attended to. Pleased with his imagined discovery, he was desirous of being acquainted with Mr. Henderson, and very readily acceded to Lady Woodstock's request to meet him at her house. Judging from his own impression of Mr. Henderson's strength of mind and fulness of information, he thought it not unlikely that he should find in him a fit and proper person to induce Signora Rivolta to look more favorably on the English religion. But the old gentleman was not aware that it is possible for a man to be a popular preacher, and to utter very elegant harangues, and even to display in his composition a sound judgment as well as an elegant taste, but at the same time to be grievously unfurnished with stores of literature, and altogether unexercised in the harsher struggles and conflicts of polemic disputation. This he found to be the case with Mr. Henderson. The worthy preacher was a man of good sense, graceful and agreeable manners, fluent in conversation, well acquainted with all the popular and fashionable topics of conversation, and quite as well satisfied as Mr. Martindale himself of the folly and vanity of the passions and pursuits of the day. One of the two thought that he could not do better than set himself cynically against the world—the other humored its follies; the one did no good by his cynical humor—the other did a little by his management and direction of the prevalent follies. Mr. Henderson, we are inclined to think, judged the wisest of the two. It is not in the power of a weak hand to stop a headstrong horse; but less power than is required to stop the animal, may direct its course. Thus thought the popular preacher. He was as aware as Mr. Martindale that fashion was folly where folly was fashion. He knew that the springs and motives of action must be of a mingled nature: he knew that action was different from contemplation. The latter was pure virtue and reason; the former mingled with passion and folly. From vanity the preacher often extorted liberality. From the pride, the superstition, the caprice, the indulgence of the rich, he was frequently able to extract clothing and food, and medicine for the poor. Well and wisely did he think that if all the benevolence that sprung from mixed motives should immediately cease, and that if nothing were to be done for the miseries and sufferings of humanity but from the purest and most intellectual motives, a mass of good would be withdrawn from society, the absence of which it would painfully and deeply feel. To his view there was some use in splendid hospitals, even in their splendor; and he was not wanting in the ingenuity that could manage to indulge those benevolent ones who delighted in the *chiaro oscuro* of benevolence, and who wished to have the credit of unostentatious charity, and to make their darkness visible: for if unostentatious benevolence is good, it ought to be known to exist for the sake of example; and as there is much merit in it, that merit should not go unrewarded. Mr. Henderson was also of opinion, if elegant people by going to church could benefit the world by the force of example, it was a pity not to indulge them with something that might render church agreeable and pleasant. The public he knew did not analyse the motives or think of the taste of the church-going gentry; they merely saw and knew the fact, and that fact had its influence on the public mind. It was something to the world that the gentry and nobility should go to church; but it was nothing to the world that the gentry and nobility in going to church should there find gratification of their taste, and be as much delighted with the fine-turned periods and graceful utterance of the preacher, as they are by the elegant evolutions of the opera-dancer. Mr. Henderson in his younger days had been as wise as any mental hero of one-and-twenty, he had seen the nothingness and vanity of the world of fashion, and he had declaimed in his early themes on the dignity of man and the purity of motives; but growing up, he found that he could not model the world according to his own pattern, and instead of turning cynic and snarling at the world by way of teaching it wisdom and sobriety, he became a popular preacher, and he was very much admired, and he enjoyed the admiration, but he could see

through it, and he had the good sense not to overvalue himself for it. He had read Mandeville, and he found that the analysis of motive, however agreeable an employment for the mind, was but a thankless task, and that people would not believe what they did not like to believe; and since he had become a father, he found that the best mode of managing children was by flattery, and that the encouraging though not always accurate expression of commendation "There's a good boy!" did much more for the cause of virtue and order than a more strict and book-like kind of philosophy. And so he managed those children of a larger growth, to whose ears his lips distilled the honied eloquence of Sunday exhortation. Such was Mr. Henderson's character; and whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, whether it be execrable or admirable, we decide not. It may however be easily imagined, that with such a character and under such circumstances he would not be offensive to old John Martindale; and it may be also as easily imagined, that he would not be very likely to induce a mind constituted as that of Signora Rivolta to renounce the religion in which she had been educated. Many, however, were the attempts made by Mr. Martindale to introduce and continue discussions for that purpose; and Signora Rivolta could very readily discern the altitude of Mr. Henderson's mind as regarded controversial discussion. It appeared to her, that Mr. Henderson was a person more likely to be converted in Italy than to convert in England.

One good, however, clearly accrued from the frequent and encouraged visits of Mr. Henderson to the Woodstocks and Martindales; namely, that the old gentleman was rendered rather less cynical, and more Catholic in his general notions and views of society. The contrast between the characters of the popular preacher and the old gentleman was very great, but the collision was not attended with unpleasant effects, because both of them had natural good-humor, and because Mr. Henderson had been long practised in the habit of managing the opulent, and yielding himself gracefully to their humors and whims.

In process of time, Mr. Martindale liked the preacher so much that he felt inclined to patronise him, should it be found on inquiry that patronage was desirable. But the old gentleman thought as many others had thought, that a man so situated could not stand in need of patronage, but must be well provided for. He did not think how heedless the world in general was towards such as ministered to their pleasures, and that they regarded the metropolitan Sunday lecturer as the minister to their Sunday pleasures, thinking him, if they thought at all, amply remunerated for his labors by the honor of their attendance and approbation.

As hitherto Mr. Martindale did not know whether Mr. Henderson were married or single, he one day asked him the question; and when that question was answered in the affirmative, and mention was made of the number of the reverend gentleman's family, the old gentleman then proceeded to make further inquiries, such as are allowable from a man of great wealth who has livings in his gift. The answer to these inquiries astonished Mr. Martindale. But Mr. Henderson was not at all astonished at Mr. Martindale's astonishment; for he had been asked the same questions by many of his opulent hearers, and had given them the same answers, and heard the same or similar expressions of astonishment. Hitherto, however, no fruit had resulted from these flattering and promising inquiries: therefore he did not build any hopes on the language used by Martindale, which was to his ear but an echo of what he had heard very, very many times for a dozen years at least. The impression, however, on Mr. Martindale's mind from Mr. Henderson's answers to his inquiries, was stronger than the impression on Mr. Henderson's mind from Mr. Martindale's expressions and exclamations of astonishment at the ill success which the eloquent divine had experienced in his profession. It was one of Mr. Martindale's fancies that he was a great patron of merit, and as he wished to have an opportunity of indulging this propensity, he was very willing to see in Mr. Henderson quite as much merit as the reverend gentleman himself could ever think of laying claim to. As Mr. Martindale also very highly enjoyed declaiming against the world and its blindness and insensibility to all that was really deserving, he was very well pleased that he could quote Mr. Henderson as an instance of neglected merit. Notwithstanding his own general distaste of popular and splendid preaching, he could not but admire Mr. Henderson, who, he said, was far superior to the common run of popular men. There is in Mr. Henderson, he used to say, a strong foundation of good sense and knowledge of the world: he is far above the silly vanity of aiming merely at popular applause; and he never uses figurative or splendid language except where it is appropriate; and all his metaphors, and similes, and illustrations, are in such pure and perfect good taste.

Now it fortunately happened just at this critical moment, that a living in the gift of Mr. Martindale fell vacant. It was the immediate impulse of the old gentleman's mind to present Mr. Henderson to that living; and he also thought at the very same moment how very strange it was that of all that host of people of fashion and opulence who given him a living. But the wonder a little abated, when a host of applications and recommendations, backed and seconded by most powerful considerations, came rushing in upon him. Among the rest was one from Lord Martindale himself, not so much supplicating for the living, as reminding Mr. Martindale that as Trimmerstone was now vacant, it might be desirable to place some one there to keep it till Robert Martindale, who was now just going to the university, should be of age to take it. There was also another application from a person of higher rank and greater influence in the world, who accompanied his recommendation with a hint that if gratified in this request, he might in his turn be of some service to Lord Martindale's family. The motive to provide for one's own family or connexions is certainly much stronger than the motive to provide for a stranger; but the motive of caprice or crotchet is as powerful as any motive that can rule the human heart. There was a considerable struggle in the old gentleman's mind, but the motive attended Mr. Henderson's chapel, not one of them should ever have of caprice was the strongest. He had wealth enough to

provide for his family as well as they could expect to be provided for, and as for government patronage he needed it not for himself or for any of his relatives. He certainly did feel some gratitude, though he would hardly acknowledge it, for the title by which the name of Martindale became ennobled. As to Robert Martindale, he thought that it would be quite as well to wait a little longer before any steps were to be taken in his behalf. On this principle he wrote a note to Lord Martindale, stating that he would not forget to provide in due time for the establishment of his family, but that he did not approve of the practice of keeping livings in reserve for young men who were not old enough to know their own minds. The note concluded with an abundance or superabundance of protestations on the part of the old gentleman; and requesting that Lord Martindale would have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of the note, and to express his acquiescence in its principle.

Before, however, it was possible that this note could have reached his lordship, another came from Lady Martindale, requesting to see the old gentleman immediately, for Lord Martindale had been seized by a return of his complaint, and his medical attendants thought him to be in very imminent danger. There was no refusing such a summons as this. He therefore promptly obeyed it, but firmly resolved to give the living to Mr. Henderson; and very much did he dread any thing of a discussion on the subject with his noble relatives.

There was no opportunity for the discussion he dreaded. Lord Martindale was obviously near his end, and his power of thought and attention was rapidly failing. He recognised his relative, and thanked him very cordially and formally for his many acts of kindness to himself and family. He then seemed to lose thought and sensation for a few minutes. Again he opened his eyes, and inquired for Philip; but when told that Philip was on a tour with his bride, he seemed distressed at his forgetfulness, and endeavoured to make an effort to revive his languishing strength, but it was all in vain. Not being able to shake off his weakness, he endeavoured to disguise it, and complained of drowsiness, and that the medicine which he had taken last night had deprived him of rest, and that he would now sleep a little, and then he should be better able to converse. This movement was complied with by his attendants, and they were silent. The patient closed his eyes, but his lips kept moving, and in a very few minutes he awoke again, but the eyes looked more dim; and he endeavoured to fix a steadfast look on Mr. Martindale, and he said, "Is that Philip?" He had just discernment enough to see that he was wrong, and just power enough to express a sense of his weakness. He presently ceased to ask questions, and he no more attempted to reply to those which he asked him. He once more looked on those about him, and waved his hand, and faintly said "Go," as if he wished to be left alone; but there was not time to comply with his request, for that word was his last: he was no longer conscious. The empty or the crowded apartment was precisely the same to him.

CHAPTER VI.

"All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry age."

YOUNG.

The sudden and painful event recorded at the close of the last chapter, presented a momentary interruption to the negotiations with Mr. Martindale on the subject of the living of Trimmerstone. The Dowager Lady Martindale would not use any importunities on the business; and as for the young man himself for whom the living was supposed to be destined, Mr. Robert Martindale, he was too indifferent to the profession to have any wishes or to feel any interest about it. Poor Mr. Henderson was not as yet aware that any such expectations might be entertained by him. Hearing of the death of Lord Martindale, he designed to pay a visit of condolence to his lordship's relative; but he was too diffident to be very hasty in that visit, leaving early calls to those who were more in the intimacy of Mr. Martindale. But there was not quite so much consideration on the part of those who were interested in the disposal of the living: they were prompt in their application, and more importunate in their solicitations. Among other visitors in the way of condolence to Mr. John Martindale was Sir Gilbert Sampson. From the marriage of his daughter into the Martindale family he felt some right to claim kindred with him, and we must do Mr. John Martindale the justice to say that he did not disallow that claim. He always had behaved with familiarity and cordiality towards the city knight.

When Sir Gilbert Sampson was announced, he was readily admitted and well received; and, after a few half-formed sentences and muttering clumsinesses about the recent melancholy event, the knight proceeded to business. It was with no small share of diplomatic pomp that the worthy knight gravely informed Mr. Martindale of his having been that very morning honored with a call from a certain nobleman high in office and powerful in influence. Mr. Martindale received the information with a cynical attempt at indifference, but he was not really and soundly proof against the fascinations of high rank and mighty consideration. After, therefore, a very few, and those but faint sneers, he condescended to ask what might be the business on which this high and mighty potentate had designed to call upon Sir Gilbert Sampson. Now Mr. Martindale guessed the business to be about the living of Trimmerstone; but though he did so guess, and though he was sure that he had guessed rightly, and though he had made up his mind that nothing should induce him to give the living otherwise than he had designed, that is, to Mr. Henderson, yet he was not unwilling to hear what the great man had said to Sir Gilbert. Poor Mr.

Martindale was but half a cynic; he had not quite so thorough a contempt for the world as he endeavoured to affect. He listened very attentively, therefore, to Sir Gilbert when he related the visit of the morning, and the conversation which he had had with the great man.

Sir Gilbert related as well as he could the conversation, which all turned upon the vacant living. The sum and substance of the whole matter was this: the great man had expressed a great wish to obtain the next presentation to Trimmerstone to oblige a very valued friend of his own, and a staunch supporter of loyal principles. This happened some few years ago, when loyalty was a more marketable article than it is now; for since radical meetings have ceased to be common, loyalty is become quite a drug, and fetches nothing. But to proceed to, or rather with, business: the great man made such an object of obtaining this living, that he had said, or at least intimated, or hinted, that the Martindale family might be very much aggrandised in the way of honor by its surrender. In short, to come directly to the point, the message with which Sir Gilbert was charged amounted to nothing more nor less than this, namely, that if Mr. John Martindale would comply with the solicitation of the great man, and give to his friend or nominee the living, then Philip, now only Lord or Baron Martindale, would be forthwith created Viscount Martindale and Earl of Trimmerstone. There was a temptation.

John Martindale heard all this unmoved, but he could not reflect upon it unshaken. It was a serious matter to have an individual related so nearly to himself advanced thus high in the peerage. It would certainly be a fine thing to have an earl under his thumb, and so to possess as it were a vote in the House of Lords. But then what is to become of poor Mr. Henderson?

"Have you actually promised Mr. Henderson?" exclaimed Sir Gilbert Sampson; "for if so, you are placed in an awkward situation; but still I think it may be managed."

"Why, no," replied Mr. Martindale, "I have not actually promised him, but still it was my full intention to give him the living; and it is not many days ago since I made such inquiries of him, and used such language to him, as nothing could justify but the intention of doing something for him, and there is nothing else that I can do for him. I am sure a more loyal man cannot exist than poor Henderson."

"Very likely; but then one must sometimes, for the sake of one's own family, do things which otherwise we might not like. As for poor Henderson, I know him well; I have often dined with him; he is a contented, diligent sort of a man, and a very sensible man. He taught my daughter geography; he makes a very good living by giving instructions in private families. He might, to be sure, be glad of a living, but still he has managed so long to do very well without; and then people in office have so many hangers-on whom they must by some means or other get rid of, that I do not wonder that they are rather anxious about these matters. Now I will candidly acknowledge to you, that though I am highly honored by my daughter's marrying into the Martindale family and becoming at all events a peeress, yet I must say that I should be very proud to see her a countess. I know it is a weakness. I acknowledge it as such; but still I must say it would be gratifying to me. And really to say the truth, Mr. Martindale, I don't think it would be altogether displeasing to you to have your young relative called Earl of Trimmerstone."

Whatever Mr. Martindale's notions on that subject might be, he did not like to avow them to Sir Gilbert Sampson. He merely shook his head, and looked as wise as Lord Burleigh in the Critic. People may, if they please, be very witty about a man's shaking his head, and say that there is nothing in it, but we contend that there is a great deal in it: for nothing comes out of it on being shaken; and therefore it retains its own counsel, which may be hereafter interpreted according to circumstances: just as the facetious authors of the Rejected Addresses represent Mr. Cobbett as saying, "I prophesied so, though I never told anybody." Exactly so may the wise Burleigh-like man who on great affairs and momentous occasions only shakes his head, afterwards interpret that shake as may best suit his inclinations, and claim a reputation for wisdom which might not be his had he merely uttered his thoughts through the common-place medium of unequivocal and interpretable words. Instead therefore of saying that when a man shakes his head there is nothing in it, we ought more properly to say there is any thing or every thing in it. Be this as it may, Mr. John Martindale did shake his head when he heard the communication of Sir Gilbert Sampson.

Now as Sir Gilbert inferred from the shaking of the head, that Mr. Martindale was not quite so positive on the subject of the living as when the conversation began, and before there was any mention of the earldom, he thought it might not be undesirable to pursue the subject; and as money was not so great an object to Sir Gilbert as honor, he ventured to say in continuance:

"But, my good friend, are there no other means of rendering a service to Mr. Henderson than by giving him this very living. You say you have not promised him this very identical living, but that you have only given him hopes of something. Now suppose you give me leave to purchase this living of you, and you in return purchase a presentation for Mr. Henderson, or give him the means of purchasing one for himself."

"Oh, no, no, I can't think of doing him a service in this way. He would hardly accept of it under such circumstances; he is a man of too great delicacy to accept of a pecuniary present."

Sir Gilbert smiled, and replied, "Indeed, sir, I think you wrong Mr. Henderson in attributing to him such a degree of fastidiousness. He is too courteous a man rudely to decline what a patron may offer him. Indeed, I know that he has been much mocked by the promise of patronage; and I should not be surprised if the pecuniary patronage might not be most acceptable to him of any."

He has a large family, and they are arrived at an expensive age. I certainly am of opinion that the arrangement I propose will be acceptable."

As the argument now led to prove that bestowing the living on the nominee of the great man might lead to a considerable advantage in favor of Mr. Henderson, old John Martindale began to relax from his rigidity of purpose, and to be happy that he might do two useful and beneficial acts at once. He might benefit Mr. Henderson and contribute to the advancement of his own relative at the same time. Then he hesitated, and said he did not know what to say about the matter. He thought that what Sir Gilbert Sampson said had some weight in it; and after a long harangue which meant nothing at all, he concluded by promising to take the matter into his most serious consideration.

Very few days after this interview with Sir Gilbert Sampson, the old gentleman received a letter from his cousin Philip, and another also from the bride. These letters were constructed so as to be peculiarly pleasing and flattering to Mr. Martindale; and he thought that it would be a great pity to lose a fine opportunity of advancing the young gentleman to the honor of an earldom. But still there remained on his mind a strong feeling of perplexity as concerned poor Mr. Henderson. It was not quite accordant with the old gentleman's strict notions of honor and steadiness of purpose; but as some benefit might result from the arrangement, it was perhaps better to benefit two parties than one only. Thereupon the matter was presently settled, and Mr. Henderson again disappointed of a living. This disappointment, however, the good man bore with patience; and he was, though with great difficulty and after long and suitable opposition, prevailed upon at last to accept the means of procuring for himself some other living.

And now the daughter of the soap-boiler had become countess, both father and daughter were delighted in the highest degree, nor was Philip himself less pleased. Upon examining, however, his pecuniary resources, the Right Hon. the Earl of Trimmerstone found that his means were not quite adequate to his rank, or equal to his expectations: for the property received with Celestina was rather a large than a small proportion of the wealth of Sir Gilbert Sampson. This was mortifying; but there was still a fine prospect to look forward to in the event of old Mr. Martindale's decease: therefore the Earl and Countess of Trimmerstone resolved to keep up the dignity of their rank at as little expense as possible.

This resolution was certainly very good, but unfortunately it proved to be good for nothing. For in a certain rank there are certain expenses which are absolutely unavoidable; and then it might be naturally supposed that, when Mr. Martindale had made a sacrifice for the purpose of raising his relative's rank, he would alter the tenor of his whimsical will. Under the influence of this consideration, and by the power of unavoidable circumstances, it happened that the Earl of Trimmerstone, though in possession of more ample means than were ever enjoyed by the Hon. Philip Martindale, found himself almost as necessitous and as embarrassed as ever. His most amiable countess loved splendor, and therefore found it to be absolutely necessary. When, therefore, they set up their establishment in town, though they thought that they were using a very high degree of economy, they brought upon themselves the imputation of extravagance, and in fact somewhat more than the imputation. But what could they do? They must live as other persons of the same rank. In addition to the evils of ill-managed expenditure, there arose another very serious difficulty, or rather trouble, to the newly-married pair. The Countess loved splendor, but she had not been properly tutored to manage it; there she was clumsy in display, and tasteless in decoration. She had not the power of carrying off the absurdities of fashion with the proper grace and indifference of right-honorable impudence. Frequently, therefore, his lordship felt ashamed of his countess; and not unfrequently, some of his companions and friends would amuse themselves at his expense; and he always felt himself in jeopardy, as if about to hear the word "soap" mentioned. The Earl of Trimmerstone not finding the Countess much of a companion, sought elsewhere for the pleasures of society. The Countess of Trimmerstone loved not solitude, but unhappily was by no means select in her associates. Being resolved not to be proud, so as to neglect her old acquaintance, her ladyship found it difficult to keep a very choice circle of acquaintance in her new sphere. There were not wanting persons of rank and distinction amidst her visitors and companions, but these were not always of the best kind. In her innocence and good-humor she knew it not, but his lordship did, and he was greatly displeased. Then did her ladyship think that his lordship was very harsh and rigid; and then did his lordship think that he had purchased her ladyship's wealth at too dear a price. We were going to say, that then it was too late to repent; no, it was not too late, we think it was very early to repent in the first year of their married life. Be it late or early, they certainly did repent. Celestina thought that it was not so fine a thing to be a countess as she used to imagine. When she was single, it appeared to her most desirable to be a lady; now she was married, she did not think it would be much increase to her happiness to become a duchess.

CHAPTER VII.

"'Twas pretty though a plague
To see him ev'ry hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table, heart too capable
Of every line and trick in his sweet favor."

Seeing that the Hon. Philip Martindale is married to an heiress, and has become Earl of Trimmerstone, our readers of course ought not to care any more about him, but to leave him to the enjoyment of his honors. At all events, we will dismiss him at present; and by going back a little way, bring to notice again the grand-daughter of old John Martindale. We have stated that when Horatio Markham left England to take possession of the office to which he had been appointed, he was in low spirits at leaving his native land, and that he more especially regretted the necessity under which he was placed of leaving Clara Rivolta; and more particularly so, as he had not ascertained the state of her feelings towards him, and was, till the very hour of departure, scarcely aware of the state of his own heart. It is not to be supposed that under these circumstances Clara should be totally indifferent; nor indeed was she. It was not for her to be what is called in love, but she had very much enjoyed Markham's company, and she thought him a well-informed and agreeable man. And when he was gone away she thought so much more, and she regretted his absence very much, and was very well pleased at reading again those passages which he had read to her in their favourite books. Signora Rivolta observed this attachment, and as circumstances then were, rather rejoiced at it, because she considered that it would be the means of preventing the formation of a hasty attachment among the numerous new acquaintances to which they were by their altered condition thus introduced. That Clara should be without lovers, was not a supposable case. Her person and manners were highly attractive and engaging; and when to these were added large expectations, it is not to be wondered at that many should pay her the homage of attention. Against these she was guarded, as Signora Rivolta apprehended she would be, by means of the undefined and unrecognised attachment to Markham. But there was a danger against which neither Signora Rivolta nor her daughter were at all guarded, and of which neither of them was suspicious. That danger was a female friend. There was not indeed in that case the immutability of the marriage-bond, but there was while it should last a very powerful impression.

Clara was young, susceptible, romantic, well informed by means of books, was possessed of good judgment and discernment; she was more familiar with standard writers than most young women, and was not aware that there was any pedantry in talking about them; she had also a taste for science; she had seen and observed but little of the world of humanity, but she had observed more of the world of nature; botany had been one of her studies, so had astronomy, and even geology; she had also a knowledge of the Latin tongue. To say the least of it, she was pleased with her knowledge. Whatever she had acquired had been by means of books, and those books were not numerous; and whatever came to her knowledge through that medium, came with all the authority of an oracle, so that any one who contradicted what her elementary instructions had taught her, or started any different theory from that in which she had nursed her own mind, appeared ignorant of the matter altogether. Coming forth into the world, she was surprised to find that her knowledge was beyond that of many with whom she conversed, and then she placed too high a value on that knowledge. A mind constituted and situated as that of Clara Rivolta, was in great danger of receiving from the vanity and conceit with which would-be knowing ones are gifted, an impulse not favorable to its graceful and proper development.

Lady Woodstock and her daughters had been introduced to the female part of his family by Mr. John Martindale, with the view of supplying them with certain intimates, to prevent accidental or disagreeable acquaintance. But it is not easy to manage such matters precisely according to preconcerted theory and design, for these very young ladies were the means of introducing Clara to a young lady who tried very hard to make her as great a simpleton as herself. The young lady to whom we refer was Miss Henderson, eldest daughter of Mr. Henderson, the popular preacher above-named.

Mr. Henderson not knowing what means he might have to provide for his family, very wisely gave them as good an education as was in his power; and at the same time, in order to have that education for them all as cheap as possible, it was his plan that the elder should teach the younger, that she might be thus partly prepared, should need be, to undertake with a greater stock of experience the task of instructing others. The young lady took instruction kindly and well. Her progress in every thing was really astonishing. Her music-master, her drawing-master, her French-master, never had such a pupil in the whole course of their experience. Masters say the same of all their pupils who are not paragons of stupidity. But in this instance there really was somewhat more truth in the commendations than is usually the case. Mr. Henderson was of course highly delighted with his daughter's talents. Mrs. Henderson was lavish in her praise of them, and profuse in her exhibition of them. The young lady was puffed into a mighty conceit of herself, and she very kindly pitied the ignorance and incapacity of the great mass of mankind. The young lady and her father and mother were not aware, that it was to a constitution of mind by no means enviable or desirable, that Miss Henderson was indebted for the great rapidity of her progress and the multitude of her acquirements. There were two causes of that progress; one was a prodigious share of vanity which would undergo any exertion or painful application in order to gratify itself; and the other was a total want of all power of imagination or principle of original and investigating thought, so that there was nothing to interfere with an undivided and close attention to any object of pursuit. The natural result of acquiring knowledge on these principles and from these causes was, that the knowledge was at last and best the mere lumber of memory, and the theme of vain prate and idle boasting, it was not food for the mind, it was not digested. There was scarcely a piece of music which Miss Henderson could not play at sight; but her style of playing was such as to weary rather than to fascinate; and to listen to the young lady's mechanical dexterity on the piano-forte, was called undergoing one of Miss Henderson's

sonatas. There was the same hardness and absence of poetry also in her paintings. The outline was very correct, the colouring was accurate, the transcript complete, but there was no life in the living, no animation in the scenery. There was a provoking likeness in the portraits which she sometimes drew of her friends; and so proud was she of her skill in portrait-painting, that few of her acquaintance could keep their countenances safe from the harsh and wooden mockery of her pencil. Deriving a rich gratification to her vanity from her various accomplishments and miscellaneous acquirements, she fancied that her greatest happiness was in the pursuit of knowledge and the pleasures of science. Much did she despise the follies of the fashionable world, and very contemptuously did she regard the ignorant and half-educated part of the community, and that part in her judgment consisted of nearly all the world, her own self and one or two particular friends excepted. Into this select number Clara Rivolta was most graciously admitted.

Miss Henderson, though gifted with a most ample and comfortable conceit of her own superior powers and acquirements, was still not backward, but rather liberal and dexterous in administering the delicious dose of flattery to those whom she honored with her notice and approbation, as being superior to the ordinary mass of mortals. Clara Rivolta received the homage paid to her mind and acquirements as the effusions of a warm heart and generous spirit. It is possible, however, to mistake heat of head for warmth of heart. This was a mistake into which Miss Henderson was perpetually falling, both as it related to herself and to others. Not only was the young lady liberal in her praises of those whom she would condescend to flatter with the honor of her approbation, but she absolutely praised them at her own expense, expressing her high sense of their superiority to herself. But it should be added, that this kind of homage always expected a return with interest, and the language in which she praised her friends was only put forth as a model and specimen of that kind of homage which she should be best pleased to receive from her dear dear friends.

To the vanity of intellect Miss Henderson added the vanity of sentiment. She had read something in books about the heart, and about sentiment and feeling, and so on; and she thought that there must be something fine in that concerning which so many fine words had been used. Thereupon, with that conceit she added sentimentality to the rest of her acquirements; and an acquirement in good truth it really was, seeing that it was by no means natural. Not the less fluently could the young lady discourse on that subject, because she knew nothing about it; but, on the other hand, she set herself up as a judge and censor-general on all her acquaintances and the world beside on the subject of sensibility of heart. She had enjoyed many opportunities of falling in love, and those which she had enjoyed she had not overlooked. Many and many a time was her heart lost, but never irrecoverably. Few were the gentlemen who thought it very prudent to venture to pay serious court to a young lady of lofty thoughts and lowly means. A very slight degree of notice was sufficient however to set if not her heart in flames, at least her tongue in motion to her confidential friends concerning sentiment and sensibility, and all that sort of thing.

Such a companion as this was by no means fit for Clara Rivolta. But Mr. Martindale saw not the real character of the young lady, and Miss Henderson was wise enough to flatter the old gentleman into a conceit that she considered him as one of the few enlightened men of the age; and as Mr. Martindale himself was one of those oddities who think all the world blockheads but themselves, he was not displeased with that kind of homage which Miss Henderson paid him: and as Mr. Martindale was one of the very few single gentlemen whom Miss Henderson had seen and had not fallen in love with, she was not quite so disagreeable to him as she was to many others. Mr. Martindale, therefore, tolerated the acquaintance with Clara; and as for Signora Rivolta, it appeared that Miss Henderson had sagacity enough to see that she was not to be imposed on or deceived by foolish talk, and therefore she avoided exposing herself to her.

In person Miss Henderson was by no means disagreeable, she was rather pretty. There was it is true a little deficiency in height and a little redundancy in breadth; but still there was nothing remarkable one way or the other. She dressed in very good taste, and her ordinary manner was good. It is wicked, or at least very thoughtless, in young men to pay unmeaning attentions to any young lady, but especially to such very sentimental ones as Miss Henderson: frequently had she been rendered unhappy by this thoughtlessness. Now it is very silly for young men to boast of the hearts they win; and in winning such a heart as we are now speaking of there is certainly nothing to boast of, for any one was sure to succeed provided there was a vacancy. At the time of which we are writing, the fragrant Henry Augustus Tippetson was the favored and honored companion of Miss Henderson's walks; and it is difficult to say which was the prettiest animal of the two, Mr. Tippetson or his little white French dog. They were at one time always to be seen together at a certain hour of the day in the Green Park. They seemed to have a great fellow feeling, and both looked as spruce and neat as if they had both been dressed by the same valet. Mr. Tippetson, though something of a coxcomb, and considered to be vain of his person, still was so far diffident of himself as to use the assistance of his little quadruped companion to attract attention to himself. Often has he acknowledged, or rather boasted, that his little dog has been the means of bringing him into conversation with those whom otherwise he should not have had an opportunity of addressing; and oftentimes it has been supposed that it was Henry Augustus Tippetson's private opinion, that his little French dog was considered by the ladies as a very pretty excuse for taking notice of the pretty owner of the same.

Now it was the natural unsophisticated opinion of Clara Rivolta that Mr. Tippetson was an empty-headed, effeminate coxcomb, not worth notice, and absolutely incorrigible by any other discipline but that of time. But Miss Henderson had discovered, or fancied she had discovered, that Mr.

Tippetson was not so great a coxcomb as he appeared to be. She acknowledged, indeed, that he was very attentive to his dress and his person; and very candidly did she make allowance for a little error in that respect, as he was but young, and she had heard it said that it is better to be too attentive in youth than too negligent in age in that respect. As for Mr. Tippetson's lisping, she was very sure that was perfectly natural and unavoidable. The use of perfumery was become absolutely necessary from the frequency of crowded apartments. As to the apparent diversity between the studying and the learned Miss Henderson, and the lounging, indolent, unreading habits of Mr. Tippetson, the difference was rather apparent than real, according to the young lady's own account of the matter: for though Mr. Tippetson was not at present much in the habit of reading, he had been formerly, and his mind was by no means unfurnished; he was a man of very great observation, and was constantly making remarks and observations on every thing he saw or heard. So that Miss Henderson was quite sure that when Clara came to be better acquainted with the young gentleman, she must think better of him. Thus it is that foolery is tolerated. Look at a coxcomb at a little distance, and observe his silly airs. The animal is absolutely nauseous, and his whole manner and style villanous and contemptible. But a more intimate acquaintance makes a discovery of some bearable qualities; and familiarity renders the odious less odious; and then it is thought that there are more qualities existing in him than have been discovered, because more have been discovered than were suspected. So foppery and foolery are tolerated from habit and intimacy.

This process of mind, from contempt to toleration, has been experienced by more disciplined minds than Clara's. No wonder that a young woman so unacquainted with human society should be led to sacrifice her better judgment to the plausibilities of so well-informed a person as Miss Henderson. Clara was far from perfection, though she was a most excellent and amiable creature, and was possessed of a tolerably sound judgment. She was accessible to flattery, and loved praise. It was not in her power or will to discriminate aright on that matter. Signora Rivolta had instructed and educated her daughter very much by the impulse of encouragement. That mode had produced many good effects, but it had its evils. Clara had become too susceptible of commendation, and her appetite was too strong to suffer her taste to be delicate. Thus there arose a kind of sentimental friendship between the two young ladies; in which intercourse of sentiment Miss Henderson had the advantage and the greatest power, not from superior strength of mind, or greater accuracy of discrimination, but because it had been her lot to enjoy a larger portion of experience or knowledge of human society.

It might be imagined that a woman of such superior mind as Signora Rivolta, would have given to her only child, whose education she had by herself totally conducted, such information and such views of society and human nature, as to render her so well acquainted with life that she might not be a dupe of its ordinary deceptions. But this is not possible. Solitary education can never fit the mind for society; the social education must commence when the solitary has finished. Young people cannot understand the language of experience. Signora Rivolta might even have described with the utmost truth and philosophic accuracy the character of Miss Henderson, and might have given her child the strictest and most earnest injunctions to guard herself against its fascinations; and Clara might have been most attentive to the instruction, and desirous of obeying it, but when the character presented itself in real life she would not have recognised it.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish."

SHAKSPEARE.

The intimacy between Clara Rivolta and Miss Henderson continued for a time uninterrupted. The friends of the former were not aware of the character of Miss Henderson; and had they been, they would not have supposed that Clara so much admired and esteemed her as she really did. Old Mr. Martindale had paid very kind and friendly attention to the settlement of the affairs of the late Lord Martindale, and having spent as much time in town as he thought desirable, removed his establishment to the coast, that his family might enjoy the pleasures of a watering-place. So it came to pass that the female friends were parted: but though separated, they were not forgetful of each other. Miss Henderson wrote a most beautiful hand, so small, so clear, with letters so peculiarly well-turned, that whenever she put a letter into the post-office, she thought that the letter-sorter and the postman must pause to admire the beauty of the writing. Not one of her numerous acquaintance could condense so many words into the compass of one common-sized sheet of letter-paper. With such qualifications, no wonder that she seized every opportunity of writing letters. People always do with pleasure that which they think they do well. It would gratify us if we could present the public with a fac-simile of one of Miss Henderson's letters, but our publisher will not allow of it. Our readers must therefore be contented with the printed copy of one. It is as follows:

"How feeble, my ever dear Clara, is the power of language to express the emotions of the heart! My heart is the seat of ten thousand times ten thousand agitating and conflicting thoughts, painful recollections, gloomy forebodings, tender regrets, joyous hopes. Oh, what is life without friendship! And how few, alas! who are worthy of the confidence of friendship. When I look upon the multitudes of people that pass and repass every day and every hour—when I see the common-

place, every-day people of the world, and observe how careless and how contented they seem in the midst of their gross ignorance and stupidity, I cannot sometimes repress the almost impious wish that I were as stupid as they are. Is it not too true that increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow? The town is now empty, and yet pa's chapel is somehow well attended. Many people come from the city to hear him, and some young lawyers also from the inns of courts. You would be amused to see their vacant looks of admiration, almost amounting to astonishment, when pa gives one of his fine apostrophes, or his well-turned metaphors. Tippetson is still in town. I wonder what he can find to amuse him at this dull time of year. Pa would go to Brighton if he could find any tolerable substitute to fill his place in his absence, but the generality of preachers you know, my dear, are so dull, stupid, and common-place, that it is absolutely impossible for a person of any sense to sit and hear them; I am really astonished that the churches are so full as they are, there is scarcely one clergyman in twenty worth hearing. Tippetson says he is determined never to hear any body but pa. He was at the chapel yesterday, and sat directly opposite to us. I wish, my dear Clara, you could have seen him. He was so attentive, that he looked as if he was desirous of catching every syllable; and when any peculiarly fine and brilliant expression occurred, (you know pa's emphatic manner,) it was quite interesting to see how his countenance was lighted up with admiration. Pa makes it a point to preach quite as well when the fashionable people are out of town as when they are all here. Fashionable people! Ah, Clara, you do not know them so well as I do, and you need not wish to know them; so false, so vain, so hollow, so haughty! Mr. Martindale is the only person I ever saw who seems to understand them aright. What an advantage you have in the society of such an intelligent man! All his thoughts are wisdom, and all his sentences are oracles. Tippetson admires him prodigiously, and says that twenty such men in high life would produce a complete revolution in the fashionable world. I heard Tippetson say, but he did not know that I heard him, that he intended to procure a little velvet paper book, bound in pink satin and with silver clasps, and that he should on one side of the leaves record the wise sayings of Mr. Martindale, and on the other the beautiful similes that occurred in pa's sermons. I am sure, my dear, you will laugh when I tell you what a blunder pa was likely to make last week. He wanted to go out of town for a few weeks, and endeavoured to find a gen gentleman to officiate for him at the chapel, and a friend of ours recommended a person of whom he had some slight knowledge, and pa saw him, and was just on the point of engaging him, when by some odd expression pa found out that he was an evangelical. It would have been the ruin of the chapel if the mistake had not been discovered in time to prevent any engagement. Poor pa made the best excuse he could; and here we all remain for want of a proper substitute to supply the chapel in our absence. When Tippetson heard of the blunder, he laughed outright, and said it was a pity that the gentleman had not been engaged, in order that he might convert some of the good folks at this end of the town. I assure you, my dear, that Tippetson is far from being a dull man; the fact is, he has a considerable degree of wit, but he is not like some people who are always endeavouring to shine in conversation, and to say brilliant things. Now do you know there is nothing so excessively disagreeable to me as a perpetual endeavour to shine in conversation. Tippetson really does say some good things sometimes; I am told that some of those clever articles in the newspapers which are ascribed to Sir William Curtis, are actually the production of Tippetson. Well, my dear, dear Clara, you see what a rambling style I am writing in; but I don't know how it is, when I have the pen in my hand it seems to communicate the perpetual motion to my fingers. Talking of perpetual motion, what an absurdity it is to think that it can ever be discovered! and yet I have heard people who think themselves very clever at mechanics talk as if it might be discovered; I once heard a very superior man say that the perpetual motion was one of nature's arcana. Oh, how pleasant it is to have a correspondent to whom one can write freely and fully on any subject! How few are there like you, my dear friend, who have any interest in the pursuits of science and the discoveries of philosophy; and of those few who pretend to any relish for such things, there are not many who like you understand the subjects on which they converse: they are mere smatterers. You told me, I remember, that you found less literature and science in the world than you expected; and let me assure you, that is much rarer than even you imagine. The number of pretenders is very great; but real science is rare. I am afraid I shall tire you, my dear friend, but the truth is, I know not of any one to whom I can address myself so freely as to my dear Clara: but if I have trespassed too much on your valuable time by my poor unworthy scrawl, I can only cast myself on your mercy, or beg that you will punish me by an answer as long as my letter: punish did I say, I retract the unworthy expression, it would be no punishment to receive a copious epistle from a dear, intelligent, superior-minded friend. Your letters, my dear, are all instruction and wisdom. I could learn more from one of your letters than from a volume. I am almost ashamed of what I am going to say, I hesitate whether I shall acknowledge my sin; yet confession is one-half of repentance. I must acknowledge—will you ever forgive me? The fact is, I was so very naughty as to let Tippetson have a sight of your letter; and I am sure you will forgive me, if you can but imagine the admiration and delight with which he read it. I know you have too much strength of mind to be accessible to flattery, else I would not mention the affair to you; but the truth is, that he was so charmed with it that he begged me on his knees to let him have a copy of it, of course omitting names, and he was pleased to say that no pen was so worthy of the honor of transcribing it as mine: for the young man is pleased to compliment my hand-writing rather more than it deserves. There, now you are near the end of your labor of reading, and I am near the end of my pleasure in writing: for a pleasure it is to write to such a dear, kind, intelligent soul as my Clara Rivolta. Farewell; let me soon have another invaluable treasure in a letter from your intellectual pen to delight and instruct your faithful and sincere Rebecca Henderson."

This is the shortest we could find of the epistles of Miss Henderson to Clara Rivolta. The young lady to whom that and many more to the same purpose were addressed, thought that there was

something extravagant in the style, but took it for granted that such was the style now in fashion, and therefore made allowances; but the worst of the matter was, that in making those allowances, she was led also to imitate the same style rather more than her good sense approved. As we have not so high an opinion of the superior excellence of Clara Rivolta's letters to Miss Henderson as Mr. Tippetson was pleased to express, we shall not favor our readers by sending any of them to the press. It is enough to state that the correspondence continued rather longer than Signora Rivolta would have approved had she been aware of its style and character. Those letters which Miss Henderson wrote to Clara when Mr. Tippetson had left town, and was gone she knew not whither, were of sad and sable aspect. Many and deep were the lamentations that there was nothing in the great metropolis worth living for, and yet there were several young gentlemen then in town whom Miss Henderson had once been dying for.

Though Signora Rivolta did not think it necessary for the sake of her daughter's well-being, and for the purpose of preserving the purity of her mind, to insist upon seeing all letters which she might receive from or write to her female friends, yet the very frequent arrival of letters from Miss Henderson, and the very copious nature of them, judging from the time which Clara took to read them and reply to them, induced her mother to mention the subject, by way of hinting that such a very great intimacy and attachment to so new an acquaintance was hardly consistent with prudence and proper consideration. One day, when a very long communication had been received from the copiously-corresponding Rebecca Henderson, Signora Rivolta took occasion to say to Clara,

"I have no wish, my dear child, to interfere unnecessarily with your correspondence and with your friendships, but it has often struck me that your frequent and long letters to Miss Henderson are hardly proper, considering how short a time you have been acquainted with that lady. I protest to you that I feel curious to know what is the subject of your correspondence. Is it literary, or scientific, or miscellaneous?"

Clara was rather confused, because she was well aware of the rigid and severe judgment of her mother, and she was nearly sure that such a correspondence would not altogether meet her approbation; she replied,

"There are some parts of the letters which treat of literature and science, but they are for the most part miscellaneous: they are a species of written conversation."

"There is very little conversation worth writing," replied her mother, "and of course little worth reading;" but, continued she with a smile, "I must own that I should be gratified, if you would so far indulge my curiosity as to permit me to see one of Miss Henderson's letters, I will not dictate which, one will answer my purpose as well as another. Where the correspondence is so frequent and copious, it must display or form character, and I am interested to know what kind of a correspondent you have."

"I will show you any or all of the letters," replied Clara, who knew her mother's character of mind too well to attempt to elude her penetration; "will you take the trouble to read this, which I have received this morning. Miss Henderson is a very kind friend, and perhaps she is disposed to be rather too flattering; but I can assure you, my dear mother, that, though I am pleased to have her good opinion, I am not rendered vain by her praises. It is her peculiar manner to compliment."

Clara presented the letter, Signora Rivolta read it with great attention and with much seriousness; occasionally indeed she smiled, but that smile was presently checked. Clara watched her mother's countenance with great anxiety, observed its changes with much emotion, and was very much hurt and abashed by the look with which her mother returned her the letter when she had read it through.

"My dear Clara, I must have some conversation with you on the subject of this correspondence. I cannot flatter you quite so adroitly as Miss Henderson does, but I have a much higher opinion of you than she has, for I do assure you that I would never have insulted your understanding so much as to send you such a ridiculous epistle as this. The language of this letter is foolish in the extreme. I hope your conversation was not in this style. You may well say that the letters are miscellaneous. Now my child, as I can only have your welfare in view, will you be kind enough so far to favor me with your confidence as to indulge me with a sight of some more of Miss Henderson's letters. Indeed, I acknowledge to you that I am anxious to see them all: from this specimen I could wish that you had never received any."

Clara had much tenderness of feeling and great respect and reverence for her mother's superior understanding, and she felt very unpleasantly and painfully at the emotion with which her mother addressed her. Her color rose and fell, and the poor girl burst into tears. It was indeed truly mortifying, after having received such flattering homage from Miss Henderson, to be thus suddenly let down in her own judgment, and be thus brought to feel that she was not quite so superior to the rest of the world as she had been led to suppose herself. Signora Rivolta soothed her and spoke kindly to her. The letters were produced, for they had been carefully laid by as treasures of some value. And let not our readers judge harshly of the inexperienced mind of poor Clara; her very humility made her proud: for not positively thinking very highly of herself, when she found herself flattered and complimented by Miss Henderson, she was unduly exalted and gratified; and she began to fancy that she was indeed something extraordinary, to receive compliments from so accomplished a young lady.

Every one of the letters did Signora Rivolta carefully peruse, having taken them to her own

apartment for that purpose: it was a task indeed of some difficulty, and attended with much weariness, but she felt anxious on her daughter's account, and would not relinquish her task till it was completed; and when it was completed, her astonishment was great indeed, that such nonsense could have ever been agreeable to her daughter; but she forgot the love of praise and the insinuations of flattery, how strong their influence is on young and inexperienced minds. When she had made an end of reading, she called Clara to her again, and after giving her own opinion of the character of Miss Henderson's mind, she said,

"Now, my dear child, I have one more request to make of you concerning these letters; that is, will you give me leave to destroy them? They will never be an honor to you; if you seek for praise, you must endeavour to procure it in a less equivocal shape than this. Here you are told in so many words almost, that your knowledge is most extensive and profound; that your taste is pure and perfect; that your strength of mind is superior to the rest of your sex; in short, that you possess every virtue and every excellence that can be attributed to a human being. Can you believe that Miss Henderson is silly enough to entertain such an opinion of you; and if she be not sincere, what can be her motive, but merely to indulge her own foolish inclination to talk or to write? I dare say that, if the fact could be ascertained, you would find that she has used the same kind of language to many others with whom she has corresponded; for her style seems to be that of a practised letter writer, who scribbles for her own gratification."

Clara saw that there was truth and justice in these observations, and though she felt a considerable degree of reluctance, she could not refuse her mother's request; and the letters in all their fulness and interest and with all their fine compliments, were committed to what newspaper editors call the devouring element.

CHAPTER IX.

"Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard."

SHAKSPEARE.

The sea-side is an excellent place for those who have nothing to do, and none but those can duly and rightly appreciate its advantages. To saunter about on the beach and listen to the roaring of the waters, and watch the tide rising or falling—to hear the rushing rattling of the pebbles that are rolled on the beach with every successive wave—to see the distant sail, now dark beneath a passing cloud, and then bright again as a leaf of silver from the light of the sun—to watch the sea-birds in their reeling, wheeling, staggering flight—to mark the little dabs of sea-weed in their grotesque variety, and to measure the progress of the tide by their disappearance on encroaching waves, or to measure how much the waters have receded, by observing how this, that, and the other weed are drier and farther from the reach of the wave—to notice the pretty wonder, and see the waving ringlets and fluttering bonnets of the little ones who are brought to breathe health and animation on the coast—to watch the sentimental looks of the solitary wanderer who comes there to breathe poetry—to see the flushed indications of a swelling heart in the looks of those who seem to hear in the sound of the rushing waters a voice from beloved and distant ones; these, and ten thousand other pretty occupations, banish from the mind all feeling of indolence, and make it fancy itself employed. And surely it is quite as well employed in seeing and feeling poetry as in reading it. To speak after the figurative and flowery style of Rebecca Henderson's pa, we might say that nature is all poetry, groves are her sonnets, gardens her madrigals, mountains her pindarics, and seas her epics. In walking by the sea-side, there is no thought of loss of time; for the sea being an emblem of eternity, banishes all thought of time from the mind. Thus wandered there, day after day, our young friend, Clara Rivolta.

Not the less interesting to us is this young lady, because in the simplicity and youngness of her experience, she has suffered herself to be carried away by the foolish and vain flatterings of an idle-minded, busy-tongued young woman, on whose mind knowledge has produced only its coarsest and grossest effects. To the sea-side did Clara betake herself the morning after the discovery of her foolish, sentimental correspondence with Miss Henderson. Many and painful were the efforts which she made to endeavour to think more soberly of herself, and to bring her thoughts and feelings to that steadiness and firmness which she could not but perceive and respect in her mother. It was not easy, it was not pleasant, to rouse herself from that delicious dream of self-complacency into which she had been lulled. We do not like to wake from a pleasant dream, even though we know it to be but a dream. Clara was also helping to deceive herself. She was indulging herself in the thought that she was far less censorious than she used to be, for she thought more favorably and judged more candidly of Mr. Tippetson than when she first saw him. But she forgot that a little of that candor and a little of that justice might perhaps be owing to the decided and flattering homage which that sweet-scented gentleman had paid her. No one can think very contemptibly of those who dexterously flatter; and there is a species of flattery which is very dexterous, which does not express itself in the bare words of common-place compliment or gross adulation, but which speaks in looks, tones, actions, and attentions. Mr. Tippetson had learned this art in perfection, and no wonder; for he had studied no other, and had found an interest and a pleasure in this. He had been despised and tolerated by a great number of persons and families. At first sight, all who came near him despised him, but upon better acquaintance they thought better of him; and as he had no feeling but for himself, he could when

necessity required make himself very agreeable to most with whom he conversed. His art was to affect an almost exclusive interest for the person whom he addressed or conversed with. By this he had rendered himself so very agreeable to Sir Gilbert Sampson, then to Miss Sampson, now Countess of Trimmerstone, that many observers thought at one time that he would have carried off the heiress; and very likely he would, had it not been for the title which was in the Martindale connexion. Even after the marriage of the young lady above-named, her lord and master was almost jealous of Tippetson, but when he became better acquainted with him he thought better of him. There was this also in the style of the young gentleman, that he never affected any superiority, but always spoke, if of himself at all, in terms of great humility and diffidence. It is indeed rather flattering and agreeable to us, when seeing one who at a little distance appears full of himself, very proud and conceited and contemptuous, we find when we come nearer to him, that he thinks very humbly of himself, and that he is towards us all respect, deference, and attention. The homage of those who seem constitutionally constructed to pay homage to every body affects and delights us not, but the homage of those who seem to expect homage is truly delightful. By this kind of art, Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson rendered himself tolerable in spite of his foppery and exquisite affectations.

We have introduced this gentleman again, because he is about to introduce himself; and though we would willingly let our characters speak for themselves, as we have said in the preceding volume, we cannot always trust them, for we know that they are all more or less hypocritical, and would put the best side outwards. Besides, there is wanting in narrative or written dialogue the countenance or expression, which the actor in a drama gives to the character. There may be much individuality in the characters of Shakspeare's dramas, but we question whether there be not somewhat less than most persons imagine. With all the individuality, however, that may be supposed to belong to them, we have very little doubt but that to different minds the names of Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, &c. present an almost infinite variety of moral portrait; and there is great truth in the common language and philosophy in the common phraseology, of "Kean's Richard," "Garrick's Richard," "Kemble's Coriolanus." "Kean's Richard" and "Garrick's Richard" were no doubt different persons. Our characters, therefore, cannot speak definitely enough, if they only speak for themselves. But Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson is coming.

As Clara Rivolta was walking alone on the beach the morning after the destruction of Miss Henderson's pretty letters by the ruthless severity of Signora Rivolta, the young lady's mind was full of various and agitating thoughts, and she was meditating on the deceitfulness of the world and all that is therein; and then began she to think of Horatio Markham, whose considerate and kind attentions had greatly impressed her mind with a favorable idea both of herself and of him. She thought within herself, "Is he also insincere, and must I believe nobody who speaks well of me?" It was a pleasant and a soothing sight to have before her eyes the mighty ocean, and to see its rolling billows dashing with infinite monotony on the shore; and it was pleasant to her to let her spirit ride upon these mighty billows onward and onward to distant lands, and to imagine that there lived one in whose life she felt an interest. Whatever Miss Henderson might be, she was sure that Horatio Markham lacked not understanding and good sense; for she had observed that her mother had conversed with him very attentively, and apparently with great pleasure. Being disappointed in her friendship with Miss Henderson, her thoughts very naturally reverted to her incipient friendship with Markham. While engaged in these meditations, she was roused from her reverie by the sound of something plunging into the water, and presently after by the noise of the sharp, shrill yelping of a little dog that came shaking his white wet coat almost on Clara's dress. The master of the animal was at hand ready to apologise for the animal's want of decorum. The apology was accepted; the owner of the dog was Mr. Tippetson, he did not say that he threw the dog into the water on purpose to attract the young lady's attention. As Mr. Tippetson was personally acquainted with Clara, a conversation naturally sprung up on the occasion of this accidental meeting.

Clara hardly knew what to say, or what to avoid saying; for when the letters of Miss Henderson had been perused by Signora Rivolta, the frequent recurrence of the name of Tippetson gave occasion to that lady to make some remarks on the character of that gentleman by no means flattering either to him or to Clara's judgment. It was however impossible to behave rudely to the young gentleman. Some answer necessarily must be returned to his inquiries concerning Mr. Martindale, and the Colonel and Signora Rivolta. And as Mr. Tippetson very unceremoniously joined company with Clara, and pertinaciously walked by her side, and took all possible pains to make himself agreeable, it was impossible to get speedily rid of him. In the course of conversation mention was made of the name of Henderson. Clara bethought herself of the story of Mr. Tippetson supplicating on his knees for a copy of a letter addressed to her friend. Mr. Tippetson spoke of Miss Henderson not quite so flatteringly as Miss Henderson had spoken of him. Clara thought that ungrateful. Mr. Tippetson spoke of Mr. Henderson, but of him not quite in such high terms as the language used in Miss Henderson's letters had led Clara to expect. But there was nothing absolutely censorious in his expressions. Of Mr. Martindale he spoke in language of unmingled commendation, of Colonel Rivolta he spoke very flatteringly, and so also of Signora Rivolta. It was well for Clara that she had been so recently put upon her guard against flattery, or the ingenious homage of Mr. Tippetson might have intoxicated her. So dexterously did he manage, that, notwithstanding all that Signora Rivolta had said, and notwithstanding what she herself had seen, Clara could not help wishing that her mother had been better acquainted with Mr. Tippetson, as she felt assured that better acquaintance would produce better and more favorable thoughts of him.

While Mr. Tippetson was keeping Clara in conversation almost against her will, there appeared at

a distance on the beach old Mr. Martindale and Signora Rivolta. Clara would willingly have extricated herself from her companion, could it have been effected without any obvious and palpable effort. But she saw that it was absolutely impossible; for as soon as the young gentleman saw Mr. Martindale, he expressed great pleasure in the prospect of meeting again so intelligent and respectable an acquaintance. A meeting and introduction were inevitable.

The parties presently joined. On the part of Clara was great confusion. Signora Rivolta looked almost angry. Mr. Martindale addressed the young gentleman with great cordiality. Mr. Tippetson, as if with a judgment superior to that generally and justly ascribed to him, discerning and in a moment interpreting the looks of Signora Rivolta, most ingeniously took upon himself all blame, if blame there might be, of the walking with Clara in such social guise of intimacy. Nature has not given to all animals the power of reasoning; but to the greatest number and greatest variety of animals she has given that instinct which may be called extemporaneous reasoning. Exquisitely and curiously accurate is the sagacity of some animals; but reason often blunders and miscalculates. As then nature has given sagacity or instinct when she hath denied reason, so even in the human species, when she has been somewhat penurious in the bestowment of reason, she hath made amends by the addition of no small portion of a species of animal sagacity and shrewdness. Thus it happens that many stupid, ignorant, unreasoning beings called human, do frequently deport themselves with the greatest and aptest propriety in the minuter matters of ordinary life, while men of more mind or higher reasoning powers, being too proud to apply or exercise their reason on the inferior and every-day concerns of life, and not gifted with the instinct which stupid people enjoy, are subject to frequent blunders, awkwardnesses, and perplexities. If, for instance, Horatio Markham, who was a much superior man to Henry Augustus Tippetson, had been thus met in conversation with Clara, and if he had judged from the countenance and manner of Signora Rivolta that the interview was not agreeable to her, he would have blundered and floundered, and have been confused and confounded, and have brought poor Clara into disgrace for encouraging improperly a degree of familiarity with an almost stranger; but very differently did Mr. Tippetson manage. Seeing also that Signora Rivolta was not a person likely to yield to the influence of common-place compliment, and feeling by the natural instinct which he possessed that her powerful mind and keen discernment had already tolerably well penetrated into his character and analysed his soul, he did not attempt to flatter where he knew he must fail. This is another and remarkable quality belonging to instinct, and an advantage which it enjoys above reason; viz. that it never attempts that which it cannot perform, whereas reason often does. Feeling then that it would be in vain to play off his compliments and pay his homage to Signora Rivolta, he gave his attention chiefly to Mr. Martindale, and relinquished the lady as a person to him indifferent: though at the same time he thought, that fond as he was of amusing his leisure hours, and that was every hour that he was awake, with paying unmeaning attentions to young ladies, he should not be sorry to sacrifice his liberty for the hand and probable fortune of Clara Rivolta. It was indeed a truth, and a sad one it is to tell of any of our species, that while he was flattering Miss Henderson, and paying constant and unremitting attention to her, he was far from any intention of a serious nature, and he absolutely did by her means endeavour to make himself agreeable to Clara. Towards her he was serious, not however from sentiment but from selfishness. He saw, however, that so far as the mother of the young lady was concerned, there was no hopes of success; but he had some hopes from the young lady and from the old gentleman: they were accessible to flattery. To Mr. Martindale, therefore, did the crafty one address himself. He introduced such topics as pleased the old gentleman, because they gave him an opportunity to display his wisdom and indulge his humor. He talked of the follies and frivolities of the fashionable world, and said much concerning the good old times. He expressed his great dislike to late hours and French cookery. In short, he so pleased the old gentleman, that he was urged to dine with their family party.

Now a very good and ample opportunity was offered him for saying and looking all that might be agreeable to Clara and to Mr. Martindale the elder. To the old gentleman a very handsome and well-turned compliment was paid on the title lately conferred on his relative. To Clara little was said directly, but much indirectly. To Colonel Rivolta very little was said, for he was not a talking man. He was very quiet, inoffensive, not very extensively informed, having a profound respect and veneration for the superior wisdom and good sense of his lady. His ordinary occupation was smoking, sometimes he would take snuff. People wondered that so superior a woman as Signora Rivolta should ever have accepted the hand of such a dull common-place man as the Colonel. But what is the use of wondering: there is in fact nothing wonderful in the matter; it is the most ordinary and every-day occurrence. It is as common as day-light to find couples thus unequally yoked. Perhaps the Signora loved rule, and found that the Colonel was very tractable. Perhaps the Signora loved talking, and found the Colonel very silent, but not deaf. Perhaps the Signora loved admiration, and found the Colonel disposed to look with reverence on her superior mental powers. Perhaps the Signora thought that she might not have another offer. Perhaps the Signora thought that a quiet simpleton was better than a prating one. Perhaps the Signora did not like diversity of opinion, and therefore preferred a husband who had no opinions at all. Perhaps the Signora did not know any better than we do what were the motives which actuated her. But we beg of our readers that they would not trouble themselves to wonder at the matter. Ten thousand are the affairs and events of ordinary occurrence, at which nobody wonders and for which nobody can account. But to return.

We have said what Mr. Tippetson was, but we have not said who he was. This information ought not to be withheld from our readers. It is rather difficult to use few words, and it is not fitting for so insignificant a personage that we should use many. We will endeavour to condense. His father was a country attorney; his grandfather a village apothecary; his uncle was steward to a

nobleman of large estate; and he himself, Mr. Tippetson, the Henry Augustus, was destined for the church. For the purpose of preparing the young gentleman, he was sent to Cambridge; but unfortunately he came away from thence without taking a degree. Every body knows what immense labor and incessant toil are required to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts. It has been said by very good judges, that a man of the greatest powers of mind, supposing him previously ignorant of the subjects of examination, would not be able to prepare himself for a bachelor's degree in less than a week, and that ordinary geniuses require a fortnight or three weeks. To study three weeks in three years was too much for Mr. Tippetson's nerves, so he left Cambridge without his degree; and as his uncle died in good circumstances and left Henry Augustus a handsome legacy, and as the young gentleman's father also was deceased having left a good fortune to this his only son, the young gentleman thought that his wisest step would be to become a gentleman at once, and relinquish all idea of professional pursuits. As to taking orders, he could not bear the thoughts of those impertinent questions which examining chaplains propose to candidates for holy orders, and he never would give up fancy waistcoats. Thus situated, the young gentleman lounged about and dawdled away his time with considerable ingenuity.

There are two unfortunate sets of beings among mankind: those who cannot do any thing, and those who cannot do nothing. The former class counted among its numbers Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson. He had not the slightest capacity for application to any object of pursuit; but he was no by means unable to do nothing. There are, as our readers may know, certain persons who have acquired such a habit of constant action and incessant employment that they cannot exist without activity: they cannot be idle. They are absolutely proud of it, and fancy that it redounds much to their honor; but it is in fact a misfortune where the assertion is true, and a villanous affectation where it is false. It requires mind to be able to manage either business or leisure: it is the absence of mind that renders man a slave to habit. We have made this digression when speaking of Mr. Tippetson, lest any of our readers being afflicted with what may be called the vertigo of business and employment, may take to themselves an undue portion of credit, and be proud of that as a virtue which in fact is only a weakness. The mind which has not power over itself lacks due strength and health.

It may now be easily imagined that a woman like Signora Rivolta could readily enough penetrate the surface of Mr. Tippetson's character and understand its weakness; and lest any of our readers should be perplexed to know why it happened that the Signora should be especially anxious that her daughter should not be married to a man of unfurnished mind, when she herself was so married and did not seem annoyed by it, we will inform them that the Signora thought herself quite able to govern and direct, but that she did not consider Clara to be possessed of a mind so powerful as hers, and that therefore she should have another to direct and rule. If farther it be asked why should a woman of such good sense as Signora Rivolta be so vain as to think highly of herself, we can only reply that it is the commonest thing in the world.

CHAPTER X.

"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wished she had not heard it."

SHAKSPEARE.

It is judicious in those who change the place of their abode at different seasons of the year, to select such times as the places to which they betake themselves exhibit their greatest variety of aspect. For this reason, autumn is well selected as the time for visiting the sea-coast. That is a time of year in which the sun rises and sets at such hours as that its beauties may be seen and enjoyed, without much interference with the usual arrangements of life's daily duties and employments of breakfast and dinner. That is a season in which we have some of the stillest, brightest, and serenest weather, and when the mid-day sun gives glorious brightness without oppressive heat. That is a season when the evening moon shows to such fine advantage its broad disk shining on the rippling waters. That also is a season when by sudden and mighty storms the sea may be agitated into convulsive sublimity. The calm and storm at that period of the year may rapidly succeed each other.

The day on which Tippetson met Clara Rivolta on the beach was fine, and brilliant, and calm. The sun that evening set gloriously. There hung on its retreat a host of gorgeous clouds snatching from its declining rays fragments of fleeting gold to deck their ever-changing fringes. An unusual number of persons were on the beach that evening to see the beautiful sight. In the midst of their admiration many expressed their fears of a coming storm; and at midnight, or towards morning, their fears were realised, or we may say their hopes were gratified. It was a pleasant consideration that they saw no vessels out at sea, and therefore they could enjoy the sublimity of the scene without a distressing and painful sympathy with the endangered or perishing crew. Signora Rivolta was highly capable of enjoying the sight, and she solicited for her daughter's company at an unusually early hour in the morning to walk down to the beach to watch the mighty movements of the waters. Even till sun-rise, and after, the wind blew with unabating fury. It was a magnificent and highly stimulating sight that could bring the luxurious and effeminate out amidst the conflicting storm to enjoy nature in one of her moods of sublimity. Mr. Tippetson exposed himself among the rest to the pelting of the pitiless storm. Several vessels after a time became visible struggling with the storm, but they were small and rode lightly, no serious danger

seemed to threaten them. The scudding clouds and gleaming light from the rising sun now concealed and now displayed them; and it was a fine sight to look upon the white sails fluttering in the wind.

Presently the wind changed a little, and blew more towards the shore; and more vessels became visible, and some large ships made their appearance. The interest of the gazers was more intense; and many among the crowd talked knowingly and loudly concerning the vessels, and their names and destination. Many conjectures were uttered, and much idle talk was made. Clara felt no interest in the observations, and did not listen to them. Signora Rivolta saw and thought of nothing but the wide foaming waters and the distant sails; but others were there from whose language a deeper interest might be inferred. There were standing near Signora Rivolta and her daughter a couple of middle-aged, respectable-looking persons, who seemed to be husband and wife, and who talked to each other as if they had a son or some near relative at sea; but not supposed to be near that part of the coast. They seemed both much terrified, and endeavouring alternately to console each other. It is not very uncommon to suggest for consolation to others that which is not the slightest consolation to ourselves. Signora Rivolta hearing these good people so earnestly conversing with each other on the subject of the storm and its probable extent, was unaccountably led to give heed to their discourse. From their language, it appeared that they had a son whom they were expecting to arrive in a few days from South America, but they had every reason to suppose that the vessel in which he was destined to sail must be many leagues out at sea.

While they were thus talking, and Signora Rivolta hearing, though not absolutely listening to them, some men in sailors' garb came and stood near them, and showed their skill and discernment in naming the larger vessels which were in sight. They were very positive that they were right, and in most instances very likely they were, for they were all of the same opinion. Presently there came in sight a vessel of about three hundred tons burden; and on the subject of the name of that ship there arose a little dispute among the party. The anxious couple, who had been in close talk about their absent son, hearing one of the sailors mention the name of the ship in which they supposed that their son had been embarked, addressed him, and asked if it were possible that that ship could have arrived so soon. To this question the whole party made answer at once, some one way and some another; but it was impossible to make out from the multitude of answers the meaning of any one. After much inquiry and with great difficulty, it was elicited from one of the men that he had arrived in England but three days ago, and that on his voyage home the vessel in which he had sailed had overtaken and spoke with that in question. This seemed strong evidence in favor of the possibility of its being near England.

"Can you tell me," said the gentleman, "the names of any of the passengers in that ship?"

"No, sir," replied the sailor, "I did not hear any thing about the crew or the passengers; I only know that the captain's name was Brown, and that the vessel was bound for London. There was a gentleman on board, but I did not hear his name, who wanted to come with us because we sailed so much faster; but our captain could not take him as we had our complement of passengers, and there was one gentleman among our passengers who was very ill, and wanted all the accommodation that could be afforded. He could not be very well accommodated, poor man, but every body did what they could for him. He was such a favorite with all on board, though he was a lawyer."

In spite of the anxiety of the moment, the gentleman smiled at the language in which the sailor was pleased to compliment his sick passenger. He entered, therefore, into farther conversation with the men on the beach respecting the vessels expected, and concerning the probability of danger to those near land. The answers were satisfactory. The sailors were right in their predictions; the wind abated, the danger was over. The party on the shoredispersed to their respective abodes; and Clara, who was gifted with a very active imagination, could not banish from her mind the conceit that the sick man could be no other than Horatio Markham. She thought it very probable that the climate might not agree with him, and that he might have returned to his native land in hopes, in faint hopes of recovering his health; and she thought that these hopes might not be fulfilled, and then she let her imagination follow him to the grave. There she raised an imaginary monument to his memory, and she fancied that she could see the marble inscribed with some tender, touching, not common-place epitaph. Then she let her imagination dwell with a sickly sweet complacency on the thought of her frequent visits to his tomb; and because it had happened to her to have the misfortune to suffer herself, in the simplicity of her soul, to be imposed on by Miss Henderson, and because she had been roughly though kindly roused from that dream, and because she had parted from the first young gentleman who had taken her fancy, she thought that life must be to her a dreary blank, that friendship and love were pleasures only to be known by poetic description. Poor child! little did she think that all this deep feeling and all this gloom was the produce almost entirely of that unwholesome, artificial sentimentality which Miss Henderson had infected her with in her sloppy, mawkish, ricketty correspondence. By the mere force of imagination, Clara so weakened her spirits as to throw herself into a kind of low nervous fever; and had it not been for the united influence of her mother's healthful mind, and the honest skill of an intelligent physician, her life might have been sacrificed to the power of imagination.

It is true, that the sick passenger who was every body's favorite, though a lawyer, was indeed Horatio Markham, and that the climate had not agreed with him; but his illness was not a dangerous illness; and Clara had very little reason indeed to suppose it was he, and still less reason to apprehend a fatal termination of his indisposition. Her imagination, however, had been

excited, and her sensibilities had been nourished with unwholesome food. Happy, indeed, was it for her that she did not for a certainty know that Markham was returned, and that he had suffered illness from the climate. Had she known that, it would have been more difficult to restore her to health. As it was, the task was difficult and tedious. The indisposition kept the party longer at the sea-side than their original intention, and during the whole of that time Mr. Tippetson remained there too. Signora Rivolta, the only one of the party who was tired of his company, could not with any propriety use any means to get rid of him: he therefore continued paying his attentions, and almost his addresses, to Clara. He really fancied himself in love with her, and he was not quite so great a blockhead as not to observe that Clara was far superior to Miss Henderson. Old Mr. Martindale observed nothing in the young gentleman's attentions, but was pleased with his cunning homage and dexterous flattery. Signora Rivolta never contradicted though she did not cordially coincide with her father, when he was pleased to say, as he very frequently did, "that young Tippetson is a pleasant man, and really not such a fool as he looks." The Signora knew that the old gentleman had a mode of arguing peculiar to himself, whereby he proved to a demonstration the truth of every fancy or crotchet that came into his head. It is no easy matter to confute a rich old man.

Day after day, while Clara continued to exhibit the least symptoms of indisposition, Mr. Tippetson made repeated inquiries, and it was at last suspected by the old gentleman that there was really something very particular in the attentions thus paid to his grand-daughter. As every thing in the very shape or with the name of fashion was abominable to Mr. Martindale, a little more or a little less did not affect him; and Mr. Tippetson, though outrageously finical, was not more offensive to him than any young man would have been whose coat was formed according to the prevailing mode. And as this gentleman had rendered himself less disagreeable than he appeared at first sight, the grandfather of Clara Rivolta did not see any thing very objectionable in Mr. Tippetson as suitor to the young lady. Mr. Martindale would certainly have preferred what he would call a rational young man, but that was in his idea so scarce an article, that he almost despaired of finding one. He continued to receive the young gentleman's visits, and to be pleased with the homage he paid. Occasionally, he would go so far as to make in the hearing of Clara allusions to the probable intentions of the perfumed youth. Signora Rivolta was distressed at the very thought. She gave her daughter credit for so much good sense as to decline such an offer, were it proposed to her cool deliberate judgment; but it was impossible to say what effect might gradually and unreflectingly be produced on her feelings and imagination. Clara's mother knew that judgment had little to do with love; but that perseverance, kindness, ingenious flattery, incessant homage, would produce great effects. As the time passed on the danger became greater, and the mother's anxiety was increased.

All this time Clara considered that Mr. Tippetson was engaged, if not actually at least virtually and by implicit understanding, to Miss Henderson; and as her own affections had been once much interested about Horatio Markham, and as she had suffered on his account, or on account of his image on her mind, a very serious illness, she imagined that she was irrevocably doomed to live or die for the absent youth. Being therefore totally unsuspecting of the possibility of any danger of the wandering of her affection, she behaved with much unreserve to Mr. Tippetson, and was pleased with the friendly interest which he seemed to take in her welfare. And as Clara's manners were easy and unconstrained, as in the acquaintance between the parties there was much sociability of expression and habit, the young gentleman fancied that he had actually made some progress in the young lady's affection. In fact, he had made so much progress as this, that from being absolutely disagreeable he had become tolerable, and from being tolerable he had become almost agreeable. Young ladies, though sometimes prodigiously wise, are not always very partial to a superabundance of that article in mothers and grandfathers; and a very little wisdom in a young gentleman, seems to them much more intellectual than a great deal in an old one. The monotony of wisdom is also wearying to the novelty-loving mind of youth, and the variety of folly becomes an agreeable relief. It is true that Mr. Tippetson was a fop and a fribble and a dandy and an exquisite, and all that sort of thing; but was it to be wondered at? And there are many very respectable and intelligent middle-aged men who in their early days were as great puppies as any lads now living. And again, the foppery of dress and affectation of manners are only offensive, or chiefly so, to those superannuated, formal, queer, quizzical creatures, who delight in any cut of a coat that is not fashionable. Now Clara did not judge of Mr. Tippetson according to the principle and standard of a staid middle-aged or elderly gentleman, or by the feelings of a matronly lady, who thinks the young men of the present generation much more graceless fops than their predecessors.

The ingenious Mr. Tippetson, who had but an indistinct idea of the state of Clara's mind towards the image of Horatio Markham, thought that the young lady's affections had been misplaced and grievously disappointed: therefore, his talk to her was in the indirect and pathetic line of implied sympathy; and as Miss Henderson had aroused in Clara's heart all the romance of which it was capable, some little progress was thus made in her good-will. Ordinarily speaking and straightforwardly thinking, it seems a strange kind of process to take possession of a lady's heart by sympathising with her on the loss, or descanting on the virtues of a first love; but clumsy as this may seem in theory, it has succeeded in practice. Perhaps it is very good policy, when once the sensibilities have been kindled, to keep them alive; and as that love is surest which glides gradually into the heart, it may be as well not to let the mind cease to love, but to manage it and wind it so as to bring it gradually to a change of object. So when an unreasoning, strong-willed infant is playing with a toy, from which it may be desirable to detach its attention, it is not such good policy to wrest the said toy violently from its little hands, as gradually to insinuate another, and then the first toy quietly drops. In like manner, when the female heart mourns its first love

frustrated, let him who seeks to succeed in the affection not wait till that affection is cold, and not seek to reason away its acuteness, but manage rather to keep it alive and gradually change its object. That dexterous and unerring instinct which, we have before said, belongs to such men as Mr. Tippetson, directed him to the plan which we have here recommended, and perhaps nothing was wanting but a sufficient portion of time to give it success. Happy it is, however, for the purposes of poetic justice, that this sufficient quantity of time was not allowed. Circumstances interfered to prevent such an abomination as the marriage of the silly, conceited, common-place, Henry Augustus Tippetson, to the mild, gentle, simple-hearted, kind-souled Clara Rivolta. If he had married her, he would soon have been weary of her pleasant, pretty, unaffected manners, and probably would have broken her heart by neglect. What these circumstances were must be detailed hereafter.

CHAPTER XI.

"Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more?"

P. WHITEHEAD.

Our readers have received an intimation that Horatio Markham, of whom we think highly and deservedly so, had ere this time returned to England, after a very short stay in that situation to which he had been recommended solely by the respectability of his character and the high reputation which he had so early acquired in his profession. The climate did not agree with him; and foreign climates seldom do agree with those who like better to be at home than abroad. A representation to that effect was made to the authorities at home, and he was recalled. As soon as he came to England he waited on the worthy and kind-hearted nobleman to whom he had been indebted for the situation, and whose patronage had come to him spontaneously and unsolicited. Whether or not there appeared in Markham any very strong symptoms of a constitution injured by foreign climes we know not; this only do we know, that his lordship expressed great concern that Mr. Markham should have suffered so much, and great hopes that his native air would restore and confirm his health.

Lords are generally gracious to those whom they patronise. The nobleman in question was particularly and especially so to such as he patronised voluntarily, and on the pure ground of good desert or good promise. He was compelled, as all men high in office must be, occasionally to give his countenance and patronage to those who deserved it not; but whenever the choice was purely his own, it was from the best of motives and with the kindest spirit. Doubly happy did he feel himself in such patronage as this; he was pleased that he could countenance merit, and he was pleased that the state should be well and honestly served. We cannot withhold such a slight tribute as this from public merit; and at the same time there is another tribute of respect to private merit which we cannot withhold from Horatio Markham. We commend him most cordially and sincerely, that being a man of considerable talent and real independence of mind, he did not affect the absurd priggery and puppyism of refusing a situation, in which he might make himself useful, on the ground of being above patronage, or of despising place. Merit there might be and merit there was under the profligate sway of the later Stuarts in refusing bribes to betray the nation into slavery; ingenious however must be the skill of him who can make the parallel hold good in the present day.

To return to our narrative. The worthy nobleman who had thus taken Markham by the hand, having expressed his regret that circumstances did not allow his young friend to continue in that situation to which he had been appointed, added,

"And I am more especially concerned to think, that in all probability your professional practice has been injured by your absence from England, as your stay has not been long enough to justify any public remuneration. Over the public purse I have not an unlimited command; over my own I have, and if you will suffer me to defray the expenses into which I have led you by sending you out of the country you will make me your debtor."

Markham was perplexed. He was absolutely and decidedly against accepting the offer, but he was not ready with the proper language in which to decline it. After the hesitation of a few seconds, he replied,

"Your lordship will pardon me, if I know not how to reply to your very kind offer; and your lordship will be pleased to hear that under present circumstances it is superfluous. I had but little professional practice to lose, and that I trust is not altogether lost; besides, if I begin again it will be under better auspices, with a little more experience and a little more knowledge."

The nobleman was not offended at the young man's proper feeling of independence. Markham's confusion and hesitation arose from not considering the immense difference in station between himself and his patron; his patron was aware of the feeling, and instead of resenting it, regarded it with complacency as a good symptom of a sound and an honest ambition. There are indeed arts by which a man may rise to almost any eminence in political station, but many of them are low creeping arts. It has been pointedly said, that the highest stations in society are like the summits of the Pyramids, accessible only to eagles and reptiles. Markham's aspiring was more of the eagle than the reptile cast. The nobleman with whom he was conversing was aware of this, and glad for the sake of human nature to see it. He had had much intercourse with aspirants, but he had

found them for the most part of the creeping sycophantic character, stooping to any body and to any thing which might seem to favor their schemes. It was not so with Markham. The spirit of high station was in his mind long before he reached it; and that kept him in the true feeling of independence and self-esteem. Independence quite free from affectation and conceit, is too uncommon to pass unnoticed. To be at once independent of the great and also independent of the noisy multitude is an acquirement of great value, only to be attained by self converse and reflection. True independence is in and from the mind.

After Markham's interview with his patron, he went down into the country to spend a few weeks with his parents, and in his native air he soon regained what he had lost in point of health. It is not to be supposed that all this time no thought of Clara should have entered his mind. But if our readers imagine that he came home as love-sick as he went abroad, they greatly mistake. Love is not the most rational and reasonable thing in the world, but still it must in ordinarily-constructed minds have some little ground of hope and probability to rest upon. If there had been at parting any expressions on the part of Markham and of Clara that there was a mutual understanding between them, however faint and few those expressions might have been, something would have been afforded for their love to build upon. But they were mutually ignorant of each other's feelings; and though in their separation they thought one of the other, yet those thoughts were rather a species of aerial castle-building, than any regular, calm, deliberate anticipation of probability. Clara thought much of Markham, but knew not that he thought any thing of her; Markham thought much of Clara, but knew not that she had any thoughts to spare for him. They merely thought how delightful, if it should prove eventually that the regard was mutual; but on that point they were ignorant.

Markham had in his situation much business to attend to. New scenes were around him, and new faces were presented to him, and new acquaintances were forming around him. And when his health failed him, and he had thoughts that life might soon be sacrificed to his change of climate, there came into his mind thoughts of real and actual interests which supplanted his consideration of imaginary and possible interests. His mind looked towards the place of his birth, and towards his kind and revered parents; and he thought of their sorrows, and of the bitterness of their bereavement, should he be removed from them. He had not formed such an acquaintance as Clara had with Miss Henderson. He had not met with any thing to keep alive in his mind a romantic or passionate feeling; but, on the contrary, every thing contributed to sober down his thoughts to the level of literal truth and solidity of real life. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when he returned to England his romantic tenderness should be a little abated, and that he should think rather more of the actual than the possible. We are sorry for the romantically-disposed that it did so happen. It would have been far more agreeable for them to read, and far more pleasant for us to write, a very tender pathetic scene of the meeting of Clara and Horatio. We should have been very glad of an opportunity to display our eloquence in describing the emotion of Markham as soon as he arrived in England, at the thought that now he was breathing the same air as his beloved and beautiful Clara Rivolta. It would have gratified us mightily to have described the eagerness with which, forgetting every relative, friend, duty, or other consideration, he hurried to pay his respects to his good friend Mr. Martindale, that he might have an opportunity of throwing himself at Clara's feet. It would also have gratified us to have described the emotions, feelings, doubts, tremblings, and fears, at the supposition, the dreaded supposition, that Clara might in his absence have given her heart to another. All this would have been very pretty, but nothing of this kind occurred. Markham soon after he had left England, or at least in a very short time after he had settled down soberly to the duties of his situation, had, comparatively speaking, forgotten Clara. Not that her image was quite erased from the tablet of his memory, or that the lineaments of her pleasant countenance could no more be recollected; but the recollection was more placid, and the memory of her as an ordinary acquaintance supplanted the thought of her as a beloved one: and when, therefore, he returned to England, though he had not quite forgotten that such a person existed, yet his most powerful thoughts were certainly not at that moment with her. After first paying his respects, as in duty bound, to his patron, he next sought the roof of his parents, and gladdened their eyes with the sight of their beloved son in far better health than their fears had anticipated. It may be very well supposed that the good people were proud of their son. Parents mostly are proud of their children, and especially if they hear any thing of a respectable character for moral and intellectual eminence. That certainly was the case with Horatio Markham. He had always borne a high character for integrity and good principle and good understanding. And there was one peculiar satisfaction that the good people enjoyed; namely, that they had absolutely been favored with a letter from Markham's kind friend and patron, the nobleman above alluded to, in which he expressed his approbation of their son's conduct and character, and gave them hopes that he would certainly rise in his profession. And as Markham's parents were vain beyond measure of all this high flattery, they were considerate enough for a length of time to withhold from their son all knowledge of this letter, lest they might fill his mind with too great a conceit of himself. But the gratification of communicating it was too great to be resisted; fortunately, however, for the young man, no very great harm came of it: perhaps it acted as a stimulus, morally as well as intellectually. To be praised for mental powers by a man of talent only, may excite vanity in the heart of a young man; but to be praised and commended morally by a man of high moral character and pure principle, is also a stimulus and excitement to moral diligence. We will not stop to enter very minutely into the inquiry, how far pride may be a component part or prompting motive to high moral principle and dignified integrity of conduct; nor, supposing such to be the case, will we minutely and scrupulously weigh the value of that quality thus supported. It is very well that there is in the world such a virtue as high principle; that there exists in many minds that

firm, obstinate, haughty independence, which disdains aught that is morally base and mean. The existence of such a principle is good; and we will not cavil at it, if it be accompanied with a little pride, or even with a great deal. We are indeed very much of opinion that a lack of pride is in many cases an injury, or the cause of injury. But to proceed with our history.

Our observant readers will observe, that we have not said that Markham had absolutely forgotten Clara, but only that he had not preserved a romantic and passionate remembrance of her. As soon, however, as the more important demands on his first thoughts and attentions had been complied with, there came into his mind a recollection of Brigland and its magnificent Abbey, and of the whimsical old John Martindale. A few days, therefore, after his arrival home, he rode over to Brigland to see his old friend, the rich cousin of the Earl of Trimmerstone.

When he came to Brigland, he found the magnificent building still shining in all its splendor, and the broad expanse of water spreading its smooth mirror to the fields and to the sky; but when he came to the old gentleman's cottage, he found it desolate and deserted. There was in it only one elderly female domestic, who had been left to take care of it till she was quite tired of her task. Markham was hardly able to gain admittance at all, but after much knocking and ringing this old lady made her appearance. To the inquiry, whether Mr. Martindale was at home, she only returned a short pettish answer, saying,

"At home! no; and never will be, I think. He is running about all over the country, nobody knows where."

"Then you can't tell me," said Markham again, "where I can find him?"

"No, that I can't; but perhaps they can tell you at the Abbey: that fellow Oliver knows all their movements, but they never condescend to honor me with any information."

Markham thanked the domestic for her answer to his inquiries, and proceeded to the Abbey. When he came near to that fine building, his attention was drawn to symptoms of neglect which he had not observed at a distance. He did not find any difficulty in gaining admittance here: for the trusty Oliver, who had nothing else to do, was constantly on the look-out for strangers who might be attracted by curiosity to visit this splendid mansion during the absence of its occupier. It was a very good source of profit to Oliver; and whenever he saw any one approaching the house, he always stepped officiously forward to introduce the visitor. He presently recognised Markham, and greeted far more courteously than the crabbed old lady at the cottage had done; and when Markham made inquiries concerning the family, then was the tongue of the trusty Oliver set in rapid motion, and his powers of utterance were indeed prodigious. His memory also was remarkably tenacious; for it seemed astonishing to Markham that he should recollect so many various and minute circumstances. He entered into a very particular, full, free and copious narrative of all that had taken place in and out of Brigland, so far as concerned the family of the Martindales. There might be, it is possible, some little invention; for with such gentlemen as Oliver the imagination is somewhat prompt to supply the defects of memory. Among other matters of information which Oliver gave to Markham, he said,

"And fine doings there have been, sir, about Miss Clara; for the poor young lady has been dying for love of a Mr. Skippetson, a very fine young gentleman indeed, such a dandy, sir, as you never heard of. It is said he spends enough in perfumery to keep half a dozen poor families; and when he was down at the sea-side and would have a warm bath, he insisted upon having six bottles of Eau de Cologne put into the water to make it sweet. Well, sir, as I was saying, this gentleman is paying his addresses to Miss Clara; and Miss Clara's mamma declares it shall not be a match, for she does not like the young man; and Mr. Martindale declares it shall; and says that if Clara does not marry Mr. Skippetson, she shall not have a farthing of his money; and Miss Clara has been so ill, that she has been quite at death's-door: indeed, sir, the last accounts I received from the servants that are with them say, that it is very likely that the poor young lady will die of a broken heart. But they say that Madam Rivolta is so proud, she thinks nothing under a lord good enough for her daughter; and the father of the young lady does not seem to care anything about the matter, he only smokes cigars and lounges about. It is a great pity that Mr. Martindale ever happened of that family, they have done him more harm than good; they have so unsettled him that he hardly knows what he is about, or where he is going to next: he has taken a fine house in town, and is going about from one watering-place to another; and Madam Rivolta rules him as she pleases, only he is quite resolved that he will not give up Mr. Skippetson. That is the only point they disagree about, except the religion; for the family are all the most obstinate papists that ever lived. Then, sir, I suppose you have heard that Mr. Philip is become my lord; he has been made Earl of Trimmerstone, and he has married the daughter of Sir Gilbert Sampson, but the servants say that they don't live happily; for my lord has been a little disappointed about money matters. He did not find Sir Gilbert quite so rich or quite so free as he expected. The servants say, too, that my lord is a most decided gambler; and that since he has been married, he has lost many very heavy sums. Then, sir, they also say that my lord is very jealous of Mr. Skippetson, but there is not the least foundation for his suspicions. Nothing but misfortunes have happened to the family since the discovery of these Italians; I am sure I wish they had all remained in Italy till doomsday. And I suppose, sir, you have heard that this house is to be sold: for Mr. Martindale has paid so many gambling-debts for his lordship, that he will be glad of the money that the house will fetch; but it is said that there are not ten persons in the kingdom who can afford to buy the Abbey at Mr. Martindale's price, and that after all it must be pulled down, and the materials be sold for any thing that they will fetch. For I am told that Mr. Martindale is so tired of Brigland, that he is determined never to live here any more; and I don't wonder at it, I

am sure, for I never knew such a censorious, tattling, gossiping set of people any where as there is in Brigland. There's that Mrs. Price, and then there's Mrs. Flint, and Mrs. Denver the parson's wife, those women get together and talk over all the affairs of the parish, and the next parish too. And if this house is sold, I shall lose my place."

Here Mr. Oliver paused to take breath. Markham thanked him for his information; part of which was not new to him, and part of which he hardly believed. He found it very difficult to believe that Clara should ever be attached to such a ridiculous coxcomb as that described by Mr. Oliver. One of the parties he felt assured must have been misrepresented. Either the young gentleman was not such a rank coxcomb as had been described, or the young lady was not really and sincerely in love with him. Markham, for the sake of his own reputation and that he might have a good opinion of himself, was absolutely compelled to this conclusion, for he could not admit that he himself could ever have been so weak and undiscerning as to be attached for a moment to a young lady who was capable of admiring such a ridiculous coxcomb. In order, however, to gain information from as many sources as possible, Markham went into the notoriously gossiping and censorious town of Brigland, and called upon Mr. Denver, from whom he hoped to extract a more agreeable account than had been given to him by Oliver: for if Clara was to be another's, he hoped at least that that other would be a man of some respectability and solidity of character, and not an absolute blockhead or an egregious coxcomb.

From Mr. Denver he received, alas! no consolation. The same tale that he had heard at the Abbey was repeated at the parsonage, and with additional particulars and more mortifying aggravations. For the truth is, that Mr. Denver had received his information from Mrs. Denver, who was indebted for her knowledge of those interesting facts to Mrs. Price, who acknowledged with much gratitude Mrs. Flint as her authority, and it was from Oliver's own self that Mrs. Flint derived her information. Thereupon, Horatio Markham, who thought that what all the world said must be true, began to be very much mortified and sadly perplexed. Notwithstanding the cool temperate manner in which he had borne the recollection of Clara, still, when he revisited the place where he had first seen her, and recollected the readings and quotations with which they had entertained each other, he could not avoid feeling a revival of old emotions and hopes.

CHAPTER XII.

"'Gainst love's unerring arts there's no defence—
They wound the blockhead and the man of sense."

FAWKES.

The time was now arrived for Markham to renew his attention to professional pursuits. His native air soon restored his health in all its firmness and vigor; and he had been but a short time in London, before he found that his temporary absence from England had not materially interfered with his professional success. He had, indeed, some reason to suppose that this absence, or circumstances connected with it, had been the means of forwarding him in his profession.

Mr. Martindale had not yet arrived in town with his family; for after leaving the sea-side he took them to Bath and Cheltenham, to both of which places they were followed by the indefatigable Mr. Tippetson: much to the annoyance of two parties—to that of Clara whom he pursued, and to that of Miss Henderson whom he forsook. But Miss Henderson was not in despair, though she began to tremble lest she might lose the sweet gentleman to whom she had so liberally given her heart. But if she might judge from past experience, the loss was likely to be soon supplied. It has been stated that Signora Rivolta interfered with and interrupted the correspondence between Clara and Miss Henderson; but it is not to be imagined that Clara could in so many words tell Miss Henderson that the correspondence must cease on account of the absurdity of her part of it: some other excuse was therefore to be found, and it was found accordingly. Now Miss Henderson could not help thinking, and indeed who could in her situation? that Clara was about to supplant her in the heart of Mr. Tippetson. This she thought was very unkind; but it was the way of the world, and it was not the first time that she had been so deceived. But as she was by no means of a vindictive spirit, but rather addicted to the romantic, and as she saw or thought she saw that Mr. Tippetson was about to leave her, it occurred to her whimsical imagination that it would be an act of heroic virtue and self-denial, if she should magnanimously and deliberately and calmly surrender all interest in the heart and affections of Mr. Tippetson, and make over and transfer the same to Clara Rivolta, to have and to hold as her own to all intents and purposes.

As the voluminous, formal, and sentimental correspondence had been declined on the part of Clara, but without any expression or intimation of ill-will and ill-humor on either side, it did not appear that there was any serious obstacle or impediment to sending or receiving a letter as matters of business; for the friendship between the parties had not been renounced, they had merely ceased a regular and copious correspondence. Miss Henderson, therefore, in the heroism and magnanimity of her soul, resolved to send an epistle to Clara, surrendering in her favor the heart of Henry Augustus Tippetson. This is a very rare specimen of resignation; so rare indeed, that though we shall favor our readers with a copy of the letter, we rather give it as a curiosity than as an example likely to be followed, or a pattern which may in any probability be imitated. Such exalted generosity is not common in those degenerate days; and it is very delightful and refreshing amidst the selfishness with which we are surrounded on all sides, to find so pure and

delectable a specimen of grandeur and sublimity of soul. The letter is as follows:

"Once more, my ever dear Clara Rivolta, I take my pen to address you, and perhaps it may be for the last time. We are separated by distance of place, and still more so by the cessation of a correspondence which gave me at least infinite pleasure and inestimable benefit. As I can no longer hope to receive your truly intellectual communications, I read over and over again those most delightful and improving letters with which you once condescended to honor me: and indeed it was a condescension in you to stoop to let down your fine mind to correspond with me. I feel I acknowledge your superiority; and not only do I acknowledge and feel it, but it is manifest to others too. Tippetson is your slave. Nay, start not, I repeat it, Tippetson is your slave. I am well aware that I possess not powers of mind to retain him. Clara, he is yours. Yes, my ever dear friend, Tippetson is yours. I surrender him entirely, unreservedly, calmly. Do you doubt it, my Clara? Do you distrust me? Oh, no, you cannot. See how steadily and firmly I write. My hand trembles not; my cheeks burn not; no tear blots the paper; nor do I repent what I have said, or wish it unsaid. Tippetson appreciates your merits. You have the power to rule and charm his mind. The world may call him frivolous, but can that be a frivolous or common-place mind that can comprehend and rightly appreciate the superior mind of Clara Rivolta? You, my dear friend, know that Tippetson is not frivolous, that he has powers of mind far above the ordinary average of human intellect. Take him, dear Clara, he is yours for ever. And do not think that in thus surrendering him to you, I renounce your friendship; nay, rather do I seem to have a stronger claim on it and on your gratitude for this surrender. But I may not enlarge. I must not endeavour to renew a correspondence, which you, no doubt for the best of reasons, have declined. I have written by this day's post to Tippetson to the same purport that I have written to you. May Heaven bless you both with all imaginable happiness! Think nothing, I conjure you, of the pain which this sacrifice has cost me, that is now over and past. It is done. Every other consideration must give way to the sanctity of friendship. Farewell, a long farewell.

"Ever and unchangeably yours,

"REBECCA HENDERSON."

This act of heroic generosity, flattering as it might have been to the mind of Miss Henderson, admirable and beautiful as it may be considered in itself, was not by any means pleasant or agreeable to Clara. Could Miss Henderson have seen Clara's countenance while she was reading the letter, or could she have heard Clara's remarks when she had finished the letter, her vanity would not have been at all gratified. Clara was very much mortified and vexed when she read that part of the letter which referred to a communication addressed to Mr. Tippetson: for thus was she threatened with immediate and unavoidable persecution. The young gentleman had by habit become tolerable as an acquaintance, but on a sudden and with such circumstances to become a professed lover would be absolutely intolerable. For any thing that Clara knew to the contrary, Miss Henderson might have given Mr. Tippetson reason to suppose that his addresses had been all but invited; so that the poor girl was in a most awkward and distressing perplexity. There was, however, one piece of service which this letter did for her, and that was, that by abruptly presenting and proposing to her Mr. Tippetson as a lover, it prevented the young gentleman more effectually from insinuating himself gradually and successfully into her good graces. For as we have above observed that he had become gradually more tolerable as an acquaintance, it is not to be thought unlikely that he might make farther progress in her good opinion. But whatever effect Miss Henderson's letter might produce in the determinations and prospects of the young gentleman, it did not by any means prompt him to an immediate avowal of his affection for her, and that was some relief; but his attentions were continued and unremitting, and against these Clara was more effectually on her guard than she might have been, had she not received this fortunate intimation from her friend.

We have not described Miss Henderson as a faultless model of the fair sex, though peradventure some of our readers may imagine that the instance which we have above related of her elevated generosity is a specimen of very sublime virtue, and hardly compatible with any but a faultless or almost faultless character. From this sublimity we must however detract something by stating two important facts, which somewhat let down the dignity and pure disinterestedness of the surrender. The facts are these: that in the first place, Miss Henderson had every reason to suppose that she had no chance of obtaining Mr. Tippetson for herself; and that in the second place, fearing this loss, she had provided herself with a new flame and a fresh object of admiration in the person of Markham. It is very mortifying to think that such is the weakness of our nature, such the constitution of humanity, that we can scarcely ever quote a specimen of the greatness of the human mind without being shocked by the vicinity of some corresponding littleness. So it ever must be: mountains imply vallies; and the higher the former, the deeper are the latter.

The circumstances which led to an acquaintance between Miss Henderson and Horatio Markham were these. Markham, as we have said, hastened to town after paying due respects to his friends in the country, and set seriously to work to recover lost time. But though the business, he did not let it so far occupy all his thoughts and all his time as to omit an attendance at church. Like the rest of the world who go to church, he was much better pleased with that which amuses than with that which instructs; and though Mr. Henderson's chapel was at an inconvenient distance

from Markham's chambers, yet the young gentleman was so partial to fine preaching, that he did not hesitate to take a very long walk for the sake of hearing a very fine sermon. By some accident, it so happened that he sat in the same seat which was formerly occupied by Mr. Tippetson. When Mr. Tippetson had deserted that seat, Miss Henderson thought that it looked very gloomy, and her heart swelled nigh unto bursting; but when the seat was occupied by Markham, that pew did not look so dreary. Markham was not so nice a man as Mr. Tippetson, nor did he look so very earnestly at Miss Henderson; but he did look at her once or twice, and that was better than nothing. He was also very attentive young gentleman was very diligent and assiduous in applying to to the preaching, and that was a recommendation to Miss Henderson. Markham attended the chapel regularly, and by degrees Miss Henderson thought him a very sensible man; for she observed that, whenever any very splendid tropes, figures, or metaphors, were uttered by her pa, the young gentleman looked particularly well pleased. This raised him in her estimation very highly; for she was certain that he was a man of taste as well as of superior understanding. Sometimes, and on some occasions, Mr. Henderson would be very pathetic; and on these occasions Miss Henderson discerned that Markham was a man of feeling as well as taste. Her anxiety was excited to know who this stranger could be. That curiosity was soon gratified, and she learned that it was no other than Mr. Markham, the rising young barrister, who was so remarkable for his judicious mode of conducting his causes. Miss Henderson thought it could be no one else. It was very gratifying to her that such a man as Markham should pay her pa the compliment of attending so regularly at his chapel. She wished that compliment, and she did not know what reward was in her power to bestow but her own self. But she could not make Mr. Markham an offer, and he was not likely to offer himself till he had been introduced to her acquaintance. It was not long before an opportunity was afforded her of being introduced to this sensible young gentleman. They met, as it is called, by accident, at the house of a mutual friend. Markham was evidently received with distinguished attention. He was listened to when he talked, and Miss Henderson was astonished at the extent of his information and the soundness of his judgment. We have already intimated that Markham was a little disposed to pedantry: when therefore opportunity occurred of speaking of law, he was fluent and copious in his talk; and when poetry was the subject of conversation, he was eloquent on that topic also. His talk generally was much from and concerning books. In youth that is very pardonable. Miss Henderson in the fulness of her heart to express her sense of gratitude for thought it was altogether admirable, and was enraptured with the great extent of erudition which the young gentleman displayed, and thought what a pity it would be if so sensible a man as Mr. Markham should have the misfortune to be captivated by some pretty-faced simpleton, and so be cruelly destined to spend all his days with a woman not capable of appreciating his merits, and without power or inclination to amuse and delight his mind with intellectual talk and discussion. It was so great a pity that there should be any danger of such calamity happening to him, that Miss Henderson grew more and more anxious that he should be placed out of the way of such calamity by becoming engaged to her, whose intellect was of such superior order, and who could so well and properly appreciate his excellencies, and by whose conversation his spirits might be cheered and refreshed after the toils and labors of the day. But the great difficulty was how to effect this engagement. She could not ask him, nor could she ask him to ask her; but she could and she did take very great pains to make herself agreeable: she echoed all his remarks, and was ready with a smile for every thing that he might say in the shape of or with pretension to wit: nay more, if he had been disposed to be pathetic, she was ready with her tears and sighs. Now Markham must have been downright rude and ungrateful had he not returned attention with attention; and if Miss Henderson was pleased to pay him compliments, it became him gratefully to acknowledge those compliments. Clearly, therefore, the young lady began to hope that some progress was made in his affections, or at least very soon would be. It was not in her power to ask Mr. Markham to visit her pa; but it was in her power to manage so to bring Mr. Henderson and Mr. Markham together in this party, that an acquaintance might thereby be formed between them. As Mr. Henderson was rather proud of his pulpit performances, he readily accepted Markham's compliments, and he expressed a wish to be better acquainted; and Miss Henderson took care that the conversation should not drop here, but with great ingenuity so contrived that they did not part that evening before Markham had arranged to call on Mr. Henderson.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Happier she with pliant nature,
Fleeting, fickle as the wind—
She who proving one a traitor,
Turns to meet another kind."

LOVIBOND.

Markham was certainly a man of talent in his profession; but it does not follow that because he understood law, he was therefore versed in a knowledge of all the vagaries of the human mind. He was a straightforward, regular, honest-minded man, knowing what he had learned, and capable of learning quickly; but there was much in the world that he knew not, and had never suspected. By this was he occasionally deceived, but not a second time by the same means. Being a modest young man, and supposing that the most confident of the softer sex must be more diffident and retiring than the most diffident of his own sex, he had not the most distant suspicion

that Miss Henderson had any design on his heart. Many young men, far below Markham in all that is truly reputable in moral feeling and intellectual discrimination, have frequently fancied that individuals of the softer sex have entertained towards them sentiments of love and affection, and have even made advances. This was a feeling which Markham was much above: he had indeed heard such language made use of by young men of his acquaintance, but he gave them credit for a little exaggeration or a large share of imagination; he never thought it possible that there could be any literal and actual truth in such language. Now the common impression on the human mind is, that the thing which is impossible cannot be; and therefore whenever that which we think to be impossible does actually occur, we almost doubt our own senses, and believe any thing rather than that our notions are incorrect. Markham accordingly could not by any means be brought to believe that Miss Henderson was forming designs upon him; and therefore when he paid his promised visit to the popular preacher, he was most completely off his guard as concerns the designs and intents of Miss Henderson.

He quickly perceived that this young lady was the most important personage in the family; that Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were not affectionately fond, but parentally proud of their eldest daughter. Such is the notion that some persons seem to entertain of the progress of intellect, that multitudes of parents consider their own children as wiser and more knowing than themselves. And when a parent has expended a serious sum of money on the education of a child, it is rather desirable and happy for him that he can enjoy the imagination that the money has not been thrown away, but that it has abundantly answered the purpose. This feeling Mr. and Mrs. Henderson both enjoyed as it related to their eldest daughter. Mr. Henderson himself was not much of a reading man; indeed, he had no time for such pursuits. It was enough for him to write fine sermons, and to visit fine folks, and to give occasionally some lessons to young ladies or gentlemen on geography and elocution; for which no mighty extent of reading was required. He therefore thought his daughter exceedingly well informed. And as the young lady was by no means selfish or incommunicative of knowledge, her tongue was in pretty constant activity, especially when and where she desired to produce an effect, and this desire she felt very strongly and very frequently.

From the intercourse which had for a while subsisted between Miss Henderson and Clara Rivolta, the former had acquired many ideas and opinions, and had treasured many quotations and criticisms from the latter; and some of these notions, especially the critical, Clara had derived from Markham. When Markham therefore heard these sentiments and opinions from Miss Henderson, he was, to say the least, somewhat pleased. He had not the slightest suspicion of the source from whence Miss Henderson derived her knowledge, or acquired her taste: and when people express the same opinions which we ourselves entertain, we naturally and very justly set down these people as being very sensible and well-informed. So did Markham think that Miss Henderson was a very accomplished and well-instructed young woman; and as with young critics talking is contagious, these two young persons prated away most intemperately. All the popular writers and all the popular productions of the day underwent a strict and critical discussion.

From talking of books and literature, the conversation went on to the abstractions of philosophy and that common-place kind of prate which knowing young ladies and intellectual dandies can easily manage and repeat. In their views of human nature the two young persons seemed also to agree perfectly well, so that they were astonished at their own and at each other's wisdom. Miss Henderson expressed herself so delighted with a little rational conversation, and lamented that it was so seldom that she could enjoy such a treat as this. The flattery was rather fulsome, but it took. Markham was entirely of her opinion, that the enjoyment of intellectual discourse was a high and refined pleasure. He also wished that he could enjoy it more frequently. Miss Henderson did not directly but indirectly insinuate that nothing could afford her higher pleasure than conversing with Markham.

Among other topics of discussion there came on of course a dissertation of theatrical exhibitions. Here again the parties coincided. The popular actors, singers, and dancers, had their usual allowance of criticism. It was unanimously agreed that the Opera was the only place of public amusement worth visiting; but Mrs. Henderson thought it was too expensive a pleasure: fortunately, however, Markham had the use of an ivory ticket admitting two persons; and what should prevent Miss Henderson from availing herself of that very ready way of gaining access to the Opera? A time was presently fixed for Markham to have the honor of accompanying Miss Henderson to the Opera. This was a great point gained by the young lady; and now she thought that nothing was wanting but to let Mr. Markham understand that there was no obstacle which need prevent him from having as much of Miss Henderson's intellectual conversation as he pleased.

It was at this point of her acquaintance with Markham that Miss Henderson sent in her resignation of Mr. Tippetson: there was not, therefore, quite so much disinterestedness in the matter as at first sight there appeared to be. The changing of the objects of affection is sometimes painful; but Miss Henderson was so much accustomed to it, that to her it was a trifle. It is a valuable acquisition to learn so perfectly the art of transferring the heart: for life is short, and youth is shorter still; and if the affections be very pertinacious, and the memory obstinately adhesive, a great deal of time is lost after a disappointment; but Miss Henderson took care never to lose any time in that way.

Markham, had he been asked his opinion of Miss Henderson, would probably not have been able to give a very definite answer; for the truth is, he had not taken the trouble to form an opinion; he had been entertained with her talk, and also entertained with her capacity for listening, for he

was especially well pleased to hear the sound of his own voice: therefore, Miss Henderson's company was not unpleasant or wearisome to him. But he had never thought of her as he had of Clara Rivolta, nor was it likely that he should, even though she might have the same opinions on matters of taste and literature as Clara: for there is a wide and visible difference between the utterance of thoughts borrowed from others and the expression of the results of personal and individual reflection; just as there is between the music of a barrel-organ and that produced by the fingers of a master. Markham's indifference rendered him a better object for Miss Henderson's attention. He was not on his guard against her ingenious mode of progressing into terms of intimacy and acquaintance. Now, if Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson had been as generous and liberal towards Horatio Markham with respect to Miss Henderson, as Miss Henderson was to Clara Rivolta with respect to Mr. Tippetson, it would have tended considerably to open the eyes of the young barrister, and to put him upon his guard. It is very cruel in young ladies to take such advantage of inexperienced and unsuspecting youths as Miss Henderson took of Horatio Markham.

The young gentleman found himself most unaccountably often at the house of Mr. Henderson. He found that he was received with the greatest cordiality, and that the children, the little brothers and sisters of Miss Henderson, were quite as familiar with him as if he were absolutely related to the family. Markham was not treated as a stranger, but he was described and spoken of as "Only Mr. Markham," "Nobody but Mr. Markham." And this continued and proceeded for several weeks; and all that Mr. Markham thought about the matter was, the Hendersons were a very sociable family.

The ivory ticket to the Opera was in constant requisition. Markham offered it to Mr. Henderson that he might accompany his daughter; but Miss Henderson generally so contrived that something prevented her from going, and then there was no alternative but Markham must go himself. Unfortunately, Miss Henderson was acquainted with the Italian language, so also was Markham. And notwithstanding the publicity of the situation, Miss Henderson would never spare Markham's blushes when any expression of peculiar tenderness or pathos occurred. The young lady's figure, though not very striking or unusual, was yet so set off by dress as to be rather particular. Her means did not keep pace with her appetite for dress; and as she could never spare one single article of finery, she generally carried her whole stock of decoration about her person every time she went to the Opera. In a very short time she was known and remarked for the singularity of being so very fine, and always appearing with the same finery. Some of Markham's acquaintance who were by birth and connexion a grade or two above him, but who respected him for his good-humor and talents, would occasionally join him, and look very strangely and inquiringly on the young lady who accompanied him. Sometimes they would banter him on the loss of his heart; but it was so gently done, that he, unconscious of such loss, would not understand the allusion.

As Horatio had been first attracted to Mr. Henderson's chapel by the fame of his eloquence, and had thus been led into an acquaintance with the family, and as Miss Henderson generally contrived to procure frequent visits to the house, and as Markham had not much time to spare, it came to pass that he very seldom went to any other house than to Mr. Henderson's. As also, Miss Henderson had made up her mind that nobody but herself could be a proper and fit companion for Markham, and that nobody but Markham could be a proper and fit companion for herself; it so happened, that Mr. Markham and Miss Henderson were much more frequently together than the poor young man was aware of: thereupon, very naturally, the subject began to be talked of by their respective friends and acquaintance. Every body said that it would be a most excellent match for Miss Henderson; and the parents of the young lady received the congratulations of their friends and neighbours on the fine prospect that was opening in the projected marriage of their daughter with a young gentleman of such promising talents, and honored with such high patronage as Markham.

The young gentleman was much to be pitied that he was thus placed in imminent danger of being disposed of without his own consent. Being a man of principle and honor, he could not think of retracting even from an implied engagement; and being very partial to that species of homage which he received from Miss Henderson, his assiduous attentions were so very remarkable that all the observing friends of the parties took it for granted that an engagement was already formed or soon would be formed between them: so that although no actual promise had been given, it was considered by the young lady herself and her particular friends that a virtual promise had been given, which to such a man as Markham was as binding as any form of obligation whatever. If any of our readers be surprised that a man of good understanding should be thus duped, and led on step by step into such a dilemma as this our unfortunate friend is here represented to have been, let them consider that the best understanding in the world cannot see or apprehend any object to which its attention has not been directed; let them also consider that Markham was young and of unsuspecting temper, and not much versed in what are called the ways of the world: all indeed that he knew of the world was that it was round, and flattened at the poles, and that it turned round from west to east, so that the sun appeared to move from east to west; and a few other particulars which had come to him in the way of geographical instruction, formed the sum total of his knowledge of the world: let it be again considered that he was not insensible to approbation, but that his appetite for praise was somewhat acute, and that he was not by any means averse from display and exhibition of his own literary acquirements. This disposition of mind is sometimes laughed at; but notwithstanding all its apparent littleness and weakness, it often prompts to great and valuable efforts, whereby the individual mind receives benefit, and whereby benefit also accrues to society. The existence and operation of this

feeling is recognised by all nations, not excepting those in the highest state of civilisation. Rome conquered the world by ingeniously flattering its military heroes; and what are statues and ornamented marble monuments, but a lesson to the living rather than a reward to the dead; and powerful indeed must that feeling be which is gratified even by an anticipation of those honors which may be paid to the unconscious dust. If then the thought of cold flattering marble can raise such heroism and inspire to such diligence, surely the flattery of living lips and the commendation of the fair form of youth and beauty may be allowed to have an influence over the mind of a young man, unsuspecting of the selfish and individual object for which those praises are given.

These considerations may account for Markham's being so situated with respect to Miss Henderson, as to be her constant attendant. What else could he have done? They had spoke of the Opera; he had an ivory ticket, and made the offer of it; but two of Miss Henderson's family could not contrive to go at once, and there was no alternative but for Markham to offer his services and accompany the young lady. He could not but call at the house again; and if Miss Henderson would introduce the subject of the opera, and if she would talk in language of high commendation of the opera next to be performed, surely the young gentleman could not refuse, or omit to invite her to a second, and so on to a third and fourth opera. And as Miss Henderson was by no means disagreeable or unpleasant in her manners, but was, on the contrary, of pleasing address, and had a musical and pleasant intonation of voice, he not only attended her to the Opera, but was also very attentive to her there. Almost every body knows that an immense mass of words may be uttered, manifesting neither great wisdom nor great folly; and if these words be uttered by a person whom we take to be wise, we think there is wisdom in them; and if uttered by a person whom we think a fool, we can then discern folly in them. Now as Markham belonged to a profession which tells us that every man is presumed to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty, he perhaps considered that every woman is presumed to be wise till she has been proved to be a fool; and as Miss Henderson had not yet proved herself a fool, all her chattering and prating and second-hand sensibility passed off very well.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Pardon the slowness of my visit, friend,
For such occasions have detained me hence
As, if thou knew'st, I know thou would'st excuse."

MAY.

The season was far advanced when Mr. Martindale came to town with his family. Lady Woodstock and her daughters made their appearance at the same time. Mr. Henderson's chapel was fuller than ever. All the world was flocking to hear him; and while he was exhorting his hearers to humility, his hearers were presenting to him the incense of adulation, and were flattering him into vanity with all their heart and with all their strength. This was not as it should be; but it was as it was, and as it ever will be.

Mr. Martindale was not much given to flattery; but he liked Mr. Henderson as being a kind-hearted and worthy man, who preached fine sermons not so much to gratify his own vanity as innocently to please fastidious ears. It was Mr. Martindale's habit, whenever he liked or approved any person or thing, to insist upon it that all his friends and acquaintance should like and approve the same; and if by any accident or caprice he changed his sentiments from liking to disliking, then he wondered that any one could have so little taste as to like or tolerate the same. This kind of despotism he exercised over all his acquaintance except Signora Rivolta, who rather governed him. But so it was that Signora Rivolta, notwithstanding her Catholic faith, did not unfrequently attend Mr. Henderson's chapel.

The day after Mr. Martindale arrived in town was Sunday; and on that day the old gentleman went to Mr. Henderson's chapel, and was accompanied by Clara. Markham was there also, and for the first time since his return to England had the pleasure of seeing Clara. Pleasant indeed we may hardly call it, excepting so far that it was agreeable to gaze upon a lovely good-humored countenance; but there were recollections and associations not altogether pleasant. There was also the mortification of seeing Clara attended by a young gentleman of great apparent assiduity of manners, who was on mighty good terms with himself, and looked as if he thought that he was on as good terms with the rest of the party. People ought not to stare about in church time, but they will; there is no preventing it. Even Mr. Henderson himself, who frequently expressed his sense of the impropriety of so doing, could not help, while his assistant was reading the prayers, looking at the door every time it was opened to see who was coming, especially if carriage-wheels were previously heard. We give this as a gentle hint to our readers, not that we think it will do much good; but if we were to refrain from giving good advice on the ground that it would not be taken, how mute would be the tongue of exhortation; and what a number of excellent moral treatises, which now issue from the press in various forms, would cease to delight their writers and profit their publishers! Besides, it is always worth while to give good advice, if it be only for the pleasure of thereby looking wiser and better than the rest of mankind; and if any evil arises from the neglect of it, how pleasant it is to say, "Did not I tell you so?"

How much Markham heard of Mr. Henderson's sermon on the morning when he first saw Clara

at the chapel is not known, but we may take it for granted that it was not much. Nor was Miss Henderson quite so attentive as she should have been. Her eyes, and her thoughts too, wandered very much. She could not help feeling what she called some tender emotions at seeing Tippetson so very attentive to Clara; and she could not help feeling a little alarmed at observing the interest with which Markham gazed at the young lady, and the apparent jealousy with which she imagined that he also gazed at the young gentleman with her. Now it was very well both for Clara and Miss Henderson that the former did not recognise Markham, or there perhaps might have been in her countenance some indications of a feeling which Miss Henderson would not at all have approved of. It was very generous of Miss Henderson to make over to Clara one of her admirers, or more properly speaking her admirers; she could not possibly afford to give her another so soon. When service was over, Markham was moving almost instinctively and unconsciously to join Mr. Martindale's party; but Miss Henderson by some contrivance, most ingeniously detained him, and from that moment began to be somewhat jealous, and thought that it would be highly proper to contrive by some means to let him know, that after all the attentions which he had paid to her, it would not be handsome or generous to forsake her. Markham, totally unconscious and quite unsuspecting of all that was passing in Miss Henderson's mind, very placidly suffered himself to be engrossed by her, and very quietly and calmly walked home with her after church was over. As they were walking together, the young lady took the opportunity of sounding Mr. Markham on a very interesting topic.

"Are you at all acquainted, sir, with Mr. Martindale and his family?" inquired Miss Henderson.

"Yes," replied Markham, "I know them very well; I was not aware they were in town, or I should have paid my respects to Mr. Martindale; he was a very kind friend to me before I left England, and he expressed a wish that I would call upon him on my return. Do you know them?"

"I did once," said the young lady, with a very peculiar and pointed emphasis on the word 'once;' "but, to say the truth, I did not think I was well treated by them. The ladies are very singular in their manners; but they are foreigners, and not much acquainted with English manners, and that may account for it. I am not fond of finding fault, but when one has experienced such treatment as I have, it is not an easy task to forget it."

"You astonish me," replied Markham: "it always appeared to me that they were persons of very superior minds, both mother and daughter; I thought them absolutely incapable of behaving intentionally ill to any one. Is it not possible that there may be some misunderstanding or misapprehension?"

Miss Henderson shook her head, and gave one of those serious smiles which speak volumes. "Oh no, Mr. Markham, it is no misapprehension or misunderstanding. You would be indeed astonished if I were to tell you all. Perhaps some of these days, I may tell you more than I like to mention at present; besides, as they are friends of yours, I have no wish to prejudice you against them."

Markham did not importune the lady to say more, therefore she proceeded without being asked.

"Did you observe a gentleman sitting in the pew with Mr. Martindale's family? that is Mr. Tippetson, a young gentleman of large fortune, or at least of very good property. He is the gentleman to whom Miss Rivolta is engaged. He was at one time an intimate friend of ours; but we grew quite tired of him, for he is a man of no mind whatever, one of the most ignorant creatures I ever saw. He used to pester me with his attentions, and I did not know how to get rid of him. Indeed, if ever I marry, it must be to a person who has some mind. As soon as he began to pay his court to Miss Rivolta, the young lady, who was formerly my correspondent, left off writing to me, and has since then taken no notice of me whatever. I wonder she can have the impudence to come to our chapel. I could show you such letters that she has written to me. You cannot imagine what a hypocrite she is."

In saying so much, and in using such a tone of anger in her expressions, Miss Henderson forgot herself. She was too deeply mortified by her jealousy to be under the government of prudence; and when she had said so much, she wished it more than half unsaid, but it was too late. Markham, ignorant as he was of the world and its ways, was not so ignorant and so unobserving as not to understand and apprehend the complexion of Miss Henderson's mind. And without knowing, or even caring what might be the exact state of the case, he very plainly saw that the temper and disposition of Miss Henderson were not such as met his ideas of propriety or moral beauty. That part of the information which most affected and concerned him, was the intelligence that Mr. Tippetson was engaged to Clara. He had no reason to doubt that fact, but was surprised to find that Clara could attach herself to such a character. Yet judging from the tenor of Miss Henderson's philippic, he thought that Mr. Tippetson might not be quite so great a blockhead as she had represented him.

Markham took the earliest opportunity of paying his respects to Mr. Martindale, notwithstanding all that Miss Henderson had said and insinuated concerning the cruel usage she had experienced from that family. It was well that when Markham called, only Mr. Martindale was visible. The young lady, whom Miss Henderson was pleased to call a hypocrite, was not within. When the old gentleman saw Markham he greeted him with the utmost cordiality, and was, as he said, most heartily glad to see him.

"And pray, young man, how long have you been in England?"

Markham informed him of the circumstances which occasioned his return, and Mr. Martindale expressed his regret that there was such occasion of returning. "But," added he, "I don't see that

you look ill now; it is a mere fancy that young men get into their heads about this and that place not agreeing with them. When I was a young man there was no such nonsense; young fellows went out to the East or West Indies, and made fortunes, and came home in high good health to enjoy themselves. It is a sad pity that you have let such a golden opportunity slip through your fingers; but if you really were ill, you could not help it. But don't be in a hurry, sit down. Little Clara and her mother will be home soon. You know you and Clara used to talk a good deal about poetry. I am sure she will be glad to see you. There is a young fellow, who is following us wherever we go, who is paying mighty close attention to Clara. I don't know whether they will make a match of it. Signora Rivolta does not like the young man. Perhaps you know him, his name is Tippetson; he has a very pretty fortune of his own. But I think it would be better if he had taken a profession. I don't like young men to be quite idle. My poor cousin Philip did himself no good by leaving his profession, and setting himself up as a man of rank. He is a man of higher rank now. I suppose you have heard that he has been created Earl of Trimmerstone. Foolish thing; but I believe it was partly my fault. Of course, you also know that he is married. Ah! to think that after all his fine talk about people of family and descent, to think, I say, that he should now go at last and marry the daughter of a soap-boiler. Though I don't see any harm in boiling soap. Soap must be had, and a soap-boiler is as useful a man as any other member of society, perhaps quite as useful as a lord; but I must not speak slightly of lords. Philip's father died very suddenly at last. He was breaking very much, I think, when you were in England. You never knew him. He was a much steadier man than his son. I am very much afraid Philip is not going on well. I have heard sad stories about him of his gambling, and laying such unreasonably large bets upon the merest trifles in the world. You must be introduced to him again now he has a new title, and you must see his lady. You remember her; a pretty woman, but rather coarse in her manners. All very well for a rich man's wife, but not at all fit for a countess. People of rank don't admire her much; and she is so very intimate with vulgar people, that poor Philip says he is afraid to go into a snuff-shop for fear the man behind the counter should inquire after the Countess of Trimmerstone. It is a foolish thing to marry for money. Never do that, Markham."

To this desultory harangue, and to much more of the same description, narrating and commenting upon all the events which had occurred since his departure, did Markham closely and attentively listen. He liked the old gentleman very much, for he had received good advice from him, and many compliments which are more agreeable than all the good advice in the world. While Mr. Martindale was speaking, Clara made her appearance, accompanied by Mr. Tippetson. The old gentleman introduced the young men to each other, and they looked at each other rather coldly. Clara tried to be very composed, but could not succeed. She trembled, blushed, and stammered: she made a hasty retreat, and ran up stairs to her own apartment, and when there, she gave way to a flood of tears. It was easy to indulge in this emotion, but it was not easy to suppress it. There she sat sobbing and weeping, and silently reproaching herself, unconscious and heedless of the lapse of time. A multitude of conflicting thoughts rushed into her mind, and her heart was a chaos of confusion and distress. She scarcely knew what she had been saying, doing, or thinking of. She thought that Markham looked reproachfully at her, and she thought that he had a right to look so. Poor innocent! she never found out that she had a heart till it began to reproach and torment her.

Not very long had she been thus employed in tormenting herself, when Signora Rivolta, who heard that Clara was in her own apartment, and understood that she had just met Markham on his return to England, suspecting that the meeting would produce an impression on her daughter's feelings, entered the young lady's room, and was grieved to see the very powerful emotion in which she was indulging herself. The Signora, who though an essentially kind mother, had generally a sternness and hardness of manner in addressing her daughter on matters of conduct and deportment, now saw that it was absolutely necessary to use the utmost gentleness and considerateness in speaking to her. Assuming therefore an unusual degree of softness of manner and mildness of tone, she gently approached the poor sufferer, and taking her hand and sitting down by her side, said,

"My dear child, it pains me to see you afflict yourself thus. Come, speak to me, tell me what is the cause of your sorrow. Why do you give so much indulgence to these emotions? Let me hear you speak. I would willingly comfort you." With these and such expressions the mother of Clara endeavoured to bring the young lady to a little composure; but the attempt was in vain. Poor Clara could not speak had she been willing, and she knew not what to say had she been able to speak. She could hardly describe to her own mind the cause of her tears. Her mother for a little while ceased to make inquiries, but sat in silent sympathy holding the hand of her sorrowing child; and after a time, when the violence of the emotion abated, Clara feeling herself ashamed of the violence and cause of her grief, attempted as well as she was able, which was indeed but indifferently, to apologise for and to explain her feelings. Signora Rivolta plainly saw that her heart was Markham's, and that she feared that she had given more encouragement than with propriety she should have given to the perfumed fop, who by disguising his real character had wrought upon the inexperienced mind of the poor girl to lead her to think more highly of him than he deserved. For when the female heart has been once exposed to disappointment, it not unfrequently afterwards surrenders a cold consent to a less worthy object. Thus situated had Clara been. Markham appeared lost to her, and then she became indifferent to all others, and suffered Mr. Tippetson to pay her those attentions which under other circumstances she would have repelled with the greatest contempt from a person of his character and mind. After having suffered or tolerated those attentions, it appeared to her that she had given the young gentleman reason to suppose that a more serious address would not be rejected; but when Markham again made his appearance, and when he looked so interestingly and affectionately at her, and so

inquiringly and jealously at Tippetson, then Clara felt as if he had reproached her for inconstancy and fickleness; then did she think that it was now too late to hope that Markham would renew those attentions with which she had formerly been so delighted; and in a moment did her active imagination institute a comparison between Markham and Tippetson, not much to the advantage of the latter. For though she did not very attentively or seriously study the character of Tippetson, yet she had been so far familiar with the style of his conversation and with the attitude of his mind, that a comparison was easily formed between the two young gentlemen. Painful was this comparison to Clara's mind; for not only did she regret the loss of Markham, but almost as deeply did she bewail the necessity under which she had almost voluntarily, certainly carelessly, placed herself to accept the hand of Mr. Tippetson. Those of our readers to whom we have made ourselves intelligible concerning the character of Clara's mind, will very readily understand how deeply and severely she must have felt under these circumstances.

After this fit of sorrow, Clara no more made her appearance while Markham stayed. It was absolutely impossible for her to show herself. Her eyes were swelled and inflamed with weeping, her color was gone, and her whole frame in a trembling, agitated state. Another fit of illness threatened her; and Signora Rivolta, anxious for her daughter, could not think without indignation of Miss Henderson, who, to her mind, seemed to be so greatly the cause of that romantic and passionate state of mind in which Clara was placed.

CHAPTER XV.

"He who knows policy and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect."

WEBSTER.

Markham, whose mind was in no very enviable state, did not prolong his visit; but hastily and almost abruptly took his leave of Mr. Martindale, when, after waiting a reasonable time, he saw no more of Clara. The time was now arrived for Markham to go the circuit. He was anxious lest by his absence from England he had injured his circuit practice, and lost his provincial clients. Agreeably disappointed was he to find that instead of that practice being injured or those clients being lost, his practice was increased and his clients were more numerous. Some other young barristers on the circuit were rather angry that Markham should return again after having for a time left the circuit; but that anger could not prevent Markham from having briefs. In every place on the circuit he obtained something, and in some he had as much business as often falls to the lot of older men. He had the advantage of being familiar with law, far beyond his age and standing; he had read much and had thought much, and his memory was good, and his readiness in reference and quotation was surprising. It is true that in order to acquire this he had given hard labor and study; and that for knowledge in his profession he had sacrificed much other knowledge, and many of those amusements in which young gentlemen in that profession do indulge. But he knew that nothing was to be done without labor, and that every thing was to be done by it. When he first embraced the profession, his friends and acquaintants made the common-place remark that the profession was overstocked; but he knew that it was not overstocked with severe and laborious applicants, and that in that profession, as well as in every other, there was room enough for those who would make room for themselves. With this feeling he commenced his studies, and with this encouragement he pursued them. And though he was sometimes laughed at for his simplicity and for his ignorance of every thing but his profession, he knew that in the end he should find his turn to laugh at those who at the beginning laughed at him.

"Every man to his taste," as the proverb has it. Let those who like to laugh and play enjoy themselves in their own way, only let them not suppose that their indolence and levity shall reap and gather the solid advantages and honors of laborious and serious diligence. It may be well that in every profession there should be those who by their negligence and listlessness make room for such as are more diligently disposed: therefore, we should not speak or think contemptuously of those who are not what are called an honor to their profession. They make way and room for others. Life is not quite so much of a lottery as the indolent and unsuccessful think it to be. It is not to be doubted that there are indeed some instances where real application and serious diligence have been unsuccessful. It is sad that there are any such, but there are not so many as is usually supposed.

Markham, we have said, went the circuit, and soon discovered that his temporary absence had not lost him much or any thing. Briefs flowed in upon him in abundance, and one of them was to a young gentleman in his circumstances somewhat curious. It was an action for breach of promise of marriage. Markham always read his briefs attentively, and endeavoured not only to put himself in possession of the facts there stated, but attempted also to understand the real merits of the case; that is to say, he made himself a judge as far as he could from an ex-parte statement, in order that he might thereby be the better able to anticipate his adversary's arguments. He saw very plainly in the case now submitted to him, that this was one of those not uncommon instances, in which a young gentleman of more passion than judgment forms a hasty engagement, and soon finds occasion to repent of his precipitation; where the attachment of the lady increases in proportion as that of the gentleman decreases. Instead, therefore, of meditating and spouting a very fine flowery harangue, which might tend rather to set off the barrister than

to aid the cause which he professed to advocate, he thought it best to leave the jury to find out by the force of their own judgment, that to make a promise of this nature and not to fulfil it was altogether improper, and worthy of reprehension and punishment. An action being brought implied an injury; and therefore he did not think it necessary to dwell very prosingly and eloquently on that topic; but rather, he thought it best to anticipate the defence, and neutralise that as much as lay in his power. This he did most effectually; and with an air of the greatest candor and readiness to make every concession and allowance, he succeeded in making the jury believe and feel that the case was abominable. This proceeding crippled the defence, inasmuch as there was in Markham's statement and address none of that tawdry nonsense called pathos and sublimity, but a straightforward, or at least an apparently straightforward, statement of a very common case, in which he did not seem to be making more of the subject than it required or would well bear. The consequence, partly we may suppose of the justice of the cause, and partly of the dexterous manner in which Markham managed it, was, that he had a verdict with as much damages as were claimed. This was a great triumph of plain common sense: for Markham did not by foolishly attempting to make too much of the business overdo and destroy it. His speech which was rather long, and which in its delivery was very clear and distinct, and in its sentences and construction lucid and intelligible, so much pleased and attracted the reporters who were present, that they gave it in the papers at very great length, and especially as trials of this nature are generally highly interesting to the public.

The country trials are read in London. Few young ladies pass over a trial for breach of promise of marriage, without attentively studying the arguments of the case, and delightedly dwelling upon the eloquence and pathos in which the agonies of a broken heart are described and painted to an attentive jury of honest though obtuse agriculturists. Some young ladies were disappointed at Markham's speech, for they had heard that he was a clever man, and they were astonished not to find any more sublimity or sentimentality in his speeches at trials. These young ladies take it as a settled matter, that all clever men who make speeches must by virtue of their cleverness be very flowery and sentimental and figurative in their language. Markham knew better. The jury which he addressed was not composed of tender-hearted, susceptible young gentlemen, overdone with poetry and romance, but of twelve blunt, honest, hard-handed, close-fisted, cool-hearted, dry-souled, middle-aged farmers, who scarcely knew what was meant by a broken heart. It would have been nonsense then to have addressed to them a trumpety fine spoutification, such as young apprentices and journeymen apothecaries administer to one another at their sixpenny debating-clubs and public-house wisdom-shops. Markham spoke to what he knew to be the purpose. A young lady brought an action against a young gentleman for breach of promise of marriage; the first question which the jury would wish to have answered was, is it true that such promise was given and broken? They did not want to hear a school-boy theme on the subject; and if they had heard one, and if they had heard Markham labor very hard to prove the young gentleman one of the most hard-hearted, wicked, abominable creatures that ever lived, and to set forth the young lady as the most cruelly afflicted and tormented of all the broken-hearted daughters of Eve, they might have stared with astonishment at Markham's very wonderful display, but they would not have understood one-half of his fine words, and would not have believed one-half of his fine story. But when it was proved as stated, that there actually had been a breach of promise, then the next question was, may there not be some business, and after conceding all that could be claimed, proved or well argued that the extenuations to be set up were not sufficient: he showed the jury there could be no valid excuse; and therefore, when the defendant's counsel came to make and furnish out the excuses, he found that he had been so anticipated as to be much hampered in the defence: and it answered well. An eloquent man would have spoiled the cause by exaggeration and bombast: therefore, though the young ladies did not think Markham's speech the production of a clever man when they first read it, yet afterwards they were convinced that he was right; and they were very much pleased with those pure and generous principles which he unostentatiously and calmly avowed. They all thought that Mr. Markham must be so very pure in his principles, and so very chivalric, as he expressed such strict notions of the principles of honor as applicable to promises of such a sacred nature as promises of marriage: for in excuse found for the young gentleman? Markham took up this part of the the course of his speech he had said, "You will find that a promise of marriage has in this case actually been made formally, explicitly, and decidedly. There was not an implied intention, but an actual promise. Some men there are, to their shame be it spoken, who by constant attentions and assiduities, without making any promises, gain the affections and excite the hopes of those whom they desert at last with legal impunity, but not without bitter self-reproach."

The young ladies in general admired Mr. Markham for this expression, and they thought that he deserved their best thanks for thus reprehending and exposing such wanton and cruel wickedness. Miss Henderson was among the foremost to admire this sentiment. More than once or twice did she take up her pen to write Markham a letter of compliment and congratulation; to compliment him on his virtue, and to congratulate him on his success. But she had her fears and distrusts. She really did condescend to think that peradventure there might be some little impropriety, or some appearance of forwardness, if she should be the first to commence a correspondence; and yet she did very much wish for an opportunity of expressing to Markham her high sense of his professional talents, and her admiration of the moral beauty of his mind. What a pity it is that custom has so ordered it, that the lady must always wait till the gentleman takes it into his head to propose the question! it is very arbitrary. Perhaps many a worthy, modest, diffident gentleman, who would willingly, if he dared be so presumptuous, offer his hand to some beautiful, intelligent, amiable one of the other sex, is by this social, or rather unsocial regulation, doomed to live single, or to give his hand at last to some less worthy object. This, for

ought Miss Henderson knew to the contrary, might be poor Markham's case. The young lady was aware that Markham was of humble origin, and to that she partly attributed his diffidence. She also thought that very likely he was waiting till by his professional exertions he had acquired a competency to live in a certain style. She was quite charmed with the beauty of his sentiments, and the sublimity of his mind; and whenever his name was mentioned, she was copious and fluent in his praise. It was the subject of her constant thoughts, and the theme of her frequent talk. So that most persons of her acquaintance thought that if there was not an absolute engagement, there was at least an implied understanding between them; and whenever, by her young friends, any sportive insinuations to that purpose were thrown out, she did not contradict them or set them right. Herein the young lady was obviously and decidedly wrong, and laid the foundation of some after perplexity, embarrassment, and mortification. It was wrong, very wrong indeed, and it was scarcely honest, inasmuch as she thought to make doubly sure of him, by suffering every one to take it for granted that there subsisted an engagement between them. But as honesty is the best policy, and as all deviations from that strict line are attended more or less with some inconvenience and disadvantage, Miss Henderson found that her object was far from being attained by this contrivance: for as she suffered this implied or supposed engagement to become common-talk among her friends, the rumor went farther, and reached the ears of Markham himself.

Great, unspeakably great, was his astonishment, when on his return from the circuit, and just as he was seated in his chambers and meditating on the sorrow which had afflicted him at parting from Clara, and thinking also of the sad change there now seemed to be in his prospects as they regarded her, great was his astonishment to see Mr. Martindale enter the apartment, and to hear him, before he had well uttered the ordinary salutation, exclaim,

"So my grave counsellor, I find you have lost your heart. A very pretty story; why you never condescended to honor me with the information. I suppose you thought I could not keep a secret. Well, well, you did wisely to keep your own counsel so long. If people can't keep their own secrets, nobody is likely to keep them for them. But methinks, young gentleman, you were rather in a hurry. You will not stand any great chance for making your fortune by the match; but that is your own concern. Nobody has any business with that but yourself. If you go on as you have begun, you will make a fortune in your profession; and perhaps, after all, that is the best way of making a fortune. You will enjoy it much more than if you have a fortune ready made for you."

Thus said Mr. Martindale to the astonished and perplexed Horatio Markham, who, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise with which this greeting overwhelmed him, replied,

"My good sir, you astonish me beyond measure. What can you allude to? I have not the slightest idea of what you can refer to. I assure you, sir, that you have been much misinformed if you have heard of any matrimonial engagement of mine."

With equal, if not greater astonishment, Mr. Martindale returned,

"My good sir, you astonish *me* beyond measure. Not know what I allude to? What, do you pretend to say that your attentions to Miss Henderson have meant nothing? All the world says that you are engaged to her, and that during the whole winter you have been assiduously attending her to the Opera, and perpetually dangle about with her. Indeed, some of your friends have observed that your attention was more occupied on Miss Henderson, than on the performances on the stage or orchestra: so it is absolutely ridiculous in you to affect to deny what every body knows to be the truth. And why should you deny it? you have a right to offer your hand to whomsoever you please. I know no objection to Miss Henderson."

Thereupon a flood of light burst in upon the mind of the young barrister, and he trembled in every limb, when he thought of the manner in which he had been so long and so carelessly committing himself. He saw that there was no room for denial, unless accompanied with very copious explanation; and he actually feared, that no explanation which he could give would be sufficient to exonerate him from the charge of having trifled with Miss Henderson's feelings, and having severely interrupted her happiness. This was not an enviable state of mind for a young gentleman who was very anxious to preserve a high moral reputation, as well as to acquire a high intellectual reputation. He was perplexed beyond measure; and he was for some minutes unable to say a word in continuation, denial, or defence. But thinking it absolutely necessary to say something after the very decided manner in which Mr. Martindale had brought the matter home to him, he replied,

"It is very true, sir, that I did accompany Miss Henderson several times to the Opera; but I am not at all aware that my attention was more taken up by the young lady than good manners absolutely required. I have a recollection that Miss Henderson did very frequently address herself to me on the subject of the performance, more frequently perhaps than was consistent with a proper attention to the stage, and of course I could do no less than reply: that was the substance of the attention which I paid to Miss Henderson in public. I am surprised to find that any one should from such circumstances have raised the story of my intention of marrying the young lady."

"You may be as much surprised as you will; but the fact is, that the story comes from Miss Henderson herself, or at all events she has not denied it when it has been mentioned to her, and that is nearly the same."

Markham knew that Mr. Martindale was not addicted to playing off practical jokes, and therefore

he did not disbelieve what he said; and he was also aware that the old gentleman would not take up a story merely at random, without some good authority, therefore it appeared that the information was correct; and then, for the first time in his life, Markham began to think it possible that there were such beings as forward young ladies, and that all individuals of the sex were not equally difficult to woo and to win. All that he could do at present was to assure Mr. Martindale that Miss Henderson had formed an incorrect conclusion, and to take blame to himself for not having wisdom and attention to see before that which was now so very obvious. Mr. Martindale, however, who was a more experienced man than the young barrister, presently saw how the case stood, and pitied the unfortunate young man most sincerely.

"I see," said he, "how the matter is. The fact is, you have unwarily committed yourself; and the young lady is of opinion that your attentions meant more than you designed them to mean. I do not know how to advise you, you must use your own judgment, and do the best you can for yourself. If you have no objection to the young lady, there is no harm done; and if you require a little help at the commencement of housekeeping, I will stand your friend. I have no doubt of your success in your profession; but perhaps at present, as Miss Henderson cannot have any fortune, you may find a friend's assistance not unacceptable."

This was uttered in Mr. Martindale's usual frank and abrupt manner; and on the part of Markham, it was felt to be very generous and kind, and he acknowledged it accordingly. But there were two matters to which he felt strong objections; viz. to marrying where there was not on his part much or indeed any affection, and also to the accepting pecuniary favors from a comparative stranger. These were certainly difficulties not easy to be surmounted. And when Mr. Martindale left the young gentleman to his meditations, those meditations were not the most pleasant.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I should before
Have done that duty to him; but I thought
My visits were not welcome."
MAY.

When Markham was left alone to his meditations, he thought over his follies and weaknesses; and soon came to the conclusion, that though books teach a great deal, they do not teach every thing. His own case was one that perplexed him much more than the cases of any of his clients. Had any one brought and proposed the case to his consideration, asking for his opinion, he would have been able, it may be, to contemplate it deliberately, and offer something in the shape of advice; but as the case was his own, he could not so calmly and coolly study it. None of his books of law-precedents would give him the least assistance. That is a very awkward state of mind to be placed in, when something must be done and nothing can be done.

Myriads of young gentlemen have been much more assiduous in their attentions to various young ladies than Markham had been to Miss Henderson, and have never thought any thing of ceasing those attentions when they felt so inclined. This, however, was not such conduct as Markham could approve, nor such an example as he would willingly follow. He was a very conscientious man. Some have thought him to be almost fastidious in those matters. He was desirous of having a very high character, and wished that his conduct should be such as to need no apologies or excuses or vindications, either on the ground of morals or of intellect. But how to escape in the present instance the reproaches that might cleave to him on a moral ground on one side, or an intellectual on the other, he could not easily and readily see. For if he should in consequence of the attentions which he had paid to Miss Henderson, and by which he had undesignedly given her reason to expect an offer of his hand, actually propose to her and marry her, he felt that he should be making a foolish bargain, and should deserve for his own heedlessness whatever inconveniences might result from the marriage. Or if, as he really had no serious intentions, he should not make the offer of his hand, but gradually decline or drop the acquaintance, then would he be reproached, and not without some show of justice, for having paid unmeaning and deceiving attentions where he had no other motive than merely to amuse himself. This was what he could not bear with any degree of patience. It was absolutely necessary for him to decide soon; for he should of course be under the necessity of soon calling on the Hendersons, or giving up his acquaintance with them altogether.

While he was in this painful, or at least very unpleasant state of hesitation and anxiety, he received a message from his noble patron or friend. This message required Markham's immediate attendance on his lordship, and this immediate attendance was by Markham most cheerfully given.

"My good friend," said his lordship, "when you first returned to England you honored me with a call, but I have seen nothing of you since. You have not found my doors closed to you."

"I was fearful," replied Markham, "that I might by repeating my call seem to be intrusive, and claiming an acquaintance to which I have no right to aspire."

"Nonsense, nonsense," returned his lordship; "it is becoming in a young man to be aspiring:

ambition is of itself neither virtue nor vice, its moral quality depends on its accompaniments and means. Never be content with an humble station when it is in your power to gain a higher."

"I was also fearful," said Markham, "that I might encroach on your lordship's valuable time."

"Yes, yes, that is very well," said his lordship in reply; "have a proper regard to time. It looks very important to be full of business; but I think you must know me well enough to see that it is not my forte to ape importance by such tricks. Just at this moment I am not at all busy. I can spare you an hour or two, and I may perhaps therefore encroach upon your time. But I have sent for you to say that I have a situation for you in England; one which will not take you from your friends, nor interfere with your health. If you have ambition, as I trust you have, you may have an opportunity of rising in the world. It is all very well to be content with your situation when you cannot make it better; contentment in any other circumstances is mere idleness and indolence."

Markham bowed assent. The patron then stated the situation which was destined for him, and hinted that it would be desirable that he should have a seat in parliament.

"But that," said his lordship, "we must think of hereafter. In the mean time, let me not take upon myself all the merit of appointing you to this office. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Martindale that he has made me more acquainted with those traits in your character which seem peculiarly to fit you for your present employment. But, my good friend, observe this; I am not recommending you merely to make a market of your situation. Make the best of it if you please; but the surest way to make the best of it is to perform its duties conscientiously."

It was very pleasant to Markham to have a situation of so promising a character presented to him under such agreeable circumstances; and it was very pleasant to him to hear from his noble friend good advice, which was perfectly in unison with his own feelings. His noble friend was well aware of the character and complexion of his mind, and he therefore more readily gave him such advice as he was most likely to follow. That is most excellent policy; it answered the purpose of rendering his lordship agreeable to Markham, and it was a very pleasant and agreeable encouragement to the young man's virtues. Perhaps it is better to seek the improvement of mankind by encouraging their virtues than by reproaching their vices.

Pleasant, however, as this new honor was to Markham, it brought with it one inconvenience, inasmuch as it did not by any means promise to diminish, but rather threatened to increase Miss Henderson's tender regards towards him. The young gentleman could not help thinking how happy he should be, if by any means he could but extricate himself honorably and satisfactorily from his unpleasant and perplexing situation as regarded this young lady. It is, we firmly believe, a fact, that many persons owe their marriages to circumstances more than to any deliberate and decided act of their own. Of the multitudes of ill-assorted couples it is often said, "Who would have thought it!" Who, indeed! Nobody. They are even astonished at themselves. And if Markham had not been roused by Mr. Martindale's information from his dreams and slumbers, he would have been gradually and surely led step by step to a marriage with Miss Henderson; and when he had been married about ten years, he would have wondered how he came to be married, and would have forgotten all the particulars of the courtship.

It turned out as Markham had expected. Miss Henderson was more loving and affectionate than ever. For as soon as it could possibly transpire that Markham was appointed to the situation above alluded to, the young lady was in possession of the information; and not waiting for the formality of a call from her "dear Markham," she despatched to the young gentleman a letter of congratulation on his honors. Much surprised indeed was he to see upon his table one morning, a neatly-folded note directed "Horatio Markham, Esq. Inner Temple." Surprised was he to see the hand-writing which he knew to be Miss Henderson's. With no very agreeable emotions did he open it, and with no very pleasant feeling did he read it. It was written in a very beautiful and delicate hand, but with all its beauties, it had no charms for him. We hope our readers will be more entertained with it than he was, otherwise we shall waste our time in recording it. Thus it read:

"You will not be much surprised, my dear friend, at receiving a letter of congratulation from me on your appointment. Merit is not always overlooked. Happy is it for our country, that there are sometimes in the ministry men of integrity and discernment. Pa is quite delighted at the thought of your good fortune. He says, and I believe him, that no man better deserves it, and that no man will or can better discharge the duties of that situation. But have you forgot us, my dearest friend? You have not favored us with one single call since your return from the circuit. Now I mention the circuit, let me thank you in the name and on the behalf of the sex in general, for your most excellent and powerful speech in the celebrated action for breach of promise. Every body talked about it; it gave universal satisfaction and delight. Oh! if such pure principles as yours were more common, fewer would be the broken hearts, and fewer the miseries of our weak confiding sex. But I must not detain you from your important avocations by my foolish scribbling, I bid you therefore adieu for the present, hoping soon to enjoy the felicity of seeing you again, if you can spare a moment for so insignificant a being as

REBECCA HENDERSON."

This letter was not very argumentative, but Markham felt it to be unanswerable: and as the young gentleman was not addicted to swearing, he did not curse his ill fortune; and as he was not a believer in astrology, he said not a word in blame of his stars. But he thought he had been

making a fool of himself; and he also thought, that if he did not make himself a greater fool, the world would be apt to say that he had made a fool of Miss Henderson. The world is a difficult thing to manage. It never knows when it is pleased; it quarrels with us for trifles, blames for virtues, urges us to folly, laughs at our perplexities, cares nothing for our misfortunes, and sets us into a state of fermentation and agitation we scarcely know what about. Markham had a great respect for the world, because he wished the world to have some respect for him. Morally speaking, it is very good to have some regard to the world's opinion; it is the religion of a great majority of the human species. It keeps in awe and good order many a one who would otherwise run out into great and grievous extravagancies. Markham, for a man of conscience, was rather too much devoted to the idolatry of the world's opinion: he was so unreasonable as to wish to have the world's good opinion, and his own too. This made him frequently anxious and uneasy. He certainly could have escaped from his present dilemma without much difficulty, if he had not been strongly moved by the thought of what the world would say. That influenced him most powerfully. He was grieved at the idea, that he must be subject to reproach, or undergo captivity for life. If he had consulted his own conscience, that would have told him, that as he had no intention whatever to make an impression on the heart of Miss Henderson, so he had no obligation to offer her his hand, because she had offered him her heart. He thought, or he might have thought, that it was possible that there might have been two ladies situated as Miss Henderson, and both might have complimented him on his talents and virtues, and good success in life, and both might have fancied that his civilities had meant more than they actually were designed to mean; he could not marry them both. Let those of our readers who fancy that Markham was to blame in his wishing to be rid of this incumbrance, consider the possibility of two persons forming an attachment to him from attentions not designed to be, and in themselves really not, particular, they could not both have a claim to his hand; and the same argument which would vindicate the desertion of one would vindicate the desertion, or to use a milder term, the relinquishment of both. This lesson, however, may be learned by both sexes from the present situation of Markham, viz., that young gentlemen should be very careful how they pay attentions to young ladies, and young ladies should be as careful how they receive those attentions. Indeed, we would recommend young ladies by no means to fall in love till the question has been put. Then let them fall in love as violently as they please, only let them take care even then not to make too great a display of that love. Young gentlemen also should recollect that there are some young ladies who misinterpret attentions, and take that to be particular which is only general. It has been, that if you look at an Irish lady at table, she will say, "Port if you please." Thus there are some young ladies in this kingdom who sadly misinterpret looks and fine speeches. There is, however, this consolation in such cases, that the old vulgar proverb, "Lightly come, lightly go," is very applicable to them; and, therefore, though they may be in a violent passion at the loss of an imaginary or imagined lover, they can soon find another.

It would have been very much to Markham's comfort, could he but have known how heroically Miss Henderson transferred Mr. Tippetson to Clara; and how calmly her heart made the transition of its affections from Mr. Tippetson to himself. Then, indeed, he could conscientiously have slipped away by the means of a short absence, and a little cessation of attention, knowing or strongly presuming, that his place would be very soon supplied. But all this he did not know, and all this he did not suspect, and all this he could hardly have believed, had any one told him. In all his multifarious readings about precedents and conveyancing, he had not met with a precedent for such conveyancing as this. He, poor youth, in the simplicity of his soul, thought that Miss Henderson must either become Mrs. Markham, or die of a broken heart; and he would have been very sorry for either of these calamities. The only consolation that he could find under present circumstances was, that perhaps by some unexpected turn of affairs, an opportunity might be afforded him by which he might be extricated from his present difficulties. Thus we remember to have seen some twenty years ago, a comedy in which was introduced a character called Sir Abel Handy, and this Sir Abel Handy was a very ingenious man in his own estimation, full of contrivances, which might rival the philosophers of Laputa; but these contrivances in general had some unlucky flaw or defect, which rendered them altogether useless. Thus, when in the course of the piece, news is brought that a house is on fire, one of the characters asks Sir Abel Handy, where is his machine or contrivance for putting out fire at a moment's notice. Unfortunately this machine is by some untoward accident not in order, or not forthcoming; and Sir Abel Handy being a wise man, and like all other wise men not liking to look foolish, says, "Oh, never mind, I have hit upon a plan to put the fire out."—"What is that?"—"Why perhaps it may go out of itself." We like this plan very much, and so did Markham, for it was the only hope he had.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprise."

YOUNG.

As we finished the last chapter by an allusion to plans, we may wisely commence this by suggesting one of our own. It would be very convenient in narrative to print the narrations of contemporaneous events in parallel columns on the same page; but that contrivance not being sanctioned by high authority, we dare not adopt it. Now how pleasant and agreeable it would have been to the reader while perusing the last chapter, and reading how Mr. Markham to his

very great annoyance received an epistle from Miss Henderson, how pleasant would it have been to turn his eye across the page, and see at the same time what was passing in Miss Henderson's heart, or in Mr. Henderson's house! And again, how agreeable to know how our good and noble friends, the Earl and Countess of Trimmerstone, are going on at this time! This plan may some day or other be adopted. It would be a good speculation perhaps to publish Tom Jones, or Hume and Smollet, on this plan, and call it the Laputan System. In like manner the stage at our theatres might be divided into divers compartments, and events that occur at the same moment might at the same moment be exhibited to the audience or spectators. There would in this arrangement be a great advantage, inasmuch as, if one scene were stupid and sleepy, the good people might give their attention to another. Among the ingenious men who are daily exhibiting proofs of their Laputan education, some will no doubt be soon found who will adopt and perfect this plan. For the present we must go on according to the old system.

We must return, therefore, to Miss Henderson, who, as soon as she had despatched her note to Markham, began to think that she had acted rather forwardly, and feared that unpleasant consequences might result from thus almost saying yes, before she was asked. It was a pity that she did not think of that before. But there was no help for it. She thought it might be only regarded as an ebullition of friendship; and she thought that such a superior man as Markham would be above regarding the common-place etiquette of every-day society. Oh, how delightful it is to have a mind superior to the common herd of mortals! Miss Henderson was very sure that her mind was superior, and she trusted and hoped that Markham's also was superior. Of this, however, she began to entertain some doubts, when he did not make his appearance at Mr. Henderson's quite so soon as the young lady expected him. She thought that he was not a very ardent lover; but then again business might prevent him; and then again, what business ought to detain a lover from the idol of his soul? Day after day, Miss Henderson staid at home. Nothing could induce her to leave the house, for it was possible that in the hour of her absence, the beloved one might make his appearance. For with all her conviction of Markham's attachment, there was a lurking distrust and a feeling in her mind that he would not anxiously seek or long wait for her; and this feeling, though unacknowledged and unrecognised, had its influence on her mind. Doubts rose thicker and darker, amounting to serious apprehensions; and her mind was nearly in the same state as it had been when she made the last transfer of her affections. Anxious to miss no opportunity of seeing Markham, she was punctually in her pew at the chapel; and sorry are we to say it, she was more occupied with the thought of the young gentleman's absence than with the edifying and elegant discourse of her father. But Markham was not there. The young lady was absolutely angry, and began to think herself very ill used. Some of our readers may fear, that a very cold reception or severe lecture awaited the young gentleman. In that they are wrong, for had he made his appearance, his transgression would have been forgotten, and his reception most cordial. For at that time Miss Henderson could not spare him, having no one to supply his place. It is desirable always to keep up a proper supply and succession of lovers. Miss Henderson acted on this principle, inasmuch as an interregnum would be a sad loss of time. If indeed Mr. Markham knew as much as we did, his mind would have been much easier. But he was fearful that the young lady might break her heart, and he was fearful that the world would cast bitter reproaches upon him. That was a consideration which weighed mightily with him. Happy, however, was it for him, and a great relief it must be to our readers to be informed, that a new transfer of the heart of Miss Henderson was about to take place. Yet there may perhaps be some who are so hard-hearted as to delight in such torments, and to wish that our young friend might not be so soon and so easily dismissed from his state of trouble and uneasiness. A strange propensity it is in some minds, that they delight in the sufferings and pains of their fellow-creatures! Treatises have been written to account for this propensity, and many ingenious theories formed on the subject: but one theory is quite as good as another; and we are not willing to disturb the minds of those who have formed their own or adopted another's. To pass on from this philosophising, which is more pleasant to the writer than the reader, we will proceed with our narrative.

As Markham had neglected much beyond the usual period to pay a visit to Mr. or Miss Henderson, the latter began to think him little better than a gay deceiver; and when mention was made in her hearing concerning the probability of her union with the young gentleman, she no longer gave such confident assent to the report, but spoke doubtingly and hesitatingly. In this she acted wisely and discreetly. For if there was a probability that Markham should disappoint her, it would be highly important that she should hold herself disengaged, that there might be no time lost in providing herself with a successor. Now here we are in need of that arrangement of double columns, of which we made mention at the beginning of this chapter. For on that very day on which Mr. Markham, after a long absence and a great deal of doubting, did call on Mr. Henderson, on that very day Miss Henderson was out. She had not the slightest idea that Markham would call in the evening, but men of business cannot always call in the morning. Markham was very much occupied in the early part of the day. If we had the double-column plan, we might on one side paint the young gentleman's disappointment at not seeing the lady, and on the other depict the young lady at an evening party at the Right Hon. the Earl of Trimmerstone's town mansion; but as it is, we must leave the gentleman to bear his disappointment in solitude, and accompany our friend Miss Henderson to the mansion of nobility.

The Right Honorable the Earl of Trimmerstone had not, as we have before hinted, a very select circle of acquaintance. Access to his mansion and to the Countess's evening parties was no great difficulty. Easy, however, as it was, it was felt as an honor by some who visited there. Among these Miss Henderson was one. There was also another present at that party who was exceedingly proud of permission to visit a Right Honorable Earl. The person to whom we allude

was a young physician of rising reputation in his practice at the west end. His name was Theodore Crack. In nervous cases the doctor had very much distinguished himself. We would indeed recommend all doctors to distinguish themselves in nervous cases. In some instances the patient wants the doctor, but in the nervous the doctor wants the patient. Dr. Crack had succeeded most wonderfully in some cases of this nature. The doctor we have said was young and successful, and the doctor was also very vain. Our readers would scarcely believe us if we were to state the full extent of the young man's conceit. One very special piece of coxcombry consisted in his change of name. He called himself Crack, though his real name was Crick; but as he came of very humble parentage, he altered his name that he might not seem to be related to persons in such humble condition. The west end of the town was quite a new world to him; and when first he settled there, he used to strut about and regard himself with astonishment. His native place he quite forgot; for seeing that the town in which he had been born was very small compared to London, Westminster, Southwark, and the suburbs, he thought it beneath his dignity to acknowledge or to recollect that so small a town was large enough for him to be born in. Sometimes there would come gaping up to London some rustic who had been school-fellow with this magnificent doctor, and sometimes such a one would, if meeting the doctor in the street, be rude enough to recognise and address him, whereupon he would cut them splendidly, and say that his own name was not Crick but Crack. Rustics are not likely to be nervous; and why should doctors care about them? Dr. Crack was constitutionally pompous; in very early life the propensity manifested itself. Being of short stature, he strutted and held up his head as high as he possibly could; and he made daily and hourly use of the most magnificent expressions and the finest words that he could find. There was also mingled with the pompous, something of the finical. In his dress he was superb and extravagant; and while he was engaged in the studies preparatory to practice, he cost his father two-thirds of his income. But Theodore was thought such a wonderful boy, that no expense was spared and no extravagance was grudged him. Theodore ought to have been more considerate; he had too many useless and idle expenses. It was very foolish, for instance, to spend a serious sum of money in finding family armorial bearings; but he was going to become a physician, and hoped to keep a carriage; he thought that it would be a pity not to have arms painted on the pannels; and then he wanted them for his seal; and seeing in a shop-window notice that arms were found there, the temptation was too great for him to resist, and he went into the shop accordingly; but was sadly disappointed after much research to discover that Crick had no arms, but Crack had; therefore from his own internal feelings being assured that he must be of the blood of the highest family of the two, he forthwith became Crack, and bore the arms of that family; and all the little insignificant low-born cousin Cricks were forgotten and cut; and our young gentleman swelled with conscious pride when he felt the blood of the Cracks flowing in his veins. These matters may appear trifling, but there is something in them interesting to those whose eyes can bear to look closely and minutely on such insect minds as Dr. Crack's. The pride of blood, birth, and connexion, extends very widely and very deeply; and there are multitudes who would have too much pride to be proud of these matters, did they but know how far the feeling extends. Another trait in the character of Dr. Crack ought not to be passed by unmentioned: he thought that every body else had as high an opinion of him as he had of himself. Therefore he could never believe or imagine that any one ever laughed at him; and the arrogance of his manners thus became truly amusing and ludicrous. We have had occasion to remark in a former part of this narrative, that nature gives instinct to those on whom she has not bestowed the gift of reason; and that in the rational being called man, where the reasoning power is not very strong, nature has made amends by the addition of a respectable and serviceable portion of instinct, thus reasoning for those who cannot reason for themselves. But sometimes it occurs that the pride of a man thus furnished scantily with reasoning power and abundantly with instinct, is such, that he fancies he has sufficient strength of reason, and then sets up for a rational being; at which nature, as if offended at such arrogance, leaves the poor thing to the sole guidance of its own fancied intellect. It is then like a child which is too proud to use leading-strings, and too weak to go without. Our young friend Dr. Crack was thus situated.

We have taken wide and ample space for the delineation of this character; for which we hope to be excused: but we could not manage to compress intelligibly. And as the said personage is not likely to make his appearance again in our pages, at least as acting any very important part, we thought it best to set him forth at once copiously, and we trust clearly.

At the Countess of Trimmerstone's evening party, this worthy doctor felt himself highly honored. He expected much attention from all present, but of that he failed. To several he made the attempt to talk knowingly and learnedly; but most of those whom he addressed had not the organ of discussionativeness strongly developed. Proud therefore as he felt himself, and honored as he conceived himself to be at this evening party, he found that there were in the world some individuals who did not think quite so highly of him as they ought to do; but he took it for granted that they were very ignorant people who were not capable of understanding him. In the course of the evening it so happened that this worthy doctor encountered our friend Miss Henderson. When great geniuses meet, they are sure to recognise each other. So was it in the instance before us. For Miss Henderson and Dr. Crack had been looking about the room to find some one on whom to vent their wisdom; and when they met, they were most happily met. If Markham had but known Dr. Crack and Miss Henderson, and had known that they were talking wisdom and sentiment together at the Earl of Trimmerstone's, his mind would have been relieved from a very heavy burden, and he would have had some well-founded hopes of getting rid of the incumbrance of Miss Henderson's heart. When the two wise ones had been conversing some little time, and they thought that they had impressed each other with a proper sense of their own wisdom, they

next wished to let each other know their own importance. This could not be done directly, but indirectly. The doctor was desirous of extending his reputation with a view to business; and the young lady wished all elegant people and lovers of wisdom and sentiment to hear her pa preach his pretty superfine sermons. It is an easy matter to make oneself known to a stranger, there was no necessity for the doctor to say, "I am the great doctor Crack;" nor was it necessary for Miss Henderson to say, "My pa preaches pretty sermons." The doctor to reveal himself to the lady began to talk about such of his patients as bore titles, and some of these had been at the chapel where Mr. Henderson preached, so Miss Henderson could thus inform the doctor that her pa was the celebrated fancy preacher. Thereupon the doctor said,

"Indeed! I have heard judicious and intellectual persons highly eulogise the eloquent orations of Mr. Henderson; so that I have more than once had a contemplation of attending at that highly celebrated chapel. There is something in eloquence, in fine eloquence, so fine and so rapturous, that it is truly captivating and enchanting."

Miss Henderson hearing this eloquent encomium on her father's eloquence was greatly delighted, and in a moment she thought Dr. Crack the most pleasant and agreeable man in the world. Miss Henderson was especially pleased with splendid talk and fine orations. Now though her father was very elegant as to his pulpit ministrations, he was in his ordinary talk very plain and straightforward. His daughter however very much admired finery in language at all times, and upon all occasions. It was pleasant therefore to her to listen to the sublimities of Dr. Crack. With readiness and gratitude she replied,

"Eloquence must indeed, sir, be a very high gratification to those who like you can comprehend and enjoy it. It would give me great pleasure to see so good a judge as you at our chapel. Indeed I must do justice to the gentleman who reads prayers. He has a most beautiful and melodious voice: it is quite music. I think you would be highly gratified to hear him read: I am sure you would. Your voice, sir, puts me very much in mind of his."

"That," replied Dr. Crack, "is exactly what I admire. A beautiful intonation and a correct enunciation, give great force and beauty to reading. Truly beautiful reading is a rare accomplishment, because so few persons are capable of reading beautifully and gracefully. But of course where there is such a preacher as Mr. Henderson, there must of necessity be a good and graceful reader also. I apprehend, madam, that the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, are the three great schools of oratory; and I humbly presume to utter it as my decided and unhesitating opinion, that the pulpit is the sublimest school of the three. We have had and have in our kingdom most magnificent and splendid orators in the pulpit. But, alas! I am sorry to say that my profession does not permit me to attend at church so frequently as I could wish. It would indeed give me great pleasure to listen to such a gentleman as Mr. Henderson; but if I go into church I am sure to be called out, and I am rather fearful lest any censorious people should imagine or apprehend that I am only called out for display: therefore it is I am too seldom at church. I dislike display very much indeed."

"So do I," replied Miss Henderson; "real merit never needs to have recourse to any kind of display to make itself known. It will always be discovered and patronised. I have heard of your fame, Dr. Crack, and I have often wished that my ma, who is dreadfully nervous, would be wise enough to put herself under your care. I am sure she never will be well till she does."

"You flatter me, madam; but indeed I may say that I have a very peculiar mode of treating those complaints; and few cases are so obstinate as not to yield to my treatment. I have cured the Duchess of K., and the Marchioness of P., and the Countess of V., and many others of inferior note. There is a peculiar art in the management of nervous disorders, which I have studied with the greatest care. I was once very nervous myself, therefore I know the proper mode of treatment by actual experience."

Much as it was the practice for Dr. Crack to talk of his own wonderful exploits in the healing art, we do not suppose that our readers will be very desirous of having from us a very elaborate report of all the speeches made by the skilful leech to Miss Henderson. The young lady, however, did very much admire, and very highly commend and compliment, all that the doctor was pleased to say on the subject of medicine; and she listened attentively, because she loved knowledge, and because the voice which uttered it was very musical, and because she was very desirous that the learned and skilful doctor should go to the fine chapel to hear pa's fine sermons, and to listen to the truly elegant and beautiful style in which prayers were read. Many other topics of conversation were started and pursued by these two knowing ones, and the evening passed away pleasantly to them, and they enjoyed what they both liked; namely, an opportunity for exhibiting their own wisdom, taste, and what they thought eloquence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"So wondrous dull and yet so wondrous vain."

CHURCHILL.

When Miss Henderson returned home from the party she ascertained that Markham had called; but she was not nearly so interested with the information as she would have been the day before.

All the time that she was at Lord Trimmerstone's talking with the magnificent Dr. Crack, no thought of Markham entered her mind. Her only thought and all her interest were with the profoundly eloquent and prodigiously skilful doctor, by whose peculiar mode of treatment she hoped that her ma would be effectually cured of her nervousness. Soon as morning dawned, or at least soon as breakfast commenced, which might be a little after dawning of day, Miss Henderson let slip her tongue with mighty volubility on the subject of nerves, and in praise of the very agreeable, intelligent, and skilful Dr. Crack, by whose peculiar mode of treatment all nervous disorders, past, present, and to come, from whatever source arising, were immediately and infallibly cured. Mrs. Henderson, poor thing, had no faith; for she firmly believed that the doctor knew nothing about nerves, and in her mind the terms nervous and incurable were nearly, if not totally, the same in their meaning. Miss Henderson, however, had fully made up her mind that the doctor, who had a peculiar mode of healing nervous disorders, should be sent for; and it is no easy matter to manage an obstinate, favorite, clever daughter, of whose wisdom the parents have so high an idea as Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had of the wisdom of their dear Rebecca. By persevering importunity the young lady succeeded, and the doctor was sent for; and so very attentive was this worthy doctor, that notwithstanding his prodigiously extensive practice, and his incessant occupation, he came immediately. He asked the usual questions, made the usual grimaces, scribbled the usual prescription, took the usual fee, and did not immediately take his leave; but suffered all his other anxious and impatient patients to wait his time, while he entered into a learned discourse with Mr. Henderson. The little which Mr. Henderson had ever learned of classical literature at school or college he had nearly forgotten; and the little which Dr. Crack had learned he remembered quite enough to make himself disagreeable to those who having forgotten do not wish to advertise their forgetfulness to all the world. As well as he could, Mr. Henderson parried his talk, and evaded his interrogations; but the ingenious doctor did not perceive that he was making himself disagreeable, he therefore talked away till, showing his own ignorance, the worthy divine was not quite so much afraid of his learning; and then they understood one another a little better, and they talked on many other topics than those of literature, and a little acquaintance and sociability grew up between them, and many truisms and common places were uttered by them. In the conversation Miss Henderson also took her part, and endeavoured to be as eloquent as Dr. Crack; but she could not. When the doctor was gone, then were his praises loudly sounded by Miss Henderson. Then it was—

"There, pa; did not I tell you what a prodigiously clever man the doctor was? Is not he eloquent? Is not he a truly scientific man? I wonder where he comes from. I never heard of him till very lately. I think he will in time be one of the first physicians in the kingdom. Well, I hope his prescriptions will do ma good. What a very pretty hand he writes for a doctor! I declare I can almost read it. He attends a great many persons of rank. I wonder he does not get knighted; I think he will soon, he must find it useful in his profession. And he is a man of so much sentiment and sensibility. I think he is a very amiable man. Physicians ought to be amiable men. Really, there are some that are enough to make one nervous, if one was ever so strong and healthy; but Dr. Crack, on the contrary, is all amiableness and sentiment. What a very pleasant voice he has!"

The assenting interjections with which pa and ma filled up this morsel of encomium we have not thought it necessary to insert. Our readers will take it for granted, that whatever so favorite and clever a daughter as Miss Henderson should be pleased to say would not, of course, receive from her father and mother any thing short of the most unequivocal assent. That is a wise provision which makes parents look with such ingenious partiality on their own children, and which prevents them from seeing what all the rest of the world can see. It would be very painful to many parents if they could see their own children with the same eyes as the rest of the world can see them. Many are the virtues which only a parent's eye can discern; and it is pleasant, that by no logic or declamation whatever can they be undeceived. Pleasant also it is that those wiseacres, calling themselves philosophers, who are hunting after what they are pleased to call truth, should hunt eternally and unsuccessfully. Truth that is unpleasant and unprofitable, is better lost than found. There, reader, scream out at that sentence, throw the book away, and put yourself into a most pious and philosophical passion. We tell you plainly, there are many truths which you cannot find, and which would do you no good if you could; and there are truths which you might find out if you would, but you do not like the look of them, and you will not find them, but will turn away your eyes for fear of seeing truth. We are all of us more or less self-deceivers. Miss Henderson, perhaps, was somewhat more so than the average; she carried the system almost to perfection. It was her will and pleasure to think Dr. Crack a most truly skilful and intelligent physician; and how should she know any thing about the matter? In this fancy, however, she copied from many much wiser than herself, who think that they who know nothing about physic should know who and who are good physicians.

Dr. Crack now had the honor and happiness of reckoning Mrs. Henderson among his nervous patients; and his visits were remarkably long, considering how many patients he had. Mr. Henderson was a person very much to the taste of Dr. Crack, who gloried in celebrity. Never was he so happy as when he was able to claim acquaintance with those of whom the world talked loudly. And when Mr. Henderson found that the pompous and swelling doctor was not quite such a prodigy of literature as he had at their first interview affected to be, he conversed with him more freely and more agreeably. So it came to pass, that the doctor in a very short time became a regular acquaintance of the family. Never was Miss Henderson out of the way when the doctor's visits were at all anticipated; and thus there was a little compensation afforded for the apparent loss of Horatio Markham.

All this while Markham did not discontinue his visits, but made them shorter and fewer, and was

very shy of sentimentality. As yet he was not aware of the visits and intimacy of the ingenious and celebrated Dr. Crack, nor was he at all acquainted with the fact of a rival so happily and opportunely taking his place in Miss Henderson's affections. Perhaps Miss Henderson herself was not aware another transfer of her affections was quite so near at hand, as was really the fact. Miss Henderson did not wish to behave unhandsomely to Markham, and at the same time did not wish to behave unhandsomely to herself. But as the young lady was very good-natured and ardent in her expressions, especially those of commendation and approbation; and as the celebrated Dr. Crack had as high an opinion of his own literary acquirements and profound general wisdom, and superb fashionable manners, as he had of his prodigiously great medical skill; and as he was mightily well pleased with those who were mightily well pleased with him, it is very true that in a very short time he found himself so well pleased with Miss Henderson, that he began to spend much time in her company.

While thus neglecting his patients to talk sentimentality with Miss Henderson, and swallow boluses of flattery from the fair lips of the lovely daughter of the fashionable preacher, this skilful doctor inadvertently suffered his affections to be fixed, as far as affections like his could be fixed on any one, on the sentimental and scientific young lady. Notoriety was the doctor's great passion. To be distinguished in the world was in his view the sum and supremacy of earthly bliss. Through this passion might his heart be won, and by this principle might he be easily led, either to wisdom or folly as the case might require.

There are always to be found about town, great, lubberly, weak, idle men of family, with whom such men as Dr. Crack may be on most excellent terms. Such a one was Singleton Sloper, fourth or fifth cousin of Lord Sloper. Singleton Sloper was about five-and-thirty years of age; as ignorant as it is possible for any human creature to be. He had not even received the benefit of an education at a public school; but when he was a boy, he did by means of much roaring, blubbering, and grumbling, prevail with his indulgent parents to let him go to a nice, neat, quiet, comfortable, little boarding-school for young gentlemen, where the strictest attention was paid to the health and morals of the pupils, and where the milder arts of persuasion were substituted for the needless severity of public schools. It was one of those schools to which mammas are so partial. The young gentlemen were kept so nicely, and no rude boisterous play was allowed. All the books were so prettily embellished, and the young gentlemen, instead of learning a little Greek and Latin as they do at public schools, were instructed so prettily in all the arts and sciences, that they became in a few years universal philosophers. But we must turn our attention to Mr. Singleton Sloper, who had not, we are sorry to say, profited so much by this excellent system of instruction as young gentlemen usually do. For in general it is found, that though there may be some slight lack of ideas in persons thus instructed, they generally remember some words which might be useful if they knew how to apply them; but Dr. Crack's great friend, Singleton Sloper, had even forgotten all the words which he had learned. He had certainly been very wisely taught by the interrogatory system, which answers finely in the holidays, but unfortunately as Singleton grew up he forgot it, or questions and answers were in his cranium so jumbled together, that he could not tell which was which. Those there are who may be a little surprised that the learned and eloquent Dr. Crack should find pleasure in associating with so stupid a creature as Singleton Sloper. We were astonished when we first heard of it; but the fact is, that the pleasure of an intimacy with a gentleman related to nobility was enough to counterbalance every other consideration. And though Singleton was a sottish, low-minded, and ill-looking being, yet Dr. Crack, who was a smart, spruce dapper-looking, dandy-like animal, was absolutely proud of strutting about in broad daylight with this poor, empty-headed creature. To his capacity and comprehension did the doctor endeavour to adapt himself, and with him would the doctor talk about all the vulgarities and coarsenesses of low-minded, high-born, indolent people. The doctor was really proud of this acquaintance, and to lower people would boast of his intimacy with his friend Sloper. This worthy was not absolutely cut by all of his own rank, because it was possible that in the course of time he might become possessed of large estates and great influence: but such were his low and vulgar habits, that few took much notice of him; therefore, he was accessible to plebeians. Being for his vulgar habits and coarseness of mind and manners treated superciliously by persons of rank with whom his birth gave him a right to be on terms of intimacy and feeling, that his own manners were such as could not recommend him to persons of gentlemanly mind, he was very much addicted to declaim among his vulgar associates on the pride and haughtiness of the great. Dr. Crack too, who had not found rank quite so accessible as he had desired and expected, joined in the declamation, and expressed his contempt for all kinds of pride. It was amusing enough that Dr. Crack, who had consigned to oblivion all his poor little cousin Cricks to the four-and-twentieth ramification of relationship, should turn up his nose at the pomposity and exclusiveness of persons of rank and fortune.

One day when the doctor and his high-born friend were sauntering about in Pall Mall, and watching the carriages as they drove to the British Gallery, they stopped nearly opposite to the entrance, so that they could see the persons who went in. The doctor put his glass to his eye, he might as well have put it into his mouth for any use it was to him. As he was gaping at a carriage just that moment drawing up, Singleton said, or rather drawled,

"Crack, do you know whose carriage that is?"

"Oh yes, that is my friend Lord Trimmerstone's carriage. There is the Countess I see; but who is that on whose arm the Countess is leaning?"

"That," said Singleton Sloper, "is a perfumed puppy, called Tippetson. I almost smell him at this distance. I wonder that Trimmerstone lets him be always there. He is everlasting dangling after

the Countess. He is a fellow of low birth, but he has found out the art of intruding himself into better company than his father ever kept. He is really becoming quite fashionable. I should not be much surprised if he runs away with Lady Trimmerstone. It has been talked about some time."

Our readers will hardly believe us, when we inform them, that upon receiving this intelligence concerning Mr. Tippetson, our friend, Dr. Crack, immediately felt a very strong desire to become acquainted with him, and to set him down among the number of his intimates: it is however a fact. The reason for this may be found in the peculiar ambition of the doctor's mind. His passion was for fashionable society. He had heard and read of the vices and follies of fashionable life; and these being to the eye of the multitude the most prominent features in the portrait of high life, he considered them as essential characteristics of that class, and was pleased whenever it was in his power to identify himself with them. It immediately entered into his mind that it would contribute much to his own celebrity, if he should be intimately acquainted with a gentleman who should immortalise himself by eloping with a countess. Without expressing to Sloper this wish, he proposed, for the sake of consuming half an hour, to go into the Gallery and look at the company. The Gallery was very much crowded, and Dr. Crack felt sorry that he had not left word at home where he might be found: for it would be so delightful to be called out amidst so apparently splendid and fashionable an assemblage. The doctor soon found the Countess sitting on a bench, and Mr. Tippetson standing by her, and making himself as absurdly ridiculous as he possibly could. The doctor addressed himself to the Countess, and her ladyship was most gracious and condescending. Mr. Tippetson retreated a few steps that he might have room to lift his glass to his eye, and look through it at the doctor. Sloper paid his respects to the Countess, and soon retired, leaving the indefatigable physician enjoying the luxury of paying court to a titled lady.

After a few minutes' conversation about nothing at all, the Countess beckoned to Henry Augustus, saying,

"Tippetson, let me introduce you to my friend, Dr. Crack: you have heard of the celebrity of the doctor, and his fame in nervous cases."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Tippetson; and then turning to the doctor, he continued: "I am most happy in the introduction; doctor, I believe I must consult you on the subject of my nerves, for I am growing worse and worse. The other day, when I was setting my watch by the clock at the Horse Guards, an old acquaintance, presuming on his intimacy, gave me a violent slap on the shoulders, and positively I almost fainted. I could not recover my strength all the rest of the day; and when I was endeavouring to raise a glass of claret to my lips, my hand trembled so that I spilled the wine, and so I was betrayed into taking a second glass; a piece of intemperance, of which I am not often guilty."

The doctor listened very attentively and patiently to this pathetic statement of the melancholy case of poor Mr. Tippetson, and shook his head, and said, "Indeed!" That is quite as much as any doctor can do or say gratuitously. Mr. Tippetson then continued,

"Doctor, are you of opinion that nervousness is contagious?"

"There are many opinions on that subject," replied the doctor. "I hardly can presume to set up my opinion against so many great names: though I have been successful in many nervous cases."

This did not answer the young gentleman's question; but it answered the doctor's purpose, which was to procure a patient.

While this discourse was passing between the two gentlemen in the audience, and to the edification of the Countess, Miss Henderson made her appearance in company with her eloquent "pa." The whole group were happy in the meeting, and many compliments passed on all sides. Miss Henderson had not seen Mr. Tippetson since that magnanimous resignation of all claim upon his affection in favor of Clara Rivolta. This, their first meeting since the great event, might be supposed probably full of deep interest and emotion, if not to Mr. Tippetson, at least to Miss Henderson; but it was really no such thing. Such was the philosophical conformation of that young lady's mind, that she met Mr. Tippetson with most perfect composure; and such was the ingratitude of Henry Augustus Tippetson, that he thought nothing of the great sacrifice which she had made for his welfare and happiness. There was much volubility of talk between the parties, greatly to the edification and satisfaction of the talkers. Very kind and considerate was it in these fashionable people that they talked so loudly and so long, with a view no doubt to the illumination and instruction of all in the room. Mr. Tippetson conducted the Countess to her carriage, after having made an appointment for a consultation with Dr. Crack on the subject of nervousness.

CHAPTER XIX.

"What physic must we give him for his cure?"

SHIRLEY.

The following day, Dr. Crack paid a visit to Henry Augustus Tippetson. Most happy was the young gentleman to see his doctor; most happy was the doctor to see his patient. Both of them thought most highly of themselves, and somewhat highly of each other. They were both desirous of showing off in each other's presence, and neither of them at a loss for words in which to express

their elegance and wisdom. Both of them being aspirants, and wishing to impose upon each other, they talked splendidly and mightily; and from their conversation, it might be almost inferred that in the whole course of their being they had never seen or conversed with any other beings in human form than people of rank. They rivalled each other in the splendid and refined. All their talk was concerning superfine subjects and superfine people; and indeed to do them justice, it must be said that they were almost astonished at themselves, for the wonderful dexterity with which they contrived to avoid uttering a single expression which might betray an humble origin, or a savour at all of plebeianism. The subject of nervousness was, of course, canvassed with mighty diligence by the parties; and Mr. Tippetson endeavoured to show himself mightily knowing by talking fluently on a subject which he did not understand.

Every body that is not contented with being a fool likes to be thought wise, and there are many modes by which they endeavour to gain a reputation for wisdom. Some of these modes are by no means judicious. One of them is, by talking to professional men on the matters which have to do with their profession. No man understands that to which he has not given something of study; but how readily will patients prate to their physicians, as if intuition could give more knowledge to a patient than experience and study can give to a physician! The nervous patients are the worst at this amusement. Happy that medical man who has patience to hear them talk, and discretion enough not to laugh at them! Dr. Crack was eminent in this respect. Superlatively patient and enduring was he when his patients bored him with their idle prate. This was one great secret of his success in nervous cases. A secret, indeed, it was in the strictest sense of the word, inasmuch as it was a secret unknown to himself. One reason, to say nothing of his great politeness, why he could bear prate so patiently was, that he was not troubled with any continuous train of thought in his own mind, which might be unpleasantly interrupted by noisy nothingness. Another reason was to be found in his own knowledge of the fact, that nervous patients are most productive when they are allowed by their doctor to have their own way.

With an aspect of profound wisdom, and the semblance of close attention, did the ingenious Dr. Crack listen to the elegant Mr. Tippetson's knowing dissertation on the subject of nerves.

"I have taken the greatest pains imaginable, doctor, to get rid of these horrible nervous sensations. I don't think a single medicine has been advertised for the last five years which I have not taken. I have taken balsams, and balms, and syrups, and decoctions, and lozenges, and pills, and steel, and bark, and soda, and cinnamon, besides a great variety of compositions from private and family recipes; I have consulted almost every medical man of any eminence, and I have perseveringly taken all that they have prescribed. Indeed, I have taken so much medicine, that I may be said to have nearly lived upon it. The apothecary's shop has been my kitchen; and yet I seem to be growing worse instead of better. I do think that my complaint is the most obstinate one ever known, nothing will cure it."

That is very true. Mr. Tippetson's is not a singular case, many are the nervous patients whom nothing will cure; but few are those who have the fortitude to take nothing. Dr. Crack's great nostrum was constructed on this principle. He gave or prescribed to his patients that which amounted to nothing; but as it had a name, and he had a fee, and as his patients seemed to themselves to be taking something, their imaginations were amused, and some of them absolutely got well.

Now when the doctor heard the sad story of Mr. Tippetson's nerves, he found that he should have no great difficulty to restore the young gentleman to health. He spoke therefore with great confidence, affirming that his case had been evidently misunderstood and very improperly treated. Then the doctor proceeded to mention the names and cases of several patients of high rank with whom his treatment had been successful; and at length the conversation passed on from nerves to fashionable life. Among other fashionable amusements, mention was made of Mr. Henderson's preaching. Both the doctor and his patient agreed, that it was never worth while to go to church but for the sake of hearing an eloquent and splendid preacher. They also agreed, that Mr. Henderson was a very pleasant gentlemanly man, not at all like a parson. They also coincided in the opinion, that Miss Henderson was pretty and agreeable. Mr. Tippetson thought her something of a blue-stocking, and Dr. Crack thought her a very well-informed and intelligent young lady. Mr. Tippetson, by means of that instinct of which we have spoken above, soon perceived that the doctor was somewhat captivated with the charms of this lady; and having no reason for disliking Miss Henderson, but rather wishing to see her provided with a husband, so as he himself was not the person, he spoke fluently and readily in praise of the young lady, till the ingenious Dr. Crack fancied that the wisest step which he could take would be to make at once an offer of his hand to the daughter of the celebrated and popular Mr. Henderson. It occurred to him also, that by such a connexion his professional notoriety would be increased, and the number of his patients augmented. Thereupon, like those who whistle aloud to keep their courage up, he launched out in praise of the virtues, graces, and beauties of Miss Henderson, till he was astonished that such a paragon of excellence should have remained single so long. And as the next nervous patient that was on his list was Mrs. Henderson, the doctor proceeded to the residence of the great orator, proudly conscious of his own importance, and filled with the thought that the announcement of the marriage of Dr. Crack to Rebecca, eldest daughter, &c., would look mightily magnificent in the eyes of his former humble acquaintance. For though he had dropped all intercourse with the companions and friends of his early youth, he could not help now and then glancing a thought towards them. Oftentimes, when he was admiring and envying the splendid apartments into which some of his professional visits introduced him, he had a thought of his former humble friends, and he said within himself, "How little do they think of the

grandeur to which I am introduced!" There is a gratification in greatness from its contrast with littleness. It is a pleasure to look down from an eminence, but it makes weak heads giddy.

The visit which Dr. Crack paid Mrs. Henderson under these circumstances was one of unusual duration, and of extraordinary eloquence. At his first entering the apartment, which was as usual with a most pompous and consequential air, he addressed his patient in language of encouragement.

"I think, madam, if I may form an inference from complexional indications, the progress of your complaint seems to be very rapid towards convalescence. Your natural vivacity appears to be returning, and your visual organs are resuming their native brilliancy."

"I am afraid, doctor, that you are inclined to flatter me," replied Mrs. Henderson; "though indeed, I must say, that I do feel better than I have for some days past."

"Undoubtedly, madam, it is absolutely impossible in the nature of things that you should not be better. A few more diurnal revolutions of the terraqueous globe will suffice for effecting a perfect sanification; and I confidently suspect that you will shortly be able to dismiss your physician." Then with a change of tone, time, cadence, and aspect, the eloquent physician added, "But I hope and trust, madam, that though the physician be no longer needed, the friend will not be dismissed."

Mrs. Henderson had been accustomed to Dr. Crack's peculiar style and language of conversation, and could readily translate his expressions. She therefore very politely replied to the doctor's wish that he might visit the house as a friend, and acknowledged herself honored by his attentions.

This last sentence had scarcely been uttered and answered, when Mr. Henderson himself made his appearance. To him the doctor rose, and bowed with almost unusual elegance and pomposity; and after the ordinary words of meeting had been spoken, Dr. Crack said,

"I have unspeakable pleasure and delight, sir, in communicating to you the highly interesting and encouraging information, that Mrs. Henderson may now consider herself advancing very rapidly towards a state of convalescence. It also gives me great pleasure to see you in the possession and enjoyment of health, which is indeed one of the greatest, if not the very greatest blessing which frail mortals can enjoy."

"I thank you, doctor," replied Mr. Henderson; "I do indeed enjoy a tolerably good state of health."

"That, sir, is a matter of very great importance, not to yourself only, but to the world. The polished part of society must feel infinitely indebted to you for the recommendation and attraction which your fine taste gives to religious services. I look upon religion as an affair of great and serious moment; but too often the ear is offended by coarseness and inelegance of manner, whereby the more cultivated are deterred from attending the service at church. But when that service is performed as at your chapel, and when elegance is combined with exhortation, and our taste is gratified while our souls are purified, then is an attendance on service at church most delightful as well as profitable."

There are some compliments in which sublimity, beauty, propriety, and good taste, are so intimately and ingeniously blended, that no verbal acknowledgment can be made of them; and they are only to be answered by an humble bow which speaks gratitude, and a smile of diffidence which seems to deny the full and total applicability of the said compliment to the humble individual to whom it is addressed. Whether this were the feeling of Mr. Henderson on the present occasion, or whether he thought that Dr. Crack was a great puppy, we cannot say; we only know that Mr. Henderson made a bow, and that, as he bowed, a slight smile played on his features rather indicative of incredulity, or some such feeling.

After the expression of this compliment, which gave perhaps as much satisfaction to him who framed it as to him who heard it, the doctor proceeded to descant on elegant literature and beauty and sublimity, and all that sort of thing. And Mr. Henderson, who was a very patient good-humored man, bore it all with most exemplary patience; for as in the pulpit he had all the talk to himself, he was not unwilling in the parlour to undergo in his turn the fatigue of listening. Talking may seem to be exertion, inasmuch as in the act of talking the tongue moves; and with many philosophers it is thought that motion is opposed to rest: with respect to the tongue, however, it is not so. Now, in the Paradise Lost of John Milton, the rebellious spirits who are cast out of heaven, and who meditate an effort to resume that state from whence they have been driven, are represented as saying that ascent is their natural, and descent their unnatural motion, which every body knows is quite the reverse with man; so it comes to pass that the tongue differs from all other objects or limbs, inasmuch as motion is its rest and stillness its weariness.

As Mr. Henderson was not altogether displeased with Dr. Crack's effort at a fine compliment, he gave the doctor a slight invitation to dine with him. The doctor, in spite of his manifold avocations, accepted the invitation. Eloquent as the doctor had been before dinner, he was still more so after. When the subject of music was mentioned, the doctor was so rapturous in its praise, that he might be said to have sung forth its honors. Then Miss Henderson played, and the doctor was delighted; then Miss Henderson sung, and the doctor was enraptured; then Miss Henderson talked sentimentality, and the doctor was enchanted.

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