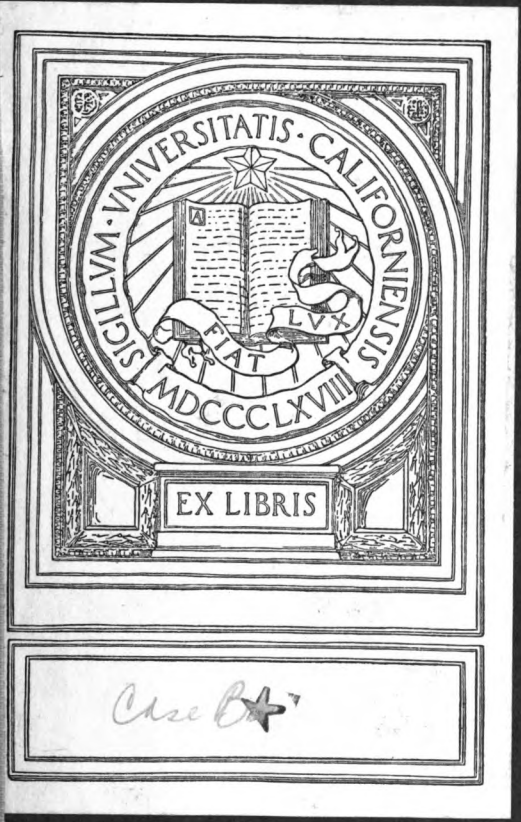
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CHARLES ELLIS:

OR,

THE FRIENDS;

A NOVEL.

COMPRISING

THE INCIDENTS AND OBSERVATIONS

OCCURRING ON

A Voyage to the Brazils and West Indies, actually performed by the Writer,

ROBERT SEMPLE:

Author of "Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED BY AND FOR C. AND R. BALDWIN, NEW BRIDGE-STREET.

1806.

PREFACE.

WHEN a young man who calls himself a Merchant, publishes a Novel, the World has as much right to expect an apology from him as from a Bishop who should dance a hornpipe. My apology is simply this, that I see no reason, because the daily avocations of any class of men are the same, that their amusements should also be similar. Perhaps, my good friend, you are a very industrious, plodding, thriving member of society; but you have your hours of relaxation; you smoke your pipe, or you drink your wine; or you mount your horse or your gig; or you go to Sadler's Wells, or perhaps the Opera. Very well, then, during the hours that you were there, I wrote the History of Charles Ellis.

In the characters, except in one instance, whatever my friends may think, I have meant

no

no allusions of any kind; one character excepted, which I have drawn line for line from the life, and, I regret to say, that one is the scoundrel of my story.

London,
1st July, 1805.

R. S.

CHARLES

CHARLES ELLIS:

OR,

THE FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM ELLIS had long been established as a merchant of the first respectability in the city of London: at the age of thirty-five, however, accumulated misfortunes deprived him of the greater part of his property, without injuring his reputation. Disgusted with the villainy of the world, and deeply sensible of the ingratitude of a few false friends, he determined to break off almost all his former connections. A small paternal estate remained to him, situated in Cumberland; and thither, having disposed of all his property in town, he determined to retire. His wife, then pregnant with the hero of our history, was the only companion of his journey. An old domestic, and a favorite fe-

male servant had been sent before, to prepare every thing for their arrival; and after residing in it for fifteen years, Mr. Ellis left the metropolis, and, with a mind distracted by a variety of thoughts, bent his way toward Cumberland. It was about the middle of May when he arrived at his little estate: a long avenue of young trees led up to a small but elegant white house, round the windows of which a rich honey-suckle was clustering, and beginning to spread over the thatched roof: the house itself was placed at the top of a long and winding valley, which, at its opening, afforded a view of the distant ocean: one or two church spires arising from amidst the trees, and a number of cottages and farms, studded the sides of the valley; and although three parts of the house were screened by a small wood, the fourth commanded a view of it in its utmost extent. As Mr. Ellis was walking up the avenue supporting his wife, his dog came running up, and fawned upon him with every mark of joy. "Ah, honest Ranger!" said he, "have I then one faithful friend left, who will never desert me?"

"You

"You have indeed," said Mrs. Ellis, throwing her arm round his neck; "but it is not your dog that I mean." He was moved with the tone in which this was spoken, and for the first time, during many months, felt his heart expand at the idea of friendship.

Behold them, therefore, settled in their new habitation. The temper of Mr. Ellis, soured by disappointment, did not lead him to cultivate the acquaintance of his neighbours; and, except on Sundays, the little wood near his house was his favorite resort: yet, though thus secluded in a great measure from society, his mind grew by degrees more calm: he became accustomed to the want of pageantry and useless luxuries, and found in the simple fare spread before him by an affectionate wife, more real gratification than he had ever experienced amid the bustle of a feast: in a word, he perceived that riches had veiled the real character of mankind from his eyes, and that without misfortunes he might for ever have remained blind to the merits of a most amiable and tender consort. In thus gradually softening his misanthropy,

five months passed away, at the end of which time our hero was born.

Nothing could exceed the joy of his father on this occasion. It seemed as if the ill humor which pecuniary misfortunes had caused, was swept away at once by the torrent of pleasure: he became immediately familiar with all his neighbours, ventured beyond the bounds of his little wood, and in due time assembled as many as his house could conveniently hold, and with great pomp had his son baptized by the name of Charles.

We shall pass over in silence, as far as regards our hero, the first four years which elapsed after this event. During that time his father had completely wound up his business transactions, and, after finally paying the whole of his creditors, had renounced all thoughts of traffic, and determined to pass the remainder of his days in his little cottage. One hundred acres of land, mostly in wood and pasturage, and a small sum of money vested in London, constituted the whole of his fortune; but his desires and his ambition, formerly

formerly so vast, had contracted with his circumstances, and all his views now centred in his son, of whom he daily grew more fond. The moroseness, however, which he brought with him to the country, had now entirely vanished: his elegant manners, and knowledge of the world, rendered him a welcome guest wherever he went, and he had more difficulty in chusing than in seeking for acquaintances.

But no man can long fluctuate in uncertainty where he shall fix his attachments, when a choice is offered him. By degrees Mr. Ellis began to visit some families much oftener than others, either from his own inclinations, or those of his wife. Before two years had elapsed, their visits were chiefly confined to three families, among which, and his own, the strictest intimacy was ever after continued.

The first of them was Mr. Wilson's, a man who, like himself, had been in business many years, but who had been almost uniformly successful in his small line, and had now retired in his fifty-third year, upon a fortune which, in his

his estimation, was a very considerable one, although it did not exceed £300 a year. His family consisted of his wife and three daughters, the eldest of whom was near thirty, and a son of ten years old, of whom father, mother, and sisters were all extravagantly fond; and who, of course, was completely spoiled. Mr. Wilson was himself a good-natured, plain, and somewhat simple man, entirely under the direction of his wife and daughters, except at intervals, when he was seized with an obstinate fit, on which occasions he was wholly unmanageable; and after an experience of two-and-thirty years his wife found it to be the best way to leave him to himself for a day or two, at the end of which she never failed to resume the reins of authority with redoubled vigor. She was rather a passionate woman, but warm-hearted, and always ready to oblige, provided the merit of the action rested entirely with herself; but if any person interfered, or were likely to have any pretensions to share in the applause, she was cold and indifferent. Her enemies whispered that she did not always take her wine

wine in public, and adduced her rosy complexion as a proof of this; but perhaps that scandal was without foundation: as for her daughters, they were three women who had been brought up in London, and at a boarding-school in its vicinity: never having had, however, the advantages of a genteel private society, they took airs upon themselves among the country girls, whom they still pretended to despise: with the beautiful they were affected and reserved, and with the homely, although they themselves had no pretensions to beauty, they were contemptuous and arrogant. Young Master George was, as might be supposed, a mere compound of rudeness, ignorance, and caprice, being made up of the follies of all the rest of the family besides his own.

The second of Mr. Ellis's new friends was John Berkeley, Esq. a man of a very ancient family, and who indeed took no merit to himself, on any one account, except that of his descent. For upwards of two hundred years, the little estate of Kerwood had descended from father to son in the Berkeley family,

mily, according to the public records, and, nearly double that time, according to their own private papers, to which however the public did not in general attach such implicit belief as John Berkeley, Esq. These papers he kept in a large trunk of carved oak, and never failed to exhibit them on all occasions, when he could do it with the smallest propriety. In his manner he was somewhat pompous and reserved, and, notwithstanding Ellis was descended from a very respectable family, he affected always to treat him as *somewhat* inferior, merely from his having been in trade. Yet he was not destitute of some of the virtues that should always accompany rank, or pretensions to rank. To those who were decidedly his inferiors, he was kind and charitable; with the proud man, however rich or powerful, he was proud and unbending; but with such as he admitted to his friendship, he was frank, and allowing for a little punctilio, without reserve: above all things he detested a falsehood, or any expression which indicated a design to deceive. He was a widower, and without children; his natural disposition would

would therefore have inclined him to a profound melancholy, had not his mind been occupied by the incessant changes that were taking place among the landed proprietors around him, and in consequence of which he himself remained, as it were, the only ancient lord of the valley. He had formed a slight acquaintance with the Wilsons, merely because they listened to all his accounts of the grandeur of his ancestors; in a short time, however, the superior accomplishments of Mr. Ellis threw poor Wilson entirely into the shade, who now seldom saw Berkeley except at the table of his new acquaintance.

The third of his friends was William Seabold, a man who had faced many a storm and many a foe. He had risen from being a common sailor to the command of a sloop of war of sixteen guns, and on the return of peace, having been fortunate in respect to prize-money, he relinquished the sea, and at the age of forty returned to his native valley, where he married a farmer's daughter, for whom he had long before, in one of his occasional

trips, conceived an attachment; one only daughter was the fruit of this union.

He was a tall, stout man, of an open countenance, with all the frankness of his former profession, joined to some knowledge of the world. His house was placed toward the lower end of the valley, where it opened out and commanded an unbounded view of the sea. Every room was adorned with drawings of ships in all situations; and over the fireplace of his dining-room, was a painting of his own vessel engaging a Frenchman of superior force, which he had captured after a hard fight of three hours. This he daily contemplated with unwearied delight, and when in company, told such a variety of anecdotes of the battle, and with so many alterations at different times, that his friends were often tempted to suspect that he was not strictly adhering to truth; at any rate, he implicitly believed, at the moment, what he was relating, and as it was always of his men, such as Jack, Tom, and Dick, who did so and so, and rarely of himself, the most captious listened to him with some pleasure: add

to this, he sung a good sea song, and had thrown the exciseman of the parish into a fever at a drinking match. He would walk backward and forward on the little grass-plot before his door, from morning till night, without being in the least fatigued; but a walk of three miles, in a straight line forward, wearied him completely. The only man in the whole parish that he disliked was the squire, and that, for no other reason, than his being often on horseback, an exercise which he detested so much, that, after he had become a little acquainted with Mr. Ellis, he told him in confidence, that he truly believed the squire knew no more about a ship than a soldier officer; and further his indignation did not carry him.

Such were the friends of Mr. Ellis when Charles had attained his sixth year: his childhood hitherto had been sickly, and his life preserved only through the unwearied attention of his mother, but now his constitution began to acquire more firmness: his cheeks, which had heretofore been pale and sunk, became more like those of his rustic playmates,

mates, and his dark eyes more animated.—This change, which delighted his parents, roused them however to pay some attention to his mind; and Mr. Ellis long pondered what plan of education he should adopt for a son, who already in his eyes gave strong promises of future excellence. To part with him, even for a week, was what he could not endure, at the same time that he was fully sensible of the danger incurred by bringing up a boy under the perpetual watchings of a mother's eye. The only school in the neighbourhood, which was kept by a good old woman, did not appear to him adapted for teaching his son more than what his mother had already taught him, and upon this important point Mr. Ellis remained in great suspense.

In this perplexity he determined to consult his three friends, more perhaps from a secret desire to hear his child made the subject of a conversation, than with the inclination of acceding to what they might propose. "Charles," said he to himself, "is no ordinary boy, and my friends know that as well as I do. This

They will be happy, I know, to avail themselves of this opportunity of giving me their opinion concerning him, and I am only afraid that they will think more of praising his present proficiency, than of suggesting plans for his future improvement: however, it will always be in my power to break up the conversation, if I find that they are flattering me; and, at any rate, I am not bound to follow their sentiments further than I think proper." He accordingly invited his three friends to dinner, when a conversation took place as recorded in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

IT was on a fine day in Autumn that the three friends met at Mr. Ellis's to dinner.—Seabold arrived first, and after the usual salutations, throwing himself into a chair, he complained bitterly of the distance between their houses, and begged for a glass of grog to wash down the dust. "What a pity it is, neighbour," said he to Mr. Ellis, "that our houses should lie almost under the same parallel, for, excepting the tack which I made to weather the church and the parson's house, I have been obliged to keep a straight course through the fields all the way hither: for my own part, I had almost as lief ride a kicking horse, as keep thus always right before the wind; but, however, I am glad to see you, and don't grudge a little trouble to pay a visit to you and my good friend Mrs. Ellis." Mrs. Ellis thanked him for his compliment. "Nay, Mistress," said he, "no great compliment

pliment neither.—I remember, when I was courting my Betsey, I thought nothing of walking five or six miles—ay, or even ten miles to see her; and, next to Betsey, I respect you before any woman I ever knew.' The sailor was going on with his compliments when a small one-horse chaise drove up to the door, and shortly after, Mr. Wilson entered the room, followed in a little time by Mr. Berkeley, who paid his compliments all round with the utmost civility, and then directed his conversation entirely to Mrs. Ellis, who was seated, with Charles standing close beside her.

Soon afterward, dinner was announced, and they repaired to an apartment commanding a beautiful view of the valley and the distant sea. After dinner Mrs. Ellis retired, and left the gentlemen to begin their interesting debate, for which purpose she led Charles away in her hand: as soon as she had shut the door they all drew their chairs nearer to the table, and having filled their glasses to the brim, and emptied them several times successively, first pronouncing certain cabalistic words

words, called in English toasts, Mr. Ellis, full of impatience, began to inform them of his desire to hear their opinions respecting what he should do with his son.—"In such an important affair," said he, "I am unwilling to trust to my own judgment, and indeed, whether to send him to school, or to get a tutor for him at home, I don't know; pray, Mr. Berkeley, what is your opinion?" "Upon my word," said Berkeley, "I do not see the necessity of either at present—he appears to me much too young to be troubled with a pedant always about him, and equally so to be sent to one of your great schools; but, if he is troublesome about the house, let him go to the school on the green, and there he will be kept out of mischief—besides, I am told"—"You are perfectly right," interrupted Wilson; "I don't see the use of sending children to a school to be pestered with Latin and French, and all kinds of dead languages, which are never afterwards of no use to them—there is my George, who by the by is grown very tall lately—he has never been to no school—no, not a bit of it—and yet he knows

knows all his letters as well as farmer Thomson's boy, who is no dunce I warrant you; and besides he has been up long ago to the question of a herring and a half for three halfpence, how many for eleven pence?—Pray, Mr. Seabold, have you seen my son George lately?—You have no notion how he is grown since Easter last. I'll tell you how I know that—on Easter-day his mother—no, it was Jane—yes, yes, now I remember it was Jane who made him a waistcoat almost big enough for me—well, do you know, now it won't go on him!" Here Ellis, who was working about in his chair as if he had been sitting on thorns, took an opportunity of remarking that "Certainly master George was a very fine boy, but that what suited one disposition might not be adapted for another, and that his Charles being already able to read very well, it was a pity he should remain stationary." "Why, as to the matter of that," cried Seabold, "here am I, who have gone to sea man and boy for thirty years, and knows no more of my book learning than when I left school; and I say, what signifies learning

learning to a boy that is to be bred up to sea; will he go aloft the quicker for it—or take in a reef the faster when it blows a stiff breeze, and the yards are almost dipping into the water at every lee lurch? What is the use of his learning then, I should like to know, when the sea runs mountains high, or when at pitch dark night he must go aloft to hand top-gallant sails, or take in a double reef in the fore-top-sail? Why, I have seen your learned fellows, and your fine soldier-officers, with their hair standing on end only at a bit of a breeze which made the vessel lie down a little; but I am not such a fool as not to know that learning is good for something neither—for there is your chaplains and your politicians, and them kind of people, who mayhap are the better for knowing that *mensa* is Latin for a table, and so on;—but as Ben Backstay in our ship used to say—that Ben you know, Mr. Ellis, as leaped first on board of the Frenchman in our action off Cape Ushant."—"Yes, yes;" said Mr. Ellis with some impatience, "I have heard you mention him often."—"Ay, and a brave fellow

fellow he was too," replied Seabold; "but as I was saying, Ben used to say that Latin, and all that kind of thing, was of no more use to a sailor than a fourth mast to a ship;—though that was one of your modern French whimwhams, which got taken as soon as she got out of port."—Here he entered into a long invective against Frenchmen, and concluded with a full account of the first action he ever was in, when he was taken prisoner: "Since which," said he, "I have never known what it was to be beat by a Mounsheer." Mr. Ellis would very willingly have spared him this long harangue; nor could he for his soul conceive by what means Ben Backstay, &c. and the Frenchman, had been lugged into a conversation on his son Charles. During the whole of these remarks, therefore, he sat twisting a cork between his fingers, and interrupted the seaman at times by telling him to pass the bottle; this, however, produced no material effect upon the thread of his discourse, which terminated in taking off a bumper, and drinking confusion to the enemies of Great Britain.

This

This toast being drank by all present, a short pause ensued; desirous to improve which Mr. Ellis remarked, that whatever he might determine upon respecting his boy, he was at least resolved to educate him in loyal principles.—"Loyal principles," cried Seabold, who had got into a forecastle talking mood, "ay to be sure, and whoever don't deserves to be d—d! What signifies any thing else as long as a man isn't loyal—what think you, messmate?" addressing himself to Berkeley, whose forefathers had uniformly distinguished themselves by their invincible adherence to their sovereign:—"Think," said Berkeley, raising himself in his chair and looking round him, "I think that the Englishman who is not loyal does not deserve to live—loyalty is the brightest ornament in the patriot's character; not such patriots as we see in the present day, and who obtain the name merely by shewing contempt toward their king; but true patriots, such as it is well known have at various times in the long course of four hundred years arisen in a single family within the boundaries of this our valley:

ley:—without loyalty, what is courage, what is humanity, or what is generosity, but almost useless virtues, which only do a little partial good, but are liable to be directed into a thousand idle channels? In fact, loyalty supposes many virtues—a warm heart, a constant and unshaken mind, a courage true even to death, are all requisite to form a loyal mind; and without some portion at least of those virtues, no man can lay claim even to a shadow of that honorable characteristic." From descanting on loyalty, he naturally proceeded to give an account of some gentlemen who had distinguished themselves by their loyalty, and finished with a relation of the battle of Edge Hill, wherein five of his ancestors had fallen in defence of their sovereign.

Mr. Ellis had listened throughout with great inward impatience, but from two several and distinct causes:—at the commencement, he was vexed to see his son Charles thrown again completely out of the question: this, however, gradually gave way to indignation, at some of his own political sentiments

being severely glanced at by Berkeley, with whom he by no means agreed in such exalted notions of loyalty. Waxing warmer and warmer, therefore, as the latter drew toward a conclusion, he at length joined in the conversation, addressing himself to the company in general:—"For my own part," said he, "I cannot perceive why loyalty should run away with every virtue, if by loyalty is meant attachment toward a chief magistrate or king—for if that were the case there could be no virtue in a republic. "Were there then," addressing himself to Mr. Berkeley, "no warm hearts, no unshaken minds, no courage true to the death in Athens, in Sparta, or in Rome, where loyalty, according to your notion of it, was so far from being known, that the name of king was absolutely held in detestation and abhorrence?" On the contrary, it appears to me, that abhorrence of slavery and love to our country are the first great virtues of an Englishman, and that loyalty toward our king is only a secondary consideration. For our country we must always fight—for our country what true Englishman would not die?

—and

—and who can lift his hand against it without a crime? Not so a king—a king may be just or unjust—he may be a Trajan or a Nero—a Henry the Fourth or a Louis the Thirteenth—a George the Third or a John—and seeing this, I cannot consent so far to give up the privileges of a rational creature, as to consider uniform loyalty a necessary and fundamental ingredient of every virtue." "Sir," replied Berkeley with some warmth, "I have conversed of late with several gentlemen from London, who all seem to have imbibed principles which were unknown or despised when I mingled much with the world. I will not, however, suppose," continued he in a milder tone, "that you differ essentially from myself at bottom, and, at all events, we agree most cordially in affection to our present sovereign, whose virtues are such as scarcely to entitle loyalty, considered merely as such, to any merit."—"We do, indeed," said Ellis, "and we will, if you please, drink long life and health to him—nor do I care if I never see another king on the throne of England."—This was drank in a bumper by all present, and

and thus terminated a dispute, which, from its appearance, threatened an interruption of the friendship which had been nearly six years in forming. Silence, however, was maintained for some time, till Berkeley, reflecting on the various nature of the conversation which had been kept up during the whole of the evening, and seeing clearly the object of Ellis in mentioning his son so often, determined still farther to conciliate him by bringing that subject forward, and accordingly asked him how long it was since Charles had been getting better, and remarked that his cloaths were now almost too small for him.—At the mention of his son's name, Ellis brightened up :—" Why, yes," said he, " the boy is growing tall now, and so fast that the tailor can hardly keep pace with him—he will soon be fit for school." " Perhaps his tailor is like one that I have heard of," interrupted Wilson, without paying any attention to the latter part of his discourse ; " did I never tell you that story, Mr. Seabold ?—it is a very good one I assure you—Did I never tell you, Mr. Berkeley ? I was ready to die with laughing

ing when I heard it first." Berkeley with some stateliness assured him that he never had.—"Well," said he, "I'll tell you—there once was a tailor, but I forget his name—however, that's neither here nor there—we sha'nt be long of finding a name for a tailor—and so suppose we call him Snip—ay, ay, Snip is a very good name for a tailor—well, as I was saying, this Snip made cloaths for a gentleman, and so he comes one day to the gentleman, and he says, Sir, says he, I must have more cloth for your coat next time:—Bless me, says the gentleman, how can that be? the last cloth I gave you, you told me that there was enough left to make a jacket for your little boy, and I surely have not altered much since.—No, says Snip, very coolly, you are much the same I believe, Sir; but my little boy is so surprisingly grown you would scarcely know him."

This story set all the company a laughing, and Wilson, unable to contain himself at the success of his joke, laughed louder than any of the rest: in short, Charles was thought no more of, until he came into the room, and informed

formed them from his mamma that tea was ready. They accordingly joined Mrs. Ellis, who shewed by her looks her great impatience to know the result of their debate, which, however, she had not an opportunity of learning till late in the evening, when the company broke up, and she received the whole account from her husband, which gave her no small mortification and disappointment.—On the other hand, from this trial, Ellis saw the folly of formally attempting to confine a conversation at his own table to any given point, upon which the company do not enter as it were spontaneously. His knowledge of the world had convinced him of this, in a thousand instances, on general topics; but his paternal tenderness had blinded him in the present instance, until he saw clearly from this experiment, that his beloved boy was not quite such an object of admiration to all the inhabitants of the valley, as to himself and his wife. Yet was Charles a most interesting child, and universally beloved; but to suppose that Wilson should think as much of him as of his own stupid son George; that

Berkeley

Berkeley should let slip any opportunity of displaying his loyalty, in order to talk of himself; or Seabold, of lugging in Ben Backstay and the Fearnought, as fine a ship as ever swam salt water, was indeed a degree of ignorance, which, had Ellis been a parent ten years sooner than he was, he perhaps would not have displayed. This, however, was a lesson which he never afterwards forgot: and now he thought of another plan, which having consulted his wife, he determined forthwith to put in execution.

CHAP. III.

THE character the most universally respected and beloved in all the valley, was undoubtedly the clergyman of the parish—his name was Edward Williamson—he was a man who had received an excellent education, and possessed a real turn for literature; and although since leaving college he had scarcely ever wandered ten miles from his mansion, he was not without the means of acquiring a considerable insight into human nature. "Human nature," he would say, "is, I am persuaded, the same in all countries, and with the help of books I can easily form an idea of mankind in general, from the little sample that I have before me; and if I cannot find a counterpart to every vice, at least I can find a parallel to every virtue that I read or hear of:" and, indeed, the penetration of our good clergyman extended rather to the discovery of new excellencies in his fellow-creatures around

around him, than to unveiling their defects. He had never been materially deceived by mankind, and therefore he was somewhat credulous; he had never had to contend with a keen and bitter enemy, and therefore he scarcely knew what the madness of envy and malice meant; yet he had a natural fund of strong good sense, which rendered it no easy matter to impose upon him: and of generosity, humanity, piety, and virtue, no man was a better judge, as to find them, he had only to look inward and draw his experience from his own breast.

He had married early, as every clergyman ought to do; but of many children, the two youngest only survived, namely, a boy about the age of Charles, and a daughter two years younger: the name of the first was Edward —of the girl, Ann. His wife was a good housewife, and an affectionate mother, without being too much so:—if she had any fault it was that of vanity—but it was a vanity that could scarcely be called a frailty, as it seldom went farther than to make her call her preserves and made wines the best of any in the county,

county, and at other times to bid people take notice, that no children went so clean to church, or behaved so well when there, as her Edward and little Ann. To be sure she did take a great deal of trouble with them—and it was a great sin to see how some mothers, that should be nameless, neglected the poor little things that God had sent them:—but thank Heaven she was not one of those—though to be sure it was not every child that had such engaging ways with them as her two little ones had. Williamson used generally to smile at her long narrations of marmalades and jellies, and boiling and simmering, and so on: but when she sang forth the praise of her children, his heart often overflowed, and his eyes would shine with tears from an excess of joy.

Yet this good clergyman had moments when he stood in need of all his religion:—oftentimes, whilst attending the burial of a respected parishioner, and reading the service of the dead, he could not help recalling the mournful idea, that seven times in the same churchyard he had stood over his own family grave,

grave, and that each time a beloved child had been committed to the dust: and often, on the contrary, when all was gaiety and youthful joy in his family, he could not refrain from saying with a sigh, ah! what should we have been, had all our little prattlers but been spared to us?—He always took care, however, when he gave vent to these exclamations, to retire to a corner of the room; for if his wife heard the sigh from the bottom of his heart, which always accompanied them, she could not refrain from tears.

It is evident, therefore, that this worthy couple felt a void in their hearts which they never yet had been able to fill up, perhaps, because they knew not exactly whence it proceeded. One Sunday evening, after they had been talking of the children they had lost, Mr. Williamson consoled his wife by saying, "it is true, my love, we have but two left out of a numerous family, but how many are there who are entirely bereaved of offspring? and how many more are there who possess but one child, and in whom their whole soul is wrapt up?—and if that one child is cut off, how

how terrible is the stroke?" "If poor Mrs. Ellis was to lose her Charles?" said his wife; "that would indeed be a loss," replied Williamson:—"he is certainly a very fine boy," said Mrs. Williamson, "and next to our Edward the best behaved child I see any where—I really should not care if we had him here at the parsonage—for between you and me, Edward, that Mrs. Ellis is rather too fond of her boy to bring him up as he ought to be."

Whilst such were the sentiments at the parsonage toward Charles, Mr. Ellis was debating within himself, whether it would not be proper to send his son there, if agreeable, in order to be educated with young Edward Williamson:—a stronger testimony could not have been given to the excellence of his father's character than such a resolution on the part of Mr. Ellis. Having resided for many years in London, where he had been acquainted chiefly with men who thought lightly of religion, he had by degrees imbibed their sentiments and their language.—If the observance of religious rites was mentioned, it was priestcraft—a pious good Christian,

tian, was a zealot or a devotee—a church, was a preaching shop—and a clergyman, always a parson. Yet he was a man of too much good breeding to make these observations in a gross manner, when he thought they would hurt the feelings of any one present—he was irreligious only when he could be so with politeness; and perhaps still felt some restraint, of which he could not altogether divest himself, from a secret respect for the religion of his ancestors and his country.

It was, perhaps, on account of these prejudices, that Mr. Williamson had not yet been enrolled among the number of his intimates:—for upwards of two years, however, for want of other employment, he had occasionally attended the Sabbath worship; and with all his reading, was sometimes puzzled by the arguments, and with all his coldness, sometimes melted by the warmth of his parish priest. His opinions of religion remained still unaltered, but respect for its minister gradually gained ground in his breast. He could now hear Williamson talked of as a charitable man, without calling him ostenta-

tious; and allowed, at last, that he knew *one* clergyman who was pious without being a hypocrite.

Having therefore maturely weighed every circumstance, he could not help thinking that no man was better adapted to take charge of his son than Mr. Williamson, of whom, from the moment he entertained such an idea, he spoke with more than usual respect. At first, he could not help telling his wife, that no doubt the parson would be very glad to have such a child under his care; but, whenever he was in company with Mr. Williamson, and would have mentioned the subject, he felt awed by a sentiment of respect which he could not account for: at length, however, an opportunity offered of a private conversation, which he eagerly embraced to make his proposals; these were acceded to at once. It was agreed that Charles should remain all the week at the parsonage, where he was to be considered and treated as one of the family: that from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning he should be with his parents, and that on no account they were to interfere

interfere with his education, unless they should think proper to remove him altogether. This being settled, Charles was removed three miles from his father's house, a greater distance than he had ever yet been for any length of time, and became one of the family at the parsonage.

Many causes concurred to render Charles an agreeable addition to Mr. Williamson's family: by the clergyman he was considered as useful, in stimulating his son Edward to attention to his learning. Mrs. Williamson already regarded him as a son, and Edward and Ann, who still felt the deprivation of the last of their brothers as a playmate, leaped for joy at the news of his arrival: they took hold of him, each by one hand—led him out into the garden, and shewed him all their little treasures—their pigeons and their rabbits, and their arbours: Charles, in return, leaped for joy with them, and never were three happier children met together.

Now it happened that in one corner of the garden stood a pear tree, of a peculiar kind, which the children were forbidden to touch;

of

of course they never failed to pass close beside it every time that they came to take their walk there. Their new guest had scarcely been with them ten minutes, when, perhaps without thinking of it, the three passed close under the pear tree, now full of ripe fruit, the sight of which immediately suspended all conversation :—a full pause was made—and, in short, reckoning on the privileges of a new comer, Charles was with great difficulty and exertion hoisted up into the tree, from which, however, he descended in an infinitely shorter time : for, grasping at a branch full of fruit, it broke off in his hands, and down he came head foremost to the ground. Luckily, the earth had been dug that morning, so that no other effect was produced except a round indention in the ground, somewhat resembling the mark of a skittle-bowl. A serious admonition, however, followed from Mr. Williamson, who was soon made acquainted with this event : he pointed out to Charles the impropriety of his conduct in thus transgressing a law, of which he had been informed, and gently rebuked his

his children for suffering the young stranger to expose himself to harm. Mild as this rebuke was, Charles immediately perceived the difference between a fond mother, and even an indulgent master, and felt the necessity of paying more attention to his conduct.—He soon, however, became accustomed to a moderate restraint, applying to his book with great eagerness, and made so much progress in the course of six months as an English scholar, that Williamson was perfectly enraptured, and ventured to foretel, although with great caution, that the boy would certainly, some day or other, be a bishop.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

In this manner, with little variation, four years rolled away, and Charles had now attained his eleventh year; at this period, his progress in learning, for a boy of his age, was respectable. To a good knowledge of his own language, he had now added a very tolerable acquaintance with the Latin, and read French with still greater facility. Books of all kinds that fell in his way, especially such as related to travels, he read with great avidity, but his chief delight was in the perusal of fairy tales, and romantic adventures. But of all the books in Mr. Williamson's library, none were such unbounded favorites as Robinson Crusoe, and the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Robinson Crusoe first fell into his hands, and in a short time he became so interested in the history of his shipwreck, that

he thought all time mispent which was not employed in poring over it. He could not help thinking within himself, how happy he would be in such a situation, and his little breast expanded with ambition at the idea of possessing a whole island to himself. In a short time, he communicated his enthusiasm to Edward, who was no way backward, and all their amusements were soon derived from their favorite book. In their pleasure hours, they did nothing but march about with sticks on their shoulders for guns; they planted arbours, and dug gardens, and shaped little canoes; in a word, Charles was Robinson Crusoe, and Edward was his Man Friday. By the power of imagination, they converted their garden into an island; their rabbits became herds of goats; their favorite cat was taught to sit upon their right hand at dinner time, and Charles now and then deigned to throw her a piece of meat, taking good care, however, that Mr. Williamson's head was turned the other way. As for a dog, Tray was at their service, without the help of fancy, or the necessity of farther education. There

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is no saying how far this enthusiasm might have led them, or rather it was already a little on the wane, when, in a happy hour, Charles stumbled upon the Arabian Night's Entertainments which soon banished all thoughts of solitary happiness in distant and lonely islands, and raised his ideas to a higher pitch. Edward, of course, was made his confident, and shared in his new sensations; magical rings and wonderful lamps, mountains of adamant and palaces of gold, genii of fire and air, mystical and solemn sounds, at which the evil spirits tremble; such were the studies which now superseded all other thoughts, and hardly left them time for their meals. An hundred times in the day they repeated uncouth and unmeaning sounds, expecting perchance to light upon the powerful word at which some enormous genie should appear before them as their slave. An hundred times they acted over the History of the Forty Thieves, in which their sister, for so they both called Ann, performed the female slave—the wonderful adventures of Sindbad the Sailor, or the story of Bedreddin Hassan, and every time with

with some alteration. Every tree now bore golden fruit, and jaspers and emeralds; the sea, of which they had a distant view, was the Persian gulph, or the Indian ocean, as best suited their purpose, and the little brook that ran by the garden, was sometimes the mighty Ganges, and sometimes the wonderful stream down which Sindbad floated into the valley of diamonds.

But the indulgence in these romantic ideas was not without its inconveniencies; in a short time the regular and well-defined process of nominative and genitive, singular and plural, verbs active and verbs passive, became dull and insufferably tedious. Edward was constrained by parental authority; but Charles, who weekly returned to a too kind mother, ventured at times openly to hint his disgust. As this, however, was accompanied with no peculiar neglect of his studies, Mr. Williamson contented himself with gentle admonitions, until an event took place which opened his eyes to the extent of the danger, and roused him to a more severe exertion of his delegated authority.

This

This was no other than the discovery of a plot on the part of the two boys, to leave the house and go in search of adventures. The plan, as matured by them both, was to set off in the evening, and walk all night, when they expected to arrive at some sea-port town, where they were to find a vessel bound to Surat or Guzzerat, or the Persian gulph, on board of which they were to embark, and set sail immediately. This admirable scheme was not allowed to cool; a Sunday evening was fixed on for their departure, in order that Charles might take a silent farewell of his mother, and the corner of the little wood above his father's house, was fixed on as the point of meeting, at eleven o'clock at night. He accordingly stole out of the house unperceived, with a little bundle under his arm, and, in five minutes, was at the place of rendezvous.

He was somewhat surprised at not finding his companion in waiting, as he well knew the regularity of their hours at the parsonage, and now, for the first time, saw something of the impropriety of his scheme. He waited, however,

however, with great impatience, for upwards of half an hour, when he resolved to stop no longer; and having got into the road, and called "Edward," several times with a low voice, to no purpose, he set off by himself, fully determined to set sail for Guzzerat in the morning. It was a clear star-light night, with a gentle breeze from the westward; and in a little time, the exercise warming his blood, he proceeded with astonishing eagerness, talking to himself all the way, and building up his golden castles with admirable precision. Toward morning, however, the air became very cold, and Charles very tired; it was now past four, and he had walked upwards of sixteen miles, a greater distance than he had ever yet traversed on foot. Being quite spent, he sat down under a tree by the road side, waiting till the sun should rise, as he saw plainly, appearances of day break; and toward five o'clock, it being quite light, he arose to proceed, when he found himself so stiff all over that he was hardly able to walk; he however hobbled on for about a mile, when seeing a farm-house at a little distance from

from the road, with several large haystacks near it, he stole toward them, and having got amongst some loose hay under a stack, he threw himself down, and in two minutes fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile every thing was in the greatest confusion at the parsonage and Mr. Ellis's. It had so happened that a gentleman from a neighbouring county had paid a visit to Mr. Williamson, and as he was to stay all night, a friendly conversation had prolonged the time of sitting up far beyond the usual hour; in short, twelve o'clock had struck before all was quiet in the parsonage, and half an hour more had elapsed before Edward, true to his engagement, thought it advisable to venture from his bed, on which he had lain down without undressing. He stepped down stairs with the utmost caution, and having unlocked the door, sallied out, and, full of joy, was just preparing to run, when he was suddenly arrested by his father, who from his window called out with a thundering voice, and demanded where, in Heaven's name, he was going at that time of night? For some minutes

nutes, Edward stood as if thunderstruck, and had neither the power of moving or replying, till his father repeated the demand, accompanied with an order that he should instantly come in and shut the door. Poor Edward complied with great unwillingness, and, after undergoing a severe examination, by a proper exercise of his parental authority, Mr. Williamson obtained from him the whole story.

Greatly alarmed, he locked his son into his room, and immediately set off for Mr. Ellis's. When he arrived there, he found all quiet; he therefore began to hope that Charles had also been prevented from escaping, and hesitated for some time whether he should disturb the family at so unseasonable an hour. On approaching the door, however, he found it not shut close, and without further delay he raised such a clatter upon it with his great stick, that the whole family was awake in an instant. On Mr. Ellis looking out, and demanding rather angrily "Who the devil was there?" Williamson only answered "Where is Charles? Where is Charles? Look to his bed-room to see if he be

be there or not." Mrs. Ellis, who heard this question, screamed out, and, together with her husband, ran up stairs, where, to their utter astonishment, they found that Charles had actually eloped. The distress of his mother is not to be described, nor was Mr. Ellis without his share of anxiety. Williamson, in a few words, related what he had drawn from Edward concerning the plan laid by the two boys; but as no route had been fixed on by them, it was impossible to say which way Charles had gone. It was conjectured, however, by every body present, that he had gone down the valley, a small sea-port town being at the mouth of it; and in consequence of this supposition, Mr. Williamson set off with hasty strides, in order to be before hand with him, whilst Mr. Ellis, with one of his servants, took upon himself the task of examining the country round in other directions. When the two men were gone, Mrs. Ellis being left alone, began to give way to the most melancholy ideas; she saw her Charles robbed, murdered, dead with cold and fatigue, with a thousand other conceits

conceits of the same nature, until at length totally unable to bear this uncertainty, she ordered the chaise to be got ready, and with a servant to drive it, set off just at day-break, following at random the very road that her son had taken. They had not proceeded many miles, enquiring at every farm-house as they passed, when they came to a part of the road which was sandy, and having been wet with a small shower the preceding evening, readily retained any impression made upon it. It immediately occurred to the servant, who was a keen huntsman, to examine this part; and in a very short time he discovered, and pointed out to his mistress, the footsteps of a young person who must have passed by that morning. This track they pursued as long as it was visible; and, in short, continuing their inquiries along the road, they came at last to the very house near which Charles had laid himself down. Mrs. Ellis was now so dispirited with her want of success, that she could not refrain from tears; and she walked in a languid manner toward the house, while the huntsman went search-

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ing all about as if he had been looking for a hare, and coming to the hay-stack, he presently discovered his young master. No sooner did he see him than he gave a loud view halloo to Mrs. Ellis, who immediately comprehended his meaning, and ran as fast as possible to the spot, where she beheld her darling boy almost covered with hay, and in a profound sleep, which the shout of the huntsman had not been able to disturb. To see him, to throw herself down beside him, to embrace him, and print a hundred kisses on his cheek, was but the work of a moment; and presently Charles opened his sleepy eyes and beheld himself in the arms of his mother. "Ah! I was very wrong to leave my dear mamma," cried he.—"Yes, yes, little wanderer," replied his mother, "but I will take better care of you in future." In short, they adjourned to the farm-house, where they breakfasted, and then drove as fast as the horses could drag them home.

On their arrival, a consultation was held concerning the measures proper to be pursued respecting the two delinquents. Ellis could

not help laughing at such a grand scheme; but Mr. Williamson considered the matter in a different light, and viewed it as no other than a serious plan of two little idle vagabonds, to desert their parents and go to sea, as many a little idle vagabond had done before; he was therefore of opinion, that a little wholesome castigation, properly administered, would do no harm to their bodies, and be of infinite service to their minds, which he observed, otherwise ran the risk of becoming completely spoiled, as was evident from their daring to conceive, and partly to execute, such a scheme. The opinions and interference, however, of Mrs. Ellis, prevailed, and Williamson was for the present content to suffer them to escape without any other punishment than that of a long admonition, which he bestowed upon them. To say the truth, he was very unwilling to punish, unless he thought it absolutely necessary; of which, however, in the present instance he was so much convinced, that nothing but the earnest interference of Mrs. Ellis saved the two boys from receiving a sound flogging:—for

as she prevented Charles from being chastised, he thought it unjust to punish Edward alone; who, indeed, was by far the least guilty, having acted entirely at the instigation, and under the direction, of his playfellow; and thus ended the expedition to Guzzerat.

But although Mr. Williamson forgave the offence, he could not forget it. To him it appeared highly ungrateful, that a boy, whom he had treated with so much tenderness, should desire to run away from him; and he could not for a long time consider or treat his pupil with the same affection as formerly.—This change of opinion and behavior was noticed by Charles, who, indeed, could not but feel that he in some measure deserved it;—added to this was the disappointment he felt that all his golden schemes were blasted; he dared no longer indulge those transporting visions, with which, for so many months past, he had feasted his imagination. In place of enchantment and ideal happiness, he was obliged to return to more sober enjoyments and pursuits; and the contrast was at first so strong,

strong, that he lost all relish for his studies and his former amusements. By degrees his spirits were depressed—he grew peevish and sullen, and paid less attention to the admonitions of his preceptor, in so much that Mr. Williamson began at length to fear, that he must either take some violent measures with him, or that his temper would alter altogether; and indeed a circumstance soon afterwards occurred, which seemed to give but too much colour to this supposition.

On the garden wall was spread out a very fine peach tree, which from the nature of the season had this year produced but little fruit, and only one peach ripened out of the whole; this was a kind of curiosity—and Mr. Williamson, intending it as a present for his wife, had strictly forbidden any of the family to touch it without his permission. In one of his sullen fits, just after receiving a deserved reproof, Charles entered the garden, and happening to pass close by the wall, this peach caught his eye, when he immediately plucked it, and threw it with all his might into the brook. No sooner had he done so, than the

consciousness of guilt, and the dread of discovery, struck him forcibly: he looked cautiously around to see if he was observed; and thinking that nobody was near him, he stole out of the garden by the back door. Unluckily for him, however, Edward was there among some bushes, and had seen the whole without being able to prevent it, so speedily was it done. He was hurt that his friend should be guilty of such an action, for which he could not account; but after a long consultation within himself, he determined not to say a syllable about the matter either to his father or Charles. It was not, however, long in his power to remain silent. Accounts soon came that the peach was missing; of course the next enquiry was, who had taken it?—Charles was not to be found—and Edward, on being interrogated, answering very cunningly that he had not taken it, excited suspicions in Mr. Williamson's breast, who accordingly redoubled his inquiries in so stern and direct a manner, that Edward was at last compelled to relate all that he had seen, and, much

much against his inclination, to criminate his play-fellow.

Mr. Williamson was thunderstruck at the recital, which placed Charles in a worse point of view than he had ever yet regarded him. Presently Charles himself came, and sufficiently discovered by his downcast eyes and guilty look, that Edward had spoken no more than the truth. Nothing was said, however, for the present; and shortly afterwards the family sat down to dinner. Here it was that Charles confirmed the suspicions of his guilt by his behavior—his eyes were almost constantly fixed upon the table, and if spoken to, he looked up with a kind of dread, and a cheek burning with shame: above all, he was afraid to look Mr. Williamson in the face, and trembled at every word he uttered. After dinner Mrs. Williamson withdrew, and Edward following, Charles was preparing to accompany him, when Mr. Williamson in a mild voice desired him to stop a little and shut the door. Having done so, and standing with a palpitating heart and downcast eyes, Mr. Williamson in a few words mentioned to him that the

the peach was missing, and begged to be informed if he knew any thing concerning it. Charles stood for a few moments in the utmost suspense; and, after a violent agitation, he affected to smile, and with a faltering voice denied all knowledge of the circumstance. This was the first deliberate falsehood that Charles had ever told, and no sooner had he uttered it than all the blood in his body seemed to rush into his face, and he stood rivetted to the floor without power to utter another syllable, or stir from the spot where he was. Mr. Williamson, on the contrary, got up from his seat, and darting an angry look at him—"Boy," said he, "if I had not previously had the most positive evidence, your behavior and guilty countenance would sufficiently have marked *you* out to be the thief. Sorry I am that a child whom I have cherished in my inmost heart should fall so low; and that, having committed a theft, you should aggravate the crime by a lie. Remember, however, what I now tell you—I allow you one minute to reflect upon your crime and confess your guilt, which

which if you do not do, my duty toward your father, and still more toward yourself, will lay me under the painful necessity of chastising you in the severest manner." So saying, he left the room, whilst the culprit remained in the same position, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, and a thousand various ideas hurrying through his mind. Shame, however, remained uppermost—not the honest shame of having committed a bad action, but the shame of confessing it; and whilst he was in this frame of mind, Mr. Williamson re-entered the room with a horsewhip in his hand, and coming directly up to him, repeated the question in a more peremptory manner.—Charles hesitated and was silent; and the whip descended on his shoulders:—for the first time in his life he received a blow from his indulgent tutor, and in the state of his mind at the time, it only tended to harden his heart: he therefore remained obstinately silent, and submitted to a severe punishment without uttering a single complaint, but, unable any longer to bear the conflict of passions within his bosom, he was almost choaked,

choaked, till his tears found way, and he sobbed aloud.

Mr. Williamson immediately desisted—he was grieved to the soul at the obstinacy of the boy, but saw how useless it would be to push his punishment farther at that time: he therefore turned him out of the room, and being left alone, he threw himself into his arm chair; where he had not sat long before he found it necessary to apply his handkerchief to his eyes, to wipe away a few tears which he found collecting there: so loth was this good man to punish, and so sincere was his affliction at his pupil's degeneracy.

Charles, in the mean time, retired to his chamber, and having bolted the door, threw himself on his bed, and gave free vent to his tears and sobs. He could not but acknowledge that his punishment was just—yet, being unused to chastisement, he thought that Mr. Williamson had been too precipitate.—"The confession was just on my lips," said he to himself, "and in another moment I should have told all—but he struck me, and I was determined not to yield to force.—No, I am

I am resolved now never to confess it, let them do what they will with me." By degrees, however, the conviction of his guilt got the better of these obstinate resolutions. After weeping for nearly two hours he became exhausted; milder ideas, and more suitable to the nature of his situation, stole upon his mind, and evening drawing on, without undressing, in a short time he fell asleep.

CHAP. V.

EARLY the next morning Edward knocked at the door, and being admitted, he threw his arms round his friend's neck, exclaiming, "Ah, Charles! why did you tell a lie to our good father? He was very angry with you, and would not permit me to come up to you last night; but he said nothing about it to-day; and so I am come to see you—how easy it is to see that you have been crying—your eyes are so red, and so swelled and heavy"—"That is, because I am just awake," replied Charles, blushing; "but, indeed, I have been crying a good deal, though not since last night." "I am very sorry," said Edward—"very sorry—but, indeed, I could not help letting out the secret. Papa looked so angry at me, and spoke with such a stern voice, as I never heard him use before:"—"What then," said Charles, changing colour, "it was you that told Mr. Williamson, was it? You

You do not deserve to be my friend any more, and I shall never speak to you again for it—I am sure I would have died sooner than have betrayed you;—but it is just the way you served me when we were to have gone away together—you grew a coward and deserted me, and turned tell-tale into the bargain."—This was too much for the open-hearted and impetuous Edward to bear: he advanced to Charles, and in the heat of his passion struck him directly, giving him at the same time the odious appellation of liar. Charles was not slow in returning the compliment; and behold! in a moment our two friends engaged in a quarrel as if all former ties were completely obliterated. The contest, however, was of very short duration. Their passion was violent, and, of course, soon exhausted. Edward began by parrying his adversary's blows, and calling out to him to stop; which being complied with—"Look you, Charles," said he, "it is not from fear that I wish to desist; but as I struck you first, I propose the first to leave off—we have been always friends till now—and I am sorry that you should

should have said any thing to make us enemies." Charles answered nothing, but turned his back upon him; and Edward, feeling his anger again rising, made use of some hasty expressions, and quitted the room.

Charles, left to himself, began however again to relent, and to feel more and more of how degrading a nature vice is, and how it tends to debase us even in our own eyes: he saw himself lowered in the opinion of all the family, and above all, in the opinion of Edward, over whom he had hitherto maintained a kind of tacit superiority, by his quickness at learning, and other qualities, aided by the friendly disposition of young Williamson:—he saw this, and his proud heart was touched to the quick at the thought: yet when he recalled all the circumstances of his own conduct, and contrasted his former happy situation, beloved by all, and thought incapable of deceit or falsehood, with that in which he was now placed, he could not help shuddering, and exclaiming—"Oh! that I could recal only yesterday, how happy should I be!"

Whilst

Whilst thus pondering within himself, the servant entered with his breakfast, and placed it before him:—this was a new humiliation, and he felt a fresh pang at this mark of separation from all the family—he ate his breakfast, therefore, in mournful silence—and now and then a tear stole down his cheek. Scarcely had he finished, when a message was sent to him desiring him to attend Mr. Williamson in the parlour: he obeyed the summons with an anxious heart; and, the door being shut and locked with great care, Mr. Williamson addressed him as follows:

"It gives me pain, Charles, to be under the necessity of regarding you in a less favorable light than I ever imagined it possible that I should:—for a long time past I have remarked an unfortunate alteration in your behavior—you have been disrespectful to me, unkind to Edward, and inattentive to your learning; and after continuing long deaf to my repeated solicitations, you have at length filled up the measure of your perversity by a deliberate act of malice, and a desperate falsehood. What, boy! was there no

eye do you imagine but Edward's to observe you in that wicked moment, and have you at so early an age forgotten that there is a Great Being before whom all our actions stand ever unveiled? Must I to so young a sinner talk of the terrible judgments of Heaven—and do you already set at nought that Almighty power that rules the whole world? What will become of you, when a repetition of crimes shall have rendered you insensible to reproof, and the odious names of thief and liar shall cease to be regarded by you as terms of reproach?"

Here Mr. Williamson paused, and Charles, overwhelmed with shame, and with cheeks burning like fire through conscious guilt, unable to answer a single word, looked upon the ground with such earnestness as if he wished it to open beneath his feet and swallow him up. After a little time Mr. Williamson went on in a milder tone:

"It is possible, but scarcely so, that I may have been too precipitate in my judgment—Perhaps I was wrong in condemning you so hastily, and seeing that you, once my beloved

loved Charles, are so woefully altered, I almost tremble to think that Edward may have been influenced by some unworthy motive to fabricate"—"Ah! say not so, Sir," exclaimed Charles, bursting into tears, and throwing himself at Mr. Williamson's feet," Edward is a noble boy, and I am too base and unworthy any more to keep his company, or stay in your house. I did do all that I am accused of. I confess, I confess every thing. I see all the vileness of my crime, and have not been half so much punished as I deserve—but I beseech you, my dear Sir, to punish me again and again, if you think proper, only accept of my sincere repentance, and take me once more into your favor." "Ah! now I have got my dear boy back again," said Mr. Williamson, straining him in his arms, "every thing is forgiven, Charles: what is past shall never more be mentioned under my roof—and within your own bosom let the remembrance of this be a monitor to warn you amidst future temptations." Thus all was made up—the door was joyfully unbolted, Edward called in, and a complete reconcili-

ation forthwith established. By degrees, Charles resumed his former gaiety. The two boys once more became eager in the honorable competition of learning; and Williamson again began to indulge in his favorite dream, of one day seeing Charles a Bishop, and his son a General; and certainly, at this time, their inclinations appeared in many things very opposite. Edward was bold, active, perpetually employed, and only wanted the slightest cause to set him in motion. Charles, on the contrary, was sedate, pensive, read much, and was not easily put in motion. If, however, a favorite scheme engrossed him, he assumed, for a short time, the superiority in activity over his friend—he flew, if possible, to put it in execution, and his eager mind seemed incapable of being diverted for a moment from its object—but when this was past he became pensive, sedate, and silent, as before, and at times almost melancholy. They formed, however, a happy mixture, and certainly two boys never had a greater friendship for each other, or lived more pleasantly together—one bond, indeed, united them, which seemed

seemed incapable of being broken, and that was their common love to Ann, whom they both called sister. Wo betide the ill bred clown who offered her an insult, if either of her brothers was at hand to avenge her wrong —on her part, she returned this affection most sincerely; or rather, perhaps, her love was the ground of theirs. In all their joys she rejoiced—and wept with them when they wept. In their absence she pined—and when they came back she always ran out to meet them, and returned happy and in triumph between them, holding each by the hand. When Charles was in disgrace she sighed, and scarcely ate or drank; during his examination, she waited with the utmost anxiety her father's decision; and when the reconciliation was declared, oh how great was her joy! She flew to her two brothers, as she called them, and kissed them by turns—and then laying hold of each other's hands they all fell to jumping in such a manner, that it was difficult to say which of the three was the most delighted.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

WHILST the hero of our history was thus advancing along the flowery path of youth, the other personages formerly introduced to the acquaintance of the reader were also undergoing the changes which time gradually, but certainly, produces on all sublunary things. The venerable and ancient tower of the parish church had withstood the buffetings of wintry winds for too many centuries, to be visibly affected by the lapse of twelve short years; yet, within that period, some few loose stones had fallen from its turret.—Many a grave had been dug under its walls, and many a family had stood beneath its shade, and wept the irreparable breaches occasioned by death in their little circle.—In that time many a head had grown grey, and many a grey head had gone down to the dust. Williamson and Seabold had lost somewhat of that ruddy complexion which strongly

ly marked them at the age of forty, and were become paler and thinner. Wilson was growing corpulent and indolent—Berkeley more venerable in his appearance—and Ellis was now slightly marked with the wrinkles of early care, which had been retarded in their progress by twelve years of ease. These changes, however, were unnoticed by themselves—Wilson still repeated his jokes, and Seabold his narrations, as before—Berkeley and Ellis continued their political debates, and Mr. Williamson, with unabating zeal, persevered in his endeavours to awaken the sinner from the error of his ways, and to raise and console the trembling spirit. Mrs. Ellis, above all the circle, was afflicted by far other than a gradual change: her constitution, naturally delicate, began about this time to shew alarming symptoms of decay, and rendered her husband exceedingly anxious for her life: she lost all relish for food, and scarcely ate, except at the solicitations of her friends. Her beautiful countenance was flushed with a feverish hectic, and a troublesome cough appeared already to have marked her

her down as the victim of consumption—her spirits, however, continued good, nay, even seemed improved; and her languishing eyes beamed with a peculiarly soft fire, which deceived the inexperienced beholder into an opinion of her being in good health. Ellis, however, saw clearly the nature of her case, and attempted by every means in his power to retard the progress of this cruel disorder. For this purpose, it was his unremitting endeavour to keep her mind employed, and to prevent her from brooding in solitude, in which she now began to delight: he formed frequent parties of pleasure and visitings, to which she had in early life been accustomed; and it was a singular circumstance, that, although it required all her husband's persuasion to induce her to leave the house, no sooner was she in company, than she became the most lively and animated person there: her eyes glowed with a double fire, and the animation of her appearance was only exceeded by the vivacity of her discourse.

Mr. Ellis's plan being known, all his friends of course seconded it as much as possible, by frequent

frequent invitations :—amongst the rest, Seabold was not the most backward. The noble heart of this sailor was touched with pity at the sight of the wife of his best friend exhibiting the symptoms of a fallacious disease, with which he was well acquainted, having lost two dearly beloved sisters in the same manner, and within a few months of each other.—" It is a shocking disease," he would say : " it is like a white squall in the West Indies, which throws a vessel on her beam ends, before any body on board suspects the least danger. I am no doctor, thank God, but I have too much reason to know this, seeing as how my dear Caroline and Mary both died of it, and when I was at sea too.—Fool that I was, not even to dream they were so near death ; and so when I came home I found they had both gone, and had left me all alone in this wearisome world." In all the parties, therefore, the sailor formed one —he not only endeavoured to forward and promote them, but also planned the greater part of their little excursions. He told Mrs. Ellis all his battles over again, by way of amusing

amusing her; and sometimes, whilst she only half listened, with her eyes languidly turned toward him, the sailor got so far interested in his own narrative, as for a moment totally to forget his object in commencing it. Then he would recover himself, and breaking off his discourse abruptly, he would exclaim—"But come, where shall we take our cruise to-morrow? Shall we go up to the top of the valley, or along the skirts of the wood, steering clear of the squire's house on our left? or away down to the sea side?" And thus he generally contrived that the mind of Mrs. Ellis should be occupied, and kept them all in perpetual motion. Alas! how vain are human precautions! how blind is human foresight! In spite of all their care, Mrs. Ellis daily declined; and an excursion, entirely planned by the good seaman himself, was the immediate cause of her death.

One afternoon he repaired to the house with a countenance full of satisfaction, and immediately accosted Mrs. Ellis—"I wish you joy, my good Mrs. Ellis, I wish you joy—this very morning a fine vessel bound to Madeira

Madeira has anchored in our bay—I have just seen the master, who is an old shipmate of mine, and we are all to go on board to-morrow, and spend the day—she lies about three miles off shore, so we shall have a charming sail. Now, no objections—not a syllable—but come along and you shall see her." So saying, he took Mrs. Ellis by the hand, and led her half smiling to the little lawn before the house, whence there was a view of part of the bay, but no ship to be seen. "A plague take it," said he, "what did Ellis mean by fixing himself so far up this valley, that he does not see half the ships that come into the bay? Now, from my house, there is not a fishing-boat passes but what we spy her—but, you see that clump of trees yonder, on the very top of the hill, to the right of where my house lies—well, if you was there you would see the Mary, as plain as a pikestaff, almost under your feet." To all this Mrs. Ellis only answered, that she was much obliged to him for the trouble he had taken, but was afraid she should not be able to go, as she felt very unwell.—

"Pooh,

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Seabold, "the old story over again—now tell me, pray, where can you be better taken care of than aboard ship, and among all your friends too—for, there will be Wilson and his wife, and my Molly, and all the rest of them—and you shall ride down to the boat in the chaise—and then when you come along side, you shall be lifted aboard in a chair, and all that kind of trumpery." "Oh! dear mamma, do go," said Charles, who was holding her hand: "Well, well, I will, my child," replied she; and Seabold departed, full of joy, to arrange matters with the rest of the party.

The next morning every one was early afoot; and Seabold, according to his promise, called to conduct Mrs. Ellis down to the water-side. Never was there a finer morning—a gentle breeze slightly curled the surface of the sea, and blowing up the valley, cooled all the air, whilst the happy party proceeded along the eastern side, under the broad shade of the mountain—some on foot, some on horseback, others in chaises. Every now and then their laughter and singing was re-echoed

re-echoed by some hollow rock, or through some high wood. Wilson was always heard laughing louder than any of the rest, at his own jokes, whilst Williamson and Berkeley shewed a graver joy, and contemplated with more silent and heartfelt delight the beauties of the season, and the happy countenances of all in company. Presently they reached the sea-side, and, led by Seabold, came to a small cove where the boat was waiting, manned with six sturdy rowers—a small ledge of rock, which ran a little way into the sea, served in place of a wharf or a plank, and in five minutes the whole party was under way, standing right out for the vessel, which was decorated to receive them. Seabold, who was steersman, encouraged the rowers from time to time with—"Pull away, my lads; pull away, my hearties; there she flies; hurra"—nor were his exhortations vain—the boat seemed, indeed, to fly over the surface of the water, and they were very soon alongside of the Mary.

In short, the day was passed very pleasantly, notwithstanding frequent prognostications from the experienced seamen on board, that

the weather would change before night.—Seabold saw the symptoms of a change as well as any of them; but, having been accustomed to brave all weathers, he did not sufficiently reflect upon the difference in that respect between himself and the rest of the party, and therefore paid little attention to them—the matter was not mended by staying. After dinner some excellent wine was produced, and each man told his tale or his joke; and, in spite of the hints, and even the solicitations of the ladies, the hour of departure was protracted till late in the evening—it was then pitch dark—the wind was cold and raw, attended with a drizzling rain, and a heavy swell rolled in toward the shore. Heated with wine, the men renewed their jokes upon deck, and left the females sitting impatiently in the boat, with Mr. Williamson only. Soon after leaving the ship their merriment ceased—all but Seabold felt the effects of the night air, and huddled together as some defence from it—poor Mrs. Ellis was unable to speak a word, and her teeth chattered in her head. As they approached the shore, Seabold being careless,

careless, a heavy surf broke into the boat and wet them all over, whilst the women screamed with terror. After landing they found no person waiting for them, nor a single carriage, and were obliged to walk for some distance. About one o'clock in the morning Ellis and his family reached home, and with great difficulty Mrs. Ellis was got to bed—the next day she was in a high fever, which continued, with little intermission, for five days, when it left her; but so exhausted, that, aware of her approaching dissolution, she resigned herself calmly to her fate, and made every preparation for meeting it as became a Christian, a wife, and a mother.

Accordingly, at her request, her friends were summoned to take a last farewell—Seabold, unable to speak, and ashamed to weep, stood at the foot of the bed with his head sunk upon his breast—Ellis sat in a corner of the room, grasping Charles by the hand;—and the good clergyman, with the Bible in his hand, from time to time spoke comfort to the departing spirit—the rest were ranged about the bed. The sick woman herself was

supported by pillows—the remains of the fever still flushed her cheeks—and her eyes, though faded, still beamed with affection at the sight of objects so dear to her:—raising her hand, she made a faint motion to Charles, whose eyes were fixed upon her; and he instantly flew, and putting it to his lips, bathed it with tears—she had been about to speak, but this mark of her boy's affection kept her silent for some time. At length, she thus addressed those around her, though not without some difficulty and interruption:—

"I am going to die, my dear friends, and this is the last time we shall meet in this world;—but, grieve not, for we shall meet again in a better—at least, I hope and trust so, through the merits of Jesus Christ. I see that you take it very much to heart, my worthy friend, and I am told that you accuse yourself of being the innocent cause of my death—do not think so—without your kindness I should have been dead ere now. My good Mr. Williamson, I cannot express what I feel toward you for your religious instructions in this trying hour: I beseech you not to

to leave me whilst I have life. I shall not detain you long, my female friends—perhaps, I may have been guilty at times of acts of coldness and unkindness toward you—if so, I pray you to forgive me, whilst it is yet in your power—yet, I trust, I have also at times done you good offices:—remember them, I beseech you, with kindness. I have called you all together, for the express purpose of seeing us once more assembled—we have often met before in pleasure—but never shall we all assemble again till we meet in the grave."

Here she paused, exhausted; and such had been the mild tenor of her past life, and such was the solemnity of her present farewell, that every eye around her was filled with tears. After a short pause, she waved her hand a second time, as a signal for her friends to withdraw, and she was left alone with her husband and Charles. Of the former, she took a tender farewell; beseeching him, by every past tie of affection, to cherish her memory by unwearied attention to their son—but on Charles she lavished all her fondness: throwing

throwing her arms around his neck, she feebly pressed him to her bosom; nor was nature so far exhausted but that she shed a few burning tears upon his cheek, when she thought on the dangers to which his youth might be exposed. "Never forget your fond mother," said she to him, "nor that it is her last advice and injunction—to remember your Creator in the days of your youth."

These words, and this scene, made an indelible impresssion upon Charles's mind—he was unable to speak for sobbing, and was obliged to be led out of the room by his father. Mrs. Ellis still, however, lingered a few days, when she died without a groan; expressing to the last, her reliance in the promises of Christianity. An immense concourse of people attended the body to the grave, over which the good Williamson read the service of the dead, with more painful sensations than he had experienced since the burial of his last child. Over the grave was raised a marble slab, on which was simply carved "Mary Ellis, ob:—ætat. 38." No other inscription was necessary, for, beyond the

the boundaries of the valley she was scarcely known; whilst within them, her virtues were the theme of conversation from the hovel of the huntsman, high upon the moors, down to the fishermen's cottages, close by the sea-shore.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE death of Mrs. Ellis appeared for a time to produce no other effect in the little circle, to which she had belonged, except the regret for her loss. By degrees, however, it appeared how strong a tye she had been to connect them together, by the gradual estrangements which took place amongst the survivors—friendship cooled amongst the families—they all visited Ellis, but ceased to visit each other—and in a little time he found that the charm which had made a *whole* of them was dissolved—that he possessed in each a separate friend—but that they were no longer the warm friends of each other. Seabold seldom quitted the walks about his favorite cliff—and never for the purpose of seeing any person but Ellis. Mr. Williamson devoted himself more and more to the education of his children—and R. Berkeley, Esq. turned over and over with redoubled diligence, the papers

papers so carefully hoarded in his old oak chest. As for Wilson, he felt the least of all, and quickly found relief in a club established at an alehouse in his neighbourhood—to say the truth, he had for two or three years past envied the happy meetings held at the Rose, where the exciseman of the parish generally presided; a man of a low humor, exactly adapted to Wilson's taste. In consequence of this, he never passed the house on a winter evening, and beheld through the window of the club room the cheerful blaze of the fire upon the white walls, without wishing himself within. Still more difficult was it for him to resist this inclination, when coming home at night he heard the roar of laughter prolonged and repeated by the happy crew, accompanied by the clinking of glasses on the table, and the cry of "Capital, bravo!" Often had he stood without, joining in the merriment, although ignorant of the cause of it, and repeating to himself some famous joke, with which in idea he was convulsing them all with laughter. Three causes, however, had hitherto conspired to deter him

from joining them, namely, respect for Mrs. Ellis, who had often expressed to him her dislike of such clubs, his own pride, and fear of his wife. The first, and it would seem the most powerful of these checks, was now removed, yet the other two might have been sufficient to deter him, but, coming home one winter evening about nine o'clock, he stopped as usual to listen :—the night being cold, and the sleet falling thickly, he cast many a longing eye on the white walls, reflecting the blaze of a large fire, when his ears were greeted, first with a gentle hubbub, and then with such a burst of laughter as was totally irresistible. He stood wrapping his great coat round him, rubbing his hands, and standing first on one foot and then on the other, till at length unable to resist the temptation, he entered the house, and, after a short conversation with the landlord of the Rose, was by him duly introduced to the club. Now, in like manner as his pride had so long operated in preventing his taking this step, so in proportion was their joy at receiving such an acquisition to their club. He

was

was immediately elected a member—a chair next the fire was presented to him, and his health was drank with three. Before an hour had elapsed he ventured to lay hold of the poker, and stir the fire—told them his story about Snip and the gentleman with infinite success, and, in short, the night was very considerably advanced ere Mr. Wilson ever dreamt of moving from his seat to go home, or even that he had a home to go to. Now, however, the thoughts of his loving wife rushed upon his mind, together with the upbraidings which he must prepare to undergo, and he suddenly started up and wished the company good night, shaking them all cordially by the hand. Flushed with drink and mirth, out he sallied, but, whether from the darkness of the night, the blaze which he had just left, the effects of the liquor, his evil genius, or all together, it so happened tha he forthwith encountered a post, from which he receded with a velocity mathematically proportioned to the violence with which he had impinged against the said post, and the weight of the impinging body. He had not time,

time, however, to recede to the exact distance prescribed by mathematicians in similar cases, for, before he had recoiled many steps, his heels encountered a large stone, and he straightway measured his length in the kennel.

There is a mixture of good and evil in every thing that befals us in this life:—Wilson was very soon helped out of the wet—but it was by the last person in the world whose assistance he would have wished for in such a situation, being indeed no other than his wife—whose face, whether from the coldness of the night, from having sat long over the fire at home, or from whatever cause, was all over a glowing red, and gleamed on him like a horrible meteor reflecting the rays of the lantern which her servant held up to it. A hearty thump on the back was the first salutation he received, together with an exclamation of—"Have I found you at last, my drunken husband, after wandering all over the village in search of you? God help you, what would become of such a guzzler if your wife didn't look after you? See here! here

is your coat all over mud, and the water dropping off your wig like rain." To this, and many other expostulations, Wilson answered not a syllable, for which sage conduct many reasons might be adduced—one of them, however, was, that from the violence of the shock, and the effect of the liquor, he was totally unable to speak a word, and was with much difficulty carried home. The next morning, however, the arguments of his wife were considerably strengthened by a violent head ach, and a large black mark round his eye, by which he was confined at home for a week. Even at the end of that period it had not entirely vanished—for, meeting Seabold in the street, the latter expressed great concern at the damage he had sustained in his starboard day-light, and told him it looked as if it had been almost stove in. Wilson made the best excuse he could—but, with respect to the club, the first step was taken, and his resolution fixed. In vain Mrs. Wilson scolded and soothed by turns—in vain his daughters represented the shocking vulgarity of tap-rooms, and declared how much they abhorred

abhorred their papa when he came home stinking with tobacco, and gin and water.—The reception he had met with was too flattering to his vanity, not to induce his return—and, indeed, the whole was so exactly suited to his former habits of enjoyment, that he shortly became one of the staunchest members of the club. He felt as if he had long been straining to preserve a place in a society for which nature and education had not fitted him, and had now, at last, found the level which best suited him. Indeed, his jolly countenance very soon shewed the effects of his nightly potations at the Rose, which, aided by his short stature, and corpulency, rendered him not unlike the sign of a red faced Bacchus astride upon a cask. By degrees, his family ceased to remonstrate, and endeavoured to console themselves as well as they could. As for his son George, he was the only one that was pleased from the beginning with the change, as being indulged by his mother in sitting up late at nights, he had now frequent opportunities of setting his father's wig awry, and displaying other marks of

of ingenuity equally pleasing. In discharging this filial duty, he was sometimes encouraged, and always permitted, by his mother and sisters—he once, however, met with a check—for, waking suddenly and starting up, Wilson saluted his son and heir with such a blow on the cheek as to make him perform sundry revolutions much against his inclination, and which terminated in his falling flat on the carpet, where he lay bellowing with pain and vexation. In this manner was the hopeful youth improving himself daily in the habits of impudence, idleness, and mischief, to the great delight of his fond parents, and the no less annoyance of the servants of the family, and, in general, of every poor person in the neighbourhood. Such, however, is the way in which too many boys are brought up: parents spoil them with indulgence, pass lightly over every fault, and neglect, in the precious and fleeting season of youth, to sow the seeds of knowledge and virtue. The consequences are invariably such as every body foresees but themselves—the spoiled child becomes a profligate youth, an unfeeling man, and

and toward his parents most unfeeling of all. Certainly, if there be one pang severer than another to the human heart, it is that which a parent is doomed to suffer when in his declining years he finds, too late, that over indulgence to the boy is not the way to secure the affections and reverence of the youth, or the esteem of the man. Wilson, however, was spared the full bitterness of such a discovery—he died before the fruits of this education were entirely developed—but not before he was in some measure awakened to its errors, and disposed, if possible, to rectify them. Parent, whoever you may be, of whatever rank, remember that the child is now in your hands, ready to be moulded into any shape—in a little time it will be too late—and if his mind has grown up crooked and distorted, your darling will not be more an object of hatred to the world, than yourself of pity or contempt.

As we are talking of young people, perhaps, I have been to blame in having so long delayed to introduce to the reader, Mary Ann Seabold, the daughter of the generous sailor, and

and now in her eleventh year. Of this girl Seabold was so fond, that if she had died it would have broken his heart. Yet he shewed how differently affection can operate on parents in their conduct toward their children: —whilst Wilson's displayed itself in a foolish and weak indulgence, Seabold's took another bent. It is true, he declared to every body openly, that his Mary Ann was certainly the finest girl in the whole country—but, then, he took the utmost pains to justify this boast. He inculcated strictly early piety, love to her parents, and attention to her learning—and regularly insisted on the due performance of every task set to her by her school mistress—at the same time, he took proper care that she should be much out in the open air, and was not afraid "lest the rude winds of Heaven should visit her too roughly." Under this management, she improved daily both in mind and person. Even now her face was beautiful, and her downcast blue eyes bespoke the sensibility of her soul. Lovely girl! I cannot but take an interest in thy welfare, and am anxious to know what fate awaits thee!—

Wilt

Wilt thou be permitted to expand and become the fairest flower of thy native valley—or shall some insidious spoiler find thee in an unguarded moment beyond the reach of a father's protecting arm, and destroy thy peace of mind for ever?—Forbid it Heaven!—But let us not endeavour to pry into the events of futurity:—Let us rather hope, that thy prudence will equal thy beauty, and that thou mayest become an ornament to thy sex, and the soother of thy father's declining years.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

IN this manner two years passed on with little variation, or any occurrence worthy of being recorded;—but now, that dangerous yet enchanting period of life approached to Charles, when the voice of the passions begins to be heard; when new sensations are felt, and new ideas arise in the mind. He no longer took any pleasure in the amusements of childhood, which but yesterday had charmed him; but if he took a part in any, it was with a vehemence and fire that astonished his comrades, and carried every thing before it. If spoken to, he answered quickly, and hastily. His dark eyes sparkled when he talked on any subject which interested him, and he began to tread the earth with a kind of pride, as if he despised it, and had advanced a step in the scale of creation. By degrees, as the violence of this secret fire encreased, he shed tears, and uttered profound sighs,

sighs, without knowing wherefore:—sometimes, for several nights together, he delighted to resort to the loneliest and highest part of the moors, far above his father's house:—at other times he went down to the bottom of the valley, and wandered up and down by the sea-shore. After these fits of delicious melancholy were over, a new spirit seemed to possess him—for days, successively, he appeared unable to contain himself for joy—he ran, he leaped, he danced, he sang, without any object or any motive but pure lightness of heart; and never, but when alone, or with his father or Mr. Williamson's family. No sooner did a stranger, especially a female, appear in company, than his downcast eyes, his faltering tongue and blushing cheek proclaimed the modest and ingenuous youth. At these periods, also, delightful dreams visited his nightly slumbers; a thousand undefined pleasures floated in his imagination, and life appeared to him as an enchanting vision which he was only now beginning to enjoy.

These symptoms were marked both by Ellis and Mr. Williamson; and the latter endeavoured

deavoured by every means in his power to occupy the mind of the youth, who still continued with him as a pupil, and whom he loved almost equally with his own son Edward.—For this purpose, he constantly engaged the two lads either in close study, or some active employment which required great exertions of the body—to dig the earth, to perform long walks, to row in the fishermen's heavy boats, and sometimes to hunt over the moors from morning till night. They slept each on a simple mattress, with very light covering, and were always called, either to their studies or their exercises, at a stated and early hour. By these means, and a healthy and simple diet, they became daily more and more robust, and inured to fatigue and privations of every kind. Edward, especially, was indefatigable—his open countenance, glowing with health, and his nervous make, announced constant activity—whilst Charles only made his exertions by starts, and delighted to indulge in occasional fits of pensiveness.—Whilst he thus endeavoured to form their bodies to endure hardships patiently, Mr. Williamson

liamson did not neglect their minds. He knew well the value and importance of this period, which generally influences so materially the remainder of life. Homer and Milton inspired them with noble thoughts, and taught them to despise every thing base and ignoble.—Virgil and Horace refined their tastes—Shakspeare instructed them in the knowledge of human nature—and Cicero and Addison taught them the duties of men toward each other, and the civilities of private life. But it was especially in that sacred volume, which he prized highly above all Grecian or Roman literature, that the good clergyman sought for models of imitation, and rules of conduct. Whenever he opened that book to them—"Now," he would say, "we are all equally scholars—Here, my children, are lessons which it behoves all flesh living to learn: come then, and see what noble preceptors we have got—Moses shall explain to us the wonders of creation, and of that awful word, which, when all was darkness, said, "let there be light," and there was light. The venerable Abraham shall

teach us unshaken confidence in the high decrees of Heaven; and in the history of Joseph, we will study the vicissitudes of human life, and learn the uncertain tenure by which we hold every enjoyment which this world affords. But it is chiefly to the bright example of the Author and Finisher of our Faith, that we must turn our eyes. There we may trace every virtue—"from his life learn how to live, and from his death how to die." These lessons of the good man were not delivered to dull or unwilling ears: the warm and enthusiastic minds of the two youths were deeply interested in the solemn truths developed to them, and received impressions favorable to the cause of religion and virtue, which no succeeding circumstances were ever able fully to erase. The ideas of virtue were strengthened in the breast of Charles by the remembrance of his dying mother's injunction—and the revival of her image fixed for a time his violent passions, by giving them an object on which to work. He began to find a delicious pleasure in recalling to mind the endearments which she had so often lavished upon him.—

The

The very name of mother awoke in him a thousand emotions—he delighted to visit her favorite walks—the rose trees which she had planted with her own hands, and the stone which stood at the head of her grave. He could not conceive it possible that a child could be undutiful, or pronounce the sacred name of "mother" without affection and regard; and if he read of an instance of filial ingratitude or impiety, he dashed the book with anger to the ground. In short, the first violence of his passions was spent in this fortunate channel, and all the warmth of his disposition happily engaged in the cause of virtue.

About this time Mr. Ellis, whose mind had been so long weaned from business, began to find the want of an object to engage his attention. The death of Mrs. Ellis deprived him of those social enjoyments which made the winter hours pass cheerily along, and his ancient commercial habits revived by degrees. He was, indeed, quite at a loss now how to pass his time—and in the wearisomeness of having nothing to do, he took a disgust to the

the country and a country life. This disgust, however, came on by degrees—or rather, he endeavoured for a long time to suppress it, and thereby rendered it more violent. For three years he struggled against his inclinations—but at the end of that period, finding his dislike still increase, he determined to repair to London accompanied by his son, and to endeavour to revive some of his ancient connections there. Having formed this determination, his mind became more tranquil, and he allowed six months further to elapse before taking his departure. It was only then that he felt a pang of regret in quitting a spot where he had passed so many happy days: he recollected that nineteen years ago, he had come to that valley, accompanied by his affectionate wife, and had there first found rest to his harassed mind. The idea of entering again into the troubled sea of busy life, startled him for a moment, and made him almost renounce his plan; but Charles sat beside him, eager to visit the metropolis of his country, and see a little of the world—besides, how could he retract, after having so long

declared his intentions, and taken leave of all his friends? He resolved, however, if the situation of affairs should not equal his expectations, to return once more to his cottage, which he still retained; it was at all events his firm intention to pass the last of his days there, and be buried in the same grave with his wife. As this his first visit to the capital was in all probability to be only temporary, he left every thing as it was in his cottage, to the care of a faithful servant, whom Williamson and Seabold both promised to assist, if any material incident should happen. "Hang it," said the latter in his open way, "why dost thou make such a bustle about so short a trip—you will be back very shortly, I promise you, and therefore I shall only bid you good day. Give me your hand, Charles—God bless you, my boy—I love you for your mother's sake, and look upon you almost as my own child." As he said this, his lovely daughter, who was holding him by the arm, cast down her eyes suddenly to the ground, but from what cause, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the human heart to say. As for

for Edward, he had the prospect of being soon in London, and therefore saw his friend depart with less regret; and Mr. Williamson and his wife knowing that it was intended that Charles, at all events, should be back ere long, were rather happy than otherwise at his jaunt. Poor Ann Williamson alone, of all that stood by to see them set off, was unable to force a smile, or even to conceal her tears. Charles was hurt to see her dejected looks, and, pressing her hand, whilst Edward held the other—"How pale you look, my sister!" said he, "are you then afraid that I shall never return—or do you think that Charles can ever forget his dearest sister? depend upon it, if I live, you will see me here again in less than three months."—"Three months," replied she, "how coldly you talk, Charles, I shall perhaps be in my grave long before then." So saying, in spite of all her endeavours, she could not refrain from shedding tears—whilst the young man, unable to account for this extraordinary sensibility, pressed her to his bosom, and, having recommended her to the particular care of Edward, leaped

into the chaise where his father was waiting for him, and which immediately drove off amidst the "Good byes," and "God bless you," of all assembled.

Nothing material happened to them on the road—Mr. Ellis was pensive and silent—and Charles, though delighted with travelling, and the novelty of what he saw, was of that disposition which rather feels pleasure in acquiring inward enjoyment, than in perpetually talking and making exclamations at every remarkable object. Hence, the father and son travelled together with more silence, though not with less affection than usually exists in such a case—and not being pressed for time, it was on the evening of the sixth day before they reached London.

And now, having conducted our young man to the metropolis, let me look back and see what material errors I may have committed in my narrative of his life—and for this purpose, alas! I find that I have not far to look. For here, in this very chapter, I have whirled Charles to London, promised that Edward should soon be there, and left two pretty

pretty girls and a whole circle of friends with tears in their eyes, without giving any reasons sufficient to account for so many occurrences. Know then, kind reader, that Charles still retaining the same wandering disposition and desire of seeing foreign countries that formerly prompted him to leave his home, had eagerly seconded his father in his commercial speculations, as soon as he understood that they were connected with the idea of his going abroad. On the other hand, his father was not a little pleased at finding Charles so disposed to enter into his views, as indeed he could not endure the thoughts of parting with him, and would never have left England had he not professed his perfect willingness to accompany him. In like manner, Edward had declared his attachment to the profession of arms. His bold and undaunted spirit, and great activity, particularly qualified him for the more obvious parts of a soldier's duty :— but in addition to these, a strong natural judgment, and an intimate acquaintance with ancient history—the source from which all the modern improvements in the art of war

are

are derived—prepared him for comprehending the principles of those great, but simple movements, which decide the fate of battles and empires. In compliance with his decided wish—and after trying in vain to dissuade his son from a profession which he styled one of blood—Mr. Williamson had used his influence with Berkeley, and, through his medium, with a nobleman of great interest toward procuring him a commission. This had been lately positively promised in the — regiment, then lying near London—and, as it was every day expected, Edward made no doubt of soon seeing his friend again, and hence arose the little reluctance the two young men felt at parting for the first time since they had been eight years old. As to the downcast looks of Mary Ann Seabold, or the tears of Edward's sister, they might have been owing to the sorrow of losing an old playmate, or the prospect of soon parting with Edward himself, or perhaps the morning was very dull and gloomy, and made them both dejected without knowing wherefore. For my own part, I should rather suspect

pect that some secret cause lurked at the bottom of this melancholy, with which no person is yet acquainted; not even you, yourselves, my two lovely girls—and Heaven send that it may not still be a source of great uneasiness to you both!

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

CHARLES was greatly surprised on his arrival in London to find every thing wearing a much gloomier appearance than he had expected—instead of green fields, white-washed cottages, and a distant view of the boundless ocean, he saw nothing but dirty streets, houses and churches blackened with the smoke of sea-coal, and a prospect confined on each side, by what appeared to him as little better than long brick walls with windows in them. If he cast his eyes upward, even the heavens themselves wore to him a different aspect, and their clear blue was not discernible through the perpetual vapors which seemed to hang over the town. He was astonished to find himself all at once amongst a million of human beings, and fellow-subjects, not one of whom he knew, and to none of whom he was known; and having been always accustomed in his native valley

valley to speak and be spoken to by every person he met, he felt depressed, and as it were alone in the midst of so vast a crowd.

By degrees, however, these gloomy impressions were dispelled, and were succeeded by others of a more agreeable nature. The weather, which had been bad at the time of his arrival, changed for the better, and gave a different aspect to every object—he began to notice the grandeur of some of the public buildings, the utility of many of them, and the venerable and ancient appearance of others: when he looked up to the dome of St. Paul's, he could scarcely believe that it was the work of man, and thought all his trouble amply repaid by a sight so truly grand—add to this, the attractions of public amusements, the gaiety of balls, the splendor of public shews, and the admirable representation on the stage of some of the favorite dramas of our divine bard. But what above all, tended to restore his spirits was the introduction which his father procured for him, to several young men of his own age, with whom he soon became very intimate. He

was pleased with the easiness of their manners and conversation, so different from that of young rustics, and this mistaken idea of superiority unfortunately blinded his eyes to the vices which they gradually developed to him. He was shocked at first, it is true, but his surprise and sorrow were of no long duration. Every thing tended to accelerate his initiation in the vices of the metropolis; the eagerness of his new companions in instructing him—the generous warmth of his own disposition, of his temperament, and his time of life—and the connivance of his father, who was too much a man of the world not to rejoice at the progress which his son was daily making in getting rid of his native bashfulness, all contributed to impair his good resolutions. Before three months had elapsed a material change had taken place in his external appearance for the better, and in his sentiments for the worse. He still professed to revere the Sabbath, but indulgence in innocent amusements on that day was surely no harm, and never meant to be restrained.—Drunkenness was the most odious and beastly of

of vices; but to take a cheerful glass, and get merry with a few friends, was no disgrace. As for swearing, nothing could be more shocking—nothing more sinful—and, at the same time more unprofitable, than profanity—yet surely, demme! sink me! zounds! and the like, could be no offence to Heaven. In a word, the young man was beginning to play with vice. It had always been represented to him as an object of horror—but he did not discover it when dressed in flowers—and he began very shrewdly to suspect that the good Mr. Williamson, in his eagerness for his welfare, had painted some indiscretions in too strong colours. With all this, however, he did not as yet entirely neglect his studies—he still repaired, at times, to the fountain-head of pure morality, and took occasional fits of virtuous resolution; for two or three days, shut up in his chamber, he renewed his acquaintance with his favorite authors; but his new companions never failed to call upon him with such astonishing anxiety, concerning his health, and the whole common place routine of idle enquiries, that Charles considered them

as

as the warmest and sincerest of friends; and, unable to refuse them any thing, generally finished by making one of their party in any scheme of pleasure. It was, however, in these moments of retirement that the thoughts of home pressed the most warmly on his mind; and the recollection of his youthful companions awoke emotions, which he soon discovered to be very different from those inspired by his new acquaintances. Then it was that he reproached himself for having so long neglected to write to them; yet, as some amusement always intervened, he had hitherto remained silent toward them. One morning, however, whilst deeply engaged in thinking of them, his father put into his hands a letter, which he instantly perceived to be in the writing of Mr. Williamson. He blushed at the sight, and opening it, discovered two others enclosed from Edward and his sister; that from Mr. Williamson was as follows:—

"My dear Charles,

"It hath given all of us pleasure to hear from your father that you arrived safely in London;

London; yet I cannot but say, my dear boy, that it would have gratified us still more had we received the intelligence from yourself.—Perhaps you have not yet been long enough from home to know what pleasure it is to receive even a few lines from those we love; and yet, I should be sorry if these few lines, which I now send you, do not give you some idea of it. Since your departure, I have been several times under the painful necessity of assisting at the interment of some of my old parishioners—and I feel not a little melancholy when I reflect how many of my early friends have departed, and left me almost alone in this Vale of Tears. But, on the other hand, I comfort myself with the hopes that Providence is raising up others to be a prop to my declining years, and a staff to my old age.—Such do I, in some measure, reckon all my young parishioners—but it is especially to you and Edward that I look for support, when it shall please Heaven to render it necessary to me:—ah! my children! if you should disappoint my hopes, which way could I turn me here below? You will be sorry to learn that

that Mrs. Williamson has been very poorly; she is now, however, recovering fast, and begins to regain her appetite. Edward has been greatly disappointed in not receiving his commission at the time promised—notwithstanding that we are certain of it ultimately, we both feel inclined at times to exclaim against the folly of putting trust in the Great—and in these moments of spleen I endeavour to wean him from the life he has chosen—but I find it will not do—he listens to me in silence—but I see plainly that his resolution is fixed. Where his fond mother and I see nothing but danger, useless hardships, and death, he beholds honorable toils, glorious rewards, and victory—and so Heaven and my blessing go with him.

"My Ann writes you by this conveyance, and from her and Edward you will, no doubt, hear all the little events that have taken place here during your absence. The spire of our church has been struck with lightning, but only a few stones were thrown down; and although it was on the Sabbath, and during the time of service, no person was injured—

another

another instance of the Divine goodness, and which I did not fail to remark to my flock.—Adieu, my dear boy! adhere to those precepts which it has been my pride to implant, and to see flourish in your bosom—remember, that vice is the certain and fruitful parent of anxious cares, and a tormenting conscience. Mrs. Williamson joins me in nightly prayers for your continuance in the paths of virtue and happiness. God be with you, my dear boy, prays your ever affectionate, &c."

Charles was moved by this letter to tears—after a short pause he opened that from Edward, which was as follows:—

"My dear Friend,

"I felt rather melancholy for some time after you left us, having been so little used to do without you—but I find that custom reconciles us to many things which are at first very unpleasant: indeed, I hoped before this to have been with you in London, but the making out of my commission has been unaccountably delayed, and I am not a little impatient

impatient for its arrival. I long every day more and more to see practised those great movements which I have yet only studied in theory; and, between ourselves, I wish to know if my mind can retain its firmness amidst the terrible scenes of war—so very different from the tranquil studies of the cabinet, or by the midnight lamp. But, truly, I should blush to disgrace so noble a father as mine—you know how calm he is—but you have never seen all his firmness—last Sunday, when the church was very crowded, and in the middle of the service, a great storm came on—during the darkness a fire-ball struck the old tower, and knocked down a part of it, which fell in the inside with a great noise—for my part, I thought the whole church was coming down, and so I believe, did all who were present, for they immediately got up.—My father, however, with a firm and unshaken voice, and an unaltered countenance, bade them be calm—and, as it soon began to clear away, he succeeded in quieting them—and from this very circumstance he took occasion to reprove them for giving way to sudden

den alarms, and reminded them that they could find no retreat which would shelter them from the thunderbolt, were it aimed at them:—and finally, he expatiated on the goodness of Providence, which had thus shewn its power without injuring a hair of their heads, and, in short, improved this incident to the utmost. For my own part, I think I could have gone into any danger afterwards with as much coolness as my father shewed on this occasion; but I will say nothing till I know myself better.

"How do you like London? Your long silence, amidst the new scenes which must every day meet your eyes, is very astonishing to us all—I could almost say, that some of us had been hurt at it—but as it is not myself, I shall not meddle with other people's affairs. Ann is writing at my elbow; poor girl! she was very much alarmed last Sunday, but I forgot to tell you that of all the congregation, Wilson was the most frightened—he was asleep when the stones fell, and started up with so wild a look, that nothing but the solemnity

lemnity of the place, and the scene, prevented me from laughing outright.

"There are at present some officers here on the recruiting service—considering them already as my brethren in arms, I made a point of inviting them to our house, but was sadly disappointed in my ideas of English officers; their conversation appeared to me so little solid, and they were so entirely ignorant of the great events of past wars, which even I, a schoolboy, am acquainted with, that I was at a loss on what subject to converse with them: yet they are said to be brave men, and good officers, which shews my want of judgment perhaps. I hope this will find you in good health, as it leaves us all here—if you do not write some of us ere long, I shall take it unkindly of you: tell us, what you think of the great city; I really wish to hear your remarks—meantime I remain,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"EDWARD WILLIAMSON."

The last letter which Charles opened was from

from his sister Ann, as he called her, and which ran thus:—

"How could our dear brother Charles remain so long in London without writing to any of us? I asssure you we are all, without exception, hurt at it—Edward pretends to laugh, and says one can always find friends in London—but I hope these friends have not made you forget your old ones here: if so, you will have it all on one side, for the longer you stay away the more your friends here think and talk of you.

"Edward and I called on Mary Seabold a few nights ago, and, after tea, we all walked out upon the cliffs—it was a beautiful moonlight evening—and I shall never forget it, as it recalled so strongly to us all the last time when you were there with us—Mary Ann was very pensive—and so indeed was I—I love her dearly, for she has a noble heart—Edward is downright in love with her—indeed he told her so—and, for my part, I should be very happy to have her for a sister-in-law.

"A terrible accident happened here last Sunday,

Sunday, for a great storm came on, and the lightning struck the old church tower, so that a good deal of it fell down. The church was full of people at the time, and a great confusion would certainly have ensued if my father had not kept them quiet, and told them not to be alarmed. For all that, I was very much frightened, and I do believe cried out—but so many others were in the same state, that I was not noticed. Edward stood as firm as a rock—and I took courage by looking at him—especially as the storm cleared away by degrees, and the sun began to shine in at the great west window. My dear mother is getting quite well again—I suppose you have heard that she was complaining—a few lines from you would be gratifying to us all, and to none more than your affectionate sister,

"ANN WILLIAMSON."

When Charles had finished the reading of these letters his heart was stricken as if he had committed a great crime, and he reproached himself for having so long neglected to

to write to his best friends. Full of good resolutions he took pen, ink, and paper, and was just beginning an answer to Mr. Williamson, when two of his companions called upon him, and invited him to make one of a party to the theatre that evening;—he was vexed at this interruption, and wished them away an hundred times—but, by degrees, he became interested in their conversation, as they grew warm in praise of one opera girl's dancing, the beauty of another actress, and the shape and voice of a third;—the warm and youthful imagination of Charles added a thousand charms to every description; and, in short, he agreed—not with coldness, but eagerly—to go with them to the theatre.—"That's a good fellow," cried out his two friends at the same time: this consent speedily drew on other engagements for the morning, and the young man was persuaded to give up all thoughts of writing for that day. But, after all, what great loss would one day be? He would have the next day—and the next—and the next, entirely to himself, and could then write to all his friends. Thus was this day disposed

disposed of; but unfortunately, on the succeeding morning, other friends interrupt him, other plans of amusement were agreed to, one engagement drew on another—in short, ten days elapsed and the letters were yet unanswered: it grieves me to relate the incident which first thoroughly aroused him from his lethargy, and revived in him a stronger love of virtue, by shewing him the degrading nature of vice. It was as follows:

It cannot be supposed that a young man of such a temperament as Charles, had been transplanted from the activity and temperance of a country life to the luxury and comparative indolence of the metropolis, without feeling the effects of such a change: instead of a diet chiefly vegetable, water to drink, and a hard mattress to sleep on, he now ate daily of highly seasoned dishes, drank freely of wine, and slept on a soft bed of down till long after the sun was up—but above all, the conversation of his new friends tended to inflame his active, and hitherto untainted imagination. At first he was shocked, and blushed at expressions and language which he daily heard;

but this wore off, and he sometimes tremblingly hazarded witticisms which would have been strongly reprehended in his native valley, but which were passed unnoticed, or received with applause by his new friends. It was now the eleventh day since he had received his letters—he was dining with a jovial party—and, for the first time in his life, got intoxicated. About eleven o'clock at night, he sallied out with an intention to repair directly home, but on his way overtook one of those unfortunate women who infest the streets of all great cities, and who accosted him in a mild tone of voice, at the same time laying hold of his arm. Heated as he was with wine, the touch thrilled to his very heart, and he had not the resolution to shake her off; on the contrary, he conceived the benevolent and sagacious idea of reclaiming her from such an evil life, and began forthwith to exhort her with great warmth. The artful female encouraged the conversation, which soon took a very different turn:—but why should I multiply words? Even now I see him standing wavering in the streets—I mark

mark his flushed and feverish cheek, and his eyes beaming with a guilty pleasure.—Ah! stop Charles! stop my Boy!—It is thy preceptor, thy youthful companions, thy mother's shade that call upon thee!—but they call in vain: whilst I yet speak, a white female arm perfumed and bound with a bracelet is extended from a door half opened, and gently draws along the young man. He turns round as if conscious of guilt, and fearful lest any person should behold him—but it is in a silent and lonely court, where there are no passengers, and lighted only by a solitary lamp, which already begins to twinkle in its socket: his pulse beats high with youth and wine—he turns and casts one last look on virtue; then hurries over the polluted threshold, and the door instantly closes. Alas! poor Charles!

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THE pleasures of vice, if pleasures they can be called, are of short duration, and leave behind them the most painful remembrances. To the confirmed profligate, these remembrances act as inducements to plunge into fresh excesses, and to endeavour to drown them in a new delirium—but, with the novice in guilt, they produce a contrary effect, and seldom fail to be succeeded by a momentary enthusiasm in the cause of virtue. Young man, preserve, I beseech you, these first impressions—they are the surest criterions of right and wrong, and are the least sophisticated of all our decisions respecting our own conduct. Whatever certain philosophers may talk of the calm and dispassionate investigations of our reason, rely upon it, that whatever the untainted heart condemns, the untainted judgment cannot approve.

About four o'clock in the morning, the

door of the brothel cautiously opens, and a young man steals out of it with the air of one afraid of being seen. It is Charles! but, ah, how changed in the course of a few short hours! The heat of wine and guilty passion has entirely subsided, and left behind a horrid vacuity, interrupted only by the most bitter reflections. He feels lowered in his own esteem, and he bears the stamp of this degradation in his appearance—his cheeks are pale, his eyes languid, his black hair dishevelled, his looks cast toward the ground, and his dress disordered: it was a cloudy morning; but now and then the moon shed a watery ray upon the streets sufficient to direct him.—When he arrived at his lodgings, he stood for some time, afraid to knock at the door; and when it was opened to him, he looked in the servant's face and blushed, as if suspicious that his fault was known to every body. At length, he stole up stairs to his chamber, and having got to bed, lay till late in the morning, disturbed with frightful dreams.—His father awakened him at last, when he arose—but in such a state both of body and mind,

mind, that the retrospect of the preceding night was so painful and degrading as to render him completely miserable. His father did not fail to remark the change in his appearance—but he attributed it to the usual effects of a first debauch in wine upon a youth, and contented himself with simply advising his son to be more sober in future:—not so with the young man, however—he accused himself of having advanced the first step in vice, and eagerly wished that it were possible for him to recall the last twenty-four hours that had elapsed. In the ardour of his repentance he gave positive orders to be denied to all his new youthful acquaintances, and resolved to give himself entirely up to study and reflection: he culled out of various moral authors particular passages enforcing the duties of temperance, and read them to himself over and over, as if in spite to his passions, and to imprint them on his mind as a preservative against future temptations—above all, he revived his intention of writing to his friends in the country, and set himself seriously about it. He wrote to Mr. Williamson first as follows:

 "Dear

"Dear Sir,

"The kindness which I have ever experienced from you and your family has, I confess with shame, been but ill requited by my long silence. I have made a thousand excuses to myself from day to day, for my conduct in that respect; and it is only at this moment, since I have taken my pen in my hand to write to you, that I see how vain and futile these excuses were: indeed, I cannot embody one of them, and feel obliged to allow that I deceived myself with the shadows of justification, which I am totally unable to commit to paper.

"Perhaps, my dear Sir, in your eyes this avowal of my fault will be sufficient—it used to be so in former days, I well remember—and I hope that though I may have become more depraved, you are not less indulgent than formerly: presuming on this, I might venture to talk of the attractions of London to a young man—of its theatres, and public amusements of all descriptions—the perpetual variety of characters which it affords, and even the astonishing literary treasures which it

it contains—but I find it will not do, and that I must just return to the old theme of your indulgence toward me—for immediately my heart answers—" what then, do you prefer any, or all of these together, to Mr. Williamson ?" Having thus made my confession, and thrown myself on your mercy, I may venture to enquire after the rest of the family —how does my dear Mrs. Williamson do, whom I shall always respect and honor as a mother ? I hope she has completely recovered of all her complaints, and that she also will unite with you in forgiving her undutiful boy —I trust also that Ann and Edward continue well ; but as I shall write to them by this same conveyance, I need not be more particular as to them. Allow me to repeat, however, my warmest wishes for Mrs. Williamson's welfare and your own ; and believe me, my dear Sir, that to whatever corner of the world my father's wishes or commercial purposes may direct me, I shall always think of you with reverence and esteem, and recall with pleasure the happy hours passed under your roof.—

Believe

Believe me, dear Sir, with unfeigned esteem, yours, &c."

Having finished this letter, short as it was, Charles felt as if relieved from a great load, and read it over to himself with no small complacency. Having taken two or three turns up and down the room, he resumed his pen with fresh alacrity; and after a short debate within himself whether he should write to Ann or Edward first, he determined to begin with the former—taking up her letter to him, therefore, he read it carefully, and then placing it before him, began as follows:—

"Can my dearest sister suppose, then, for a moment, that any new acquaintances I have formed here can alienate my heart from her and her family? I thought you knew me better, my dear Ann, and that *you* would have been the last to accuse me of so great a crime: but, what am I saying? Pardon me, Ann, I deserved the reproach—nay, ten times more—and were you not the mildest and most affectionate of sisters, you would not have

have written to me in so kind a manner: but if you had reason to accuse me before, what must you think now, after my obstinately persevering in silence toward you all? Forgive me then, I beseech you; I have already obtained your father's forgiveness, for I have asked it—and, after that, I must not doubt of yours.

"What you tell me of the great storm interested me exceedingly—I would have given all the world to have been there, and seen your father's noble behavior on the occasion—and who can wonder, after such a display of his trust in Heaven, and his piety, that he is beloved by all his parishioners? I remember once when he was in a boat with us a great way from shore, it came on to blow so hard that Seabold himself, who was at the helm, seemed alarmed, and ordered the men to row immediately toward the land; yet all the while your father sat as composedly, and talked to us as cheerfully, as if there had not been the smallest danger, so that you see I have been also a witness to his firmness.—Talking of Mr. Seabold, how does Mary Ann Seabold

Seabold do? You know I have seen her but seldom, notwithstanding the intimacy of our parents; and yet I do like her very much—there is something so engaging about her lovely blue eyes, that I never tire of looking at her;—did you talk of poor Charles Ellis when you walked together on the cliff? I assure you, I flatter myself that you did—and by moonlight too—oh, how delightful!—I shall love those high cliffs ever after this, for having been the scene of your walks on that evening. Methinks I could grow poetical upon it, and write a description that should touch all hearts—let me see—" bright orb'd moon, starry heavens, beetling cliffs—and then for the rhimes—sullen roar, sandy shore; constant motion, heaving ocean; dashing wave, their bases lave; screaming sea-fowl, screaming-sea-fowl—I cannot find a single rhime to screaming sea-fowl:—never mind that—here I go: the deuce is in it, if with two charming girls talking of me, I cannot—but softly, Charles, softly—*did* they talk of you? ah! that question makes me sigh, and conscious that I did not indeed deserve that you should have

have mentioned my name even once—I blush, and subscribe myself your ever affectionate brother,

"CHARLES ELLIS."

Having finished this letter, with which he appeared very well contented, especially with the quaint conclusion of it, "now," said he, "I will write to Edward;—in his letter, he declares that he will take my silence unkindly if continued much longer—how then shall I begin with him? I am guilty, without doubt, yet I do believe that had Edward been exposed to the same temptations, he would have been equally remiss. I will write to him, that, surrounded as I am"—here his internal colloquy was interrupted by the opening of his chamber door, and in walked a handsome young man in regimentals, who, before he had time to recognise him in his new dress, ran toward him and held out his hand in a friendly manner—"Ah, Edward, is it you!" "Ah, Charles, is it you! how do you do, my boy," was all that either of them said for the space of two minutes, during which they

kept shaking each other's hands. At length, Charles cried, "how did you leave all in the valley? how are your father and mother? how is your sister? how is Mary Ann?" These interrogatories being all answered to his satisfaction, and Edward having made similar enquiries concerning Mr. Ellis, they began to converse on other matters; and in the first place, on the cause of Charles's silence, which had appeared inexplicable to them all: "For my own part," said his friend, "I readily supposed that the numerous allurements of this overgrown city fully occupied your leisure hours, but my mother and sister made no allowances for you, and censured you without mercy, for what the one called ungrateful, and the other unkind. To this Charles answered by detailing the various schemes of pleasure which had taken up his time; and, after exhausting every other excuse, he concluded by putting the two letters which he had just finished into his friend's hand, assuring him, at the same time, that he was just on the point of beginning another to him when he entered the room. This declaration,

and

and the perusal of the two letters, had a wonderful effect on Edward; his countenance became doubly cheerful, and he looked and spoke with his wonted candor and liveliness. Then it was that a careful observer might have seen how deeply his proud, but noble heart, had been affected by the neglect of his friend, which his pride, however, had urged him to conceal. Now, that all was explained to him, he made no attempt to conceal his joy—he told Charles all that had occurred among their friends in the valley, since his absence; and, as to what related to himself, that he had at length obtained his commission, and was to present himself before the Commander in Chief the next morning, conformably to a special recommendation. Finally, he concluded by saying, that notwithstanding Charles had certainly been somewhat remiss, he had received positive instructions from his father, mother, and sister, to present their kindest love to him; and to assure him, that nothing in this world could contribute more to their happiness, than to hear of his welfare. Charles was overjoyed at this communication

munication—and having seen his two letters properly disposed of, it was agreed that they should on no account separate for that evening; and in order to lose no time with Edward, whose stay in town was uncertain, he proposed going to the play. They accordingly after dinner, and a conversation replete with a thousand pleasing recollections, repaired to the theatre, where they were soon encountered by one of Charles's principal new friends, who immediately claimed acquaintance with him in so very familiar a manner, that Edward began to wonder where he had seen him before:—his conjectures, however, were speedily ended by an introduction to the familiar stranger, under the name of Mr. James Brown, who behaved toward him during the whole of the evening with peculiar attention and politeness. To this the young soldier returned only a kind of stern civility, as if repelling the fawning intrusion of a sycophant—although, as yet, he knew too little of the world to have seen any such character. To say the truth, his pride was again touched, to see an acquaintance of a day usurping the

the intimacy with his friend, which he thought due to himself alone :—to take him by the hand, to whisper in his ear, and laugh, and other similar acts, appeared to his uninformed mind as the privilege of an old and approved friend. He was yet ignorant of the astonishing difference in these respects between the youth of the metropolis, and of the provinces; and that, whilst the latter are slow in declaring a single warm attachment, the former will swear you eternal friendship at half a day's notice; but, as James Brown is a somewhat different character from any that we have hitherto been called upon to introduce to our readers, it is exceedingly proper that some account of him should form the beginning of another chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

JAMES BROWN was the younger son of a decent housekeeper at Winchester, and had been apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to a tailor. Whilst at school he paid little attention to his learning; he had, however, acquired a smattering of knowledge, which rendered him sufficiently plausible in conversation; but when he attempted to write even the simplest note, his ignorance became evident in his diction and orthography. Having served the usual time of an apprentice, he set up for himself; but being vain, and without the real feelings of a mind naturally virtuous, he launched out into extravagancies, and from extravagance he proceeded to villainy, borrowing money under a thousand false pretences, and finally breaking when he found it impossible any longer to keep up the delusion. On his examination before his creditors, he prevaricated so shamefully, that a regard

regard for his wife and his two infants only prevented him from being arraigned for perjury. Having escaped this danger, he found himself without a character, without a conscience, and with five hundred pounds in his pocket. On this he had subsisted for six months before Mr. Ellis came to town, to whom he had been introduced by a respectable tradesman ignorant of his character, and pitying his misfortunes. As he carefully concealed his marriage wherever he was not intimately known—and as almost all those who first knew him had entirely dropt his acquaintance, he generally passed for a young bachelor, possessed of a little property, and seeking the means of employing it usefully. Under these points of view, Mr. Ellis had encouraged his intimacy with his son; and although he at times mistrusted his extravagant schemes, and saw his great deficiency in points even of common education, he had as yet no conception of his real character.—Doubtless, a residence of more than eighteen years in the peaceful valley in Cumberland, had blunted the keenness of Ellis's perception

tion of the different characters in the busy world, and rendered him indolent in his investigation of mankind. Be that as it may, Brown had not been slothful in improving so respectable, and to him most valuable connection:—he flattered the father by praising to him the virtues and talents of his son—he cajoled the son by crying up the superiority of literary pursuits over all others—the beauties of the ancient writers, of which he understood nothing—and by lamenting that he had so much neglected his studies whilst his time was yet his own. When he had thus gained some confidence with the young man, he ventured to descant upon national spirit, theatres, public virtue, brothels and gaming-houses; and the fluency with which he poured forth his observations, gave him in Charles's eyes the merit of being profound. Add to that, he drank with him, swore with him, cringed to him, and introduced him to what is termed a knowledge of the town; and it will not be wondered at, that he acquired some influence with the unsuspicious Charles. If at any time suspicions arose in his mind as to

to certain points of Brown's conduct or opinions, they were soon lulled asleep by fresh flattery, or what had a still greater effect, by new amusements. Indeed, he had a mind too upright to be long the dupe of such gross adulation as was offered to him; but pleasure was his weak side, and he too readily abandoned his studies for trivial diversions.

In his heart, Brown was a coward—but he could talk as big as any man—honor and firmness were frequently on his lips, but had never yet been in his conduct—he was a tyrant to those beneath him, but a flatterer of those whom he feared; yet in his heart he despised all mankind—even those before whose frown he would have trembled. His consummate and ridiculous vanity made him consider all mankind as beneath him in point of natural talents. In acquired knowledge, it is true, many were his superiors; but if he had had other parents, and other friends—had been placed at any other seminary of learning, and with any other master, but above all, had he never been bound apprentice to a tailor, there was no saying to what, according

ing to his own ideas, he might not have arisen. These vanities, however, he carefully repressed when in company—and it was only by a close examination of him that they were observable. On the contrary, he talked loudly in praise of the great school at Winchester—told a thousand anecdotes of his beloved and respectable parents—and declared he could never be sufficiently thankful that his father had brought him up as a merchant, instead of making a tailor of him, as he might have done had he been so inclined.

In his opinions Brown was an atheist, as far as belief can influence the actions of men:—Perhaps there might be a God, or there might not—his learning did not extend so far as to solve that question—but it was a matter of little moment, as nothing could be more evident than that the world was left to itself—that the weak uniformly became the prey of the strong, and that the crafty man lived at the expense of the generous and unsuspicious. From this it clearly followed, that every man should do the best for himself in this life, without any regard to the ties of conscience

conscience or honor, except where they could not be broken without incurring the penalties of any human law. Finally, Mr. Brown was decidedly of opinion, that after this life there was nothing either to hope or to fear: let a man plunder, cheat, rob, murder, in a word, commit all crimes even the most abominable, if he could only contrive to creep quietly to his grave—neither conscience nor divine justice would ever disturb him there. With this comfortable belief, he had determined to make his way through the world, by every means that might appear to him feasible: he was prepared like the fallen archangel—

"O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, and feet, to urge his way,
And swim, or sink, or wade, or creep, or fly."

but I wrong the fiend of Milton by making such a comparison. In the chief of hell, many traits remained of past greatness; and his forehead deep scarred with thunder, shewed what he had madly dared—but in Brown all was low malice, without spirit—boasting, without

without courage—lust, without love—and coldness of heart, without prudence and industry.

As to his person and countenance, they were upon the whole prepossessing—yet, more so at first sight than upon a further acquaintance—his eyes and hair were very dark, his countenance fair and ruddy, and by degrees the contrast struck you as too harsh.—In his gestures there was an awkwardness, which seemed to imply a man conscious that all was not right within, and fearful that every one looking him in the face, knew him to be a scoundrel. His limbs were not badly turned, but he moved them as if he had just got off his shop-board, and the blood had not yet begun to circulate. His want of real politeness, however, which must always be the offspring either of feeling, or of abilities counterfeiting feeling, he attempted to supply by idle and extravagant professions of regard—and, in company, by a thousand foppish gestures, calculated only to display his white hand and shining ring, or his handsome legs cased in white silk stockings:—when he spoke

to

to a lady, he simpered and looked irresistible —at least he thought so—and, perhaps, from that cause, got some ladies to think that he really was—and certainly when he laughed, his teeth always shewed that they had been diligently scrubbed for the purpose of being displayed.

With all these advantages, and all these disadvantages, Brown had become very familiar with the hero of this history—not that Charles liked him extraordinarily—but as he had never heard of any thing against his character, he thought that the suspicions which at times arose in his mind, were in consequence of his own ignorance of mankind, and of course to be dismissed as weak and ungenerous. He had, besides, the sanction of a father's recommendation, which was of great weight in his mind:—add to this, Brown knew how to insinuate himself where he liked —although he was very ignorant in general points, he soon discovered the weak sides of young Ellis's character, or rather he was a flatterer by profession, and flattery was the young man's weak side. Yet he sometimes laid

laid it on in so gross a manner, that Charles rejected it with contempt. According to Brown, he was a prodigy for his age, of learning, of assiduity, and of study—Mr. Ellis was the happiest of fathers in having such a son —and himself the most fortunate of men, in having met with such a friend. On these occasions, Charles's own conscience often told a different tale, and stood forth as witness against the truth of these flatteries, when he was either silent or indifferent toward them.—Yet, on the whole, every thing tended to give Brown a *right* to familiarity, which he did not fail to use; and hence the cause of Edward Williamson's disgust.

Having thus drawn the portrait of another character in this history, I proceed to relate a little incident which occurred at the theatre, on the very evening of Edward's introduction to him. Seeing that the young stranger received all his advances with infinite coolness, Brown began to look upon him as a very shallow fellow, and to treat him with great contempt: this he manifested, by not addressing him any more, by turning his back upon him,

him, sitting between him and Charles, and sometimes by a sneer at his country expressions, though not directed to himself. All these, Edward bore with great seeming patience, although his blood began to boil within him, in a very short time after the commencement of this kind of behavior.—He said nothing, however, during the whole of the entertainment, with which he was indeed much occupied and pleased. On their return homeward, Brown, who misconstrued his silence into fear of such a terrible fellow as himself, grew more and more contemptuous and insolent, and at length, thought proper to insinuate doubts respecting the truth of an assertion made by Edward. "I hope Sir," said the young man, full of anger, "that I have misconceived your meaning, and that you surely have not the insolence to breathe a doubt as to my honor: give me leave to tell you, however, Sir, without any insinuations, that I look upon you, from what I have seen of you to-night, as a despicable sycophant; and nothing but respect for my friend, and for a place of public amusement, prevented

vented me from chastising your insolent remarks upon me as they deserved, long before. I pray you now, however, to forbear them; for, be assured, if you do not, that you and I shall quarrel—which is what I do not wish myself, and, perhaps, it would be still more disagreeable to you." This rebuke, delivered in an impetuous manner, had the same effect on Mr. Brown, as if suddenly awakening him from a profound sleep:—his eyes became opened as it were instantaneously—and he saw, with some terror, how great a risk he had run of getting himself kicked. His affronted vanity, however, would not allow him to make any answer, and Edward immediately attributed his silence to profound anger, and a determination of making another sort of a reply. As for Charles, he was perfectly astonished, both at his friend's sudden anger, the causes of which he had not at all noticed, and at Brown's tameness under so severe a reproof, which was of such a nature, as he had not conceived it possible for any young man of a generous spirit to put up with. After a short pause, therefore, he interfered,

terfered, and begged that nothing farther might be said on either side. This was willingly acceded to—but when he wished to make them shake hands together, Edward declared that he would not give his hand to such a man—and as this was very near the door of their lodgings, Brown wished young Ellis good night, and they parted. Edward then told his friend all the particulars that had occasioned what appeared to him, a sudden burst of anger, and Charles was obliged to confess that he could not have done otherwise. They then retired to their chambers, Charles to sleep, and Edward to meditate on what steps to pursue, not doubting in the least to receive a challenge from Brown the next morning. At length he determined, as he had no friend in London but Charles, to trust to the honor of Brown's second, if such a thing might be—and as to arms, he was already provided. But what puzzled him the most was, the dread of this business interfering with his special appointment to be introduced to the Commander in Chief, and which had been fixed for the next morning. This,

however, he soon determined to be of less importance than his honor. As to religious scruples concerning the lawfulness of duelling, such was his anger, that they never once entered into his head:—having therefore settled every thing in his own mind, he grew composed, and soon fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till early in the ensuing morning.

Meanwhile, James Brown passed a very sleepless night—but it was not the meditation of revenge, nor the keen feelings of insulted honor, that prevented him from enjoying his usual repose. The revenge which suited his disposition was such as might be gratified without danger to himself—but the idea of meeting young Williamson upon equal terms, especially himself being the challenger, never once occurred to him. On the contra-ry, if his eyes closed for a few minutes, imagination presented the young soldier to him, in the most terrific shapes, showering down blows upon him, or threatening instant death—and he started from his slumber with his teeth chattering, and bathed in a cold sweat.

In

In a word, he passed the night in much the same manner as if he had been condemned to be hung the next morning, and beheld at length, the dawning of day through his curtain with great trepidation, expecting every moment to be saluted with a thundering knock at the door, and to hear the voice of his antagonist calling aloud for his blood. Thus he lay trembling in bed till ten o'clock, when having heard nothing of his adversary, his mind became somewhat more composed; and being quite exhausted by fear and restlessness, he at length fell asleep.

CHAP. XI.

BY six o'clock young Williamson was afoot, and kept himself in readiness to open the door immediately, in case of a call, and to receive himself the message that he expected. In consequence of this, he flew down stairs, and opened the door successively to chimney-sweeper, shoe-black, milk-maid, barber's-boy, dust-man, baker, and pot-boy, but not one of these presented him with a challenge. At last he grew tired of his employment of door opener, and it being now nine o'clock, he went and rouzed the lazy Charles, who was that morning far beyond his usual hour. In fine, about ten, he went out with great reluctance to fulfil his appointment at the west end of the town, leaving strict charge in case of any message coming to him, that it should be carefully preserved till his return. Shortly after his arrival at the levee, he was presented to the Commander in Chief, by the Colonel of

his own regiment, in consequence of whose recommendation, and of his own appearance, he was very kindly received. Edward was highly pleased with the notice taken of him; and in the ardor of his youthful heart, he attributed all the civil expressions which he had heard his Colonel use in his behalf, to the excess of friendship and good will toward him. Full of these ideas, he took an early opportunity of speaking to him apart; and having first thanked him for the warmth of his recommendation, he begged him as his Colonel to advise him how to act in a matter he had then on hand. He now related all the circumstances of the preceding night's quarrel, and mentioned his surprize at not having heard from Mr. Brown. The Colonel, who was a man of great knowledge of the world, especially in affairs of that kind, immediately saw the matter in its proper light, and knitting his brows, exclaimed, "did you kick the scoundrel?" "No, Sir," said Edward, "however provoked, I could not do that to any gentleman." "Gentleman!" replied the other with a tone of contempt, "depend upon

upon it, my boy, this is one of those gentlemen who are infinitely improved by a little horsewhipping—no gentleman would have behaved so rudely to you in the first instance, nor so tamely in the second; and if you should be obliged to take any farther steps in the business, depend upon it, you will have more occasion for the toe of your boot, than for your pistols. However, should it be otherwise, let me know, and I will find you a staunch friend to accompany you. But," added he somewhat sternly, "remember what I now say to you; I detest duelling, and should it appear from the report of my friend that you have taken up this business from a disposition prone to quarrel, you and I will never be friends more." So saying, he shook Edward by the hand, and bade him good morning. Had any person else spoken to the youth in this manner, his proud spirit would have taken fire immediately—but, in the present instance, he received it as the advice of a friend—such is the weight of a man having authority, and so readily are those habits of obedience acquired, which to the casual observer

server appear as astonishing efforts of submission and discipline.

After the joy occasioned by his good reception, however, had a little subsided, Edward lost no time in repairing to his lodgings, and immediately asked if any note had been left there for him. Notwithstanding all that the Colonel had said to him, he was astonished to find that nobody had enquired for him during his absence. He found Charles, however, waiting for him at the head of the stairs, with a letter in his hand, which he presented to him, saying with a smile, "behold your friend the bearer of a challenge to you. Mr. Brown *begged* me to give you this paper, and no doubt it breathes mercantile death and defiance—so prepare yourself for the result."—Edward waited not to reply, but hastily broke open the letter, when he read as follows:

TO EDWARD WILLIAMSON, JUN. ESQ.

"Sir,

"I am exceeding sorry if I said any thing last night to offend you—because I didn't mean any such thing. My friend, Mr. Charles

Charles Ellis, who is an exceeding kind and clever young gentleman—though I wouldn't wish him to know I speak so well of him, has promised to put this into your hands, as I have waited here an hour and not seen you. I am not afraid of any man living, thank God, for I have a pure conscience—but why should one gentleman fight another for mere matter of thought. So, hoping you will see this matter in its rite sense, I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"Humble servant,

"JAMES BROWN."

Having read this letter, Edward immediately tossed it into the fire; from which, however, Charles snatched it, and asked him if that was the way he treated his challenges? "Challenges," replied Edward, with great contempt, "but I am glad you have saved it—read it, my friend, and then burn it, for surely never was such a production penned before."—Charles accordingly cast his eye over the letter, and having been in a great measure prepared for its contents by the tone and

and expressions with which Brown had given it into his hands, he laid it down very coolly, and asked Edward what he saw so contemptible in the production? "It is very true," said he, "Mr. Brown has clearly no violent inclination to fight, but still he may be a very respectable and worthy member of society, and though I do not approve of cowardice, this is the first instance of the kind that I have seen in him." "Look you, my friend," replied Edward, "we will talk no more of this Brown, for fear you and I should differ on a subject so very contemptible—I despise him—you favour him with your confidence—that is enough—time will shew which of us has the best grounds for his opinion; meanwhile, I cannot excuse myself for having taken up any thing with such a man, in so serious a light as I have done." He then related to Charles his anxiety during the whole morning, lest Brown's challenge should fall into any other hands but his own; as also the promise of a friend, which he had obtained from his Colonel, in case of necessity. Shall I, as an historian, relate the truth? Charles's

feelings were hurt to think that Edward in one day had made friends of Colonels and brave men, whilst he had only acquired in so many months an intimate, whom he could not but despise at the bottom of his heart—but now for another trait of Charless character—in proportion as others reviled Brown to him, did he determine to defend him—being naturally disposed to think well of all mankind, he was, in the same proportion, backward in believing any evil reports that were spread concerning those of whom he had begun to judge favorably: so, even at this moment, although what he had seen effectually prevented the possibility of his regarding James Brown any longer in a noble or estimable light, he still would have defended his character, even with his own blood—but when a friend so dear as Edward was the very accuser, he had nothing to say. In a word, the result of the whole was, that he determined not to give up Brown's acquaintance—but as Edward had conceived so great a dislike to him, that he should only visit him at his own lodgings, whither he well knew Edward

ward would of course not come; and affairs being thus arranged, the two friends soon resumed their former intimacy, and the name of James Brown was never mentioned between them.

Brown, in the mean time, was not a little pleased to have escaped so well from the scrape into which his own insolence had brought him: for, in his mind, to have saved his bones from so terrible a fellow as Edward now appeared to him was little short of a victory. He was content to be safe, and despised; but at the same time, he determined to be more cautious in future, and not make a display of his courage unless where he well knew that he ran no risk of detection. Like the madman of Cervantes, whenever after this time, he met an unfortunate wight, upon whom he felt inclined to let his fury fall, he was apt to say to himself, "ware spaniel," and so let him pass. He was highly pleased, however, to find that Charles did not abandon him: he at first accosted our hero with great timidity, but being kindly spoken to, he soon resumed his former tone and habits of familiarity.

liarity. He saw clearly even from this very kindness, that Charles had one of those generous dispositions which forgive almost every thing, from being slow in attributing actions to bad motives, and that such a disposition was exactly what he wanted to work and prey upon: he therefore redoubled his attention, and administered his flattery with more delicacy—and such is the detestable effect of that vice, that Charles not only began to listen with less disgust than formerly, but the plain and open speech of Edward sounded not so pleasing in his ears as heretofore. Thus it is that continued flattery hurts the noblest natures, as water constantly dripping wears the hardest stone.

Meanwhile, Edward did not fail to make the best use of the little time that he expected to pass in London, and, accompanied by Charles, he visited every thing that he had previously heard of as curious or interesting: various were the criticisms which the two young men made on the different objects which they saw, and worthy, no doubt, of being handed down to posterity for the benefit of mankind.

But,

But, like the heroes who perished before Agamemnon, and without a Homer, the above-mentioned criticisms, however ingenious or profound they may have been, have for the greater part sunk into complete oblivion, and having no historian to record them,

" Urgentur ignoti longa nocti.

One conversation alone has been preserved, perhaps, because it serves to shew the characters of the two friends; or because their sentiments on a point of taste were so completely opposite to the general standard. Accustomed to judge for themselves, they were not yet become the slaves of the tastes of others. If they saw any thing that shocked them, neither of them made any scruple of declaring the impression made upon his mind.—Hence, some called them noble, open hearted, and sincere; whilst others considered them as self-opinionated in thus presuming to judge for themselves, in direct opposition to all established rules. To say the truth, Edward was sometimes rude enough to call a man a scoundrel to his face, if he had heard proofs

proofs that he deserved the title; and Charles, who had been longer in London, and was naturally of a more reserved disposition, could not always contain his honest indignation, even in company, against oppression and injustice. The conversation, however, which the reader is about to peruse, that is to say, if he does not now and then skip over a few pages, or make a dead stop at the end of this chapter, was almost entirely upon a matter of opinion. Yet, as it shews the impetuosity and warmth with which both of the young men were accustomed to speak and act, perhaps it may be considered as tending still farther to elucidate their characters.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

IN one of their walks through the town, the two friends directed their course to Westminster Abbey—Charles had been there repeatedly, but it was a novelty to Edward, who had expressed his wish to see that ancient pile for several days before they had an opportunity of going—at length, one fine morning, they repaired thither, and having sufficiently examined its venerable outside, they entered the sacred walls where the dust of so many great men reposes. It would not be easy to describe the effect produced by the sight of so many and such illustrious monuments, upon the enthusiastic minds of the two young men, and they eagerly pointed out to each other such as particularly struck them. "See, here is the monument of Shakspeare," said Charles; "and yonder, those of Milton, Dryden, Gray, and Butler, and many others beside have their memorials erected on

this hallowed spot, memorials less durable than their works, which can perish only with the language in which they are written." "True," replied Edward, "but where sleep the brave dead; those who have laid down their lives in their country's cause, and who surely have not done so for an ungrateful people?" "These we shall come to directly," replied Charles, who acted as his conductor:—in short, they remained nearly three hours in the Abbey, examining every monument, and making these remarks to each other without reserve—some time had elapsed after leaving it, before they could even talk of any thing else, so much had their attention been engrossed.

It so happened, that on the same day they were both engaged to dine with an old friend of Mr. Ellis, and when they arrived at the house, they found a large party already collected—several men of education and considerable talents were amongst the number, and, after dinner, the conversation took a literary turn, highly to the satisfaction of the two friends, who had never yet been in a company of such well informed men. Eager, therefore,

therefore, to receive information, they listened in silence, until a pause taking place, the master of the family turned to Edward, and asked him how he had been pleased that morning with Westminster Abbey? Doubtless, to any other question the young soldier would have returned a plain and simple answer, but his mind being still full of enthusiasm on that subject, he replied, that he had been delighted, and never in his life before had experienced such feelings. The warmth with which this was delivered, greatly interested the company in his behalf, and, as it afforded a new topic of conversation, the Abbey, with its aisles and towers; the chapel, with its curious roof; the tombs of our kings, and the monuments of our best men, soon became the subjects of praise and criticism. The conversation grew doubly interesting —for how could men of literature and genius talk of such themes, without awakening a thousand recollections of patriotic actions and immortal bards? By degrees, however, this enthusiasm subsided, and the taste and execution of these monuments were discussed.

Some

Some praised the sculpture of this figure, and some of that, but amidst all the remarks made, it was observed that neither Charles nor Edward spoke a word on this subject.—"I suppose," said the host to Charles, "you have no statues in your village churches, and that consequently you have but little knowledge of sculpture." "I must indeed be very ignorant on that point, or naturally of a bad taste," replied Charles, "for really several monuments that have been highly praised by these gentlemen, appear to me absurd in their very principles." "How so?" asked a connoisseur, who had particularly distinguished himself by descanting on their various merits—"Nay," said Charles, "I do not pretend to set up my judgment in opposition to what seems the general and approved taste of men who have made these subjects their study; but, I must confess, it appears to me absolutely ridiculous to see so many renowned Englishmen cloathed in Roman garbs, and displaying their naked limbs, in direct opposition to the habits and manners, not only of the periods in which they lived, but of any nation

nation in Europe for these several centuries past. My friend and I were puzzling our brains to find out a cause, or, to speak truly, an excuse for this taste; but, I must own, it was beyond our comprehension." "Very likely," replied the connoisseur, somewhat nettled, "yet still there *are* reasons which to men of talents have appeared sufficient to justify this practice." As the company seemed to listen to this dispute without any of them interposing, after a short pause, Charles replied, "I should be glad to hear them, Sir, if it is not too much trouble." "By no means," said the other: "In the first place, the Roman garb, both civil and military, is well calculated to shew the art of the sculptor and the shape of the limbs. The *toga*, thrown in graceful folds over the shoulders, and round the body, is beyond doubt infinitely more elegant than the modern *coat:* and, on the other hand, the short military garb serves to shew the turn of the limbs, and enables the sculptor to display the swelling of the muscles to the greatest advantage. Add to this, the ancient garb being now obsolete in real use, has

has become a sort of classical dress, which will be equally an invariable standard a thousand years hence, as it has been for these two centuries past: whereas our dress is perpetually varying, and a statue in the dress even of our grandfathers, with long waistcoat flaps, high pocket-holes, huge wig and rapier, stockings rolled over the knee, and broad toed shoes, would cut rather a ridiculous figure in Westminster Abbey:" "Not so much so," cried Charles, "as an English Admiral in a Roman dress leaning upon a cannon, as in the monument of Admiral Holmes; or as another brave seaman standing between two palm trees, with his left foot upon the *rostrum*, or beak, of an ancient galley, as in that of Admiral Watson; or General Wolfe, dying on the field of battle stark naked; or the monument of General Ligonier, in which battering rams are mixed with cannon and bombs, and muskets with shields as ornaments and supporters. Such incongruities appeared both to my friend and myself as absolutely unpardonable, although, I must confess, your ingenious defence has rendered the custom somewhat

somewhat more excusable in my eyes than it appeared this morning." After thanking him for the compliment, as the company seemed still willing to hear more on the subject, by not interfering or changing the conversation, the gentleman went on: "But you still have not weakened my objection to the statues of our great men being represented with modern garbs, namely, the absurd appearance they may make a hundred years hence." "To tell you the truth, Sir," replied Charles, "your objection did not appear to me of any great weight. In the valley where I was born, lives a gentleman of very ancient family, and an intimate friend of my father, named Berkeley: amongst other portraits, he has one at full length of his great great grandfather, who was slain at the battle of Edge Hill, and notwithstanding he is represented strictly in the dress of those times, and such as would certainly be reckoned preposterous at the present day, I never saw a nobler countenance and figure, and certainly no person ever feels the smallest inclination to criticise his dress. Now, had this brave man been represented in marble,

marble, as on canvas, I cannot conceive any absurdity in the idea. On the contrary, as paintings are so much more perishable than statuary, I should wish to see our illustrious men represented in stone and marble with the dress they wore even to the minutest article, when they performed the very actions for which their country has thought proper to honor them with memorials."

"Recollect yourself a little, young gentleman," replied the connoisseur, "you surely admit as legal the use which is made in English poetry of the heathen mythology and allusions. Perhaps *you* sometimes mount your Pegasus; wish to drink deep of the Pierian springs; or call upon the muses to inspire you with bright ideas. Now, as such expressions and invocations are universally allowed in our writers, in like manner, I contend that a latitude should be given to statuaries to dress their heroes as they please, and if they do not chuse to give them a coat and breeches, why not shew them off in a *toga*, and no breeches at all?" This remark made the company laugh, which so pleased the connoisseur,

seur, that he began to think his victory secure, and that Charles would have no more to say. The young man, however, joined in the laugh, and when it had subsided, returned again to the charge. He contended that Helicon, Parnassus, Pegasus, and the like, were mere words of course, borrowed from the ancients, and employed metaphorically, because we had no corresponding expressions in our own language; but he affirmed that it was not so with painting and sculpture, which were confined to representing objects as they really were, or might be supposed to be at the time. That Cato with

"Long wig and lacquered chain,"

was not a whit more absurd than a modern European in the senatorial robes of Cato, and in short, recapitulated what he had before advanced. As his antagonist had now nothing more to observe, the conversation would probably have terminated without being decided either way, had not another of the company repeated a remark on the stiffness of dress of a modern soldier compared to that of the ancients.

cients. This with other similar observations, by degrees, roused Edward for the honor of his profession, of which, being young, he was a zealous supporter in all its branches. After sitting, therefore, full of impatience for a short time, he stretched out his hand, and addressing himself to the connoisseur—"Sir," said he, "if the dress of an English soldier were a thousand times more ridiculous when compared to that of a Roman than it is, I still think that so many brave men have fought and bled in it, as to render it for ever honorable, and worthy of being transmitted to future ages. Surely, the uniform in which a Marlborough conquered, and a Wolfe fell, and which so many gallant officers are wearing at this moment, ought to be no object of contempt to a chipper of marble! Think how many brave heroes wore this uniform at Hochstet, Ramilies, and Oudenarde, at Minden, and even at Fontenoy, where they so dearly maintained its honor, and tell me if ever Grecian or Roman garb was more ennobled? I need say nothing of our sea officers: if *their* dress be not worthy of the sculptor, where shall

shall we seek one more so?" These observations, which were made in a most impetuous manner, were allowed to be conclusive on the subject, and judgment was passed *in toto* upon all English artists representing their countrymen in Roman dresses, which not only they never wore, but, perhaps, never saw.—"For my own part," said one of the company, who had listened to the conversation with great pleasure, "should this taste continue to gain ground, I do not despair of seeing a philanthropist standing on his monument with a petticoat on—a moral writer, with huge bare legs like an Irish bogtrotter—or a brave sea captain, displaying his naked and brawny limbs, and holding out his clenched fist like an ancient wrestler, or a modern knight of the fist." "Nay, now," said the connoisseur, "do not carry the joke too far, nor suppose such absurdities can ever be publicly displayed, whilst any taste remains amongst us."—"Poh, poh! I was only joking," replied the other: and thus ended the conversation; for now entered a servant with news that the ladies were waiting for their company to cards,

having previously sent several invitations to the tea-table, which had not been attended to in the least, so deeply were all the gentlemen interested by the dispute on sculpture.—As neither Charles nor Edward liked cards, they would have retired; but old Mr. Ellis being very fond of a game at whist, they accompanied the rest of the party to the card-room, and after that, staying to supper, they did not get home till near two o'clock in the morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

NOT many days after this conversation had taken place, Edward received orders to join his regiment, then lying near Portsmouth, within a week. This short interval was spent by the two friends in surveying the country round the metropolis, which Edward viewed with a soldier's eye, and treasured up his observations upon it in his own breast. At length, however, the hour of separation arrived, and with more grief than they had ever yet felt at parting, they bade each other farewell. All the ardor of his military spirit could not check a sigh in the bosom of the young soldier on this occasion, and Charles, whose feelings were more quick, and who possessed less firmness, was still more deeply affected. The whole day had been spent in a kind of mournful pleasure in each other's company—they seemed unwilling to part even for a few minutes, nor could they help re-

flecting that they might never see each other more. As Edward, however, found himself among his fellow-soldiers the next day, his regret was soon dissipated—and Charles, thus left alone, was consoled by the prospect of his father's being about to leave London, and of once more beholding his native valley, and the friends it contained.

The cause of this determination, on the part of Mr. Ellis, was the absence from England of one of his oldest and best friends, with whom he had had it in contemplation to form a connection, and whose arrival from the West Indies had been daily expected for many months. About this time, however, letters were received from him, stating that it would be impossible for him to return to England in less than a year—and as Mr. Ellis had come to London to revive old connections, and not to hunt about for new ones, he determined immediately to return to his cottage, and patiently wait the arrival of his friend in England. He met with no opposition to this measure from his son, who indeed, on the contrary, acceded to it with a warmth

warmth which astonished him; of course, few preparations were necessary for their return. James Brown was very assiduous in his attention during the few days that passed, between the period of taking this determination, and putting it into execution—and, standing at the door of the chaise just before their departure, he received a slight invitation from Mr. Ellis to visit the valley. This he accepted with wonderful eagerness; his countenance brightened up in an astonishing manner, and squeezing Mr. Ellis's hand, he begged, that if he could be of any service whatever to him in London, he would command him to the utmost of his power. To this, Mr. Ellis returned a common-place compliment, and a squeeze by the hand equally ardent, and then ordered the chaise to drive on. "Good bye, James," cried Charles. "Adieu, my dear friend," replied the other, with a countenance full of joy from the invitation he had just received, but at the same time pulling out his handkerchief. Immediately the chaise drove off, and Brown, having returned the handkerchief into his pocket,

pocket, stood rubbing his hands, whilst Ellis and his son were rattling through the streets of London. Such was the noise, that they were almost unable to hear each other speak, until having got off the stones, and going along more smoothly, they began to enter into conversation. "I do not like that young man, Brown, so well as I did formerly," said Ellis to his son; "there appears something of duplicity about him, and a fulsomeness of compliments which shews a mind totally destitute of real politeness, yet I rather take him to be clever in business, and of good connections, although I have heard very little about them during our stay in London." "I cannot say that I am very fond of him," replied Charles, "yet I do not dislike him altogether —he is not a man whom I would seek out and chuse for my friend and companion, yet having through your means formed a kind of intimacy with him, I do not think myself justified in treating him with coldness, especially as he has certainly shewn me great civility." 'Very true," said the father, "very true—we will

will return him civility for civility, yet still I cold wish that his character was less dubious—he presents nothing that you can lay hold on, as it were. If you look toward him, he smirks and smiles—and if you speak to him, he appears so very eager to attend to what you say, and what you do say is so perfectly right, and so extremely correct, that I doubt much if this great and over-acted politeness does not sometimes cover bad designs." To all this, Charles only repeated what he had often before said, that he did not *like* James Brown, but still he could not bring himself to think ill of him; and that as long as he assumed a kind of right of intimacy with him, he could not with decency treat him coldly.—"No, no," replied Mr. Ellis; "on the contrary, you saw that I gave him an invitation to visit our cottage, and no doubt he will avail himself of it. All that I wish is, that you would not unbosom yourself too freely to him, lest he would make a bad use of your confidence, and give you but too much reason to repent of it." In this opinion Charles acquiesced, saying at the same time that

that he believed there was little danger, as he never felt, when in company with Brown, that inclination to be perfectly open which he had found with other young men of his own age—and thus ended the conversation respecting this new acquaintance, which may serve to shew the opinion entertained of him by each. After this, their discourse turned on other subjects indifferent to this history.—Being as little pressed for time as when they had before travelled that road, they proceeded on their journey nearly at the same rate, so that the fifth day was already drawing near a close, when they reached the top of the moor which commanded a prospect of the whole valley.

Having arrived at this spot, they alighted from the chaise—the sight of such well known objects now awoke a thousand sensations, which had long lain dormant in the breast of the young man. The sun had sunk below the mountain tops—but through some of the openings of the valley, his mild rays penetrated, and partially illuminated different spots: amongst other objects, the white church

church spire, rising above the trees, was conspicuous; the parsonage, though near it, being concealed by them; the roof of their own cottage was below their feet, and the houses of Berkeley and Wilson were lower down on the left. But above all, Charles stretched his view to the opening of the vale —there, on a high ground, he saw a cluster of pines almost concealing the white walls of Seabold's cottage, which, however, from reflecting the sun's setting rays, was distinguishable even at that distance. The sight of this gave him a pleasure different from what he had felt at beholding the roof under which he had been born—but it was no less genuine—and he gazed for a long time on the spot, till descending the hill other objects intercepted the view. Eager as he was to see Mr. Williamson and his family, he felt at least equally anxious to visit the honest seaman, and his lovely daughter; although as yet he had not learned to attribute this desire to any other motive than common friendship.

All these tender feelings were heightened

by the many circumstances peculiar to this season—for winter had now passed away, and the trees and hedge-rows covered with buds and half formed leaves, the singing of birds, and the refreshing smell that arose from the fields, announced the delightful season of spring. If at any time of the year the heart is open to the beauties of nature, it is in spring; and if a stranger could not have beheld the scene without pleasure, what must not Charles have felt on the occasion?

As they descended the hill, they saw a groupe of persons at the distance of about half a mile, seemingly following the road that led to Mr. Ellis's. They immediately guessed who they were, and that their friends, anticipating their arrival, and seeing the chaise as it drove over the hill, had come out to meet them. Charles ran forward, and found his conjectures were right—for not only Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and their daughter, but Scabold, Berkeley, and Wilson, were amongst them: Mary Ann alone was absent of all whom he wished to see—but there was no time for reflection—in a moment he was surrounded

rounded—Seabold and Berkeley took hold each of a hand, which they relinquished for Mr. and Mrs. Williamson—then advancing to Ann, he threw his arm round her neck, and having saluted his dear sister, was encountered by Wilson; after being released by him, he was again laid hold of by Seabold and Berkeley. In short, he was not completely released until his father arrived, and drew off part of the salutations, when standing near Ann Williamson, he took her by the hand, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing her look so well and grown so tall. "You seemed delicate, when I left you, my dear sister," said he, "but now your cheeks have recovered their freshness, and your eyes their former expressiveness. I really was fearful for some days after my arrival in London, of receiving accounts of your being very ill, and I assure you was quite unhappy on that account." "Don't say so, Charles," replied she, "had you really felt any great anxiety you would have written a little sooner than you did—but, however, you *did* write at last certainly." Then followed questions about Ed-

ward:—how he looked in his regimentals? how he liked London? how the Commander in Chief had received him? and, how they had felt at parting? Before these questions could be all answered, they arrived at the door, and, having entered and found every thing exactly as when he had left it, Mr. Ellis proposed that they should hold a second house-warming, which was acceded to with little difficulty by all present. In a short time the keys were produced, the table spread at an early hour, the wine cellar unlocked, and every person present being perfectly willing to be happy, the evening glided fast away, and indeed had made considerable inroads on the night, before the company broke up.

Such was the first celebration of their return—but a month passed away before all the congratulatory visits were given and received. Above all, Charles paid many visits to Seabold, and once more met his daughter, who unknown to himself had made a deep impression on his heart. Although eager to see the lovely girl, the first time that he went, he felt often inclined to turn back on the road, and yet

yet knew not wherefore. At length he saw her—she held out her hand to him—and with an open and smiling countenance, bade him welcome to his native home, and to her father's house. He was overjoyed with this frankness, and all the doubts and scruples which had plagued him on the road, vanished directly. After this, their conversation was always lively and animated, yet mingled with that secret and tender respect for each other, which marks the first dawn of mutual affection.

London formed an endless topic of conversation—and a recital of the wonders which Charles had seen there, seemed to operate on the young lady like Othello's description of the dangers he had passed, such an interest did she take in it. On the other hand, Charles heard over again, from her lips, all the little anecdotes of the valley with renewed pleasure; or rather, it seemed as if they both sought topics of conversation, more from the pleasure they found in each other's company, than in the subject of their discourse. In a word, under the guise of friendship, a more dangerous

dangerous sensation was stealing into their bosoms—and they talked as friends, whilst they began to feel and act as lovers.

The progress of this wily passion was, however, for upward of three months unmarked by either of them. It is true, that before that period had elapsed, it was observed that every day Charles was growing more and more fond of viewing the sea from the platform before Seabold's house, where he never failed to be at a certain hour. He affirmed, that the seaman's spying glass was the best he had ever seen, and that it was worth any body's trouble to walk several miles to his house, were it merely to enjoy the wide range it afforded over the sea below. "Not a fishing-boat could pass," he said, "but what might be seen from his terrace." If the wind shifted even to the difference of half a point, it was observable immediately at Captain Seabold's—*he* was the only man in the country who could foretel a change of weather, by the flying of the scud, or the appearance of a mackerel sky. To solve these mighty doubts, and gain such important information, was now

now become to Charles a matter of daily necessity—he took delight in walking backward and forward arm in arm with Seabold, glancing every now and then a look into the window, without however the least curiosity to know if Miss Seabold was still sitting exactly in the same position as before. On the contrary, if she came out and placed herself with her work on one of the seats which stood at each end of the platform, Charles passed backward and forward close to her without any interruption to his conversation: indeed, he seemed more and more intent upon making his observations to her father, as he approached her; whilst she, in like manner, fixed her eyes more closely upon her work: yet it sometimes unaccountably happened, that turning his head a little to one side, his eyes met hers, and although she instantly cast them downward, a thrilling pleasure ran through all his frame, and almost tempted him to break from her father, and run to seat himself beside her.

Three months after Mr. Ellis and his son's return, they received a regular invitation from Seabold

Seabold to spend a certain day at his cottage, which was that of his daughter's birth, and which he meant to celebrate with great mirth, she being when it arrived seventeen years old. Charles, who was present, heard the invitation with a beating heart, and already wished the day was come; but how great was his disappointment, to hear his father express extreme regret at being already engaged for that day with Mr. Berkeley, as well as his son, for whom he had promised. An hundred times Charles had it on his lips to say that he had previously engaged himself to Captain Seabold; but regard to truth, and respect for his father, prevented him. "You know Berkeley's stately and particular humor," said Mr. Ellis, "and that he would almost as soon renounce my acquaintance as dream of my neglecting, or even endeavoring to postpone an engagement, which has been made for upwards of a month; however, any other time I shall with much pleasure drink Miss Seabold's health, and wish her many happy returns of the day." "Thank ye, thank ye," replied Seabold, greatly disappointed at this unexpected.

unexpected rebuff, "I meant to ask neighbour Berkeley too—but since he gives invitations of a month, d'ye see, I'm off. And yet d—n it, Charles, if you could have come my lad, we would have drank Mary Ann's health in a bumper, with three times three, and I shouldn't have cared for a soul else——except your father here." To this, Charles answered only by a bow, and the sailor shortly afterwards taking his departure, he accompanied him nearly to his house, lamenting all the way that his father had otherwise engaged him.

At length the day arrived—it was in the month of June—and Nature appeared to the young man to have put on her gayest robe in honor of her for whom he felt so delightful a friendship: he arose with the dawn, and mounting with enthusiasm to the highest part of the moor, he turned round, and casting his eyes at once toward this favourite spot, beheld the rising sun beginning to gild the top of Seabold's pines. At this sight, a secret pleasure filled his breast—he delighted to indulge in the thought that Mary Ann was still sleeping,

ing, or perhaps that she had just arisen, and was walking out to enjoy the coolness of the morning air. Having gazed for some time, he returned home, as if he had had no other object than merely to look at the cottage from the same spot whence he had noticed it on the evening of his return. All the morning he was restless, and would willingly have made a thousand excuses for paying a visit to the bottom of the valley, but being employed by his father, he could find no opportunity. At Berkeley's he was thoughtful, and with difficulty attended to the conversation, or took any share in it, till by degrees the kindness of his host, and the wine which he drank after dinner, began to operate in dispelling this gloom. About eight o'clock the company separated, and being gently elevated by wine, Charles pressed his father to go with him, and wish Mary Seabold many happy returns of that day. "I cannot go to night," replied Mr. Ellis; "but you are young, and the distance will be nothing to you—perhaps the old Captain will take it kindly of us." "Oh! that he will," cried Charles; and without waiting

waiting for an answer, he set off with such eagerness, that it clearly appeared the distance would prove but a small obstacle. As he approached the house, he was surprized to hear no signs of merriment; on the contrary, all was quiet, and he began to presage a thousand ills, until drawing still nearer, he beheld Mary Ann alone on her favorite seat, admiring the moon, which was now shining very bright. He ran toward her with a thousand tumultuous emotions, and sitting down beside her took hold of her hand, and pressing it to his bosom, exclaimed—"Mary Ann, I wish you joy." This was all he could utter for a little time—excess of pleasure kept him mute, until overpowered by his feelings, he burst those barriers of respect which had so long restrained him, and throwing his arms round her neck, he pressed her closely to his bosom. For the first time, the lips of these two young lovers met, with the thrilling consciousness to each of being beloved. At length, Mary Ann gently disengaged herself, and would have reprehended the young man —but he listened not—on the contrary, rising

ing from his seat, he traversed the terrace three or four times with rapidity, and was preparing to throw himself again beside her —again to take her in his arms, and imprint a thousand kisses on her lips. Just at this moment, however, her father appeared, and coming up shook Charles by the hand, declaring "how happy he was to see him—that it was better late than never—and that the end of a feast was better than the beginning of a fray." He then proceeded to inform him that two or three neighbours had dined with him, but that they were dull fellows—and after drinking two quarts of strong ale, and a pint of wine a piece, they had gone away before seven o'clock—"but now you are come, my lad," said he, "we will see *out* Mary Ann's birth-day I warrant you, although we could not see it in together—won't we, my boy?" Charles, of course, made very few objections to this scheme, and the rest of the evening was spent in merriment on the part of Seabold—and on that of the two young people, in an interchange of kind looks, and little attentions, which they appeared eager to

to shew to each other. When twelve o'clock struck, Seabold, full of good liquor and affection, rose with some difficulty from his chair, whilst his daughter and Charles did the same, and then proposed that they should all join hands. "And now, Charles," said he, "thou must not go away without kissing Mary Ann, considering that this is her birthday." At this she blushed, and cast down her eyes, but did not refuse obedience to her father's injunction, which Charles failed not to fulfil:—then bidding them adieu, as if fearful of losing the impression of a kiss so delightful, he set off, as fast as he could walk, for his father's house.

Such were the incidents which first opened the eyes of the young man, and shewed him that he loved. New as these sensations were, he could no longer be ignorant as to their nature—and although he had often read of the doubts and fears, the jealousy, anxieties, and despair, which uniformly mingle with the passion of love, having as yet only experienced its pleasures, he made no attempt to resist the progress of such delightful affections.

tions. Such is the commencement of this mighty passion, stealing upon the heart with delusive hopes, transports, and fond desires, but never failing to bring in its train despondency, sleepless nights, groundless suspicions, and tears. There was this advantage, however, in the present instance, that the silent progress of affection had been the same both in the breast of Mary Ann and of Charles.—It is very different when either man or woman awakens a passion in a youthful and less experienced breast. Being cool themselves, they well know both how to excite, and to take advantage of tenderer and more generous breasts, and terrible is the thraldom which love then imposes.

Meanwhile, the good Williamson's daughter was not unaffected by the reports which were spread of the growing passion of Charles. Her first feelings on the subject were far from being pleasant, especially as the young man was now by no means so regular as formerly in his visits to her father. By degrees, however, she began to reproach herself with indifference to the happiness of her friend, and

to

to be ashamed of having felt any thing like a jealousy toward her: in a short time she could hear of Charles's visits without emotion, and soon was able to rally him on the subject of his love—yet, singular as it may be, it appeared to her that she no longer loved Charles so very very much as she used to do. "In a year or two," thought she within herself," he will be united to Mary Ann, and by degrees will cease to have the same affection for his sister as when he was younger. But, in fact, this momentary coolness was merely the effect of a sudden check given to her feelings, which enabled her to ascertain their nature, and defined them, as it were, more clearly to her own breast. When the mind has been accustomed to form indefinite notions of happiness to itself, to indulge in a boundless space, it feels suddenly cramped when any thing intervenes to mark out limits, however distant, beyond which it must not pass—this was the case with Ann Williamson. In fact, she had never loved Charles but as a brother; yet, as strictly speaking, he was not her brother, she had never felt *constrained*

to

to confine herself merely to sisterly affection. Her mind therefore, in this respect, enjoyed a sort of liberty of which she was at once deprived, when the young man, whom she had long called her brother, avowed his love for her friend. She now felt that she *must* love him as a brother, and not otherwise. This defined her affections, which, truth to say, were beginning somewhat to need a definition, and a momentary indifference was the result.

But this slight coolness was succeeded by a sincerity of affection, a warmth of truly sisterly attachment, which nothing could ever afterwards alter or remove. Her affection had before resembled water spread into a lake, but which was now confined within banks, and acquiring increased force and utility. She became, indeed, the sister of Charles—she could now hang upon his shoulder, as on that of a brother, and relate all her little cares and pleasures, whilst she listened to his in return.—At length, she sometimes accompanied him to Captain Seabold's on moonlight evenings, and the three young persons walked for hours together

together backward and forward on the cliff without ever tiring, whilst Seabold sat smoking before his door, and indulging a thousand pleasing ideas on the future happiness of Mary Ann and his son Charles.

CHAP. XIV.

AMONGST the other friends who sincerely rejoiced in Mr. Ellis's return to his old habitation, Wilson was desirous of shewing his regard, and in consequence, invited him and his son to a grand entertainment, which he proposed giving for that express purpose.—As Seabold and himself had long ceased to be very intimate, the former was not of the party. Previous to the day appointed, a sharp dispute took place between Wilson and his wife, which day they should fix upon—Wilson liked Friday—that was washing day—Saturday, that was ironing day—and Sunday, they must go to church. The next subject of debate was, what they should have for dinner: Wilson was for good old English beef and mutton, with a pudding, and a side dish of tripe and onions; but his wife and daughters insisted upon something more genteel, such as beef a la daube, mutton a la Maintenon,

non, fricaseed sweetbreads, with trifles and macaronis, and all them there kind of genteel things, as the great people eats. At length, this being also settled, the day appointed, and the dinner fixed upon, a large and very miscellaneous company assembled at Wilson's house. As he seldom gave feasts, he was willing to collect as many as possible from all his acquaintances, so that Ellis and Berkeley were mingled with the new friends whom he had acquired at the Rose.—Ellis was too well acquainted with mankind to pay any attention to this circumstance—but R. Berkeley, Esq. was not a little mortified at finding himself seated between a butcher and an exciseman, and in five minutes after his arrival contradicted in an assertion by the clerk of the parish. It is true, he was received by Mrs. Wilson in a fine brocaded dress, of so solid a texture, that every curtesy she made, it sounded on the floor like a board. It is true, also, that the Miss Wilsons were arrayed in the finest muslins, which displayed their clumsy shapes almost as clearly as a lady rising out of the sea in her bathing gown. It

is also an undoubted fact, that Master Wilson was decked out in his Sunday's cloaths, and the hair with which nature had furnished the back part of his skull, diligently collected into a pig-tail. Yet with all this, R. Berkeley, Esq. was not pleased at being placed between an exciseman and a butcher, and contradicted by a parish clerk, so that his politeness and his pride were at constant variance: add to that, he took a disgust at the dinner, which he thought vulgar. A huge bullock's heart stuffed with parsley, and garnished with bits of liver, and two tureens full of boiled tripe, and cow-heel and onions, did not appear to him as the height of elegance. Mrs. Wilson's endeavours at grandeur were equally under-rated. Her cutlets a la Maintenon, were wrapped up in scraps of old dirty newspapers —her veal a la daube was stewed to rags, and steeped in grease—and her pie-crusts were as thick and tough as the sole of a ploughman's shoe. But all these little circumstances would have passed unnoticed, had that attention been paid to him by the rest of the company to which he thought the antiquity of his

his family entitled him. As, however, they seemed to pay very little regard to his observations, being indeed intent only upon the dinner, and, at intervals, to Wilson's jokes, he assumed a more than usual portion of stateliness, and appeared determined to reserve his conversation for other company.

There was, however, no want of talk on that account—for immediately on the cloth being removed, Mr. Berkeley's right hand man was asked what he had paid for the last score of wethers he had purchased at the great fair? "Sixteen shillings a-piece," replied the butcher, "a high price to be sure—but then I will say this for them, that finer mutton never was handled. Why, now, there's Mr. Bullock, my neighbour—a very good man to be sure—and a very good neighbour, I must say that for him—but, Lord bless you, as to buying o' wethers, or such like, why he has no more chance with me than the man in the moon, as the saying is—why now, I'll tell you a story about that: Bullock and I was going to the fair together last Wednesday—by the by it was Thursday—but, however,

Bullock,

Bullock, says I"—Here he was interrupted by Mrs. Wilson desiring him to fill his glass to the King—" ah ! that I will, God bless him," replied Mr. Wilcoxe—" Bullock, says I, I'll take you any bet"—Here " the King, the King," was repeated from all parts of the table ; and Berkeley, out of all patience, made some loyal remarks upon the toast, which put the honest butcher out of the thread of his discourse ; and this, from the conversation becoming general, he was unable to resume, greatly to Berkeley's satisfaction, who, however, sat for some time in dread that the story of Bullock and the great fair would not be so easily relinquished ;—but a confused hubbub arising from the many groupes talking on different subjects, Mr. Wilcoxe was drawn into one of these little parties, where he resumed his anecdote in a lower tone of voice.

Poor Berkeley, however, was not suffered to remain long at peace ; for his left hand neighbour being excluded, as well as himself, from all the little groupes which had so suddenly formed, and not possessing a disposition remarkably prone to taciturnity, turned about,

about, after many fruitless attempts to edge himself into the conversation, and taking hold of Berkeley's coat button, without any preamble—" Sir," said he, " I was going to tell these gentlemen a very good thing, but they are so employed, there's no getting a word in any how;"—then seeing Mrs. Wilson disengaged, he relinquished his hold of the button, and leaning his head across Berkeley's breast—" Ma'am," said he, " did you hear how I served John Grimes and his party last week? But, however, I suppose you hav'n't—well, you see, ma'am, John Grimes and three or four more of them, smuggling rascals was going to run some brandy, and such like, into Sand Cove, and I gets notice of it; ah, thinks I to myself, now I have you, my boys—for you must know, ma'am, John Grimes has played me two or three slippery tricks already—a rogue—but, however, I *had* him, ma'am, as you shall hear—well, I tells Mr. What's-his-name there, that lives on the cliff, that if he would be there on a certain night he would see rare fun, and so to be sure there was, for I laid in wait for them, and grabbed thirty ankers

ankers of brandy and seven kegs of gin."—Perhaps, the harangue might not have stopped here, but Berkeley unable any longer to bear the exciseman's head placed right under his nose, and fastening him upright to the back of his chair, threw himself suddenly forward with a violent jerk. As this was performed with some degree of anger, it communicated no inconsiderable impulse to the unfortunate orator's pericranium, which in its vibrations, coming into contact with a heavy decanter full of wine at that moment handing across the table, a violent rap was the consequence, and a full stop to any farther account of the seizure. Berkeley apologized slightly for the accident, whilst the exciseman scratching his head, and with some difficulty forcing a smile, drank off his glass, and remained silent for a considerable time.

Shortly afterward the ladies withdrew, and in less than an hour, the conversation again fell upon those common and vulgar topics, which so ill suited with the lofty mind of Berkeley, and which were equally tedious to Charles. The latter, therefore, moved his chair

chair round to his stately friend, and in a little time they were so engaged in discoursing on history, politics, and war, that they appeared totally regardless of the company round them. Wilson was, however, almost equally so of them, except in occasionally discharging the duties of a landlord, being deeply occupied with all his friends in settling the price of pork. On this subject warm disputes arose—each endeavoured to make himself listened to, rather by the strength of his lungs than of his arguments, and confusion and uproar were becoming the order of the day, when a summons arrived from the tea-table. This call, Berkeley, Ellis, and his son, immediately obeyed, but they were not joined by any more of the party, until large potations of wine and punch had made considerable inroads on their understandings, and Wilson led them into the drawing-room, with a face like the sun looking through a fog.

Here Mr. Wilson's son and heir had various opportunities of shewing his ready wit, and his delicate conceptions of a joke. He contrived to drop hot grease upon one man's hand, and

burning candle snuffings upon another—and when the laugh at these waggeries had a little subsided, he renewed it by pulling Charles's chair from under him, and seating him on the floor in some confusion, and not a little anger, which, however, he suppressed. His next attempt at wit was whispering in his father's ear, and pushing his wig to one side, which gave universal satisfaction; but a general roar took place when Mr. Wilcoxe walked toward the tea-table dragging his chair after him, to which, by the help of two or three pins, the ingenious youth had found means to fasten the skirts of his coat. In such like pleasantries did the evening pass away, till at length, to Berkeley's great relief, the party broke up; on which occasion, Wilcoxe revenged himself for the trick put upon him at the tea-table by one of a similar nature. The door of the drawing-room opened almost immediately upon the staircase, and Wilcoxe, watching his opportunity, threw himself down across the head of the stairs as young Wilson was going to descend. In consequence of this, he stumbled over the prostrate butcher,

and found himself at the landing-place in a much shorter space of time than he had expected, with this difference, that his head was in the place of his heels, and had also received sundry bumps and contusions in its progress from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The practiser of this happy joke had not, however, long time to congratulate himself upon its success; for as he was getting up, with a hearty laugh, one of the company who was hastening to see whence the noise proceeded, ran against him, whilst he was yet on his knees, and they both came tumbling together head over heels to the bottom: the butcher, however, being amply provided with fat, and very short withal, came down stairs something after the manner of a dumplin, or a large snowball, and indeed rolled some distance into the passage before he stopped, whilst the unlucky wight who had been the cause of his descent, being very tall and lank, came sliding down like a deal-board with astonishing velocity, except when the protuberance on the back part of his skull somewhat retarded his progress by bumping against the

the steps. There were so many ludicrous circumstances attending this descent, that young Wilson for a moment forgot his bruises, and stood to laugh—and the rest of the company soon appearing with candles, the two tumblers mutually assisted each other in regaining their feet—as they had sustained little damage, they readily joined in the laugh which went round—young Wilson was the only one who tried in vain to smile: in fact, strict poetical justice appears to have been distributed on this occasion, the original cause of all the confusion, having fallen into the trap which he had prepared for others—he was, indeed, so completely bumped, that he was unable to stir out of bed for three days.

At the door a great many compliments passed between Mrs. Wilson and Ellis, the former congratulating him upon his son's improvement, which the latter of course returned by observing, that Master Wilson was a very sprightly young man—"Ah, the rogue! he is very wild to be sure, but he does not want sense," replied Mrs. Wilson: to which Ellis

Ellis readily assenting, a mutual "good night" was given—and the rest of the party, having gone through the same ceremonies, Wilson dismissed them all with a hope that it would not be long before they met again to pass another pleasant day together.

As the road lay in the same direction for about a mile, Ellis and Berkeley went together, and soon began to talk of the company they had just left. "For my part," said Berkeley, "I would not be condemned to pass such another day for all the entertainments that Wilson's whole fortune could afford. A gentleman ought surely to have no objections to hold such intercourse with butchers and parish-officers, and excisemen, as their various stations may require; but to be obliged to sit down to a regular and fixed party, composed entirely of such men, is a penance which heavy sins alone should impose." "Poh! my friend," replied Ellis, "you are vastly too nice in this instance—had you mingled as much with mankind in general as I have done, you would have found long before now how impossible it is to preserve *cast*

completely in your commerce with the world: besides, reflect, if that niceness should extend to all, you and I might be considered as degrading company by some of the very great men who live not far from our valley." "Sir," replied the other, "it is the spirit, and not the circumstances of the man that I look to. I trust, that let me go into what company I would, as a gentleman, though not as a man of fortune, I should prove myself on an equal footing with any of them. But it is a very different thing when a fellow intrudes himself upon you as your equal in the evening, and affects gentility, who has been all the morning employed in knocking down oxen and cutting calves' throats." As Ellis was at a loss what to say to this, he answered by breaking out into a laugh, in which Berkeley himself, and Charles, joined; and the roads soon afterward leading different ways, they parted in great good humour, each taking the path to his own habitation.

Such was the conclusion of the splendid entertainment given by Wilson on account of his friend's return; an entertainment wherein he

he had exerted his utmost ingenuity to please all parties, and which failed of success perhaps from that very cause, the rest of the company being equally displeased and disappointed. They all allowed that Wilson himself was an honest fellow, but that his son was an impertinent jackanapes—his wife and daughters as stiff as buckram—and Squire Berkeley an old prig. Mr. Ellis, they thought, in general was a good kind of a man enough, only rather too polite, and like a Londoner; and as for Charles, scarcely one of them had taken any notice of him, except that his hair was very black, and that he sat very silent.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

ABOUT a week after this, James Brown, availing himself of the slender invitation given by Mr. Ellis, paid Charles a visit. He appeared suddenly in the evening, without any previous intimation, and meeting only Mr. Ellis at home, he immediately began to express his satisfaction at finding him within: he sincerely hoped that he had continued well since leaving the great city, and that his dear friend Charles was as usual. Indeed, he was almost afraid to ask at first, seeing that so studious a young man was not at home; but, however, if any thing had been amiss with him, it would have been evident in Mr. Ellis's countenance. To all this Ellis answered with great politeness, he was very happy to see Mr. Brown come in such a friendly way, and without any ceremony, and hoped it would be convenient for him to remain some time, since he had found means to quit his concerns

concerns in the metropolis: upon this head Brown removed his doubts, by informing him, that he had not left town until it became perfectly convenient to him to spend two or three months with his friend; a piece of information, which, in spite of all his politeness, Ellis could not receive with a smile or a compliment: on the contrary, his face lengthened considerably, and he became unusually grave, till Mr. Brown giving some hints that he was exceedingly hungry and tired, having indeed travelled on the outside of the coach from London, supper was ordered without waiting for Charles, who was, as usual, at Seabold's, and who did not come home till his new guest had retired to bed.

He received the intelligence of Brown's arrival in a manner that sufficiently shewed it was at least indifferent to him—and a little reflection heightened that indifference into regret:—he immediately perceived what an obstacle such a visitor would prove to his almost daily walks to the bottom of the valley—but, at the same time, he felt it to be his duty to make a suitable return to Brown, for

for the little civilities received from him whilst in London. This latter sentiment preponderating, he welcomed his guest next morning with great cordiality, whilst Brown found no bounds to the excess of his joy, or rather to the expressions of it. Squeezing Charles's hand, he called him his "dear friend;" he was "overjoyed" at seeing him look so exceedingly hearty, and regretted that extreme fatigue had prevented him from seeing him the preceding evening. He also declared his opinion that Charles had grown taller within the short period of his return, which in fact was the case from the time of his first leaving home till then. In short, he found every thing to be praised, from Charles down to the silver cream pot, which was the most elegant thing he had ever seen—and the tea and bread and butter, of which to be sure he dispatched no small quantity. After breakfast, Charles took him all round the grounds, and pointed out the various prospects which appeared to him most beautiful. He shewed him the little wood above the house, where he was accustomed to walk and meditate in the evenings,

ings, and even at night when it was moonlight—he led him up to the moors, to the sources of the little streams which below mingled into one, and winded through the valley—and in these various wanderings the first day was consumed.

On the second day, he bent his course to the left side of the valley, visited Mr. Williamson, Berkeley and Wilson, and introduced Mr. Brown as a friend who had shewn him many civilities in London: from Wilson's he again sought the highest parts of the left side of the valley, and wandered along the heights till they approached the cliffs, where he loitered a long time, pointing out the various beauties on the opposite side; in short, five days were employed in travelling the valley in all directions, and Brown constantly returned home every evening completely worn out with fatigue, which he had only been enabled to support by the novelty of every object, and the invigorating effects of the country air. Charles, on the contrary, appeared indefatigable. In the evenings, notwithstanding the exercise of the day, he walked

ed up and down restless and impatient, as if saying to his guest, "I have now discharged the duties of hospitality, pray do go to bed and leave me at liberty." But Brown was not aware of this—neither did he notice that in all their walks, Charles had constantly kept Seabold's house in view, and without ever once naming him or his daughter, had incessantly cast his eyes to that quarter of the prospect. Even had he known of the young man's attachment, the grossness of his own ideas on these subjects would have effectually prevented him from supposing, that there could be any pleasure in beholding from a distance the roof which shelters a beloved object. Such pleasures were not suited to Mr. Brown's taste, or rather, he had not the smallest conception that they existed.

The sixth day was Sunday—Charles went to church much earlier than usual, and certainly with other motives than those of religion alone—a secret impatience diverted his attention from the service of the day, and he looked round for Mary Ann, but in vain. Her father entered, and took his seat alone—

where

where was the daughter? was she well? was she at home?—alas! what might not have happened in the course of five tedious days that he had not seen her! For a short time the ardor, the venerable appearance, the impressive delivery of the good Williamson arrested his attention; but, no sooner was the service finished, than forgetful of all restraint, he flew to Seabold, and eagerly enquired for Mary Ann—Seabold told him that she had been complaining for two or three days past, and was not able to come to church—"I don't know what ails her," said the honest seaman, "for one moment she laughs and jumps about, and the next she sighs and is quite silent:—besides, she takes no pleasure except in sitting under the great pine tree and looking up the valley. But, however, you must come and see her, for you know we have very few friends, and you have not been near us this month I believe;—and what the deuce made you stay away so long I can't tell for the life of me." Charles, of course, made no objections to this proposal, and proceeded to tell Seabold the cause of his absence, namely,

ly, the arrival of a friend from London, whom he had been obliged to attend. "What, that gentleman coming toward us," replied Seabold; "well, well, that need be no bar—he will go along with us I warrant you." Then addressing himself to Brown, who was now come up, and had taken hold of Charles by the arm. "How do you do, Sir; how do you do? my name is Seabold, Sir; understanding you are Mr. Charles's friend, if you chuse to take a walk with us to my cottage, I shall be very glad to see you there." Brown answered with a low bow, that he should be extremely happy to accompany his friend, young Mr. Ellis, any where. Charles, on the contrary, could have shaken him off with indignation, so much was he vexed at this intrusion. He hoped to have gone alone with Seabold—but seeing there was no help for it, he made a virtue of necessity, and they all set off without further delay.

Mary Ann had, indeed, been complaining; but she was, as usual, seated before the door, and saw at a great distance her father and Charles approaching with another, whom she supposed

supposed to be Mr. Ellis. She rejoiced at the sight, being ignorant of the cause which had detained Charles from visiting the cottage, and would have walked out to meet them, till on a nearer approach she discerned that the third was a stranger to her. Shortly afterwards they came up, and Mr. Brown having been properly introduced, Charles informed Mary Ann in a low voice of the reason of his absence, and expressed his hope that she was not ill: he sat beside her—he would willingly have pressed her hand in his—and when he beheld her eyes beaming with a secret joy, he with difficulty refrained from clasping her in his arms. But the presence of the stranger prevented him from taking even the smallest liberty, such respect was mingled with his affection; so that Brown saw as yet no reason for suspecting the mutual attachment of these two young persons:—on the contrary, he deigned to display his limbs, and his white teeth, with more than usual grace, and made little doubt of adding the seaman's daughter to the numerous list of young ladies who at various

various times had been captivated by his manners and appearance.

After a long visit, Charles with great reluctance departed, and walked on without speaking a single word to his companion, who was the first to break silence. "She is a fine girl, that said sailor's daughter," cried he, looking down and admiring his legs, "I should like monstrously to *have* her in London." "What do you say, Sir?" cried Charles, breaking from his trance like lightning—then suddenly checking himself—"yes, yes," continued he, "Miss Seabold certainly is a very fine young lady; but, however, there were a great many handsome girls in church to-day, whom I dare say you observed in coming out." "Oh! surely," said the other, who had noticed, which indeed was unavoidable, the violence of Charles's commencement. He said little more, being immediately convinced that the grave and studious youth whom he had long considered as of a cold disposition, was in fact, warm and vehement, and still more that he loved Mary Ann. His own vanity, however, very pleasingly

pleasingly suggested to him that Charles's peevishness, as he deemed it, arose from the dread of having him for a rival, and of being unsuccessful in his own suit. At this idea, he could not help chuckling and looking at himself with renewed satisfaction. He was cautious, however, not to betray his feelings; and having got over his first surprise, he behaved to Charles with his usual over-rated complacency, avoiding all mention of Mary Ann. He secretly determined, nevertheless, to use all his endeavours to gain the affections of the young lady; or, in other words, to corrupt them. The villainy of thus endeavouring to supplant one whom he called his friend, never disturbed him in the least; such scruples, as has been already observed, being entirely strangers to his bosom. Still less did the innocence and apparent virtues of Mary Ann serve to deter him. On the contrary, they were the strongest incitements to make the best use of the two, or at most three, months that he could with any decency remain with Mr. Ellis. "But, who knows," thought he to himself, "whether she is not

a girl of fortune? In that case I will marry her, and then what need I care for Ellis's or his son's resentment?" It is not to be supposed, however, that these schemes were matured in the same day in which they were formed. He had made two subsequent visits to Seabold, presuming on the friendly nature of his first invitation, and being received with the utmost cordiality and affection, both by the seaman and his daughter, he never once considered that reception as due to his being the acknowledged friend of Charles Ellis, but attributed it entirely to his own personal accomplishments, and the impression he had already made upon the young lady's heart. To a person acquainted with all the parties, and the circumstances of the case, the many instances that he gave of his absurd vanity, would have been truly laughable. But both Seabold and his daughter, as well as Charles, were too warm hearted to notice these defects, and the latter unfortunately not only concealed from others those faults that he saw, but also endeavoured to shut his own eyes upon them, even when they stared him in

in the face. Thus the delusion was kept up on all sides—the good never suspecting any villainy, and the knave being so blinded with vanity, that he did not as yet even dream of detection. Indeed, nothing but the over sensibility of Charles could ever have rendered so contemptible a wretch the cause of such uneasiness as he proved shortly afterwards.

But, before proceeding to relate the circumstances which gave rise to this, it may not perhaps be improper to stop a moment and see how much Mary Ann is improved in the course of a few years. When we last took her likeness, she was tripping to school, her satchel over her arm, a straw hat tied beneath her chin, and her blue eyes and long eyelashes peeping from beneath: she was then a sweet child—she is now a lovely girl of seventeen—her eyes are somewhat of a darker hue, but they still retain all their former softness; her light chestnut hair clusters on her temples, and her hat raised up by it, shades, but does not conceal her white forehead, her mild and timid glances, her Grecian nose, or the oval shape of her whole countenance—her lips are like

coral in their colour, but by no means either so hard or so cold—and when she speaks, they open with so expressive a smile, that we have no time to admire two rows of beautiful white teeth behind them. Her chin might almost be considered as rather prominent, but a dimple in the centre brings it down to a right proportion with the rest of her countenance. All these beauties turn upon a neck rather slender, as delicate as ivory, but without its paleness, and diversified with one or two blue veins which descend toward her bosom, and lose themselves beneath the white handkerchief which commences her dress.

As to her person, it is difficult what to say —for some thought her too short, whilst most people considered her as tall: it may therefore be supposed, that her stature was of that happy medium, which pleases all who are not unwilling to be pleased. At any rate, in her manner there was such a mixture of dignity and ease, of frankness, and at the same time of modesty, of affability, and of virgin pride, that a stranger felt at once attracted and repelled, encouraged and yet restrained, and knew

knew not whether to throw himself at her feet, or tear himself from her for ever.

Perhaps, as a companion to her portrait, I ought to give that of the hero of this history. Yet I must err very much in the execution of the plan, if the whole does not reflect his image much more strongly than it can otherwise be drawn. Lest this, however, should not be the case, let it be observed, that Charles was now in his twentieth year, of a stature rather above the middle size, broad-shouldered, but slender in the waist—and although well limbed, tapering from the shoulders down to the feet, when joined together. His forehead was broad and open, his hair black, his eyes grey, his nose inclining to aquiline, his lips thin, and his chin, although prominent, round and plump. When silent, there was a seriousness in his countenance, that would have appeared misplaced in so young a man, had it not been for a mildness about his eyes and mouth which indicated much latent goodness of heart. But when he spoke on any subject which aroused his feelings, his eye kindled, he spoke with rapidity, and

and interested all who heard him. Having spoken, however, he suddenly fell back into his former indifference, and, in consequence, left but a transient impression at the time, but which seldom failed to revive to his advantage at some subsequent period.

These are slight sketches of Mary Ann Seabold, and of Charles Ellis. It was, perhaps, right to draw them together before a cruel separation takes place! before mistrust and jealousy have poisoned those pure springs of happiness out of which they have hitherto drank together, and which soon, alas! must undergo the fate of all sublunary pleasures, and be exchanged for the cup of bitterness.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

AS Brown resided entirely with Mr. Ellis, and as one of his family, he soon noticed the regular walks which Charles took in the evenings alone, and having remarked that he never regarded the weather on these occasions, he readily guessed what was their object.—As he was now sufficiently acquainted with the country to find his way about alone, he gradually dispensed with Charles's company, under pretence of not troubling him, and taking advantage of Seabold's friendly disposition, he visited him more and more frequently, chiefly in the morning, at the hours which Charles usually devoted to study. His fawning attention to the young lady, however, became soon so apparent, that she took great care to be out of the way whenever he came. At first, this was so far from being displeasing to him, that he attributed her absence entirely to bashfulness, or the affectation

tion of it; but it was at length carried so far, and continued so long, that Mr. Brown began to be impatient, and thought that it was time this conduct was discontinued. With these ideas, he cast many a side glance toward the windows as he walked backward and forward with Seabold before the house, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the young lady, till growing wearied of never seeing the object of his visits, he ventured one morning to break his cautious silence, and ask if she was within. Seabold not suspecting his designs, sent for Mary Ann, who could not refuse to come; but after the first ceremonies of introduction were over, she behaved to him with such marked coldness, and even dislike, that with all his vanity he could no longer conceal from himself the mortifying consciousness that he was despised. In a heart possessed of any generous feelings, this discovery might have excited emotions of regret and profound disappointment. In Brown's heart, however, it produced only a cold but sudden rancour against the base peasant girl who had remained blind to his merits,

rits, and whom he even began to suspect capable of an attachment to the sober and studious Charles. Having gained this new light upon the subject, he pursued the inquiry, in which he was no longer blinded by his own vanity; on the contrary, being stimulated by it through disappointment, he was not long before he heard sufficient from all quarters, and saw enough himself to be convinced, that the attachment of Charles and Mary Ann was mutual.

In proportion as his heart had been buoyed up with the thoughts of adding Mary Ann to the list of his conquests over low bred girls, so was his desire of revenge at being thus deceived in his calculations. It may be observed, that as vain men are the most confident of success in all their undertakings, so they are the most easily cast down and despondent when they meet with any repulse. Brown, however, was determined to mar the happiness of which he could not partake; and feeling within himself, in some degree, what the pains of jealousy were, he was resolved to try if he could not communicate them to others.

With this view, when he knew at any time that Charles was to be engaged at those hours which he usually devoted to his visits to Captain Seabold's, he took care to drop dark hints previously before Mary Ann, that certain young ladies were to be present at certain places, and that he believed Charles was to be there, but he was not positive as to it: "to be sure, young Mr. Ellis was a great favorite among the ladies, and when he was in London, he used to be a little wild; but, however, that was nothing in a man at his time of life." It is only those who have been in love, who can suppose that such vague hints could make any impression upon Mary Ann—certain it is that they did, however—for seeing that at the periods predicted, Charles really was absent, she attributed that absence to the causes mentioned. And now, strange as it may appear, this lovely girl, who a little while ago had shunned Brown's company, nay, the very sight of him, became absolutely fond of hearing him relate that Charles was to be at this place and that, with such and such young ladies on such and such a night. It almost appeared

appeared as if she were anxious to be made unhappy, and sought food for her uneasiness.

On the other hand, with Charles, Brown pursued similar steps, only with more caution. He knew that he was not to be deceived with mere hints and words, or at least not long so, and therefore sought about for something more substantial. Fortunately, for his purpose, a young farmer in the neighbourhood had paid his addresses to Mary Ann, and although at once rejected, he still continued to use the privilege of a neighbour, and made as frequent visits as he could with propriety. To say the truth, in rejecting him, Mary Ann, whether influenced by a little of the coquetry of her sex I know not, behaved so mildly, that the young farmer had not conceived himself absolutely doomed to despair: on the contrary, he cherished a hope, natural to lovers, that she might at last relent. Since Mr. Ellis's return he had, it is true, been wholly denied; but as he still continued to visit at Captain Seabold's, he was, in consequence of Brown's insinuations operating on the

the sensible heart of Charles, soon converted, in his imagination, into a formidable rival.

To effect this, Brown took frequent opportunities of noticing to Mr. Ellis, before Charles, what a beautiful girl Miss Seabold was—and that it was no wonder she had many admirers. These observations did not fail to interest the young man, although he spoke not a word; for who can remain unmoved when the object of his dearest affections is praised? From this, Brown proceeded to ask Mr. Ellis if he knew what was the name of the handsome young farmer who visited so frequently at Captain Seabold's? and seeing that this question visibly agitated Charles, he laughed, and said he supposed Miss Seabold would be thought rather too fine a girl to send to market with his butter and eggs. In short, by repeated machinations, he contrived to render the two lovers fearful of each other's constancy, and an alteration, by degrees, took place in their behaviour, of which each secretly accused the other, at the same time that both were equally culpable.

Whilst

Whilst they were in this frame of mind, a dance was given in the neighbourhood, at which Mary Ann and Charles were both present. At first, every one in the room set them down as partners; but, as the young man did not appear very attentive, and both of them indeed seemed pensive—the dance shortly began, and they were separated.—Mary Ann danced with Ashley, the young farmer, and Charles with a beautiful girl of the neighbourhood;—for the first time, the two lovers mutually felt the pangs of jealousy, and when they met in the dance, they cast down their eyes, or glanced them hastily over each other—yet it sometimes happened that whilst young Ashley was warm in his compliments, Mary Ann could not avoid turning her eyes to that part of the room where Charles was—and he, on the contrary, in the midst of his protestations to his fair partner, involuntarily cast a look on Mary Ann.—Sometimes their eyes met, and then they were quickly cast down again.

In this manner was the evening spent, with great merriment to the rest of the company, but

but with real pain to the two lovers. As for Brown, he cut so many London capers, and displayed himself to such advantage, that he was universally admired, so that being completely engrossed by his own vanity, he had no time to attend to the effect which his machinations had produced: neither, indeed, would it have been apparent to him, being little acquainted with those delicate touches of the human heart which are expressed by a look or a single glance. To the rest of the company, the proud spirits of the two young lovers sufficiently veiled the inward workings of their breasts during the pleasing tumult of the dance :—but even the most indifferent observer would have been struck with the effect produced on each of them when the party had broken up, and after wishing a cold "good night," they had reached their respective homes, and retired to their chambers. Mary Ann, throwing herself into a chair, and leaning on her hand, after continuing a few minutes silent, could not refrain from weeping bitterly, although she scarcely knew wherefore. As for Charles, his haughtier

tier spirit enabled him to struggle with his first emotions, on finding himself alone. He traversed his chamber with hasty strides, and made a thousand vague and violent inward protestations, that he would shew himself a man, and not give way to the caprices of any girl. Thus fixed and resolved, he threw himself into bed, where he lay feverish and tossing about for a long time. At length he fell asleep, when, it would seem, softer ideas had by degrees taken possession of his mind—for, in the morning, he found his pillow wet with tears, although he remembered not when he had shed them, or what had been their cause.

Some time elapsed in this mutual estrangement, and Brown was secretly rejoicing at the evident symptoms of it which he daily beheld. Charles lost his appetite, and walked out alone more frequently, and at more unusual hours than ever:—it was always the evening, especially if it was stormy, that he chose for his solitary excursions—he delighted to wander through the woods, or even to throw himself down on the bare ground at the foot of a tree, in the midst of torrents of rain. But his

his chief resort was the sea-shore, when it blew a storm, and the spray was carried by the wind far up on the cliffs. At such times he generally climbed a high rock, where he sat listening to the dashing of the water, or stood immoveable, or at intervals stretching out his hand as if braving the tempest. These effusions of a warm and youthful imagination, however, by degrees subsided. Maturer reflection convinced him that in reality he had no just cause of jealousy against Mary Ann; and as similar sentiments arose in the breast of that lovely girl, the first enthusiasm of independence on both sides, gave way to secret thoughts of reconciliation. An opportunity alone was wanting to bring this about, although it appeared to each of them a work of almost insuperable difficulty. But, as the stormy weather in which Charles so lately delighted had entirely changed, his walks by the sea-side by degrees gave him different impressions. The waves, instead of being violently agitated, now broke gently on the sandy beach, or beat with a pleasing murmur against the base of his favorite rock, and the moon,

moon, no longer veiled by dark and heavy clouds, shed a silver light over the wide sea. Returning from one of his rambles on such an evening, Charles met Seabold, who had been walking on the cliffs, and who holding out his hand, exclaimed, "By G—, Charles, I thought you had been lost; and, indeed, I do suppose you have just come from the bottom of the sea, or we should not have been so long without a visit from you. I'll be bound that my girl is longing to see you, although, indeed, she says nothing, for she has not been very well for some time past." Charles answered, that he would do himself the pleasure of waiting on him next day.—"Do yourself the pleasure! and wait upon me!" replied Seabold; "I do suppose these are some fine London expressions that you have caught of your friend Mr. Brown—he is a mighty fine spoken gentleman to be sure, but I would not give such an honest fellow as you used to be, for a dozen of him. As for waiting on me, you never did that yet in my house; and as to coming to morrow, that you are welcome to do to be sure, but you shall go

go with me to night too or I am much mistaken." So saying, he took hold of his arm, and as Charles made no very violent resistance, they soon came to the path which led to Seabold's house. On their arrival, they were both much grieved to find that Mary Ann had retired to her chamber unwell; but Seabold sending word that Charles had come to sup with them, she shortly afterward made her appearance. The young man took her by the hand, and expressed his sorrow at her illness, at first with some confusion, which her downcast eyes clearly shewed was mutual, but latterly in so affectionate a tone, that her heart almost at once resumed its former composure. But what necessity is there to describe the looks, the kind attentions, the simple expressions, the very accents which by degrees banished for the present all traces of mistrust, and restored their former confidence in each other? At length the hour of departure arrived; Seabold went to the door to admire the moonlight night, and in that short moment Charles advanced toward Mary Ann —"forgive me," said he, at the same moment

ment throwing his arms round her, and pressing her cheek to his—Oh, happy moment! oh, pure and delicious pleasure! when two young persons estranged for the first time by a momentary jealousy, become reconciled, and give the kiss of peace. All the anxious cares, all the doubts, the jealousies, the suspicions which had so long distracted their bosoms, were swept away by the torrent of delight arising from this transient but delicious embrace. Oh, how clear shone the moon!—how bright the stars!—how soft was the air!—how gently broke the waves upon the shore! when they came out together hand in hand to the platform before the house. Seabold inwardly rejoicing at beholding them so friendly, insisted upon Charles stopping a little longer to enjoy the clear evening in the open air—and it was not till a late hour that the young man took his departure.

Thus then it would seem as if the endeavors of James Brown had not only failed of success for the present, but had even tended to rivet their affections still closer; especially as being no longer able with any decency to protract

protract his stay, he was shortly afterward obliged to return to the metropolis. His separation with Mr. Ellis and his son was as usual, fawningly politeon his part, and sufficiently cool on theirs; but hopes were expressed both by Mr. Ellis and Brown that they should all meet in London before another year had passed. His absence did not fail, however, to make a considerable blank to Mr. Ellis, notwithstanding the unconquerable suspicions that he could not help entertaining of him, and Charles after the first few days did not find that relief from his departure that he had expected. To say the truth, his fickle disposition began now to shew itself, as well as the effects of some doctrines which he had imbibed or strengthened in London, but which the first warmth of his love had stifled for a time. He had there acquired the idea that women were of a very inferior nature to men, useful to be sure as wives and mothers, but unworthy of confidence, vain, and capricious. It is true, his own experience had as yet shewn him nothing of this:—he respected the memory of his mother with truly filial affection—

affection—he felt toward Ann Williamson as to a sister—and in Mary Ann, so far from discovering any thing to despise, he had always felt compelled to treat her with a secret respect, independently of his love. But his ardent imagination did not permit him long to enjoy the reality of pleasure. He grew tired of what he held immediately in his possession—and every fresh proof that he received of Mary Ann's sincere affection for him, did not completely set his mind at rest excepting for the moment. He affected, in a manner, to be jealous when he had not the smallest occasion for it; and assumed an over delicacy with regard to her conduct, whilst he was by no means so strict as to his own: nay, her unvarying affection began to make him fastidious—which, added to the theories he had adopted respecting women, tended to render him by degrees somewhat haughtier in his behavior, and more exalted in his opinion of himself. With such sentiments, even love itself began to pall. He felt ashamed, at times, of having formerly shed bitter tears, and uttered deep sighs, and passed sleepless nights on ac-

count of a young woman whose heart he now clearly saw was all his own. He never reflected, indeed he did not know, that she had secretly shed tear for tear, and uttered sigh for sigh. "I will still love Mary Ann," thought he to himself, "I will love her as long as I live, but never more shall jealousy make me so weak as to shed a single tear."

Whilst he was in this frame of mind, his behaviour, of course, altered considerably, and a certain degree of coldness again took place between Mary Ann and himself. This they were both far from discouraging, the last moment of reconciliation having been so sweet, they imagined whenever they became friends again, that they would once more experience the same transports. At length the moment arrived, Charles once more seized her hand, again clasped her to his bosom, again pressed her cheek to his; but, alas! how different were his sensations from what he had expected! Before, the doubt, the uncertainty of forgiveness, the novelty of the situation, had all contributed to heighten the pleasure of reconciliation—but now, every thing had been

been done by rule—there had been no doubts, no uncertainty, no novelty—but, on the contrary, a certain expectation of pleasure: the consequence was disappointment. These two young people then discovered, for the first time, that in love, as in every thing else, it is not allowed to human nature to say, "At such a time, and with such preparations, I will be happy;" that, especially in the finer feelings, our pleasures must arise spontaneously, and cannot, will not be forced—and that it is only from experiencing chilling fears, and doubts, and deep anxieties, that we can receive the full force of restored confidence, of kind affections and thrilling transports.—These, however, were after sensations—the first mournful impression on the mind of each was, that their affection to each other had decreased, else, how was it possible that such different feelings should arise from similar causes? Under this persuasion, Mary Ann soon became melancholy—and Charles, for the first time, felt impatient at the idea of passing all his life in his native valley. The thoughts of a cottage, and the company of

his beloved, shortly ceased to give him any pleasure, and he even secretly congratulated himself that he had never written or said any thing to her, that, strictly speaking, could be considered as binding upon him. He was conscious, indeed, that all his words and actions for many months gave Mary Ann a claim upon him—but notwithstanding their mutual affection, he had never yet pronounced to her the simple words "I love you."—This may appear strange to those who are deeply versed in books of love-letters, and love speeches, where Corydon breathes out his vows of eternal constancy to Amanda beneath the hawthorn shade, and writes tender and tedious epistles, beginning with "Most adorable of Women," and ending with "Your devoted admirer till death." But so was the fact—and though love had taken more complete possession of him, than his proud heart was even yet aware of, it had never prompted a declaration of his passion.

Here, methinks, my female readers exclaim with one voice, "How then is it possible that Mary Ann could be so imprudent as to fix

Berkeley's death, Mrs. Ellis became a mother, to the no small joy of Charles, but to the still greater joy of old Seabold, who could no longer bear to be an hour absent from his daughter. Both to Mr. Williamson and Captain Seabold, Charles always shews a filial respect; nor has he been unmindful of his departed friend, for whose loss he still at times is plunged into a profound melancholy. A neat monument, of grey marble, stands in the church porch, erected by his orders to the memory of Edward Williamson. A small tablet simply records his birth, his unblemished life, his noble actions, and his early fall. Every Sunday, on entering, or leaving the church, Charles takes off his hat in passing this monument. It is true, it is an empty urn, and contains no hallowed dust; yet to those who knew the young man, the sight of it inspires a virtuous melancholy, and often a regret, that so brave an Englishman should be buried far from his native valley.

FINIS.

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