

Rosa, or American Genius and Education (Anonymous, 1810)

Text prepared by Duncan Faherty (Queens College and the CUNY Graduate Center) and Ed White (Tulane University).

Though published in New York by Isaac Riley, the anonymous 1810 novel *Rosa* almost certainly emerged from the Baltimore literary scene. Baltimore had experienced dramatic growth in the preceding two decades. Its population in 1790 was just over 13,000, ten years later it had doubled to just over 26,000, and by 1810 it had almost doubled again to just over 46,000. By 1810 it was one of the three or four most important commercial cities in the United States. Yet with cultural and banking institutions centered in Philadelphia and New York, Baltimore did not rise to great prominence in publishing. Newspapers had boomed, certainly: in 1790 the city had two newspapers, in 1800 four, and during 1810 about seven newspapers appeared in the city. But many of these papers struggled to survive--the *Baltimore Recorder* apparently lasted for just one issue, while the *Baltimore Scourge* lasted just a few months--with literary magazines faring little better. The decade from 1800-1810 saw roughly ten periodicals published from the city, most of them with a focus on literary culture, but few survived for more than a year. 1807 alone saw the failure of the *Observer*, *Spectacles*, the *Moonshine*, and the *Baltimore Magazine*, and the major success of the decade--*The Companion and Weekly Miscellany*--did not last a full three years. This uneven development may explain why a novel focused on Maryland and dedicated to the wife of a Maryland political figure would appear in New York's more thriving literary scene.

Like many other early US novels, *Rosa* serves up satire after satire, much of it focused on literary culture broadly understood: from essay-writing, novel production, wordplay, political essays,

reading habits, and salon-produced poetry to legal language, newspaper writing, coffee-house discourse, fashion norms, and criticism. Mr. Derwent and his protege Richard clearly aspire to a refined and cautious version of literary culture, perhaps best expressed by Mr. Derwent's admonition that any essay should be set aside for a decade to determine if it warrants publication. Mrs. Charmion is an active participant as well, at the same salon gatherings as Derwent and a regular and careful reader, devoting hours to literature each night before sleep. The novel's subtitle promises a focus on education, and at one point in Chapter 2 we're told that the most important mode of education is domestic, that of parents giving their children a moral education. But the novel's details suggest otherwise--most of the cultural education occurs through non-parental institutions, and the plot is constructed in such a way as to thwart parental significance or, as with the surprise ending, to demonstrate parental failures. Indeed, *Rosa* is a noticeable exception to the commonplace trope in early US fiction of privileging nature over nurture; within this text social and ethical values are learned behaviors and have no inherent connection to heredity. That shift from the traditional family unit to different forms of mentoring, mostly same-sex alternatives to mother-father child-rearing, signals one of *Rosa's* major departures from earlier US works.

The Maryland locale also means that the novel has a very different and overtly discernible focus on race than many of its northern counterparts. The most striking illustration of this is the Sol subplot which begins in Chapter 4 and looms ever larger, undermining forms of racist thinking here associated with Europe while taking a much more expansive view of the western hemisphere in imagining an Incan warrior drawn to the American Revolution. The novel's surprise conclusion reaffirms this view, which must have been particularly powerful when it was reprinted, by M. Carey and Sons, in 1836--after the Jackson Administration's 1830 Indian Removal Act and the 1830s' forced

removal of southeastern Indians associated today with the Trail of Tears. At the same time, the novel assumes a society in which the enslaved are omnipresent, and in which, for instance, the divergent legal status of Mrs. Charmion's servants conforms to racial categories: her chambermaid, white, can give testimony, while most of the other servants are enslaved and thus have no such legal authority. *Rosa's* author also notes, in Chapter 3, the journalistic tendency to sensationalize events with racial references--combining, in one instance, the terms "fire," "g," "constable," and "negro." Political controversy about slavery's persistence and expansion had increased tremendously with the Louisiana Purchase just a few years earlier, and was increasingly politicized in the years leading up to the War of 1812, with the Democratic Party more or less electorally dominated by pro-slavery forces, while New England, surveyed in Chapter 5 essentially became the last preserve of Federalism. This growing regional split corresponded to the growing tensions between Napoleonic France and Great Britain, which would culminate in the various Wars of 1812--the US war against Britain, and the massive Continental war that ended in Napoleon's defeat. The novel registers this split with repeated contrasts between French and English cultures, especially in chapters 1 and 5. This context may help explain Mr. Derwent's warning to Mrs. Charmion, that "*he will treat you with respect when you treat him with contempt*"--a seemingly odd maxim in a novel about "American Genius" or education. In *Rosa's* universe, however, differentiation from the boorish, the enslaved, and the European all seems entangled with contempt and respect in ways different from decades before.

Suggestions for further reading: While *Rosa; or American Genius* is cataloged in both Oscar Weglin's groundbreaking bibliographic compendium *Early American Fiction, 1774-1830* (1913) and Lyle Wright's slightly more robust compilation *American Fiction, 1774-1850: A Contribution Toward a Bibliography* (The Huntington Library, 1969), neither index registers any

information beyond publication details. Perhaps the earliest critical engagement with the novel appears in Henri Petter's *The Early American Novel* (Ohio State University Press, 1971), in which Petter suggests that *Rosa* "rather recklessly employed a mixture of fictional elements" even as it "is above all concerned with aspects of education" (74-75). Declaring the overall plot "implausible," Petter concludes that the novel "is structurally very awkward," perhaps because "the author" was "trying to counterbalance the essential seriousness, if not solemnity, of his concern over the American practice of education" (76). In an essay entitled "Trends and Patterns in the US Novel, 1800-1820," Ed White offers the most detailed consideration of *Rosa* by positioning it as among a handful of important early American novels published around 1810; see *The Oxford History of The Novel in English: The American Novel to 1870* (Oxford University Press, 2014). Tracing how the novel evaluates the merits of various systems of education, White suggests that in *Rosa* "education, then, is less about giving positive content to a subject than to giving a strictly formal and well-armed coherence to that subjectivity;" in short, "what emerges then is a dialectic between genius (one's potential merit) and education (one's sociality)" (85). White concludes by observing that while *Rosa* asserts "a kind of abstract equality," it counters this vision with "an unrelentingly condescending and negative view of most ordinary citizens, including many members of urban high society, newsmongers, local law and court officials, clergymen, young people, litigants and lawyers, and partisans and orators" (86).

In a suggestive (but far from exhaustive) "Chronology" which appears in *The Cambridge Companion to American Gay and Lesbian Literature* (Cambridge University Press, 2015), *Rosa* appears as the third earliest text plotted on this timeline. The novel certainly has what we might call pronounced queer undertones; yet, as many scholars of gender and sexuality have argued it is difficult to evaluate presexological cultural artifacts

(objects produced before sexuality became clinically calcified by scientific terminology) using the language provided by what Michel Foucault famously termed the *scientia sexualis* (the science of sexuality marked by an impulse to categorize and define) which emerged later in the 19C. In the introduction to his recent anthology *The Man Who Thought Himself a Woman and Other Queer Nineteenth-Century Short Stories* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2017), Christopher Looby argues that “in nineteenth-century America the categories of sexual identity and erotic practice were much less crisply defined than they later became,” which makes classifying earlier texts “on the basis of rigid criteria from later eras” both “unduly restrictive and historically incorrect” (x). Looby continues by noting that “a crucial aspect of the modern sexual system that was consolidated in the nineteenth century was its reduction of sexual expression to a limited repertoire of genitally centered acts and sensations: everything outside of this repertoire was not sex. That reduction has come to seem quite strange and deformative in retrospect” (xi). The desires, affiliations, connections, affectations, intimacies, and interdependencies portrayed in *Rosa* do not inevitably correspond with this limited repertoire so often deployed anachronistically since they emerged in the later 19C; as such, it is important to recall that *Rosa*’s ambiguous and elusive portrayals of relationships were produced prior to the creation of these restrictive categorizations, and demonstrate a debt to 18C discussions, as, for instance, in the allusion to Charles Churchill’s “The Times,” a 1764 British poem characterizing differing sexualities (see note 74), or in the references to different types of British social clubs (see note 106). While there has been (as of yet) no critical attention afforded *Rosa*’s fluid, ambiguous, complex, and perhaps coded considerations of sex, gender, and identity, we recommend the following work to further explore these issues: Michael Warner, “Irving’s Posterity,” *ELH* 67.3 (2000), 773-799; Christopher Looby, “The Literariness of Sexuality: Or, How to

Do the (Literary) History of (American) Sexuality,” *American Literary History* 25.4 (2013), 841-854; Peter Coviello, *Tomorrow’s Parties: Sex and the Untimely in Nineteenth-Century America* (NYU Press, 2013); Travis Foster, “Nineteenth-Century Queer Literature,” in *The Cambridge Companion to American Gay and Lesbian Literature* (Cambridge University Press, 2015), 89-102; and the essays contained in the collection *Long Before Stonewall: Histories of Same-Sex Sexuality in Early America* (NYU Press, 2007) edited by Thomas A. Foster.

ROSA;

OR,

AMERICAN GENIUS

AND

EDUCATION.

NEW-YORK.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By Isaac Riley.

1810.

TO MRS. ROBERT SMITH.¹

MADAM,

I dedicate the following pages to you from a sentiment of esteem for your character, respect for which I have imbibed from the well known reputation of your domestic virtues and uniformly amiable disposition. Although I am fully convinced that neither the motive for this dedication, nor the patronage of your good opinion, can preserve the work from the dangers of popular and literary criticism, it is a consolation to reflect, that whatever may be its fate, neither contempt nor success can detract from the sincerity with which, by your permission, I subscribe myself

*Your obedient humble
servant,*

THE AUTHOR.

¹ Mrs. Robert Smith, Margaret Smith, wife of the then-Secretary of State in the Madison administration.

CHAPTER I.

“THESE are sweet nosegays, madam,” said a little girl of about ten years of age to a lady in a coach, whose horses had been stopped by the driver to repair a breach in the traces.² The lady had ordered the footman in attendance to open the coach door, that she might have ocular proof there was no danger from the fracture of the harness, “Will you not buy?” asked the child, in a persuasive tone, whilst a winning smile played about her lips; “they were gathered by my mother with her own hands, and indeed I tied them with white tape myself: the pinks are beautiful; and see! the roses, they are fresh: will you buy a nosegay?”

“Who is your mother, my dear?” said the lady.

“She is an old, and very poor woman, madam. I have also a sister and brother at home.”

“And have you no father, my child?” inquired the lady.

“O yes! madam. My father was an old officer in the army. He is very sickly; but he works now and then in the garden; and in rainy weather he teaches my sister, my brother, and myself, to read—we read lessons every evening.”

“Really! and whereabout is your home?”

“It is not a great way off, madam: you may see our house from this very spot: look! don’t you see that chimney yonder, where the smoke comes from behind a poplar tree?”

“I do, my dear,” replied the lady: “and I will purchase three of your nosegays. How do you sell them?”

“A penny a piece, madam.”

“There is a five-penny piece for you, my child; and I wish you a speedy sale for the remainder. You need not mind the change.”

By this time the coachman had repaired the damage

² *Nosegays*: small bouquets; *traces*: ropes or leather straps attaching an animal’s harness to a carriage’s crossbar. Definitions in this and subsequent notes are drawn from the Oxford English Dictionary.

which the traces had sustained, and had remounted his box. The footman had closed the door, and was about to take his station in the rear of the carriage, when his mistress called to him to run after the girl and ask her name. He performed the service in a few seconds, and returning, told her that the child called herself Rosa.

“Rosa;” repeated she, and gently reclined herself against the velvet lining of her carriage. The driver, with a flourish and a crack of his whip, put his horses in brisk motion.—

Mrs. Dorinda Charmion was a woman of about fifty years of age, and was still an agreeable object of attraction in the gay world, the pleasures of which she rationally enjoyed without being their slave. Her person was majestic, her complexion was fair and florid, her hair black, her eyes of a similar colour and peculiarly penetrating, having at the same time a soft melancholy expression in them; and they were almost sure to captivate those who frequently came within their gaze: her lips were pleasingly red, and her teeth were very white. All these beauties of person had made considerable havock among the other sex in her youth, and it was not extraordinary that they still maintained a strong influence over the hearts of men. Her mental perfections were also admirable; she was sensible, discreet, and benevolent. Nature had, indeed, done for her more than education. Her mind was naturally acute and discriminating, but she had not enjoyed perfectly the benefit of a school: in a great degree she was self-taught; yet, experience drawn from her intercourse with the world, and close observation of the rules of society, had improved her into an accomplished lady, and furnished her with a stock of ideas whence she drew the maxims of her life. These maxims were to her a more certain guide than all the theoretical catechisms which moping and recluse moralists have penned for the regulation of human conduct. It was Mrs. Charmion to whom Rosa had sold three nosegays.

But notwithstanding that this lady, at the age of fifty, possessed the graces of person and the accomplishments of

mind, which, in the estimation of men of sense, can alone make a woman amiable, in her earlier days her bosom had been torn by desires and passions, which, after a conflict of twenty years, she had scarcely been able to conquer. Time, however, which yields the only balm for corroding grief and wasting melancholy, had eventually soothed the sorrows of her heart, and given to her mind that philosophical equability, which is the essence of happiness. The pleasing and animated countenance of the child, the innocent and bewitching dimples which accompanied her smiles when she offered her flowers for sale, had sensibly affected the feelings of Mrs. Charmion, and the excitement was not at all lessened when she learnt that the girl's name was Rosa; a name which at once combines the image of simplicity and that of elegance.

There are moments when we are more strongly under the influence of sympathy between recollections of former objects and those which are present to us, than we are at other times. When the mind is contemplative, enlarging the horizon of its view to the whole scene of mortal existence, our vanity and our pride suffer a salutary abrasion,³ and our thoughts are mellowed into the happy temperament of resignation to the circumstances which surround us. Such an intellectual disposition attunes the temper of our nature to the finest feelings of which it is susceptible, and is peculiarly propitious to the sentiment of humanity. Mrs. Charmion had been musing in her coach for half an hour before the traces broke; the accident merely served to give a higher degree of sensibility to her thoughts, which at that instant were bent upon the frailty of human life. As the footman opened the door, Rosa presented herself with a basket of nosegays, dressed in a neat white short gown and a petticoat of green durant⁴, a straw hat, encircled with a green riband which secured

³ *Salutary abrasion*: a healthy wearing away.

⁴ *Durant*: a type of fabric of carefully prepared wool (worsted).

a budding rose by way of ornament, black shoes, with stockings of undyed cotton, remarkable only for several darns, which bespoke more of industry than of affluence in her parents.⁵ Her whole appearance was extremely engaging. A thousand tender ideas rushed hastily through the mind of Mrs. Charmion; for she had been a mother, and had once entertained fond and sanguine hopes of rearing a blooming and a happy offspring.

This lady resided in the vicinity of Baltimore,⁶ at one of those numerous and delightful country seats which surround and adorn that flourishing city. The place was a gift from her father, who had amassed an immense fortune, and died clear of debt, and in the full and lawful possession of his riches. When Rosa presented herself to Mrs. Charmion, that lady was on her way from her villa to the city, intending to make a few morning visits, to purchase some articles from the shops, and to return home before the hour of dinner. In the circle of her acquaintances there was a gentleman who was known by the name of Derwent. He was reputed a bachelor, turned of fifty years of age, tall, well shaped, and of a grave aspect. Mr. Derwent was a person that was generally well received wherever he went, for he knew the valuable art of rendering himself acceptable without being frivolous; and of mixing in familiar conversation without the alloy of vulgarity. He usually enjoyed the confidence of those with whom he associated, and although some portion of the history of his life was mysteriously veiled from their knowledge, yet he passed among them, and in the world at large, for a man of virtue and a worthy member of society.

Mr. Derwent, notwithstanding he was a bachelor, kept a well furnished house and a coach. He was known to be generous to merit, and liberal in the entertainment of his friends.

As Mrs. Charmion was discussing within herself which of

⁵ *Darns*: visible mendings.

⁶ *Baltimore*: see introduction.

her city acquaintances she should visit first, her fancy suggested to her the idea of rallying the old bachelor by stopping at his door, and presenting him, by the hand of her footman, with one of the three nosegays which she had purchased from Rosa. There was something so innocently mischievous in the notion of this little piece of gallant pleasantry, that she resolved to put it in execution. Accordingly, having driven into the city, to the quarter where his dwelling was situated, she stopped before the door, and ordered the servant to convey, with her compliments, a nosegay to Mr. Derwent. The footman having obeyed her commands, came to the carriage door and told her the gentleman was surrounded with company; in the next instant, Mr. Derwent himself appeared before Mrs. Charmion, and respectfully bowed. He thanked her in polite terms for her present, whilst an arch⁷ smile, which dwelt for a moment upon his lips, informed her that the *bachelor* felt the full force of her gentle raillery: at the same time he invited her to step from her coach into the house for a few minutes, where, he told her, she would find several of her acquaintances of both sexes. With an air of well regulated gaiety she accepted his invitation, and proceeding to the parlour found a group of at least a dozen of her friends, who were rejoiced to see her, and who all pressed her to pay them a visit. Without giving either of them a decided promise, but returning their salutations with a cordiality equal to their own, her attention was attracted to a very handsome youth of about fifteen years of age, who stood by an empty chair, in a very graceful posture, with a manuscript paper in his hand, as if in the act of reading. Mr. Derwent having urged all the company to be seated, took possession of a vacant chair, and informed Mrs. Charmion that at the moment she arrived, he had been entertaining his friends with a short literary production by a young friend of his. “And my dear Richard,” said he, turning to the boy, “as you have not proceeded very far in the

⁷ *Arch*: pleasantly mischievous.

reading of it, you will oblige me by beginning it again, so that our friend Mrs. Charmion may have the entire benefit of the whole composition.” Richard gently curved himself, in token of willing assent, and resuming his posture, he read aloud, in an agreeable tone, and with a well judged emphasis, the following production:

“A DESCRIPTION OF THE GOSSIP.⁸

“AMONG all the animals that naturalists have described, I have never seen, either in hieroglyphics or in alphabetical writing, the delineation of a *Gossip*. This omission is somewhat remarkable too; because, as far as my knowledge extends, the gossip is a native of most civilized countries of the globe, and neither the Count de Buffon,⁹ nor any other writer upon animated nature, could have overlooked it without incurring the imputation of negligence. As I have frequently met with this creature in my jaunts through the United States, (for I will not call myself a traveller,) I am resolved to furnish a general outline of the animal for the benefit of society; and when our patriotic booksellers (who seem to have got the whole trade of literature into their hands) publish another edition of Buffon, or of Goldsmith’s Collections,¹⁰ I hope they will improve the work

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⁸ What follows is a type of exaggerated, satirical portrait of a type common in the 17C and 18C, and often called a “character.”

⁹ *Count de Buffon*: a well-known 18C French naturalist and philosopher, notoriously known for his writings (criticized by Thomas Jefferson) about the inferiority of western hemispheric flora and fauna, with some attention to Native Americans.

¹⁰ *Goldsmith’s Collections*: the popular English-language version of *Les Décrets, Ordonnances, Traités de Paix, Manifestes, Proclamations, Discours, &c. &c. de Napoleon Bonaparte...* (London, 1810-11), the collection of decrees, ordinances, peace treaties, manifestos, proclamations, and discourses of Napoleon Bonaparte, prepared by Lewis Goldsmith. Goldsmith had made a career of publishing gossip books about the

with the addition of the gossip. This can be the more easily effected, inasmuch as there need be no extraordinary expense incurred in procuring an engraving of its figure, for any likeness of a thing that walks upon two legs will answer the purpose, with a little variation of the mouth, which is sometimes peculiar in this animal; but the peculiarity is not always emphatically marked.

“The gossip is a biped, various in stature and bulk, with a human face, which is sometimes beautiful and sometimes ugly. The peculiarity of mouth already spoken of, is a certain elasticity of the lips, which are alternately pursed up and protruded by wind; and, generally, the quickness or slowness of these evolutions of the lips denotes the perfection or imperfection of the creature. It will save a tedious description briefly to remark, that the gossip is commonly allowed to be of the human species, and on that account is tolerated; and, when well dressed, is even admitted into decent and fashionable circles of society.

“The most prominent characteristic of this animal, is the unwearied pains which it takes to repeat to almost every person it sees almost every thing it hears; and when it cannot get an opportunity to disburthen itself of a secret or of a scandalous story, its lips are extremely agitated with that singular motion of which I have previously spoken. The female will ride or walk about for a whole day among its acquaintances, in order to propagate a little tale which she has heard against a neighbour or a stranger newly arrived in town. The joy which she manifests in venting the circumstances of the case is a never failing indication that she is a true gossip. Some of them, however, as they grow old grow cunning, and will endeavour to conceal their satisfaction at the opportunity of relating what they have heard, by interlarding their narrative with a few qualifications, such as that “*he is a smart fellow, and if*”—“*she formerly was a fine virtuous girl,*

Bonapartes, most notably *Memoirs of the Court of St. Cloud* and *The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte*.

but”—“*I can hardly believe the story myself, yet my authority is of the best kind*”—always, as Pope says, taking care to wound the reputation of their victim, by “damning with faint praise.”¹¹ It is very dangerous for the female to suppress the relation of any diverting scandal she has heard, for in that case there is fear of her bursting outright. Gossip Gabble was taken very ill one day when all the family was absent except the servants, who became very much alarmed, and hastened for old Doctor Earwig, who, on his arrival, was apprehensive she was affected with a tympany;¹² but after sitting a while, and inquiring into the state of her complaint, he could not find that his conjecture was right. He would have returned home immediately for a few restorative drops, but she insisted on his tarrying, and began directly to tell him a long story of a courtship which had been broken off, as it was supposed with very peculiar symptoms. On the conclusion of her narrative, she was perfectly restored to health, and her countenance brightened with a beam of satisfaction. The effect of this disposition in the female is generally ludicrous, but sometimes serious. A few motherly old ladies, by her means, are occasionally kept in the pouts with each other for the whole year round; maidens are induced to quarrel with their lovers; and, now and then, a match that would produce the happiness of the parties is broken off.

“The male gossip proceeds in the same manner as the female, but is infinitely more mischievous and disgusting. The female, in common, circulates her stories over a dish of tea, or in the drawing-room; but the male, roaming about, accosts every acquaintance he meets in a sort of half-whisper, much to his purport: “*Have you heard that Mr.*”—or, “*have you understood that Mrs.*”—“*Good heavens! it is very distressing; but don't mention a word of for*

¹¹ Alexander Pope's 1734 poem "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" includes the line "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer."

¹² *Earwig*: a person who worms him- or herself into someone's favor; *tympany*: a type of diseased swelling.

the world.” Sometimes he dilates over the bottle, breeding heart-burnings, squabbles, and deadly quarrels. Duels are unfrequently the consequence of these propensities in the male; whence the reader may learn that the gossip, both male and female, but more particularly the male, is an unpleasant, and often a dangerous companion.”

“Well done, Richard,” said Mr. Derwent, as the youth concluded his literary performance; “I really think we must have your piece published in the newspapers.”

“O fie! Mr. Derwent,” exclaimed one of the ladies present;

“you would not put it in the gazette, would you?”

“Why, indeed, madam,” answered Mr. Derwent, “I think it would have a very good effect: there is a satirical vein in the production which may have a tendency to check certain mischievous tattlers; and, therefore, I am for publishing it in one of our public prints.”

“A precious resolution, verily,” cried a gay gentleman, who was an attendant upon one of the ladies. “What! post it in one of the scandalous chronicles of these days? Dear Mr. Derwent, don’t think of it. Why, sir, there is nothing but slander can find its way into our newspapers at present—mere scurrility.¹³ We meet in them none of the touches of Addison, Steele, or Johnson;¹⁴ they contain nothing but what is low and grovelling.”

“I confess,” said Mr. Derwent, “that our gazettes are not conducted with that taste, ability, and decorum, which I should be pleased to see prevail; but this is chiefly because public patronage is not liberal enough to render it an object for men of talents to undertake the management of them, and from the facility with which almost every man of sufficient impudence can become the editor of a journal of news and politics in this country. Yet let us

recollect, that if the invectives, with which our newspapers abound, be too coarse and disgusting for persons of refined understandings, the vices of these times are more deeply rooted, bold, and detestable, than formerly; and require to be cut up with a sharp instrument and a strong hand. The gentle rebukes and delicate ridicule of Addison and those of his day, if our writers *could* imitate them, might, indeed, be admired, but would scarcely be heeded.”

Mrs. Charmion put an end to the controversy, by remarking that she had once heard her father say, it was a good rule for an author to lock up his manuscript for ten years; after which, if, on reading it, he still approved of the piece, he might with safety venture to publish it. This course she recommended to Richard. “But I suspect, Mr. Derwent,” said she, “that this is one of your own productions, and that the reading of it by that youth as his performance, is a little stratagem you have contrived in order to extort our real opinions of your literary merits. Come among friends there should be no reserve; be candid, and confess.”

“Upon my word, madam,” said Mr. Derwent, “it is the production of Richard himself.”

The boy blushed; and respectfully requested leave to retire. Mr. Derwent nodded his permission; and Richard, bowing to the ladies and gentlemen, left the room.

“The manuscript,” observed Mr. Derwent, “I will preserve in my *escritoir*,¹⁵ according to the advice of my counsellor, Mrs. Charmion.”

“I am glad to find,” she replied with a smile, “if I have no influence with the *literati* themselves, that I have some weight with one of their *patrons*.”

“*Parents!* did you say?” cried one of the ladies, purposely mistaking the word. “Why, dear me, Mr. Derwent, I thought you

¹³ *Scurrility*: coarseness or indecency of language.

¹⁴ *Addison*...: Joseph Addison (1672-1719), Richard Steele (1672-1729), and Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) were all prominent prose stylists, essayists, and critics in British letters.

¹⁵ *Escritoir*: a writing desk (French).

had no son?"

"The boy is no son of mine, madam, I assure you," answered Mr. Derwent. "His history is short, but interesting. However, you will excuse me from reciting it at present."

"A relation, then, perhaps, sir?"

"No, madam."

Mr. Derwent had perceived from the first, the curiosity of his visitor, and the cunning of her pretending not to understand the word "*patrons*." To retaliate, he provoked her inquisitive disposition without gratifying it.

"Who *can* the boy be?" was the question which every present, except Mr. Derwent, internally asked. But, as he had manifested rather an unwillingness to explain, politeness influenced the company to forbear pressing the inquiry farther.

Mrs. Charmion arose to depart, intending to purchase what articles she wanted, drop in at a few places, and return to her villa. She was, however, so importuned by several of the persons present to stay in the city and dine, that she at length consented; giving the preference to Mr. and Mrs. Roaster, who had on that day a dinner party at their house. Mr. Derwent declined being one of the number, pleading a previous engagement. The company then separated.

Mr. and Mrs. Roaster were a happy pair; of moderate worldly circumstances, and neither of them very fond of fashionable life. They, however, mixed frequently with the modish part of society, more to divert themselves with the eccentricities which variety of communion affords, than to indulge any appetency¹⁶ for show or extravagance. Mr. Roaster, in particular, was of an arch and sarcastic turn, being greatly delighted whenever he had an opportunity of ridiculing whatever partook of affectation or appeared the least unnatural: but his observations were always more sprightly than harsh, and more calculated to mend the heart

¹⁶ *Appetency*: appetite.

than to wound it.

The tour of Mrs. Charmion among the dry-goods shops was not tedious to her. In such a city as Baltimore, where the spirit of legitimate enterprise is intermingled with the most amiable manners; where good old Irish¹⁸ hospitality is agreeably qualified by a salutary mixture of Scottish discretion and American vehemence; it is peculiarly amusing to a person habitually contemplative and reflecting, to observe the busy and polite attentions of the young gentlemen who attend in the stores. Obliging and complaisant, these youth advance their own reputations as well as the interests of their principals, and diffuse to all around them pleasurable sensations. The seller is pleased with the profit; and the buyer is pleased that he has been treated with delicacy and decorum.

According to etiquette, the company assembled for dinner a short time before the appointed hour; and the conversation, for the interval, took a turn upon *what literary productions had lately issued from the press?*

"Nothing," said Mr. Ruremonde, "upon agricultural topics."

"Nothing," cried a bewitching young lady, "in the way of romance."

And, "nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Ecclesiasticus Ecstasy, "on that delightful, that enchanting passion, love."

"Of course," Mr. Roaster drily remarked, "there has been lately no new edition of that sweet and interesting ditty, 'Clep'd Cruel Barbara Allen.'"¹⁹

¹⁷ *Dry-goods*: typically referring to clothing or home-use fabrics.

¹⁸ *Irish hospitality*: Baltimore was an important early center for Irish immigration, due in part to Maryland's status as a Catholic colony.

¹⁹ "*Cruel Barbara Allen*": a well-known, originally Scottish, folk ballad, also known as "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night," and frequently referenced in 18C literature; ethnomusicologists have described it as the best known and most widely circulated folk song of the British Isles.

“Ah! my dear Mr. Roaster,” replied Ecstasy, “how can you trifle with the tender passion? You, who have so fine an understanding, so penetrating a genius, such profound sagacity, and are so extremely capable of enjoying the exquisite sensibilities of our nature!”

“Me, sir! Pardon me, Mr. Ecstasy,” said Mr. Roaster, “pardon me, I beseech you: No man enjoys more delicious pulsations of the heart than I do at the utterance of those captivating strains, which are the voice of the genius of love. And, to tell the truth, (for why should the truth be concealed,) I have often listened, Mr. Ecstasy, with singular delight and satisfaction, with amazing and overwhelming rapture, to *your* poetical productions, when you have enlisted your talents in the service of Cupid.”

“O fie! Mr. Roaster,” said Ecstasy.

“Fie, indeed,” answered Mr. Roaster; “now ladies and gentlemen, I will hold a wager, (although I deem betting to be a bad practice,) that my acquaintance, Mr. Ecclesiasticus Ecstasy, has in his pocket at this moment an Ode to the God of Love; or to Venus, his mother; or some poetical piece of that description.”

“O dear, Mr. Roaster,” said Ecstasy, with a sympathetic simper.

At that instant dinner was announced; and the company, without hesitation, repaired to the well covered board of their hospitable entertainer.

“I hope,” said Mrs. Charmion, as she seated herself at the table, “that we shall have a poetical effusion from Mr. Ecstasy, by way of dessert.”

Ecstasy, with a complacent smirk, bowed his head in token of willingness to oblige the acquaintances of Mr. Roaster.

Of all the modes which the imaginations of men have

conceived for combining sensual and intellectual gratifications, that of rational domestic dinner-parties, when the company is discreetly selected, and correspondent in their general affections, is, perhaps, the most excellent. In these there is commonly a mixture of women, whose presence controls the excesses, and whose influence softens that rudeness of manners, in which the other sex are prone to indulge. It is highly probable that the French owe the character which they enjoy, of being remarkably temperate, to the high rank which the ladies hold in their social circles, and to the absolute power which they exercise over opinion in matters of taste and recreation. The manners of the civilized Americans, speaking with exceptions, are English; and, agreeably to the custom of those islanders, the pleasures of the bottle *after* dinner have become too habitual among such citizens of the United States as aspire to any thing above mediocrity in life. This practice, so pernicious in its effects, (and which is checked by respect for the fair sex,) if it is ever eradicated, will owe its banishment to the magical attractions of female society. The empire of women is more potent than the compulsions of law, for the same reason that mankind are more easily led than they are driven; and as we at present owe our chief domestic enjoyments to the good qualities of that amiable sex, it is much to be hoped that the world will derive from the same source future moral improvements, which may make temperance more fashionable, and vice more obnoxious, than they are at present.²⁰

But whatever the prevailing custom may be, there was never exhibited at the entertainment of Mr. Roaster any thing like inebriety or indecorum. Good humour and a vein of delicate pleasantry were freely admitted; but the shafts of detraction were never launched at the victim of malice in his presence; and the

²⁰ *Temperance*: during this period, the term shifted in meaning from moderation in food and drink to total abstinence from alcohol. Anti-alcohol literature was increasingly common as *Rosa* appeared in print.

The joke here seems to concern the number of different editions that appeared in the 18C.

individual who might have raised his voice to calumniate an absent person, would never more have met a welcome within his doors.

The ladies withdrew from dinner at a seasonable opportunity, and the time was not long before they were followed by the gentlemen to the drawing-room, which Mr. Ecclesiastic Ecstasy had no sooner entered than he was solicited for an exhibition of his rhymes.

“Why, ladies and gentlemen,” said Ecstasy, with an affected smile of humility, “my friend Mr. Roaster is pleased very much to overrate the facility of my talents; for, although I do sometimes dip a little into poesy, to be sure; yet it can hardly be expected that I should always carry about with me a new piece; but, I protest, I believe Mr. Roaster has to-day had a ~~sy~~employed to watch my operations; for, would you believe it! happen in truth to have, on a leaf of my pocket-book, a sonnet on that delightful theme *Love*; and, since it appears to be agreeable to the company, I will do myself the honour of reading it.” Thus saying, Ecstasy drew forth his pocket-book, directed his eyes towards the ceiling as he unclasped the repository of his rhymes, knit his eye-brows with peculiar significance, then cast a look on the floor, gave a gentle, sighing *hem*, and having fixed his gaze emphatically upon the page whereon his sonnet was written, he read aloud as follows:

A SONNET ADDRESSED TO LOVE.

LOVE is a dove, of gentle nature;
A cooing, wooing, suing spirit,
A sweet and fascinating creature;
And doth our veneration merit.

Ah! could I chaunt in verse heroic,
My strains should pierce each heart so hardy;

I'd warm the breast of every stoic,
And set on flames the cold and tardy.

Ye powers above! ye friends of love!
Give to my brain more fire and fury;
Then, by great Jove! I'll onward move,
And shout love's praises—*I assure ye!*

For love shall reign triumphant o'er the land,
Guarded and honour'd, by the poet's heart, and head, and hand!²¹

“Excellent! *I assure ye!*” remarked Roaster, satirically repeating the expletive words of the last stanza. “You deserve, Mr. Ecstasy, to be crowned with myrtle.”²²

“If a sincere devotion to that sublime passion entitles me to any praise,” said Ecstasy, “I certainly merit some applause. Love! O, inappreciable spirit, which fills my soul with a precious fire of rapturous transport; which pours the balm of comfort into a mind wounded by the corroding stings of a cruel world; which smooths the rugged furrows of the field of life, and with some sweet object of our holy adoration, makes the cottage a palace, and the wilderness a pleasure garden!”

“It's all a figment and a vagary,” cried Mrs. Larkspur. “Give me money; and with that I can buy every worldly enjoyment that is worth possessing.”

“Gold!” sighed Ecstasy; “ah! madam, it is vile trash.” “You talk of love, Mr. Ecstasy,” said Mrs. Motherly. “It is with such rhapsodies that the hearts of our daughters are

²¹ This doggerel poem is in the Shakespearean sonnet form, constructed of three quatrains, which are four-line stanzas, and a final couplet all of which are composed in iambic pentameter.

²² Crowns of laurel or myrtle have been since the classical age understood as the highest honor bestowed on poets.

perverted; they are beguiled by such speeches as you have uttered; they are thus induced to run away with the first fine fellow they meet; get married at the first parsonage they find, and become poor and miserable through life. Love, indeed! sir. Without any malice toward you, Mr. Ecstasy, I wish all the love-writers were burnt; their ashes inurned, and buried in the island of Cyprus.”²³

“Cruel sentence!” exclaimed Ecstasy; “Mark Antony, ~~lover~~ a true philosopher. These times are wholly degenerate. ~~Paris~~ thou Trojan after my own heart, where art thou?”²⁴

“It is not,” said Mrs. Charmion, “from love alone that genuine connubial²⁵ felicity springs: It is of too passionate and volatile a nature to be durable and constant to a particular object. Beauty is the common nourishment of love, and beauty is perishable. There is a feeling more mild and mellow, and much more lasting. I would call it the *devotion of the heart*. Its basis is esteem, and the tenderest sympathy. It is permanent, because it is rational. It is pleasing because it sweetly interests the most amiable qualities of human nature. Those who are sensible of its emotions are happy, for they experience the true philosophy of life.”

By this just description of that cohesive affinity, which is the proper cement of virtuous minds, Mr. Ecclesiasticus Ecstasy was recalled from his apostrophe to Roman weakness and Trojan perfidy. The opinion of Mrs. Charmion was delivered with modest gravity, devoid of austerity. Ecstasy fixed his eyes upon her with a stare, which was not altogether consistent with

²³ *Cyprus*: the Mediterranean island was traditionally associated with Venus, Roman goddess of love.

²⁴ *Antony, Paris*: the references here, paraphrased two paragraphs later as “Roman weakness and Trojan perfidy,” are to Marc Antony, who in Shakespeare laments the decline from Roman masculinity to Egyptian effeminacy, and to Paris, whose abduction of Helen causes the Trojan War in Greek myth.

²⁵ *Connubial*: Of or pertaining to marriage.

respectful politeness; he, however, speedily withdrew them toward his pocket-book, which had all this time remained open in his hand. Claspng it, he returned it to his pocket, put on a contemplative air, and silently seated himself in a chair.

“You condemn, then, my dear, good Mrs. Charmion,” said Miss Laetitia Lively, “the fine love speeches which make so conspicuous a portion of most of our novels?”

“Certainly,” replied Mrs. Charmion; “and for this reason, Laetitia; they give a false colouring to life, and lead us to expect enjoyments which it is not possible to realize.”

“That is a very just observation, and worthy of Mrs. Charmion,” remarked Mr. Roaster. “But, what is the matter with my friend Mr. Ecstasy? He appears as mournful and melancholy as an exhausted volcano.”

“Truly, my spirits have evaporated, and I beg you would spare me Mr. Roaster,” answered Ecstasy. “We who soar to the sublimities of fancy, are subject, at every check we meet in our flights, to gloomy thoughts and sighs profound. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the acuteness of my sensibilities is to me, too frequently, the cause of the most excruciating intellectual tortures.”

As Ecstasy finished his exclamation, a pretty little white lap-dog, belonging to a neighbouring family, which had intruded into the room, and was curvetting²⁶ around the company, had entangled a paw in the garment of one of Mr. Roaster’s female guests, and was not enabled to disengage it until he effected it by an unlucky rent in the muslin. “Beast!” roared Ecstasy, as he beheld the incident; and, as he spoke, seizing a bamboo cane, he aimed so fierce a blow at the unconscious creature, that he broke one of its legs.

Mrs. Charmion gave him a look of reproach. The lady whose garment had been torn, forgot the circumstance in the

²⁶ *Curvetting*: frisking, usually with allusion to horses.

indulgence of her feelings of commiseration for the poor animal. Every one present appeared ready to chide the actor of this needless cruelty. Mr. Roaster, who was as deeply affected as the rest, but was unwilling that Ecstasy should be too much mortified, and at the same time determined to reprove him for the wanton act, gaily cried out, “*Ecce signum!*”²⁷ Behold the outward sign & inward grace.” Ecstasy felt all the force of this sarcastic allusion to his boasted sensibility, and sunk quiescently back upon his chair. In a few moments, however, he abruptly rose; protested he had forgotten a positive engagement; made his congé,²⁸ and retired. The company separated immediately afterwards. The coach of Mrs. Charmion being in waiting, she was politely handed into it by Mr. Roaster, and with the affectionate adieus of her host and hostess, and all their visitors, she was driven homewards.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a vernal²⁹ evening, and the sun was dipping the horizon as the wheels of Mrs. Charmion’s carriage rattled over the well paved streets of Baltimore toward her home. Her way lay along the margin of Jones’s Falls,³⁰ the murmuring of whose infantile cataracts invaded her ear with a soothing influence, similar to that of the harmonious sounds of the clarionet and the German flute.³¹ Habitually a moralizer, she retraced in her mind the incidents of the day with suitable reflections; but the idea

²⁷ *Ecce signum*: behold a sign, or behold a proof.

²⁸ *Congé*: formal leave.

²⁹ *Vernal*: occurring in spring.

³⁰ *Jones’s Falls*: a small waterway entering Baltimore from the north northwest.

³¹ *German flute*: a wooden flute blown from the side, akin to the modern metallic flute.

which fixed and occupied her thoughts the most, was that of Rosa. Without forming any decisive resolution, it occurred to her that she would see the child again; and whilst this notion was running in her head, she cast a glance through the carriage window toward the spot which had been pointed out to her as Rosa’s residence. She marked it well; and found that it was at no great distance from her own villa. “I will send for the girl to-morrow,” thought Mrs. Charmion.

The eastern limb of the sun disappeared in the west as Mrs. Charmion drove up to the door of her mansion; and she entered her habitation pensively musing, but with spirits perfectly free from melancholy. The evening was chilly, and she ordered a small fire to be lighted. It was the usual custom for this lady to read for one or two hours previously to retiring to rest; and having arranged her house-hold affairs as was her ~~own~~ practice, she took up a volume of essays selected from the works of Benjamin Franklin.³² From the concise but luminous moral productions of that venerable sage she had often derived instruction. The hour of nine arrived, and Mrs. Charmion was still engaged in the perusal of her favourite volume. “Susan,” said she, addressing herself as she turned over a new leaf, to her chamber-maid, “it is time for repose; you may retire.” Susan moved to the door; as she opened it, the report of two guns discharged in quick succession threw her whole frame into agitation; she screamed aloud, and fled unconsciously toward Mrs. Charmion, who was herself considerably startled. Mrs. Charmion, nevertheless, was not intimidated. Naturally of a courageous disposition, she hastened to a window of her apartment, and casting a look abroad, to her utter astonishment beheld the house where Rosa dwelt on fire. Feelings of humanity, more than any peculiar interest which she felt in the individual

³² *Franklin*: multi-volume sets of Franklin’s writings appeared by the dozens at this time.

fate of Rosa, created in Mrs. Charmion's breast the utmost anxiety for the safety of the inhabitants of the burning house. Her bell was rung with violence, and all her domestics were speedily assembled. Except her old faithful coachman and chamber-maid they were, as is common in Maryland, negroes. The black men were instantly ordered to repair to the place where the fire was raging, and render every assistance in their power to extinguish it. Mrs. Charmion was respected and esteemed by every one around her, and the execution of her commands was always a pleasure to her dependents. They rapidly sped toward the place, where, by this time, the fire was burning with the utmost fury. Each one took his own road. A stout black fellow, noted for his strength and intrepidity, in his route to the scene of distress, found his boldness considerably intimidated. He had scarcely proceeded a hundred paces from the house, when the report of another gun arrested his attention, and looking in the direction whence he saw the flash, he perceived through the darkness of the night, which was intense, a flaming sword flourishing in the air, and in about a minute afterwards the point descended to the ground, and appeared to enter the earth to the extent of several inches. Recovering from the check which his ardour had received, thither the negro hastened, determined to ascertain what was the cause of this singular appearance. When he had arrived within about twenty feet of the place, the blazing sword suddenly disappeared, and to his astonishment, the black man found on the spot a mattress on which lay a human creature, incessantly crying without sobbing. Knowing the humane disposition of his mistress, the negro took up the mattress with the person on it, and conveyed it home. What were the sensations of surprise in Mrs. Charmion, may easily be conceived, when she beheld in this afflicted creature that identical Rosa, whose image had so recently occupied her thoughts. A bandage of part of a silk handkerchief confined the lips of Rosa, and had prevented her, in conjunction with her fears, from shrieking. Her hands

were secured behind her with a large shawl, and her feet were tied with a bandanna. The *durance*³³ imposed on the child, convinced Mrs. Charmion that the occurrence of the fire was not alone the cause of her being found in that strange situation, an opinion which she had at first been inclined to adopt. A thousand conjectures rushed into her mind before she had time to question Rosa; and the return of her servants, soon after the girl had been conveyed into the house, tended only the more to excite her amazement. They brought intelligence that the house was consumed to the ground by the time they had arrived at it, and that they had not seen a single human being on or near the premises. As there was no contiguous building, and the few trees that were distributed around the place in clusters, were not endangered by the fire, the negroes had thought proper to return.

The philosophical temper of Mrs. Charmion was not proof against the impatient desire of learning the true cause of the violence exercised upon Rosa, and of ascertaining the author of her exposure and abandonment in the darkness of the night. Soothing with gentle condolence the sorrows of the child, she inquired of her the reason why she was thus treated? But this was rather more than the girl could answer. All she knew she told. She stated that she had returned home after having disposed of her nosegays, had related to her parents the conversation between herself and Mrs. Charmion, concerning which she had been very closely questioned by them; that a short time after nightfall she had been seized by her father and bound, in the manner in which Mrs. Charmion had seen; that her mother had told her if she remained quiet no harm would happen to her, but that if she made the least noise she would be instantly killed; that her father shortly after drew a mattress from under one of his beds, placed her upon it with the assistance of a stranger who was at their house that evening, took her to the spot where the negro found

³³ *Durance*: forced confinement; constraint.

her, placed the mattress with her upon it on the ground; that some conversation then took place between her father and the stranger, at the termination of which she heard the discharge of two guns; after which there appeared to reign for a considerable time a total silence; she then heard the report of a third gun, and saw something flaming in the air over her head; as it descended to the earth she was exceedingly terrified, as she apprehended it would destroy her; presently, however, it totally disappeared, and she found herself in the hands of a person, who proved to be the negro belonging to Mrs. Charmion. This was the simple story of Rosa. It was so singular a tale that it astonished Mrs. Charmion, who was led by her imagination into a thousand various conceptions respecting this curious adventure. There was no doubt of the child's having been found in the open air in the manner she had described, but might not the whole affair have been a profligate³⁴ contrivance to force the girl into the fostering care of Mrs. Charmion? Could it be possible that her parents were such savages as to abandon their daughter to the equivocal charity of the world, bound, and exposed to the inclemency of the nocturnal atmosphere? Was Rosa herself that artless child of nature which the simplicity of her whole appearance, and in particular, the candid contour of her features, indicated her to be? Might she not have combined with her parents for some sinister purpose, the first step to the attainment of which might be to gain an admission into the family of Mrs. Charmion, under the character of a destitute orphan? Against this latter suggestion the age of Rosa afforded, indeed, a reasonable argument; but, nevertheless, there were many instances on record of singular acuteness in the practices of deception in persons still younger. Such thoughts as these were current in the mind of Mrs. Charmion on the present occasion. She pondered over them with discreet consideration, for she was not hasty in forming an

opinion from doubtful facts and extraordinary appearances.

The bias of Mrs. Charmion's mind was in favour of Rosa: but even admitting the girl was devoid of duplicity, there were objections to the extension of patronage towards her which would strongly weigh with a woman of prudence. To foster her, would be in some degree to adopt her. The adoption of a child with whose history she was almost wholly unacquainted, would be considered by the world as a singular circumstance; the prying eye of curiosity and the wanton tongue of scandal, would not be inactive on the occasion. Mrs. Charmion's reputation for moral rectitude was very firmly established, but that was not a sufficient bulwark against the corrosions of suspicion, which might be excited by the fashionable as well as the unfashionable vulgar. Some verification of Rosa's story would be required, besides the bare recital of Mrs. Charmion. And what proof had she to offer? None; except the evidence of the negro; who, being a slave, might reasonably be supposed to have been bribed to tell any kind of a tale that his mistress required him to relate. The narrative of Rosa would be no conclusive evidence, because, being subject to the influence of Mrs. Charmion, she might very naturally be thought entirely under her control. The incidents connected with the discovery of Rosa in her exposed situation, would serve more to bring the truth of the tale in question than to confirm it; for although firing of the gun was not of itself a remarkable occurrence; yet, connected with the strange account of a flaming sword, and the apparently uncommon cruelty exercised toward a feeble girl, it served to give a marvellous complexion to the whole affair. Mrs. Charmion could not perceive that there was any necessary connexion between the burning of the house and the adventure of Rosa, nor did the latter know of such an event till she was informed of it at the house of her kind receiver. If Rosa told the truth, or was not deluded in the fact of her father being near her when the gun was fired, there was pretty clear evidence that he had escaped

³⁴ *Profligate*: debauched.

destruction by the burning of the house; and hence there was great room to conclude the whole family had fled, and that their departure from their residence was premeditated before the fire occurred.

Facts and reflections of this nature would infallibly have induced Mrs. Charmion to relinquish the personal care of Rosa, (although her humanity would have been a sure guarantee that the girl would have been provided for by being put as an apprentice into some respectable and worthy family,) had it not been for a secret affection which lurked in her heart for the child.

It is a peculiar trait in human nature, continually verified in practice, but ill defined in theory, that *reason* is a weakly faculty when opposed *to feeling*. By feeling it is not meant to denominate *passion*, which is rather the *excess* of feeling than feeling itself. *Our good or bad habits depend upon feeling*. The drunkard indulges in extravagant potations, because he has acquired the feeling for that species of gratification. He combats, generally, in vain, the propensity to drink, because his sensations continually present to his mind the idea of it until the feeling is satisfied. This is essentially the case with every appetite of mankind; and if an individual is ever reclaimed from vitious³⁵ practices, it is not so much by the power of reason as by the operation of a virtuous feeling more influential than that of the evil one. Where the affection is in its infancy, the impulses of reason may subdue the excitations of feeling, and the superficial observer may boast of the salutary ascendancy of a virtuous disposition; yet, when the vice has taken deep root, it holds no parley with reason, but prostrates the counsels and the maxims of the latter with the force of a tropical hurricane. It is curious to speculate upon this subject, and interesting and useful to examine it thoroughly. Philosophers may rely upon it, that *moral turpitude is the result of physical defect*, as certainly as that madness is the result of a

³⁵ *Vitious*: vicious.

disorganized brain. Is immorality, then, incurable? Generally speaking, it is; and vicious practices, and even crimes themselves, although the welfare of society undeniably requires their punishment, are more deserving of sympathetic regret than of merciless invective. What do we behold in drunkenness? A horrible vice, indeed; but still a vice to which the frailty of our nature renders us liable. What in theft? What in murder? What in that dark catalogue of public offences, for the commission of which so many culprits are brought to the bar of justice, and put to their trial before God and their country? Humiliating instances of depravity, truly; but such as the most virtuous, the most wise, may be betrayed into by some irresistible propensity.

But if, as in common, there be little hope of cure for immoral habits after they are formed, the means of prevention are sure, easy, and efficacious.³⁶ Education is the legitimate conservator of good morals. Not, however, that branch of it alone which goes to the banishment of ignorance, and the introduction of science and the arts; for experience has wofully taught us, that knowledge is no precautionary guard against vice and crime. It is parental, domestic education, which is the fortress of virtue, and which may be pronounced almost impregnable to the assaults of vice. In the United States of America, the authority of the parent terminates too soon;³⁷ and, with some exceptions, the parental rein is too carelessly held, by both fathers and mothers, for the benefit of their children and the welfare of society. In proportion as the form of a government tends

³⁶ *Efficacious*: effective.

³⁷ *Authority of the parent ends too soon*: apparently a reference to the age of majority, the age at which a person can make property transactions and act independently of their parents. In English Common Law, the age of majority was for most purposes twenty-one, but it was frequently observed that the age of majority trended downward in the British colonies and United States. The age of majority often figured, too, as an index in regulations about apprenticeship and servitude.

towards democracy, in the same proportion ought domestic education to be circumspect and rigid. What care is taken with the horse, and with the most insignificant animals, to develop their excellences, and to cultivate their usefulness, by curtailing their evil propensities! But the offspring of man, reputed the most estimable part of creation, is suffered to rush into the front ranks of society, unconfirmed in maxims of common prudence, like a new sponge in a kennel, prepared to suck in every foul pleasure; and like a sponge, too, liable to be squeezed and moulded into any hideous shape by the cheating palm of every passing knave. The discreet exercise of parental duties is of more advantage to society than a thousand laws enacted by as many Solomons. It makes virtuous habits pleasing, by fortifying reason with feeling, instead of arraying the former against the latter; and gives a tone to the mind which enables it to surmount the most rigid duties of life, without debasing the character by meanness, or polluting the heart with crime.

The affections of Mrs. Charmion were strongly engaged in favour of Rosa, won chiefly to her interest by a romantic charm arising from the singular complexion of her story; and those affections finally triumphed over every scruple suggested by prudence. The girl was put to rest, the servants retired, and the thoughts of Mrs. Charmion were employed, during the silence of the night, in devising a systematic plan for the welfare of her *protégée*. She concluded to retain the child under her roof, and trust to the strength of her own character for justification in the eyes of the world; but as much as possible to prevent the innuendoes of malicious tongues, she determined to send, on the following morning after breakfast, for a justice of the peace, and before him make a formal and solemn declaration of all the circumstances of the case, and to support her recital by the affidavit of the chambermaid. Having come to this conclusion, she fell into a delightful slumber, such as happy souls only can enjoy, and to which the wicked are total strangers.

Early in the morning the old coachman was stirring; and the slaves had collected in the kitchen, preparatory to receiving their breakfasts before they departed to the performance of their respective tasks. Whilst they were expressing their wonder to one another, in their ignorant way, at the strange events of the preceding evening, a man of very uncouth appearance entered, in a dress remarkably tattered, and making a humble bow to all present, very deliberately sat down on a bench near a table, pulled out an ink-horn from which he took a pen, dipped it in the ~~it~~ spread paper before him, and seemed prepared to write with great earnestness. Giving himself a sudden turn, however, he perked up his right eye in a very consequential manner, and addressed the servants in a style perfectly inquisitorial. The slaves were all gaping with wonder; the chambermaid, who had just come into the kitchen, stared at the intruder with great vehemence; and the coachman changed his quid of tobacco from the right to the left side of his mouth. "Pray my good people, (the inquirer thus began,) can you tell me the *particulariments* of the terrible *conflagration* which took place hereabouts in the course of last night. Should you be enabled to give the *particularies* you will lay me under a great *obligarity*. So, d'ye see, my friends, just let me put down a head piece, and I shall be ready to receive your intelligence." Thus saying, he wrote down, in a miserable scrawl, on the top of a blank foolscap sheet of paper,

POPORANDUM.

"You mean, I 'spose" said Tom Sturdy, (which was the name of the black fellow who had brought Rosa to the house on his shoulders,) "the *burnting* of that there house over here?"

"Precisely," replied the stranger; and he wrote down, in the order and method which follows, the answers which Tom gave him to his several questions.

"A house burnt down, you say?"

“Yase; the house burnt down”

Pop. A house burnt down.

“Any body in it?”

“Don’t know for *sartin*.”

Pop. Not known if there were any *animalities* in the house when *combusticated*.

“Who did it belong to?”

“Can’t say.”

Pop. House belonged to nobody.

“Who lived in’t before ’twas burnt?”

“Don’t know.”

Pop. Never inhabited.

“May be,” said Tom, “you’d like to hear about the poor *gal*.”

“A *gairl*?”

“Yes!”

Pop. A *gairl* in the business.

“Pray whereabouts did she first set fire to the house?” “*Ha!*”

Pop. Fire to the hay.

While this conversation was going on, the old coachman stood attentively eyeing the scribe, and as Tom uttered his “*ha!*” exclaimed, “Come, come, you mister, I ’spect you know something ’bout this matter; come, come.”

“Me!” exclaimed the man, with a gaze: “Pooh, you’re cracked. But, you say, my honest black”—

“Honest black, or honest white,” said the coachman, making towards him, “I’ll s’cure you till the lady of the house comes down, and has a little talk with you. Tom, lay hold of him.” It was in vain for the scribe to resist; the coachman and Tom had seized him, and he was fixed to the place where he was seated.

“Gentlemen,” said the stranger, “I address you as freemen and fellow-citizens; you may depend upon it you are violating the freedom of both tongue and pen, and making yourselves liable to

impeachment for high treason.” As his hands were still loose, he secured his inkstand and manuscript by putting them in his pocket.

“Who are you?” asked the coachman.

“A *mercury*” replied the man.

“A *mercury*! Why, that’s doctor’s stuff,” said Tom.

“Psha! I fly about with tidings.”

“You *fly!*” remarked the coachman, with an inquisitive leer: “Where’s your wings? Tom, let’s tie him.”

“As to his *tidings*, I b’lieve that,” said Tom, “for I *dur* say he *tied* the poor *gal*.”

“Gentlemen,” cried the stranger, “you’d better let me go: I’ll have a *custalorum* on you if you don’t, and you’ll be tried by a *twelvemonth’s jury* for your lives.”

The chambermaid, who had for some time stood gazing at and listening to the stranger, no sooner perceived that he was seized by the coachman and negro Tom, than she ran up stairs to Mrs. Charmion, whom she found dressed, and preparing to descend from her chamber.

When Mrs. Charmion had entered her parlour, she ordered the man to be conducted thither. In her presence, however, he was entirely mute, and would not speak a single word, although he was pretty forcibly urged to it by the old coachman. From his behaviour, and the information of the servants, Mrs. Charmion conceived there was good cause to suspect him; and he still remaining stubborn, she ordered him to be carried before a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood for examination. This was interesting employment for the coachman and Tom, and they hurried their prisoner away to the ’squire’s without the least delay.

Thomas Fist, esquire, was, perhaps, one of the most singular characters that had ever been put into the commission of the peace. No commonwealth, among the sisterhood of

seventeen, which at present compose the United States,³⁸ has, in general, a more enlightened magistracy than Maryland; at the same time it must be admitted there are some very odd personages employed in the administration of justice in small matters. Among these oddities, Thomas Fist, esquire, was remarkable. Fist was not his proper surname, but a nickname which had grown into familiar use, and to which he now on all occasions readily answered: He derived it from the circumstance of his signing his precepts somewhat after the manner of the illustrious old English barons, by closing his hand into a fist, dipping the nether end of it into a large open ink-pot, and impressing it at the foot of his warrants and other official acts. This, 'Squire Fist thought, was a very ingenious invention; for, to the mortification of all the Fists, great and small, rich and poor, it must be confessed that Thomas Fist, esquire, could not write. At first the 'squire imagined himself to be the original inventor of this method of signing an instrument of writing; but, happening to be at a neighbour's house one day, he heard one of the children, a boy about eleven years old, say, "that a great French king used to *write* his name just like Mr. Fist;" whereupon, inquiring into the affair, and somebody jocosely telling him that the said French king was Charlemagne, our justice was consoled with the idea of having followed so bright an example, and from that moment congratulated himself upon his being a very great and extraordinary man, an inference which he drew from the supposed circumstance of himself and Charlemagne, without the least knowledge of each other, having fallen upon the same symbolic expedient. Another advantage, Mr. Fist boasted, belonged to this mode of signing precepts, which was, that it put all attempts to forge his *hand-writing* at defiance.

'Squire Fist, in another sense, did not belie his name. The

³⁸ *Sisterhood of seventeen*: in addition to the original thirteen colonies, by 1810 Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio had become states.

mode in which he had obtained his appointment was, by threatening to beat any man who should presume to hold the office of justice of the peace in that vicinity to his exclusion; so that it may be said, in the vulgar idiom, that he *fisted* himself into office. The first act of Mr. Fist, in his official capacity, was that of attending, in the absence of the coroner, an inquest which was held on the body of a person who had come to his death by some unknown cause. The form of the verdict returned on this occasion, did immortal honour to Mr. Fist; for so ingeniously did he cause it to be drawn up, that it was utterly impossible for mortal man to tell, whether the jury sat upon the corpse, or the corpse sat upon the jury; and the instrument remains to this very day in the office of the clerk of Baltimore county, as a perfect model for all newly appointed justices acting in similar cases. The fame of Mr. Fist immediately began to spread, and in a short time he was overwhelmed with a multiplicity of business.

It was before Thomas Fist, esquire, that the coachman and negro Tom conveyed their charge. When they arrived at his office, early as it was, the justice was already engaged in business. The prisoner, who still remained mute, was, of course, obliged to wait.

'Squire Fist was employed in examining into the merits of a case which seemed to require appearance-bail from twofoffenders who had been brought before him for violating the public peace, by a brawl which they had occasioned at a house of entertainment. A constable, who chanced to be present, and was a witness to the whole affair, had arrested them on the spot. He was led to this very rigid performance of his duty, chiefly because he entertained considerable antipathy against one of the culprits, who was a courtier of his daughter, but with the prospect of whose alliance the constable was not much pleased, and by disgracing him in the eyes of the neighbourhood, hoped to compel him to leave that part of the country. He kept the two disturbers of the peace all the preceding night in close custody,

and had now brought them before the magistrate to be dealt with as the law directed. The constable, knowing the curious disposition of Mr. Fist, was relating to him, in a very precise manner, all the incidents of the case; and, as the coachman and Tom entered, was just describing how one of the culprits, in a very provoking manner, had seized the other by the nose; “as if it were in *this manner*” said the constable, taking the nose of the ’squire, in a very familiar, though friendly way, between his thumb and finger. As fate would have it, at the very instant the constable had got the nose of Mr. Fist between his fleshy pincers, he was seized with the cramp in that hand, and contrary to his own inclination, his thumb and finger were drawn together in such close contact and in such a forcible manner, that the nose of his worship received a severe gripe, which was continued, on account of the cramp, notwithstanding the justice endeavoured to disengage himself. “Pardon, pardon,” was roared out by the constable; “cramp! cramp!” Now, it so occurred to the ~~justice~~ unfortunately for the constable, that this was a mischievous trick in the peace-officer, in order to revenge himself upon the justice for a past affront; and as the former roared out “cramp!” by way of apology, a notion entered the head of Mr. Fist that the word “cramp” was a kind of cant phrase of exultation, the utterance of which, in his opinion, added insult to outrage. Rising from his seat, and pulling back his head, the constable’s finger and thumb still adhering to his nose, he cried out with a nasal twang, occasioned by the pressure upon his nostrils, “I’ll cramp you,” and at one blow knocked the constable down.

The coachman and Tom, whilst this was going on, had let go their prisoner; and, attracted by the singularity of the constable’s involuntary gripe of the justice’s most prominent feature, which to them appeared designedly done, were paying much more attention to the scene before them than to the actual business upon which they came thither. The prisoner, watchful for an opportunity, slipped out of the door and made off. He was

gone too far, before they discovered his elopement, to overtake him. They nevertheless went in pursuit of him; but, after an hour’s fruitless search, were obliged to return to Mrs. Charmion with the story of his escape, and of what had taken place at Mr. Fist’s. The persons in the custody of the constable, having no inclination for a legal prosecution, likewise exonerated themselves from safe-keeping and the necessity of giving bail, and made off with the greatest speed, leaving the justice to condole his nose for the injury it had received from the offensive gripe of his official, and more particularly for the loss of a portion of the cuticle³⁹ which had been peeled from it by the sudden jerk in loosening the grasp of the constable when he knocked him down. The peace officer lay passively on the floor for some time, unable, from the severity of the blow, to recover himself. Report says, however, that the magistrate and his officer came afterwards to a very good understanding, solemnly ratifying a perpetual peace, as they had often done before, when any thing interfered to disturb that harmony which their respective interests required should subsist between them. In point of reputation with the public, the constable was in this affair a considerable gainer, for he had been previously stigmatized as a most notorious coward; but now, as every body believed he had taken ’Squire Fist by the nose from the pure impulse of courage, and as Fist was a notorious bully, fame trumpeted abroad the constable’s prowess, insomuch that he became a terror to man, woman and child, for ten miles round the country. The name by which he generally passed after this encounter was that of the *Nasal Hero*; and the letter *s* in the ~~first~~ word of the honourable cognomen⁴⁰ having been changed into a *v* by one of those vulgar corruptions to which all human language is liable, he came in time to be called a *naval* hero; and there goes a story at this very time, that a man who acted as constable in that

³⁹ *Cuticle*: a piece of skin.

⁴⁰ *Cognomen*: a nickname.

hundred⁴¹ had once been an *admiral*. This fact is related in order to caution writers who, a thousand years hence, in discussing the subject of American antiquities, not to draw an inference from this story of the constable, that the republic of the United States of America was ungrateful to officers in the sea service or land service, leaving them in such indigent circumstances that they were compelled to resort to the occupation of a tipstaff.⁴²

CHAPTER III.

THE reader has probably anticipated the true character of the stranger who intruded into the kitchen of Mrs. Charmion. He was a collector of news for a daily gazette, and made it a practice to repair at the earliest moment possible to the scene of every casualty he heard of, in order to gather what intelligence he could for the benefit of his employers.⁴³ His ostensible occupation was that of a gatherer of facts, it being the province of his superiors to dress them up for the public palate. Although illiterate, this man was naturally cunning; and so well was he acquainted with the prevailing taste of the times for extravagance and novelty, that he was not so anxious to furnish the true incidents of whatever occurred, as he was desirous to procure

⁴¹ *Hundred*: an obsolete English term for a subdivision of a county.

⁴² *Tipstaff*: a court officer.

⁴³ *Gazette*: In 1810 there were at least four newspapers produced and printed in Baltimore, including *The American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, *The Baltimore Price-Current*, *The Federal Gazette and Baltimore Daily Advertiser*, and *The Federal Republican and Commercial Gazette*. In addition, across the first decade of the nineteenth century, there were at least eight other Baltimore papers (some of which had extended print runs) which had ceased publication by 1810. In such a competitive media environment, sensational headlines and melodramatic reportage were commonplace.

something that would excite public curiosity. On many occasions he had evinced an excellent talent for embellishment, and more than once had excited the amazement of the whole city by the materials he had furnished for the propagation⁴⁴ of the most wonderful stories. His name was Francis Figary. In one instance a small schooner had arrived from the West-Indies, and Figary immediately fabricated a tale of a most extraordinary animal which he said was on board of her. The basin was immediately crowded with boats, containing persons who were eager to view this singular creature; but when they arrived there was nothing to be seen but a few green turtles. Another time he gave in a statement that there was a turkey about four miles from town which had five heads, and that two of them grew out of the sides of its body. Away went the curious in search of it, and the keeper of a museum foundered⁴⁵ a horse by hard riding, in order that he might be the first on the ground, and secure so singular a bird for the benefit of his institution; but on arriving there, it was ascertained that there was no truth at all in the report. By such tricks as these, Figary brought himself into contempt with sober and sedate people; yet, he was most bountifully encouraged by the wags,⁴⁶ who annually raised for him a very handsome sum by subscription, and who derived from his inventive faculty the chief portion of their amusement. What was most remarkable in relation to this enterprising newsmonger,⁴⁷ was the circumstance, that notwithstanding the serious part of the community discountenanced his practices, the gazette through which his

⁴⁴ *Propagation*: The dissemination or promotion of a belief or idea.

⁴⁵ *Foundered*: caused damage to a horse's feet. The satire here targets museums: Charles Wilson Peale retired in 1810 from running his Philadelphia museum, and his son Rembrandt Peale opened a museum in Baltimore in 1814.

⁴⁶ *Wags*: mischievous persons.

⁴⁷ *Newsmonger*: A person busily involved in the collecting and narrating of news; spec. a gossip.

fictions were promulgated was read by all classes with great *gusto*, even those who on all occasions spoke with the utmost scorn of Figary, receiving it into their houses and perusing it with much delight. The ladies themselves, when alone, took a secret pleasure in looking over his *comical inventions*, as they called them; being always cautious, however, first to put on spectacles, by way of salvo⁴⁸ for their conscience when they solemnly averred to their acquaintances (as they generally made it a point to do) that their eyes were always *guarded* when the worthless gazette came in their view. This, a philosopher would say, is a strong proof of the propensity which almost every person cherishes, either openly or covertly, for any thing that is strange or uncommon, whether true or fabulous.

When Francis Figary made his escape from negro Tom and the coachman, he hastened in full speed into the city. Bustling through the streets in a great hurry and with a mysterious air, which was observed by many persons who knew him well and were acquainted with his vocation, he entered the principal coffee-house, where a number of the citizens were assembled to inquire the news of the day. Figary being accustomed to frequent that place, made no scruple of asking for pen, ink and paper; which he did for the purpose of attracting attention, because he stood in no need of these articles, inasmuch as he had the materials for writing already in his possession. The keeper of the coffee-house, an obliging amiable man, complied with his request, and Figary glancing his eye around the room upon the company with a very consequential air, quivered the fingers of his right hand, thrust up the coat sleeve of his right arm, puckered up his mouth to a degree of very wise consideration, and began to scrawl at a prodigious rate, even now and then muttering to himself, (but loud enough to be heard,) the words “*fire*,” “*girl*,” “*constable*,” “*negro*,” and others relative to the incidents which he

had encountered at Mrs. Charmion’s, and at the office of the justice of the peace.

By this time several persons, who had remarked Figary’s motions in the streets, and were agitated with a spirit of the most invincible curiosity, were hurrying to the coffee-house to learn the intelligence which the collector of news might have in his possession. Several of them entered the room where he was, impatiently crying out, “*What news, Fig? What news, Fig?*” “News!” he exclaimed: “Gentlemen, I beg you would ~~not~~ interrupt me.” He then went on in his scribbling, with great earnestness and gravity, muttering as he wrote; ~~And~~ —fire—ne-gro—ga-i-rl—lady—jus-tice—c-o-n—con-stab-le— nose.” He proceeded in this manner, till those who stood observing him became so excessively anxious for the particulars, that they began to jostle and to coax him: “*Dear Fig: Mr. Figary; Monsieur Figgaree; Mester Fugary, dear;*” were heard in different parts of the coffee-room at the same time. At length Figary, pushing the ink-stand away from him, took up the paper on which he had been scribbling, turned his face towards the company who were now on the very tiptoe of expectation, placed his back against the desk, and gave every usual indication of his being about to read aloud; when suddenly eyeing the gentlemen round, he assumed a sardonic grin, snapped his teeth with energy; and, the door being near, darted into the street, and instantly disappeared. Those who were acquainted with him, laughed immoderately; some thought he was mad; many wondered what he would be at; not a few sallied after him; and in the course of an hour the whole city was in an uproar concerning the important information which was supposed to be in possession of Mr. Francis Figary. Every body was guessing. At one time it was thought he had a clew to a conspiracy;⁴⁹ at another that he was concerned in one himself;

⁴⁹ *Conspiracy*: the satire here seems focused on the tendency to select certain inflammatory combinations of terms—“fire,” “girl,” “constable,” “negro”—to imply an uprising of slaves, commonly labeled a

⁴⁸ *Salvo*: an expedient for soothing someone’s conscience or pride.

and one person suggested the propriety of having him arrested. Finally, the only hope that was left was one founded on the gazette, for which he was known to be newsmonger. When that should appear, it was confidently believed the facts would transpire; and, although that gazette was not to be uttered in course until the succeeding morning, and it would cost a great deal of patience, yet, as there was no other way by which curiosity could be gratified, it was very sagely resolved to wait till the following day.

The event did not altogether disappoint the expectations of the inquisitive; and on the subsequent morning the gazette, for which Figary was a communicant,⁵⁰ appeared with the much desired intelligence; or, at least, so much of it as served for familiar conversation, which is the use generally made of incidents that are announced in the newspapers. Mr. Francis Figary, however, was too well acquainted with his vocation to give to his readers at one publication all that he knew, although even that fell far short of the truth. His information was couched in a paragraph of the following terms, which, being ambiguous, he knew would prolong curiosity, and that was the great art of his occupation.

“AWFUL CONFLAGRATION!!!”

“We lament, with afflictive profundity, that a superb mansion and dormitory was ignited subsequent to the last descent of Sol below the horizon. This dismal casualty occurred in the midst of nocturnal darkness, equalled only by the density

“conspiracy” in the early 19C.

⁵⁰ *Communicant*: an informant (for the state, media, etc.). The broader satire here targets newspaper culture, as in the mockery of the headline or the name Figary, likely an allusion to the French dramas by Beaumarchais, *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, in which the main character, Figaro, is an upstart barber.

of chaos. There being no reservoir of aqueous particles adjunctive to the premises, the elegant tenement was reduced by the energy of the vital flame to a state of utter annihilation. A curious inquirer into the natural or phenomenal causes of this terrible catastrophe, has veritably ascertained that it was originated by an inflammation of a certain species of bestial nutriment, vernacularly denominated *hay*. And, from the indiscreet loquacity of Mrs. Charmion’s servants, it is imagined that lady *****!!!—but, this being a theme of delicate temperament, we forbear until we have further cogitated upon the alternative.”

A paragraph of this nature could only have furnished food for merriment to persons of good understanding; and in this light it was universally viewed, except by the particular friends of Mrs. Charmion, whose risibility⁵¹ was checked by the anxiety which they entertained in relation to that lady. Although nothing was distinctly and positively asserted, yet the insinuation of the least impropriety of behaviour in a woman of so much respectability excited a sensation of painful alarm, and several of her acquaintances, ordering their carriages, proceeded without further delay to her villa: Among these was Mr. Derwent.

They found Mrs. Charmion engaged with Mr. Justice Ample, (who had been originally bred to the law, but had never risen higher in professional rank than a pettifogger⁵²), who was committing to paper the deposition which she had resolved to make in relation to Rosa. As the *juridical style* of Justice Ample is very peculiar, that part of the deposition which he had drawn up when Mr. Derwent and the other visitors arrived at Mrs. Charmion’s, is here inserted for the gratification of the curious reader.

⁵¹ *Risibility*: a disposition to laugh.

⁵² *Pettifogger*: an inferior legal practitioner who dealt with petty cases.

“*State of Maryland*

“*Baltimore county, ss.*”⁵³

“This day appeared before me Dorinda Charmion, widow, that is to say, as aforesaid, widow, meaning thereby and therefrom that the said widow, being widowed as aforesaid and above specified, is not, according to law, and in the lawful phrase, a *fum cart*, or *femme covert*, which signifieth and implieth, as it were, corroboratively, from the law French of *femme couverte*, (the said *fum cart*, or *femmy covert*, being the true pronounciation of the said *femme couverte* aforesaid:) Nevertheless, and notwithstanding which, the said Dorinda Charmion, widow, as aforesaid above widowed, appeared before me, the subscriber and undersigned, in my official capacity as justice of the peace, that is to say, videlicet, namely, as follows, to wit.”⁵⁴

Thus far had Justice Ample proceeded when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Charmion’s anxious acquaintances (ladies and gentlemen) from the city. Inquiries were eagerly made of her respecting the fire, and at the sight of Rosa they were vehemently though respectfully multiplied. Mrs. Charmion recited to them every incident of the adventure within her knowledge; and then stated, more particularly to Mr. Derwent, in whose judgment she greatly confided, the business in which Justice Ample was engaged. Mr. Derwent showed Mrs. Charmion

⁵³ *ss.*: a common notarial abbreviation for *scilicet*, Latin for “in particular”—here designating a more precise location.

⁵⁴ *Femme couverte*: or, commonly, *feme covert*, a common legal term referring to a married woman under the authority of her husband, thereby having no rights to property or separate legal identity. One effect of the satire here is to emphasize that Mrs. Charmion is *not a feme covert*.

the paragraph in which she was alluded to; having brought with him the newspaper for that purpose. On perusing it, she was sensibly affected, and observed that she thought it absolutely necessary to publish the deposition which was then making, when it should be completed, in the same newspaper, in order to clear up the transaction. Against the execution of such a resolution Mr. Derwent strenuously persuaded her; and explained to her, that such a proceeding would only provoke further remarks from the journalist. “Because, madam,” said he, “the journalist profits by the entertainment which he affords to his readers, who patronise him in proportion to the amusement with which he furnishes them.— Whenever he gets possession of an uncommon occurrence, he makes the most of it; he garnishes it agreeably to his own fancy, and prolongs the discussion of it for as great a length of time as possible. By attempting to confute his insinuations, you will only fan the flame which lights him into nature. What a charming morsel for the newspapers would a woman of your character be! The very circumstance of your replying to the ribaldry⁵⁵ of a journalist would, by that journalist, be converted into a proof of immorality: He would impudently aver that your anxiety to vindicate yourself was evidence of your guilt, for, he would saucily remark, that *innocent persons are not solicitous to repel calumny*; and, as a conclusive argument against you, he would, perhaps, quote Junius, who says, “reproaches and inquiries have no power to afflict a person of integrity.”⁵⁶ I would, therefore, madam, advise you to be altogether silent on the occasion, for, you may rely upon it, that *he will treat you with respect*

⁵⁵ *Ribaldry*: immorality or wickedness.

⁵⁶ *Junius*: Mr. Derwent here cites *Letters of Junius*, Letter VII, which in fact reads “reproaches and inquiries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate.” *Letters* appeared between 1769 and 1772, published anonymously under the penname Junius; the letters attracted widespread attention for attacking governmental abuses of power but also for their clarity of style.

when you treat him with contempt.”

The reasoning of Mr. Derwent was too just to be disregarded by Mrs. Charmion. She even resolved not to proceed in her deposition as she had originally intended; reflecting, that if a life of virtuous actions would not shield her from the tongue of malice, there was no magic in mere words that could effect her defence. Accordingly, by way of dismissing Justice Ample, she remarked that she believed she would dispense with his further good offices, and required to know the amount of his demand?

“Fifty dollars,” said he.

“Fifty dollars!” repeated several of the company, ~~surprise~~.

“A very moderate sum, indeed,” replied the justice; “for, you must know, ladies and gentlemen, I have acted not as a simple justice in this business, but as a law-justice; and, really, Value myself not a little upon my refinement in law learning; because, although, to be sure, there be several of the profession who are nearly equal to me, yet for drawing a ’davit,⁵⁷ or the like, none of them can match Aminadab Ample. Fifty dollars, madam, is a very moderate charge, considering that the deposition consists of fifty pages of manuscript.”

“Fifty pages, Mr. Ample! why, sir, you have not yet written a single one,” said Mrs. Charmion.

“True, madam,” replied Ample, “not *ipso facto*⁵⁸ written, a one would say; but *by intendment of law* there are fifty; for, let any candid person examine the manner in which I have commenced your deposition, and it must be very evident that it would require fifty pages, at least, to recite all the circumstances.”

“You are right, Mr. Justice,” observed Mr. Roaster, who was among the number of those who had hastened to visit Mrs.

Charmion on seeing her name in the newspaper; “I am of opinion,

that, had you continued in the same charming style in which you have begun, it would require five hundred pages to effect it.”

“There, madam,” said Ample, “you see the gentleman gives it against you.”

“Do you think, Mr. Ample,” asked Mr. Derwent, “that you could support and recover this claim of fifty dollars in a court of justice?”

“Do you ask my serious opinion,” said the justice?

“Certainly, sir.”

“Then I will assure you that I could. Do you imagine the lawyers will cry down high fees? Pooh! they live by them: ~~and~~ judges are lawyers; or, if you please, lawyers are judges; and they have a certain *tendresse* for the fraternity. The bar rule the judges, and the judges influence the jury, and thus should I gain my cause. The lawyers may hate *me*, sir; but depend upon it, *they’ll stick to the fees.*”

Mrs. Charmion was strenuously advised by a majority of the company, not to satisfy this rapacious demand; but she, partly from a wish to get rid of him without altercation, and partly from a charitable motive, (for the man was miserably poor,) paid him fifty dollars, and took a formal receipt for it. After writing an acknowledgment for the payment of the money, Justice Ample appeared to be employed in writing something else, which, having finished, he suddenly rose from his chair, and reaching a piece of paper to Mr. Derwent, he remarked that there was a small billet for him. Mr. Derwent opened it, and with surprise read as follows:

Mr. Derwent
To Aminadab Ample, esq. Dr.

To present legal advice respecting the possibility of recovering high fees, } \$10 0

“A very pretty bill, truly,” said Mr. Derwent.

⁵⁷ ’*Davit*: an affidavit, a formally attested document for legal use

⁵⁸ *Ipsa facto*: by the fact itself.

“Very pretty, as you say,” answered Ample: “Don’t you think I write a neat hand? The sum is small, too; only ten dollars; but I’m liberal in my charges.”

“Very liberal, indeed,” cried Mr. Roaster: “you seem to pick a man’s pocket with perfect freedom.”

“Pick pockets, sir; do you know that I can sue you for that assertion?”

“O sir,” said Mr. Roaster, sneeringly, “I only mean by *intendment of law*.”

“Well, well; that’s another thing. The *intendment of the law* is as you say; but, as I didn’t make the law, why, you know I am not to blame.”

“Mr. Ample,” observed Mr. Derwent, “I have reflected on this curious bill, and will pay it; but remember I give the money to you as a gratuity, because I believe you are poor. I am confident that you are yourself liable to a prosecution for making these charges and receiving these moneys; for your charging fees as a counsellor whilst you are in the commission of the peace, is totally incompatible with the laws of the land. However, *I am not sure, whether it is not better, whilst knavery is in fashion, to pay an impostor than to venture on a lawsuit.*” Mr. Derwent gave the justice ten dollars, and Ample departed.

“And now, Mrs. Charmion, and my good friends all,” said Mr. Derwent, “I have to inform you of a very unpleasant occurrence in relation to myself.” Every one listened with the utmost anxiety.

“You must know,” he continued, “that the youth Richard, whom you lately saw at my house in the city, and of whom I had become very fond, has, from some cause unknown to me, left Baltimore. I considered him as a boy of very great promise, whose intellectual improvement I had intended to promote. The production which some of this company heard him read in my parlour, was, I believe, his own; and he has written others. The circumstance which first introduced me to his acquaintance was

the pleasure I received from the perusal of a manuscript paper, which, on inquiry, I understood to be his performance; and thenceforward I courted his confidence and frequently invited him to my residence. As I have a copy of the manuscript paper to which I allude with me, and as it is short, I will read it to you.” On saying which Mr. Derwent drew out of his pocket a small portable written volume, from which he uttered the subjoined

“ESSAY ON THE ART OF THINKING.

“When we look at the actions of men, and observe how very inconsistent they are, it would seem impossible to avoid the conclusion that mankind in general, and particularly young persons, are hurried along more by the first impulses, or by the primitive fruit of their rational senses, than they are regulated in their conduct by a just consideration of the objects of their pursuit. This defect arises from the want of a true knowledge of the *Mode of Thinking*. May a young man presume to offer a few observations upon this subject?

“To think, is to reflect; it is to call up in succession before the perceptive faculty the images which are deposited in the faculty of memory, and which have relation to the particular thing that is the object of our thoughts.

“Modes of thinking are regular, or irregular; an irregular mode of thinking is indicative of a confused mind; and a regular mode of thinking is the sure proof of a mind well organized. The irregular mode of thinking subjects a man to a thousand blunders, as the confusion of his accounts subjects him to a thousand pecuniary mistakes. He may have in his memory all the ideas necessary to the formation of a correct opinion, but by an irregular method of calling them up, a person may be led into erroneous conclusions, and of course, into indiscreet actions. The regular mode of thinking includes a proper classification of ideas, so that the one may excite the other, and enable a man to bring

under the review of the perceptive faculty all the knowledge that he is master of on any particular subject. By the classification of ideas, a man with a meagre memory is many times enabled to decide with superior accuracy to a person who abounds more in ideas but whose mode of thinking is confused.

“A man of genius and ability is too frequently negligent in the classification of his ideas; and hence, (a circumstance which frequently occasions surprise,) a plodding person, whose mode of thinking is perspicacious,⁵⁹ often overreaches him. I speak in this case with reference to ideas which may be termed practical, from their having received the sanction of experience as it relates to their utility; for it is very certain that in theoretical, or speculative ideas, the man of genius, though his mode of thinking be confused, will have the advantage of the man of scanty ideas, however well arranged they may be; and this arises from the peculiar characteristics of genius, which is distinguished by vivacity of imagination and velocity in the association of images; and these are powers to be derived from nature alone, which no art can teach, nor can any industry attain them; for it is not true, (however flattering the conceit may be to the mass of mankind,) that nature, in regard to intellect, has created all men equal,⁶⁰ any more than it is true that she has given them all faces resembling one another, or made them on a par as respects personal beauty or physical strength.

“To illustrate the subject of this brief essay by example, it may be supposed that a man is required to give his deliberate opinion of the merit of a particular novel; he will, on the question being proposed to him, proceed by tacitly inquiring of himself, *What constitutes a meritorious novel?* If he be competent to decide on the question, he will find that the legitimate object of a novel is to *inculcate moral virtue through the medium of pleasing fiction:*

⁵⁹ *Perspicacious*: discerning.

⁶⁰ *Created all men equal*: an allusion to the Declaration of Independence.

he then proceeds to inquire further, *Are the morals inculcated by this novel pure; is the fiction pleasing?* This question, as to morals, must be determined by the chastity of the imagery, by the discriminating observations which are made in relation to the incidents, by the countenance which is given to virtue, by the contempt and detestation bestowed upon vice: And, as to the fiction, it must be decided by the sprightliness of the style, by the humour of the narrative, by the wit of the story, and the novelty of the plot. After having thought over these points, and drawn his conclusions, a man may decide; and if he has the requisite ideas in his memory, calls them up and applies them regularly, and keeps public welfare and private happiness in view as the criterion of his judgment, he will never fail to make a just decision.

“Few men are competent judges on any one subject; none are qualified to decide upon all. A wise man, when his opinion is asked upon a topic, and on examination he finds that he has not the necessary ideas to enable him to form a true one, will candidly declare his ignorance. No person can deliver an opinion properly, who has not the necessary knowledge; and that knowledge is made up of all the known ideas connected with the question proposed.

“The regular mode of thinking exhibited in this essay, may seem tedious; but, in reality, it is only fatiguing to dull minds; to a man of genius whose memory abounds with knowledge well arranged, to think and to decide are but the operation of a very short space of time.

“These remarks are nothing more than hints for an outline, which, if completely developed, would form a very interesting volume.”

“Such,” said Mr. Derwent, “is the production which was the occasion of my first acquaintance with Richard; since which, he has written and read to me various short essays, on different subjects, some grave and others lively. Last evening I received from him a letter with an inclosure.” Here Mr. Derwent took

from his pocket and read aloud, the following letter:

“Sir,

“The occurrence of a circumstance, fatal to my mental repose, and which I fear by exaggeration may prove destructive to my reputation, compels me to depart from Baltimore without delay. I shall carry with me many regrets, but none of them so bitter as the idea of separation from you. For your benevolent encouragement of my youthful literary efforts, and the anxiety you have manifested for my future welfare, I pray you to accept my sincere thanks. I inclose for your amusement a reply to my description of the gossip, which I had the pleasure of reading to you in the company of several of your acquaintances the other day. Both pieces are the offspring of an hour infinitely gayer to me than the present moment. That I may hereafter meet you under the influence of a more lucky star, is my fervent wish. I salute you with reverence and affection.

“RICHARD—.”

“Richard!” exclaimed one of the ladies: “Pray, Mr

Derwent, what is the surname of the youth?”

“Why,” replied Mr. Dement, “he has always passed with me by the name of Richard Richardson; and I think it a singular thing, on reflection, that he should have, in this instance, signed “Richard” only. It is possible he may have assumed the name of Richardson; for”——

“Dear Mrs. Charmion,” cried another lady, interrupting Mr. Derwent, “What is the surname of *your* newly found child?”

This question attracted the attention of the whole company; but it was one which, in truth, Mrs. Charmion could not instantly answer, because, not having inquired, she really did not know. However, Rosa, who was in an adjoining chamber, was called in, and she informed the company that her name was Rosa

Coya.⁶¹

Mrs. Charmion had clothed her foundling in a neat new dress, which, improving the natural beauty of her face and person, rendered her a very interesting child.

“But, Mr. Derwent,” observed Mr. Roaster, “you were upon the point of telling us some further particulars concerning Richard.”

“I insist,” said Mrs. Roaster, “that Mr. Derwent shall first read the piece that was inclosed in Richard’s letter.”

“The ladies,” remarked Mr. Derwent, “must be obeyed,” and he immediately proceeded to the perusal of the subjoined article:

“VINDICATION OF THE GOSSIP.

“Some very ill-natured person, through a certain museum in this city, having, under pretence of describing an unknown animal, indulged in a train of very uncourtly remarks, upon that excellent and useful animal the gossip, it is nothing more than what justice requires to offer to the public a justification of it, and a calm defence against the attacks of its malicious assailant.

“It is true, the gossip is a biped: it is also distinguished for its volubility. But, then, these two qualities enable it, in the first place, to associate with ladies and gentlemen; and, in the second, to traverse a town or city from house to house, furnish the inhabitants with all the entertaining news of disputes between husbands and wives, between mistresses and servants, between creditors and debtors; and the thousand diverting little incidents, the listening to which constitutes so essential a portion of human enjoyment. What would become of our agreeable tea parties if

⁶¹ *Coya*: The Scottish historian William Robertson’s popular *History of the Discovery and Settlement of America* (3 volumes, 1777-1796) defined *aya* as a “daughter” or “descendant of the Sun” in Incan terminology. See also note 160.

the race of gossips were extinct; what would become of the whole tribe of antiquated damsels, of superannuated grandmothers, of old bachelors decrepid from the gout, of young men bedridden from debauchery, if the gossip did not exert itself to enliven them with refreshing recitations of anecdotes which a vitious age and a puny generation have inconsiderately denominated scandal. If a young man is to be brought forward in life, of what incalculable benefit is the gossip in puffing him off⁶²: if a maiden be seeking for a consort, what an amazing benefit to have a gossip that will enlarge upon her good qualities, blazon her industry, extol her understanding, her discretion, her economy; and if she have five hundred pounds to her fortune, to swell it by the rule of fifty into five thousand. If your son be a lawyer, the gossip shouts forth innumerable praises in favour of his eloquence: if a doctor of medicine, the obliging creature applauds his skill: if a minister of the gospel, then it expatiates⁶³ upon his piety and perfect acquaintance with the theological writers. Is your daughter pretty? she is announced as Venus: Is she homely? she is a Minerva in the shape of a mortal! All this is done by the gossip. And, in addition, the gossip contributes to the sweetest of all our gratifications—*revenge*. Have you an enemy that you wish to defame? the gossip serves you for a trumpet, and sounds afar the errors, the weaknesses, the vices or the crimes of your antagonist: have you a rival whom you would disgrace? a hint is sufficient; the gossip is immediately on the wing, and never tires till its object is effected. But, above all, the usefulness of the gossip to the politician exceeds the art of calculation: does he wish to tarnish the fame of a rival? a squint at a gossip of experience is enough; the cry is set afloat, it gathers strength in its progress, and falls like a thunderbolt upon the head of the person at whom the detraction is aimed. Surely, with such

⁶² *Puffing him off*: inflating his reputation.

⁶³ *Expatiates*: to speak at some length.

qualifications, with such extraordinary capacity for utility in society, it is cruel to endeavour to lessen, by open defamation, or by ironical innuendoes, the reputation of the gossip. How would the community ever come to the knowledge that a particular gentleman who exhibited enormously large and very fine ruffles, wore borrowed shirts? that Mr. Natty's father was a ploughman; or that captain Palaver spelt congress with a K; if the gossip did not industriously spread the tidings? How would the world learn that Miss Pinguid fell asleep during the delivery of a sermon, in which parson Boreum was uncommonly eloquent, and which he had divided into seventeen heads, interspersed with various miscellaneous reflections? or how ascertain that Miss Sensitive had taken a solitary walk under a row of willow trees, contrary to the express commands of her mama; if some keen, sagacious gossip, had not spied them out, and very properly announced it at every party to which it was invited for six months afterwards? How, in fact, that Miss Roacher had but one black gown and two white ones; that Miss Jumper was cross-eyed; that Mr. Le Pauvre wore stockings that were darned; and that Mrs. Curlew shook her fist at her beloved spouse over the dinner table; if it were not for the good qualities and peculiar watchfulness of the gossip? As to the objections against the male of this animal, they are hardly worthy of notice; for it is manifest, that he must be a cruel hearted man and no christian, that could wish to deprive a virtuous community of those brawls, squabbles, and bickerings, which produce bufferings and duels, and which are the chief source of their rational recreation and most genuine felicity. It is left for an enlightened people to decide, whether the writer who so wantonly assailed the gossip, is not highly deserving of general contempt."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Charmion, "a pretty sharp witted boy he is."

"Ill natured stuff," muttered Miss Delia Dashabout.

"Trash!" exclaimed Mrs. Galaday.

“A-he! he! A-he!” sniggered Mr. Simperwell, who was the dangling beau of Miss Sensitive.

“Ladies,” said Mr. Derwent, “as the performance does not meet your approbation, I will not send it to the press.”

“O sir! O sir!” exclaimed several female voices at once (excepting Mrs. Charmion and Mrs. Roaster,) “you need not refrain on *my* account: It does not affect *me*, sir.”

“But let us hear about Richard,” said Mr. Roaster, who thought he perceived that spleen⁶⁴ began to prevail with some of the company.

“Yes, about Richard; how was it?” inquired Mrs. Charmion.

Just as Mr. Derwent was on the point of proceeding in his story relative to Richard, three old maids and beau Botherum burst rudely into the room, roaring out as they romped round her, “O, Mrs. Charmion! Are you alive! Bless my heart, where’s the ~~to~~, did you see the horrible story in the newspapers? The whole town is full of it.”

“Pester me prettily!” cried beau Botherum, “but you storm the good lady with your catechisecal⁶⁵ racket.”

“O let’s have the whole story,” vociferated these frisky damsels.

“A story, ladies! fie; do you conceive me to be capable of telling a *story*,” said Mrs. Charmion, who, knowing the object of their visit, was determined to evade their inquiries.

“O! no; not a *fib*; but the girl, and the fire, and”—

“There was a fire in my neighbourhood, last night,” replied Mrs. Charmion.

“And the girl?”—

“Bless me, what strange notions get abroad,” exclaimed Mrs. Charmion.

“There’s no truth in it, then, Mrs. Charmion?”

“Ah!” said Mrs. Charmion, “if people would adhere to the truth.”

“Dear, dear! well, well, I told you so,” said one of the old maids to the other: And after sitting awhile and chatting in a very noisy manner, they jumped up, flirted round the room, turned over the leaves of Franklin’s Essays, peeped into a medical dictionary, and with a *’by, ’by*, scampered off, tugging beau Botherum along with them, who swore by the ruins of Palmyra,⁶⁶ as he gallantly took an arm of each, that he resembled Mars, supported by the graces. Mr. Roaster remarked that any body would have taken beau Botherum for the god of war by the *roaring* which accompanied him; but this sarcasm was not overheard by the old maids, who, delighted with the beau’s compliment, were giggling in great style. As they departed from the villa, one of them remarked that she did not approve of the mysterious demeanour of Mrs. Charmion. The other observed that she suspected there was more in it than appeared upon the surface. Botherum said, Mrs. Charmion seemed not to wish to tell all she knew; “and, for my own part, sweet cherubim,” cried he, giving them each an April look,⁶⁷ “though I seldom meddle with ladies’ affairs, yet, by the glory of Babylon, I think the old woman is no better than she should be.”

“Not a whit!” said one of the old maids.

“A whit! No; not a straw! Would you give ear to ~~such~~ thing?” said the other, whispering her female companion.

“Mercy on us! do you say so?” exclaimed the first: “*Cerebum* and *cerebellum*!”

“I read the words in one of her books,” insisted the other.

⁶⁶ *Ruins of Palmyra*: the title of a popular archaeological work (published in 1753) by the British antiquarian Robert Wood.

⁶⁷ *April look*: apparently meaning a foolish look, likely the older idiom “April gentleman,” referring to a fool.

⁶⁴ *Spleen*: ill-humor.

⁶⁵ *Catechisecal*: in this sense full of questions and answers.

“Zenith and Antipodes!” roared Botherum; “Mrs. Charmion keep such books?”

“O dear, Botherum, did you hear that?” screamed the first old maid.

“What a comical, wicked fellow, you are, Botherum,” said the other, tossing her head as she ogled the beau.

Away they hied to the city, where they spread various reports concerning Mrs. Charmion, and circulated a hundred wanton lies in order to defame her. But persons of sense and character treated their malice with contempt; and laughed most heartily at their ignorant attempts to convert *cerebum* and *cerebellum* (words which one of the old maids had seen in the medical dictionary,) into a charge against Mrs. Charmion of keeping indelicate books in her house.

As soon as the beau and the old maids were gone, Mrs. Charmion’s first visitors departed also; satisfied of the propriety of her conduct, and esteeming and respecting her more than ever.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the county of Calvert, on the western shore of Maryland, is the town of St. Leonard, seated on a creek of the same name, a place of no great business; but, nevertheless, carrying on sufficient trade in various kinds of merchandise to supply the surrounding country with articles for wearing apparel, and with the several species of groceries which are necessary for the inhabitants in the vicinage.⁶⁸ Among the young men who had adventured in trade in that town, previously to the breaking out

⁶⁸ *St. Leonard*: a small settlement on the western shore of the Chesapeake; *vicinage*: neighborhood.

of the revolutionary war in America, was Mr. Robert Charmion, the son of Mr. Charles Charmion, a respectable planter of Prince George’s county. Robert was an only son, and his father advanced him a considerable sum in money and produce, in order to promote his prosperity, in the vocation which he had preferred.

Mr. Robert Charmion, being a dealer by retail, generally purchased his goods at Baltimore. In his frequent visits to that place he became acquainted with Miss Dorinda Morvin, the daughter of Mr. Meshech Morvin, a merchant of great enterprise, and who was extremely successful in his commercial transactions. Young Charmion was well established in trade when his acquaintance with this lady commenced, which happened in the year 1777, in consequence of the invitations which Mr. Morvin gave to the former to visit his house whenever he went to Baltimore; and to these hospitalities, after Robert Charmion had once seen Dorinda, he never failed most scrupulously to attend.

A *miss in teens* is generally a lively and a bewitching creature. To the sprightliness of sixteen, Miss Morvin added the fascinations of the most captivating loveliness; and whether the whiteness and regularity of her teeth, the rubric of her lips, the delicate fairness of her complexion, the soft lustre of her eye, or the symmetry of her form, attracted the attention of the beholder, separately or combined, they never failed to win admiration and to subdue the heart to the most unbounded worship.

“Who hath not paus’d, whilst beauty’s pensive eye
“Ask’d from the heart the homage of a sigh?”

Saith the sweet, and delicate, and correct Scottish poet Campbell⁶⁹: And had the question, either in verse or prose, been

⁶⁹ *Campbell*: The lines are from Part Two of Thomas Campbell’s popular 1799 poem *Pleasures of Hope*, a text crafted in heroic couplets and intended to survey contemporary events. Several US editions were

put to every person (a few envious females excepted) who had seen Miss Dorinda Morvin, they would have falsified all the feelings of their nature, and have libelled the ocular sense in particular, had they replied, “*not me.*”

To these external beauties Dorinda united in herself the most *improvable* intellectual faculties; but the prevalence of an obstinate and sanguinary⁷⁰ war, and the commotions antecedent to it, had precluded her from the benefits of a suitable education. The excellences of her mind were often conspicuous in witty sallies,⁷¹ in shrewd remarks, and occasionally, by the exhibition of peculiar penetration; but, as the vine, when suffered to remain unmolested by the hand of man in a soil most friendly to its growth, curls and entwines itself in a thousand directions, and in as many fantastical forms, so did the temper of Dorinda, for want of early restraint and salutary correction, branch out into unpleasant exuberances and ungracious passions. She knew she was beautiful, and she expected admiration; she felt her natural mental superiority over other young ladies, and she became domineering. Had her infancy been properly cultivated, and the powers of her mind been systematically developed, she would have learnt how much more amiable, and how much more conducive to the happiness of a woman it is, to exercise the empire of the sex by the imperceptible influence of gentle persuasion, than by the stern, and rude, and boisterous authority of presuming prerogative.

Young Charmion was an interesting figure; graceful and manly. His countenance glowed with the ardour of high health, softened by the spirit of benevolence. Industrious, discreet, and affable, he enjoyed the respect of the community in which he resided, and was universally a favourite of the fair. In the rough times in which his youth was cast, the tuition of an ordinary

schoolmaster, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, was all the instruction afforded to his juvenile years: He had, however, considerably improved himself by subsequent personal application to different branches of learning; and, generally speaking, was qualified for social companionship, either with men or women.

No man, perhaps, could be better formed to please Dorinda than Robert Charmion. To his other excellent qualities may be added firmness and mental stability, which pleased without overawing the temper of Miss Morvin.

A year’s acquaintance, and a courtship of two months during that period, was sufficient to unite in the bands of wedlock, a pair so happily formed to interest and please each other. The match was allowed to be, on all hands, a very good one; with respect to the ages and the situation of the parties, as well as to the promotion of their temporal welfare: and the autumn of the year 1778 was the season in which Robert Charmion conveyed his lovely bride to St. Leonard’s, in Calvert county, where he had previously prepared every thing in his power which might afford her a pleasing and satisfactory reception; and for some time they enjoyed, without interruption, the happiness of the connubial state, heightened by bright prospects of the future, painted in the gaudiest and most brilliant forms, by the vividness of their imaginations.

After the lapse of some months, the novelty of a married state wore off; young Charmion, attentive to his business, grew less particular and was less uniform in his attentions to his wife; and, although he esteemed and loved her as much as ever, he concluded that the good sense of his consort would cheerfully forego the more minute and frivolous formalities of affection, if she were well assured that his heart was, in reality, sincerely devoted to her: He took every proper means to convince her that it was; and that although his love did not manifest itself in so many romantic forms, it nevertheless was as loyal as it was

published in 1800.

⁷⁰ *Sanguinary*: bloody.

⁷¹ *Witty sallies*: wordplay, quips.

originally, and that the primal vivacity of the nuptial tie was only yielding to a sentiment of a graver tint, which, if not so enchanting would certainly be more durable.

But reasoning like this had little effect upon Mrs. Charmion. “Am I not lovely?” she would ask herself; “and whatever is lovely is admirable: My father is rich; my understanding is good; I am, therefore, respectable in my own person and by parentage; yet Mr. Charmion cools in his regards; relaxes in his attentions, and takes more delight in dull pursuits than in my company. It is probable his heart pays its devotions elsewhere, and I am neglected for some unworthy object.” Such was the deluding logic of the passionate Dorinda. Discontent ripened into peevishness,⁷² peevishness into a sullen moroseness, which finally broke out into criminations. Robert Charmion was of a temper not easily provoked; and all the inconsiderate invectives of his spouse had no other effect upon him than to increase his indifference and inattention towards her. Thus was a breach of domestic harmony effected, which, by a more complacent deportment and greater suavity⁷³ of temper on the part of the lady, might have been easily prevented.

The period of a year “crowned their loves” with the birth of a charming daughter;⁷⁴ a circumstance which in some measure renewed between this pair that enchanting tenderness which had originally possessed their souls, and gave a more transporting hue to the brilliant complexion of their enjoyments. On this occasion Dorinda exhibited another fault of temper. Instead of hailing with smiles the revival of the sprightly ardour of her consort, the loss of which she had previously so much deplored, she played the coquette,⁷⁵ affected to disregard his attentions, reproached

⁷² *Peevishness*: obstinate bad temper.

⁷³ *Suavity*: Sweetness or agreeableness.

⁷⁴ *Crowned their loves*: the line is taken from the British poet Charles Churchill’s 1764 poem “The Times.”

⁷⁵ *Coquette*: a woman who habitually trifles with the affections of men; a

him with his late coolness and perceiving the strength of his attachment to his newly born infant tormented him incessantly, believing that she could at any moment, secure his utmost devotions through the attractions of their interesting child. This conduct on the part of Mrs. Charmion was not the result of disgust nor of animosity; but of caprice, of false ideas of female importance in the matrimonial state, and of that luxuriant wantonness of temper which delights to tease, to perplex, and to agitate the object of its holiest adoration.

The firmness of Robert Charmion’s mind was proof against the fickleness of temporary capriciousness; but it could not withstand the continual excitements of the ever active and irregular temper of his wife. To yield to her whims, to gratify all her propensities, to dangle in obsequious attention upon all her eccentric movements, would be to sanction a life of unpleasant servility, to destroy that equanimity in which he so much delighted, to neglect his business, and thereby weaken the prospect of his future fortune. On the other hand, to come to an open rupture, to treat her with harshness, to assume the tone, and the authority, and to exercise the force of a connubial tyrant, was abhorrent to his soul, contrary to all his notions of manly dignity, and odious to that rational, endearing sentiment in regard to her, which still pervaded his heart, and was likely to endure till death.

His ingenuity, however, could devise no scheme to restore domestic tranquility. The rays of precious sunshine which it was in the power of Dorinda to shed on all around her whenever she pleased, and which would have illuminated the path of hymeneal felicity, too often obscured by the vapours of sullenness and spleen, were finally shrouded by an angry and sluggish discontent, which gradually produced between them an external aversion that eventually became manifest even to strangers. This dislike was further increased by the death of their daughter, who sunk into

flirt.

the grave the first summer after her birth.

Three years passed on in this uncomfortable manner, which period was not productive of any amelioration of their matrimonial state by the occurrence of a single joyful incident of a domestic nature, except the addition of a son and of another daughter to the family of our pair. These produced no permanent change in the behaviour of Mrs. Charmion; and so malignant had the misunderstanding grown, that in the sequel it broke out into open hostility and disgraceful altercation. As an expedient for the promotion of a more happy state of things, Mr. Charmion at last proposed that Dorinda, with the children, should repair to her father's and reside there for a few months; in which time, being left to calm reflection, he concluded that she would become sensible of the imperfections of her disposition, and be convinced, from a review of circumstances since their marriage, that it was completely in her power, by cherishing a conciliatory disposition, which is so extremely compatible with feminine delicacy, to reunite herself to him in the true spirit of matrimonial love and friendship.

Although the sensibility and the pride of Mrs. Charmion were wounded by this proposition, she nevertheless accepted it; but she assented with a sternness and with an emphasis which marked the rising passion of her soul. The day was fixed for her departure, and the hour was drawing near.

Robert Charmion had among the dependents of his household, the descendant of a Peruvian Indian, who entertained a most implacable hatred to the whole race of Europeans. Born at Lima, on the margin of the Pacific Ocean, he heard of the prevalence of the contest for independence in the northern regions of the American continent soon after the conflict began; and, leaving his native soil and all his relatives, hastened to Panama, crossed the Isthmus of Darien to Porto Bello⁷⁶, and

thence found a speedy passage to the revolted colonies⁷⁷, where he enlisted himself in the American army as a common soldier. This Indian was in several severe engagements which the troops of freedom had with the English forces, in one of which he was severely wounded, was conveyed to a military hospital, where he was regularly attended by an army surgeon, but was not for a long time restored completely to health. Being an invalid from the wound, he found it too arduous a business for his constitution to return to camp, although the war was not concluded, and he longed exceedingly to partake further in the combats which were still occurring in various parts of the country; but, yielding to necessity, he roved for some time from town to town, until chance threw him in the way of young Charmion, who, admiring the romantic valour of the Indian, took him to his dwelling, found him employment, and administered to his wants. The Indian had been christened Sol, from the circumstance of his parents having claimed kindred with the race of Incas, or children of the sun.

A small family carriage, drawn by two horses, was got in readiness, on the morning intended for Mrs. Charmion's departure, to convey her and the children to her father's residence near Baltimore. The lady was already seated in the carriage, Mr. Charmion was conveying his little son towards it, and Sol, with the daughter in his arms, was deliberately making for the vehicle, when a volley of musket-balls whistled on their ears, and Sol looking round, beheld Mr. Charmion wounded and fallen to the earth, and his darling boy apparently struggling with death for existence. The coachman, who had taken his seat as soon as Mrs. Charmion had entered the carriage, was seized with a universal trepidation, and his emotion giving a sudden twitch to the reins,

Central American peninsula today known as the nation of Panama, arriving at the Spanish port known as Portobelo.

⁷⁷ *Revolted colonies*: the North American colonies (ie what would become the United States) in revolt against British authority.

⁷⁶ *Panama, crossed the Isthmus of Darien to Porto Bello*: Sol here crosses **b**

the horses, already startled by the shower of balls, galloped off in full speed on the road leading to Baltimore, the almost unconscious driver simply retaining the reins in his hands, without being able for one whole hour to check the animals in their furious career.

The situation of Mrs. Charmion was deplorable indeed; at the report of the muskets she hastily looked through the coach window, which was down, and saw with affright her husband and helpless infant prone on the earth. Every angry sentiment, every feeling of pride vanished in an instant; and affection, sympathy, anxiety, and every fond idea connected with the connubial tie, rushed into her mind tumultuously. In a paroxysm⁷⁸ of convulsed sensibility, she endeavoured to burst open the carriage door to aid her husband and children; but Sol, hastening to prevent her, pressed the door close, shouted to the coachman to drive on, (for which, however, there was no occasion,) and Mrs. Charmion, distracted by her feelings, her features distorted with horror, shrieked aloud, and swooned away as the carriage whirled along with the utmost velocity.

Sol, being an old soldier, and used to scenes of this kind, soon perceived to whom his master was indebted for this unwelcome visit and salute. A party of British soldiers, proceeding up the Patuxent⁷⁹ on a predatory excursion, had landed near St. Leonard's, and coming upon the inhabitants by surprise, killed two or three, plundered the place, and bore off several persons, who were wounded, as prisoners. As soon as they approached after firing, Sol cried out for quarter, more on account of the child in his arms, which remained unhurt, than on his own. The British officer who commanded the party, readily granted quarter, although he was strongly dissuaded from it by a refugee⁸⁰ who belonged to his corps. Sol, with the infant

daughter of Mrs. Charmion, was made prisoner, and Mr. Charmion, notwithstanding he was wounded very severely, was put under guard, and conveyed, with the Indian and others, to the boats in waiting, a part of which were immediately rowed off with the spoil and prisoners. By this time the alarm was spread, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, seizing such arms as were most convenient, hurried to the relief of St. Leonard's: they overtook the British party descending the left bank of the creek of that name, immediately attacked them, killed five, (among which number was the cruel hearted refugee,) wounded three slightly, and made two prisoners. The remainder of the English gained their boats, and rowed off with great swiftness.

When the coachman of Mrs. Charmion had so far recovered from the influence of terror as to be able to recollect himself with tolerable precision, he by degrees stopped his horses, which were still restiff,⁸¹ and dismounting from his seat looked into the coach to ascertain what had become of his mistress. He found her just recovering from her swoon, faint and languid: she hastily inquired of him the fate of her husband and children. The coachman could not tell. Mrs. Charmion remained fixed to her seat, her eyes strained open with a vacant stare, her countenance portraying despair, her right hand pressing her forehead with an open palm, and her left on the window frame of the coach: A flood of tears came to her relief, and served to recall her more effectually to her senses. Such are the operations of nature on the human senses, in the moments of distraction.

The coachman perceiving that he was in a part of the country where he knew Mrs. Charmion was well acquainted, inquired of her whether he should drive up to a house then in view. To this proposal Mrs. Charmion consented, and the coachman, who was not quite certain that he was out of danger,

⁷⁸ *Paroxysm*: outburst of emotion.

⁷⁹ *Patuxent*: a tributary of the Chesapeake in Maryland.

⁸⁰ *Refugee*: During the American Revolution, the term refugee identified

a member of a group of guerrilla fighters active in support of the British cause, especially in New York.

⁸¹ *Restiff*: resisting control.

made haste to the dwelling in question. It belonged to a substantial farmer, who was intimate with her husband, and who paid every attention to her that he possibly could. Having somewhat recovered the tone of her mind, Mrs. Charmion refused to proceed a step further until she should learn something of the situation of her husband and children. Indeed she had determined, on reflection, to return instantly to St. Leonard's to learn the particulars in person, and would have actually proceeded thither had not the farmer interfered, and in almost a peremptory manner prevented her. The farmer, suspecting what was the truth of the matter, equipped his two sons (one of eighteen and the other of twenty years of age) with horses and muskets, and commanded them to ride hard for St. Leonard's, and to alarm the country in their way. It was a good deal owing to the ardour and courage of these two young men that the British party was overtaken. The following morning they returned to their father's house, and changed the oppressive anxiety of Mrs. Charmion into the darkest melancholy with the mournful history of the captivity of her wounded husband and of that of the faithful Indian and her daughter, as well as of the death of her little son. The grief of minds that are naturally strong is seldom stormy. The sorrow of Mrs. Charmion was deep and corrosive; twenty-four hours of torturing uncertainty had rendered countenance the emblem of grief; and the fatal truth, cruel as the shaft of death, agonized her heart, and afflicted her bosom with unutterable anguish.

When Mrs. Charmion had first heard the musket balls discharged and whistle by her coach, she had suffered for an instant an unworthy suspicion to enter her mind; she thought it possible that her husband had intended to destroy her. The thought had even recurred to her on recovering from her swoon. But now, how much did she deplore his loss! How many bitter regrets mingled with her thoughts as she rapidly retraced the scenes of her past hours! To the overwhelming calamities of the

last terrible day, what were all the previous ills of her life? Reflection brought with it nothing but self-reproaches; and after trying in vain to compose herself to rest, Mrs. Charmion resolved to return to St. Leonard's, to attend to the burial of her child, and the arrangement of the affairs of her ill-fated husband.

As she proceeded thither in her carriage, the gay visions of futurity cheered her on the way. The angel of hope, so deluding, yet so consoling to suffering mortals, painted to her imagination the probability of an early reunion with her husband. She flattered herself that his wound was not dangerous; that if it was, he would be treated with humanity by the English surgeons; that his trusty Peruvian would attend him with fidelity; and that her father, by applying to General Washington, would soon be able to effect his release. She enjoyed for a moment this pleasing illusion; but as she entered the town her gloom returned, and she alighted at the place of her residence with a worn bosom and an aching heart. Her acquaintances crowded around her, glad to find she had escaped; for many of them believed she had been taken captive with her husband. They tendered her a thousand services, for which she thanked them. Her son had been already buried; and Mrs. Charmion, after remaining a few days in a place where every object only tended to excite her tears, committed the superintendance of her husband's property to his father, and repaired to her own paternal mansion in the vicinity of Baltimore.

Mr. Morvin applied to General Washington in behalf of the captive husband of his unhappy daughter; and that illustrious man took the necessary measures to procure his restoration: but, after a formal inquiry, the British general informed him that no such man as Robert Charmion could be found among the number of his prisoners. Mrs. Charmion and her father concluded that he was dead; and this was also the opinion of old Mr. Charmion, who shortly afterwards departed this life, leaving to his daughter-in-law his whole estate in addition to that of his

son. It was many years before Mrs. Charmion obtained that equability of mind which in the first part of this volume we have represented her as enjoying; in the attainment of which she was assisted by the sage admonitions of her father, Mr. Morvin, who, in a ripe old age sunk into the grave, and left her the sole inheritrix of his fortune, including the delightful villa where she afterwards resided.

The wound of Mr. Charmion was not of itself mortal; but the agitation of his mind, occasioned by this sudden separation from his wife, and his uncertainty with respect to her fate, brought on a raging fever, which, notwithstanding the skill and humane attention of the British surgeons, speedily produced a delirium, and terminated in death. An hour before he expired, he charged Sol to guard and preserve his daughter, and to take the first opportunity of restoring her to her mother, if living; or, in the event of her death, to her mother's friends.

Next to his hatred of the Europeans, there was no passion or sentiment so powerful in the heart of the Peruvian as that of fidelity to a friend; and Sol promised the dying father strictly to obey his commands.

It was on his passage to England, with a number of other prisoners, that Mr. Robert Charmion died; and his remains were committed to the waves according to the custom of sailors. The Indian arrived safely with the child in a British port; and it being rumoured abroad that there was a South-American among the captives, he was sent for up to London, whither he repaired with the daughter of his deceased friend. There Sol procured a nurse for the infant; having nourished it on the passage with goat's milk and other food adapted to its tender age, which he procured from the captain of the British transport vessel, who was a very amiable man.

The Peruvian's arrival in London being much spoken of, the clergy, the lawyers, and the natural and moral philosophers became curious to see him, and they concluded that this would be

a fine opportunity to decide the celebrated question, *whether the natives of the American continent are as acute and vigorous in their intellect as the natives of Europe, and whether they are as susceptible of mental improvement?*

Accordingly a committee was privately selected, to examine and decide upon the faculties of Sol. It consisted of a bishop, a judge, and of two professors of philosophy. Before this inquisition, the Peruvian was brought, where various questions were put to him, calculated to test, by the answers he should give, the extent of his intellectual capacity.

The Indian soon perceived their motive and their object, and after having, by the aptness of his replies to most of their queries, shaken in the minds of his examiners the doctrine of American inferiority, Sol surprised them still more by the following series of observations; for he was very well versed in the leading points of European literature, having read many books whilst he resided with Mr. Charmion, and having also perused several volumes whilst a soldier in the army, immediately after he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English tongue.

"I perceive," said the Peruvian, addressing himself to his inquisitors, "that you wish to ascertain the worth of my mental qualifications, and through mine, of those of my countrymen in general. To save you much trouble, I will now state to you my sentiments upon the subject of your inquiry, and you will be able to judge of my abilities by the force of my remarks.

"The history of America which the Europeans have themselves compiled, furnishes facts sufficient to refute the doctrine of inferiority maintained against the human race in that quarter of the world.⁸² In the adherence of Guacanahari to his

⁸² The following summary draws largely on Spanish colonial history, a subject of increasing interest and study in the early 19C, and perhaps encountered by *Rosa's* author in William Robertson's *The History of America* (1777, see note 61 above). Robertson describes *Guacanahari* as

plighted friendship for Columbus and his followers in Hispaniola, you have an instance of unshaken fidelity to engagements, although they were merely verbal, and entered into with an invader. In the conduct of Hatuey, at the eastern extremity of Cuba, you will see an example of romantic valour and heroic fortitude. In the gallant youths who devoted themselves to certain death for the purpose of precipitating Cortes from a tower, you find the most fervent spirit of patriotism. In the general resistance of the Mexicans to the Spanish forces, you may recognise the most undaunted courage. In the political institutions of Peru, are to be found the principles of civilization most precious to the human heart. In what, then, is it that the native Americans were defective? Is it because there were some of them more savage than others? Look at Europe! and you will find it, even now, overrun with hordes of Barbarians; with Tartars, and other wandering tribes; whilst portions of it are civilized in the highest degree yet known. Is it because, when discovered, the natives had no large vessels, and were totally unacquainted with the art of distant navigation? How long was Europe itself in that

one of the five sovereigns of Hispaniola, who could have taken advantage of Columbus's weakness in 1492 but instead provided aid. *Hatuey* was another sovereign of Hispaniola who relocated to the eastern end of the island of Cuba, where he resisted Spanish encroachments; Robertson recounts the story of his being burned at the stake, and refusing to convert to Christianity, not wanting to encounter "accursed" Spaniards in the afterlife. During the Spanish conquest of Mexico, as recounted by Robertson, a group of young warriors threw themselves off a tower in an attempt to kill the Spanish military leader *Cortes*. The narrator here also makes comparisons with *Tartars*, or *Tatars*, a nomadic people in central Asia, associated with Russia and frequently cited as Old World "barbarians"; Robertson suggests the Tartars were the ancestors of the Mexicans. *Montezuma* was the ruler of the Aztec Empire at the moment of the Spanish Conquest in 1520; the *Incas*, with whom Sol is more closely associated, formed large empire in western South America.

condition! Greece had flourished and fallen, Rome had triumphed and been subdued, and yet the inhabitants of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, still sneaked along the shore, nor dared to adventure into the immense ocean. Is it in the imbecility of Montezuma, or in the dissensions of the Inca race? At what epoch has Europe been free from the stain of monarchs who are feeble in mind, and of princes who are prone to discord? Is it in the ferocious sacrifice of human victims in the religious ceremonies of the aborigines of America, that you trace their paucity of mind? Did not the Greeks for a long time perform the same rites? and Europe admires the Greeks. Besides, what substantial difference is there between a sacrifice of human beings on the altar of the gods, and a sacrifice of human life on the field of battle by the sword? The first is done by a priest, the other by a soldier; and the former is the most excusable in the eye of reason, for his offering is the evidence of a respect for the deity, which thinks nothing too sacred to be devoted to him; whilst the immolations⁸³ made by the latter are presented at the shrine of ambition, to gratify the most atrocious of human passions: Moreover, our superstitions, austere and gloomy as they were, could not be more so than those of your own Druids.⁸⁴ Is it because the Americans were subdued by the Spaniards and other nations, that our inferiority is inferred? Europe itself has passed under the yokes of various foreign masters; and in particular your boasted island and its people have become, by turns, the property of the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans.⁸⁵ Is it from our want of knowledge in the forms of government? In America all forms of rule were in vogue,

⁸³ *Immolations*: sacrifice offerings

⁸⁴ *Druids*: Pre-Christian priests, ministers, and teachers among ancient Celts of Gaul and Britain, who continue to figure in native Irish and Welsh legend as magicians, sorcerers, soothsayers, and the like.

⁸⁵ *Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans*: various historical invaders of Great Britain

from an imperial despotism to the most licentious democracy; and if the increase of the human species be the legitimate object of government, where was that object more effectually accomplished than in America, whose population when first discovered was far superior to what it has been since it was subjected to the policy of its conquerors. Is it because we did not rival the arts and the sciences of Europe, that you decry us? First show that our age was equal to that of the old world; compute the period of our duration of the American continent, and convince us that we had been in societies as long as you had, before you condemn us; recollect that your philosophers have admitted that ours is the youngest part of the world; and that we had already made considerable progress in improvement; we had rules for calculation; the Mexican language was enriched by the invention of terminations to words to denote the peculiar distinctions of rank and excellence,⁸⁶ and in the art of writing we had advanced as far as the use of the hieroglyphic: we also had one institution to which Europe then was a stranger; it was that of the establishment of couriers to convey intelligence with celerity. In energy of thought and aptness of manly repartee, where is there any thing superior to the expressions of Hatuey at the stake? In natural eloquence what European has excelled Logan?⁸⁷ In chaste female affection and benevolence, who is

⁸⁶ *Mexican language*: this detail also seems to be taken from Robertson (see note 82), who discusses in some detail how “[t]he Mexican tongue abounded in expressions of reverence and courtesy,” adding a footnote about terminations.

⁸⁷ *Logan*: a political leader of the Haudenosaunee (also known as Iroquois or Six Nations) people, well-known in the early republic for a speech in which he condemned the hypocrisy and violence of white settlers and political leaders. Thomas Jefferson cited a version of Logan’s “lament” in *Notes on the State of Virginia*. Pocahontas was the daughter of Algonquian leader Powhatan in 17C Virginia; the story of Pocahontas and John Smith experienced a revival in the early 19C

before Pocahontas? In truth, Europe has nothing to boast of which can degrade America: in crimes alone it has been more fruitful, in fashions more various: but where was the true standard of fashion? Was it at Pekin, at Constantinople, at Paris, or at London, any more than at Mexico or at Cuzco?⁸⁸ Change, therefore, your ideas respecting America: acknowledge, that if she was not so far advanced as Europe in civilization, it was not for want of capacity, but for the want of time; and that the Americans were not more savage or barbarous at the era of their discovery by the Spaniards, than the Europeans were when they were of the same age.”

At the conclusion of this speech the Peruvian’s inquisitors were confounded. They dismissed him with handsome presents in money, averring that if he was a true specimen of American intellect, the value of the human mind in that quarter had been very much underrated.

This examination being made public, Sol was sought after by persons of fashion and fortune in every direction; and a widow lady who had no children, and was very rich, adopted the daughter of Mr. Charmion, purely because her history was in some degree connected with that of the Peruvian; and from that moment Miss Charmion was destined to be spoiled by an English education. The Indian, whilst he was in England, read an account in the London Gazette of the adventure of the British soldier at St. Leonard’s, wherein it was stated, and Sol believed it, that Mrs. Charmion was killed at the same time that her husband was wounded.

The Peruvian remained in London till the conclusion of peace. During his stay there he became acquainted with several English merchants, who very much admired his sagacity, and in the year 1783, after his liberation, gave him five thousand pounds

through the writings of John Davis.

⁸⁸ *Pekin* is present-day Beijing; *Constantinople* is present-day Istanbul; *Cuzco* was the Incan capital, located in present-day Peru.

sterling for managing a shipment of British goods which they made to Lima through Spanish ports. On his arrival in South America, Sol married an Indian woman who was in affluent circumstances, by whom he was blessed with several fine children, who were very handsome and very delicate. For the daughter of Mr. Charmion, he thought he had well provided by leaving her in the care of the English lady, who had promised to settle at her death the whole of her fortune upon Miss Charmion; nor did he believe he was at all disobeying in this alienation, the dying request of his master and friend, for as Mrs. Charmion was announced to be dead, it would be hardly worth while to reconvey the infant across the Atlantic ocean to her friends, particularly when she had been so fortunate in meeting with a protectress in London.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DERWENT, being interrupted by the intrusion of the old maids and beau Botherum at Mrs. Charmion's, did not disclose to the company the story of the youth who had called himself Richard Richardson. That gentleman was correct in his conjecture that Richardson was not his real name. Nevertheless, the young man had not, strictly speaking, been guilty of a falsehood. He had read the story of Telemachus⁸⁹, and had only practised one of those ingenious evasions which the virtuous Archbishop of Cambray, rather too loosely, inculcates as venial,⁹⁰

⁸⁹ *Telemachus: Les Aventures de Télémaque (The Adventures of Telemachus)* was a French narrative of education by François Fénelon, the archbishop of Cambrai and the tutor to the French king Louis XIV's son. The novel

followed Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, as he attempted to find his father, all the while being educated by Minerva, who is disguised as the old tutor Mentor.

⁹⁰ *Venial*: minor, pardonable.

where curiosity is too prying, and no injury can accrue from the elusion. Richard was the Christian name of the son and of the father; and for Richard to say that he was Richard's *son*, appears to be a designation which might satisfy the scruples of truth herself, were it not too closely connected with that species of subterfuge which is so generally resorted to by witnesses in a court of justice, who, being sworn to tell *the whole truth*, suppress every thing but what is extorted from them by the tedious importunities of a brow-beating attorney.

Richard Orvaine was the true name of the boy: he was descended from a respectable Irish family, who had early emigrated to North-America, and by probity⁹¹ and industry had become distinguished and opulent. That branch of the family of which Richard was immediately a member, had fallen somewhat into decay; for his father, not practising that economy which had been the source of his ancestors' wealth, had expended his fortune during his life-time, leaving his worldly accounts to be closed by his executors or administrators, and committing his wife and children to the precarious benevolence of relatives and to the various vicissitudes⁹² of an oscillating world.

Nature had endowed Richard with genius, a gift which, connected with poverty, commonly renders its possessor unhappy and unfortunate through life. Genius is bold, it is witty, satirical, sarcastic, proud, aspiring, impetuous, and usually accompanied by the most unbounded sensibility. Whoever is acquainted with the world, its prejudices, and its passions, will be sensible how very difficult it is for genius, thus characterized, to combat with the obstacles which at every step present themselves to oppose its advancement to riches and celebrity. Ignorance in brocade,⁹³ presumption fortified by property, weakness and vanity in power, beauty unattended by the graces, look down with contempt upon

⁹¹ *Probity*: integrity.

⁹² *Vicissitudes*: uncertainties.

⁹³ *Brocade*: a textile fabric woven with a pattern of raised figures.

genius in penury;⁹⁴ and, if they condescend to patronise it at all, demand the perfume of its odour, and claim its adorations, as their natural revenue. But this is a species of subserviency which genius cannot brook: like a high spirited horse, wild, and disdainful the curb, it spurns such vassalage,⁹⁵ and scorns any other influence than that of a superior intellect. It is from these peculiarities that genius has acquired the reputation of instability; and from which dulness takes occasion to boast of higher merit in relation to the necessary aptitude and qualifications for avocations of a formal and systematical nature. But it is a fallacy to aver that genius is too volatile and eccentric for serious business; for it is only indolence, which is the source of many vices, that naturally incapacitates a man for an occupation which requires regularity and assiduous application. It has unaccountably grown into a maxim, that genius and discretion are incompatible; and this is a whim which vapouring minds have magnified for the purpose of adding to their own importance in society. We meet every day with individuals who are as stupid as you please, as vacant in their minds as an exhausted cylinder, and yet as trifling in their thoughts and in their actions as Harlequin at a fair; and as profuse and extravagant as the most ungovernable spendthrift.⁹⁶

Left an orphan at an early age, with the mere rudiments of a common education, Richard was so fortunate as to become the favourite of a merchant, who had known his family in better times; and being taken under his protection, he devoted all his spare hours, to the cultivation of his mind and the accumulation of knowledge; he soon acquired the habit of committing his thoughts to paper, and, after some time, furnished the prints of Baltimore with an occasional essay, which, being written with due

⁹⁴ *Penury*: destitution.

⁹⁵ *Vassalage*: servitude.

⁹⁶ *Exhausted cylinder*: a vacuum—a cylinder from which all air has been removed (ex-hausted); *Harlequin at a fair*: a mime or a clown.

consideration, were usually well received. It was this practice which was the cause of our youth's being introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Derwent.

In general Richard was a very prudent boy; and he had naturally no disposition for vice. But his pursuits necessarily brought him acquainted with several youth of his own age, who were not over-scrupulous or nice in their morals. By accidental associations with these, Richard had frequently been drawn into improprieties which, on reflection, excited regret. He had resolved by degrees to separate himself from their society; but, on the evening before he left Baltimore, he had been drawn into a circle of these youngsters, who, in addition to their urging and in a manner compelling him to drink freely, insisted upon his playing at cards. To this, in an unguarded hour, he acceded; and with a most unwarrantable license staked and lost a considerable sum of money which was the property of the merchant with whom he lived. Late in the night, at the conclusion of his gambling, he became perfectly sensible of his error, and loudly execrated⁹⁷ himself for his imprudence. The youngsters present were ill qualified to give him advice; but with that presumption for which intemperate boys are so remarkable, unanimously advised him to leave the city, exciting him to do so, by suggesting to him various romantic ideas in relation to the probable good fortune with which he might meet. Filled with shame and dreading to encounter the merchant, in a weak moment, instead of going to his friend and candidly avowing his fault, soliciting forgiveness, and promising reform, he accepted the advice of his associates, who made up twenty dollars on the spot to defray his expenses to Philadelphia, where Richard hoped to find temporary employment, or casual relief, in point of funds, which might enable him to proceed to Boston. In that town resided Mr. Fairlong, the friend of his father, who had formerly been the

⁹⁷ *Execrated*: cursed.

artificer of Fairlong's fortune, by lending him money, and otherwise promoting his interest in trade. Without taking leave of his mother, or any of his true friends, but writing to them all as he had to Mr. Derwent, informing them of his departure, he set off early the next morning on board a packet boat, under the impression that it was bound for Frenchtown; but which, to his very great surprise, after two hours sail, he discovered was going to Easton, on the Eastern shore of Maryland.⁹⁸ To the merchant with whom he had resided and to his mother Richard wrote more particularly than to any one else. To the former he acknowledged the true cause of his sudden flight, declaring his intention to make him atonement at the first moment he should have it in his power. He confessed to his mother, his malconduct, implored her pardon, and promised to let her hear from him often, which, in the sequel, he did not fail to do. To his family his going off occasioned the most bitter heart-ache; and to the merchant his most sincere affliction: but he was gone too far to be overtaken; and although they would willingly have retrieved him, they did not know in what precise direction to pursue him.

When the youth arrived at Easton, he concluded to walk across the country to Philadelphia. Having taken some refreshment, he pursued his way, stopping no longer than was absolutely necessary to refresh himself with food and rest, until he arrived at Georgetown, in the state of Delaware. It was about ten o'clock in the day when he reached that place, where he found a concourse of persons attending the county court which was then sitting in the town. Richard's thoughts were sad and sorrowful, and he was turning to go from the court-house in search of an inn, when his attention was attracted by an old man who had perched himself upon the tail of a cart, and began to harangue

⁹⁸ *Frenchtown*: a port on the route from Baltimore to Philadelphia—it was largely destroyed in 1813 during the war; *Easton*: a Maryland community on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake; *Georgetown* (below): a small city in central Delaware.

the suitors who were loitering about or near the court-house door. Our young adventurer forgot, for an instant, his want of refreshment, and listened attentively to the old man, who, in a very blunt way, delivered the following speech:

“My dear fellow-citizens! I hope you will not take ~~an~~ what I am going to say to you. You all come here to buy law, and yet you are eternally crying down the law. Now, on this subject, I must tell you a little of my mind. If you'd all stay at home, mind your own business, leave off drinking whiskey, playing cards, and fighting, you might do without law, and so save your money. At the rate you go on, the lawyers get all your cash, and forsooth you make a great pother⁹⁹ about it. A pretty set of fellows you are, my dear fellow-citizens!¹⁰⁰ Depend upon it, as long as there are fools in the world, there will be knaves to pick their pockets; and it makes no great odds, whether you call the knaves pettifoggers, or by any other tide. I know you will tell me, as the Romans say, *vitiis nemo sine nascitur*, that is, *every bean has its black*, and that you are no worse than others; and indeed I am inclined to believe with the Latins, that *lupus pilum mutat, non mentem*, which is as much as to say, *what is bred in the bone, will never be out of the flesh*, for you are of the race of the quarrelsome, and will hardly ever be reformed to an industrious and peaceable life. As to you, Ned Nipperkins, I suppose you would fain persuade us, that your

⁹⁹ *Pother*: disturbance.

¹⁰⁰ What follows is a collection of Latin and English folk adages. The untranslated Latin phrases are as follows: *Vitiis nemo sine nascitur*: no one is born without faults (Horace); *Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem*: the wolf changes his coat, not his character; *fieri facias*: a writ of execution; [*ego*] *spem pretio non emo*: I do not buy hope at a price (Terence); *sumptus census nè superet*: let not your expenditure exceed your income (Plautus); *pariscum paribus facillime congregantur*: likes easily gather with likes (Cicero); *Inest sua gratia parvis*: even little things have a charm of their own. A *nipperkin* is a small alcoholic drink; *gim-cracks* are fanciful ideas; *affig* was the punishment of cutting off all or part of an ear.

coming here to court is, *committore agnum lupo; to put the lamb in the power of the wolf*; but you know that you provoked your neighbour Bludgeon to strike you, so that you might have a pretext for attending the sessions, to drink grog and to gamble, whilst your poor wife and children remain at home in a starving condition. We are told, *piscator ictus sapit; a burnt child dreads the fire*; yet you, Theophilus Threadbare, have had your goods and chattels seized twenty times at least, by these silly lawsuits; and behold! here you are again, ripe for another hatch of *fieri facias*. Nothing, I believe, will cure you of this itch for law, unless his honour the judge should order you all thirty-nine lashes a-piece, which, if he does, in true friendship I hope they may be well laid on. We each understand, *spem pretio non emo; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*; and still you go on, throwing away what you have got in the gratification of passions which will make you poor, and to pay for squabbles which will make you miserable. If you would but, *sumptus censum ne superet, cut your coat according to your cloth*, how happy might you be! But as soon as you get a few dollars, you lay them out in gim-cracks, instead of paying your debts, and so you are sued, and the lawyers fleece you sweetly. Ah! Jeffery Ginger, are you here again? You have come, I suppose, with malice in your heart, to trump up an information against your neighbour Spriggins, because he dunned you for what you owe him; it seems it is, *no longer pipe, no longer dance*, with you; and having received nineteen favours, because you are denied the twentieth, you endeavour to injure the man that has been your friend; but take care of your ears, for, though *Nought is never in danger*, yet you may be thought by the court a man of sufficient importance for cropping. God knows what will become of you, my dear fellow-citizens: here you lounge like a set of slouches, keeping one another in countenance; but, *pares cum paribus facillime congregantur, birds of a feather flock together*; and, with this short exhortation I shall leave you, advising you to settle your disputes among yourselves, and rather lose a little money in the

neighbourly adjustment of an account, than run headlong into the arms of a lawyer, paying foul fees for several years, without the least satisfaction. *Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit; hungry dogs will eat dirty puddings. Inest sua gratia parvis; a lark is better than a kite. He steals the goose and gives the giblets to his clients. Ex alieno tergore lata secare lora; he cuts large thongs out of another man's leather. But many words will not fill a bushel*; and, therefore, my dear fellow-citizens, good bye to you."

At the conclusion of this singular harangue, the old man descended from the cart, amidst the shouts of some, and the hisses of others of his auditors. One swore that he ought to be hanged, another affirmed that he ought to be elected a member of the assembly, and most of them wondered who he was. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the orator was an old schoolmaster, who had long taught reading, writing and arithmetic, in a little village in that county. It seems the old gentleman had felt the effects of the dissolute habits of the people thereabouts, many of whom had not been very punctual in paying him for the tuition of their children; and he conceived this a good opportunity to give them a lecture on their idle practices and improvident dispositions.

The melancholy thoughts of Richard, although they were somewhat diverted by this scene, still prevented the natural vivacity of his temper from gaining the ascendant, as usual in his heart. He reflected with severity upon his error; he regretted the situation he had left in Baltimore, and even felt unhappy that he was separated from his youthful companions, whose pernicious advice he had followed with so much facility. Wearing by the recurrence of unpleasant ideas, he repaired to an inn, where he took some refreshment, and secured lodgings for the night; having in the evening procured an early supper, he retired to rest. As soon as his host was stirring in the morning, Richard arose, paid his bill, and pursued his route towards Philadelphia.

Nothing particular occurred further in the history of this

young man, until he reached Newcastle.¹⁰¹ On his way thither he had stopped several times, and, when a town or village did not offer for refreshing himself, he had recourse to country dwellings, where, for a trifle, and frequently for nothing, he always met with wholesome, if not with epicurean¹⁰² and splendid fare.

The sun had already set, when Richard entered an inn at Newcastle, inquiring for the accommodation of a bed and a light repast. The landlord informed him that he could be gratified, and in the mean time showed him into the supper room, where several persons were sitting, engaged in sociable chat, and waiting for the arrival of the usual eating hour. Richard seated himself in a chair close by a man of middling age, who had a rubicund nose most beautifully adorned with carbuncles.¹⁰³ Suspecting that the youth was pretty much of a novice, this person by degrees drew him into conversation. After a few minutes of vague questions, remarks and rejoinders between them, “Pray my dear young friend,” said the man to Richard, with an affected softness of manner, “What do you prefer for supper?” “Generally,” said the young man, “a few dishes of tea and a slice of bread and butter fully satisfy my appetite.” “Tea! my dear friend, you’ll ruin your constitution!” replied the stranger, in a half whisper, “let me advise you; you are new in the world: I counsel you against tea. Poor aunt Betty! would you believe it? Tea killed my aunt Betty in a fortnight! It did, indeed. And good old uncle Tom! Dear, dear; it makes me weep when I think of it; tea, my dear young friend, shattered his nerves, until they were like a worn out boulder.”¹⁰⁴

Richard, unskilled in the low tricks of men, took all this in good part; and, notwithstanding he thought the stranger’s admonitions somewhat officious, yet his remarks concerning the

¹⁰¹ *Newcastle*: a town in northern Delaware on the route to Philadelphia.

¹⁰² *Epicurean*: pleasurable.

¹⁰³ *Rubicund*: reddish in color; *carbuncles*: inflamed, usually reddish, skin lesions.

¹⁰⁴ *Boulder*: a piece of cloth used for sifting.

unwholesomeness of tea, corresponding with what he had repeatedly heard from many respectable persons of his acquaintance in Baltimore, he thanked the man for his kind caution, and remarked, that if he knew of a good substitute, he believed he would quit drinking tea. “Know of a substitute! bless your soul!” said the stranger with earnestness, but in rather a low tone of voice, “Why, what can be more salutary, what more excellent, than genuine old Madeira wine?”¹⁰⁵ Look at my visage now; see what a ruddy, healthy countenance I carry; nothing cadaverous in it; none of your consumptive looks; but a fine, natural red,” As he uttered the word “red,” he elevated his head, so that the light of the candles then burning in the room shone full upon it, and gave a glistening aspect to the rubies of his nose, which Richard observing, asked with something of an arch look, whether indulging in wine gave him the high red flush which appeared to overspread his face? “Doubtless,” answered the stranger, “whatsoever tends to promote health, also tends to preserve the natural red of the complexion, and, therefore, strictly speaking, there may be some distant connexion between my drinking wine and the redness of my face. But as to my complexion, it is, I assure you, constitutional; doctors will tell you it is owing to the thinness of the skin; I was as ruddy as I am now, when I was sixteen years old. The girls always called me rosy Joss. But, come! you shall positively try a supper of wine and steak with me tonight; I’ll take no refusal. Let me see! um! a club—yes, a Yorkshire club¹⁰⁶—there’s nothing so fair as a Yorkshire club.”

¹⁰⁵ *Madeira wine*: a fortified wine produced on the island of Madeira.

¹⁰⁶ *Yorkshire club*: in his important study of early 18C British club culture, *The History of the London Clubs* (1709), Ned Ward’s typology of clubs included the Yorkshire Club, characterized primarily as a place for vulgar men drunkenly to plan cheating in business deals. His account concludes: “Thus when in their Cups they sit Bantering one another between Jest and Earnest till with Talk and much Liqour, their Tongues and Legs, but not their Cunning begin to fail them; and all Blunder

“And nothing so sharp as a Yorkshire bite,” observed a man of about forty years of age, who sat in a corner of the room, occasionally puffing smoke from a cigar, and who preserved a very serious countenance, which was rendered exceedingly ludicrous by a long sharp nose, which curved a little to the left.

“*That’s a jemmy!*”¹⁰⁷ cried out a dwarfish personage, who sat adjacent to the smoker.

The man who made the remark in relation to the Yorkshire bite, and the dwarfish personage, were inseparable companions. The first was a bachelor of some fortune, who passed for a punster, and for what has been modernly termed, a *quizzier*. The latter was an inmate of the former, and was ~~actually~~ retained by him to applaud his wretched puns and droll sayings, so that whenever the quizzer would utter a witticism or a *bon mot*,¹⁰⁸ the dwarf would roar out, “*that’s a jemmy!*”

Richard, more attracted by the oddity of the man, than by conviction of the truth of what he asserted, and willing to indulge himself in any whimsicality that would cheer his spirits, with that flexibility of mind which is peculiar to youth, forgot all his sorrows for the evening, and joined with his unknown solicitor, in a supper of beef steaks and wine. The landlord, apprized of the circumstance, supplied his guests liberally; and the whole company sitting down to supper, with the exception of the smoker and the dwarf, the scene for about half an hour became quite dull; until, appetites being nearly satiated, the operations of the knife and fork and cup and saucer slackened,

downstairs, from the Rich Prosperous Knave to the poor clouted Understrapper, and withoutside the Grundsil mutually take leave of one another, and so stagger home to their Inns, Bars, and Stables, to exercise their Cunning Tricks till the very next Merry Meeting.” By the 17C, “Yorkshire” was associated with trickery and cunning, characteristics expressed in a popular song, “The Yorkshire Bite.”

¹⁰⁷ *That’s a jemmy!*: that’s a sharp (funny) remark; *quizzier*: a punster.

¹⁰⁸ *Bon mot*: a witty remark (from the French for “good saying”).

and conversation began to revive. Richard and his new friend, however, did not relinquish their glasses. The young man’s blood beginning to warm, he relished the wine more and more; and the old toper, tossing off four glasses to Richard’s one, was too much pleased with his thrifty bargain of a Yorkshire club, to leave off drinking in a hurry.

“The vine, I believe, is not a native of Madeira,” said Richard: “it was carried thither from Sicily.”

“You are right,” remarked the toper,¹⁰⁹ and he gulped down another glass-full.

“If one may judge by your phiz,”¹¹⁰ observed the quizzer, looking at the toper, “the vine is certainly indige-nose hereabouts.”

“*That’s a jemmy!*” cried the dwarf.

“Ah! Moses Macaroonie; that’s one of your silly gibes,” said the toper: “but nobody minds you. Come, my young friend, you don’t pledge me.”

“You have been pledged so often that you are past all redemption,” retorted Moses.

“*That’s a jemmy!*” roared the dwarf.

Richard swallowed a glass-full of wine, and became loquacious.

The toper, with very little assistance from the inexperienced youth, had emptied the first bottle of wine and called for a second.

“Come, my dear fellow, let’s see the bottom of it,” said the thirsty blade, (elevating his voice,) as he addressed the youth, and tilled up their glasses.

“When you get to the bottom,” observed the quizzer, “you will see as clearly as an owl in the sun-shine.”

“*That’s a jemmy!*” vociferated his attendant.

¹⁰⁹ *Toper*: drunkard.

¹¹⁰ *Phiz*: a facial expression, from a slang shortening of physiognomy.

“I shall certainly die a martyr to the love of wine,” continued the toper, gulping down another draught of the liquor, without paying any attention to the remark of Moses.

“You will not be the first victim to the influence of a foreign incendiary,” said Macaroone.

“*That’s a jemmy!*” cried his applauder.

“Confound the thing!” exclaimed a travelling Quaker gentleman, who had stopped at the inn, but arriving after the usual hour of supper, was gratifying himself with a hot beef-steak; “Confound the thing!” he exclaimed, “I have really inflamed my finger.”

“Friend, thou art not the first, that hath been *burnt* at a *steak* for canvassing a subject too zealously,” remarked Moses, quaintly imitating the style of the Friend.

“*That’s a jemmy!*” cried his trumpeter.

“Nor thou the first,” replied the Quaker with mildness, “that hath shown the want of good sense by being impertinent.”

“*That’s a jemmy!*” vociferated the dwarf.

“Is it so, master Hookemsneevy!¹¹¹ Eh! hey! Pray who told you to crack up any body, but myself, for a joker?” said Macaroone, getting angry.

“The dwarf was a personage not more than four feet in height, and had a frightful nasal organ, which cast over a very grotesque visage a most ludicrous contour. His master, or rather his superior, exasperated at the sharp retort of the Friend, seized the unfortunate squire by this enormous snout, and wrung it with great severity. Enraged at this treatment, the little fellow snivelled with vexation. “This is the treatment I get for praising your infernal dull sayings; but may I starve if I’ll ever *jemmy* you again.”

“You deserve it all, friend,” said the Quaker, “for being a

parasite.”

“I was no parasite, good Mr. Broadbrim,” replied the dwarf. “It was a fair bargain between us. He gave me substantial food and clothing, and I paid him with the music of my tongue, a better bargain than most flatterers make.”

“*A pair o’sight*” cried Moses, trying to pun to the last, but enraged; “no, no, not a *pair*; I’ll seal up one of your peepers;” and thus saying, he gave him a blow on one eye, which swelled and blackened it prodigiously. Several of the company interfered, and prevented the squabble from increasing. The dwarf ran off, swearing he would have his satisfaction in law; and Moses Macaroone departed also, muttering a malediction upon the whole sect of Friends.

The toper had been too intent upon his wine to pay much attention to what was going on; and Richard, overcome with the strength of the liquor, sunk back in the chair on which he sat, in a state of complete inebriation. The Quaker very humanely went to the landlord and represented to him the situation of the youth, recommending him to put the boy to bed; and did not fail to hint to him the impropriety of permitting the toper to ensnare the inexperienced lad into such a state of intemperance.

“Who pays?” demanded the landlord, bustling into the supper room, and making towards Richard and his companion.

“Pays,” repeated the toper, more than half drunk; “why, we pay, to be sure; come let’s see what my little friend has got;” and he was about to thrust his hand into Richard’s pocket, in order to seize what money he had.

But the Quaker who observed, prevented him from effecting it. The landlord, (who, it seems was in connivance with this drinking fellow,) finding the Friend too vigilant, remarked, in a surly tone, that he would take the boy to bed, and the reckoning could be settled in the morning. The rest of the company that had supped in the room, had retired to rest immediately after Macaroone and his man left the tavern; and the Quaker, after he

¹¹¹ *Hookemsneevy*: hookemsniv is late 18C slang for a deception, from “hook and snivvy,” a device for opening a door bolt from the outside; *macaroone* (or “macaroon,” “macaroni,” “makeron,” etc.) was slang for a buffoon or fop.

was certain the youth was safely lodged for the night, and had seen the old toper reel out of doors, retired to his chamber.

When Richard awoke in the morning, his sensations were not very enviable. He was ashamed, confounded, and reproached himself with indiscretion. But the season of youth is not often the season of protracted grief. He consoled his misconduct with the thought that this was only *one* offence against decorum; and that as it had occurred in a place where he was little known, the report of it could not injure his future reputation. Having tranquillized his mind with such reflexions, and his frame being relaxed by intoxication, he again sunk into a gentle and refreshing slumber, which lasted from the rising of the sun until the time of breakfast. Whilst he slumbered, he dreamed that he saw a young man, blooming and innocent in his appearance, standing near the open portals of an immense garden, in which were beautiful beds of gay and fragrant flowers; and bowers, and arbours, and recesses, and running streams, and bubbling fountains; and the intersecting paths were strewn with pinks and roses, and scented with a thousand inviting perfumes. The young man stood, looking on with a wistful eye, desirous of entering; but the price was more than he could afford to pay. The genius of the garden appeared to step up to him, and exciting his desire by enlarging on the beauties of the scene, told him that he could enter, if he would suffer a small black line to be drawn across his forehead, and might amuse himself for one quarter of an hour. So ardently did he long to gain admittance, that he submitted to the mark, although he was conscious that it would stigmatize him. Having entered, and strolled through the garden for some time, he was enchanted to the highest degree, and as the quarter of an hour was about to expire, he felt a most uncontrollable inclination to remain for a longer period; but the laws of the garden were inexorable,¹¹² and he was compelled to retire. The genius of the

¹¹² *Inexorable*: unyielding.

garden addressed him again, and proposed admitting him for another quarter of an hour, provided he would submit to another mark. The youth, all on fire to renew enjoyments for which he had now a greater relish, yielded to the suggestions of the genius, and sauntered through the avenues again, reposing for a minute or two in an arbour; and, still unsatisfied, returned at the end of the time assigned. As he approached from the garden, a sage and venerable personage came up to the youth and admonished him to relinquish the scene, and no more to permit himself to be marked, inasmuch as it would eventually disfigure his whole countenance. But the youth, disregarding this advice, repeated his visits to the garden, until his features were completely scored with black marks from his forehead to his chin. Being thus marked, he was finally refused further admission to the garden, and Richard thought he perceived him steal slyly away to a company of hideous wretches, blackened like himself, and at whom were pointing as they passed, the fingers of persons whose visages were still pure and undarkened. While this youth was pursuing his enjoyments in the garden, and was renewing them, Richard perceived in his dream, various persons also entering and leaving the garden, some paying, some submitting to be marked, and others, when their money was expended, seemingly perplexed, whether to continue in their enjoyment of the place at the price of the mark, or to abandon it altogether.

Such was the dream of Richard; he finally awoke, and found the Quaker gentleman standing by his bed-side, jogging him to rise. At first he was somewhat startled at seeing a stranger standing by him; but instantly recovering himself, he arose; and whilst he was dressing, the Quaker recapitulated to him his indiscretion of the preceding night, and warned him against a similar imprudence in future. Richard had a good heart, and a moderate, rational temper: he took the Friend's caution in good part, and related to him, in return, in a brief way what he had dreamed. "In thy dream, my young friend," said the Quaker,

“there is a useful lesson for thee. The garden was that of Pleasure, the genius was that of Vice, and the youth thou sawest was Inexperience in a state of poverty: the pleasures of the garden were of too high a price for his fortune, and he resorted to a mode suggested by vice, in order to effect the gratification of his desire: thou sawest the end he came to: it was that of the wicked. Such also was the fate of the more affluent, who eagerly rushed into the garden of Pleasure. The sage whom thou perceivedst admonish the youth of his danger, was the Minister of Morality. But he followed not his counsel, and was destroyed. Be thou more circumspect.” Here the Quaker bade him adieu, and took his departure, telling Richard that he lived in Philadelphia, and if he went that way he should be glad to see him: at the same time he gave him his address.

As our young adventurer descended the stairs to the breakfast-room, the Quaker mounted his horse and rode off. The greater part of the company had already breakfasted, and when Richard sat down to eat, there was no one to keep him company but a man in a travelling dress, of rather a genteel appearance, and of a mild and serious aspect. The youth was not displeased to find that he was not to encounter the eyes of a crowded table, for in truth he was fairly ashamed when he reflected upon the intemperance of which he had been guilty. A slight repast satisfied Richard; and when he had finished, he demanded his bill of the landlord. The host was not tedious in producing his account, and the boy had the mortification to find that the charges, occasioned by his frolic with the old toper, exceeded the amount of his funds. Unpleasant as the circumstance was, he stated the fact to the host, who, far from excusing him from paying the balance, reproached him with his inebriety, and in a loud tone, threatened to resort to a legal process to obtain his full demand. The person who had breakfasted with Richard, overheard this threat, and advancing to the landlord, inquired how much the balance was. On learning that it was only six

shillings, he said, “make yourself easy, young man, I will discharge it.” The youth was instantly struck with sensations of gratitude; and the landlord, finding that he should get his money, put on a more pleasant look.

Matters being thus settled, Richard’s new friend entered into conversation with him, and, by degrees drew from the youth his whole history, with an avowal of his intention of walking to Philadelphia. “It would be a pity,” said the man, “to suffer you to walk thither: I will defray your expenses myself;” and, with a pious ejaculation, he exclaimed, “Heaven will reward me for befriending so extraordinary a boy.” Richard felt himself flattered as well as obliged; and he thought he had met with an angel. As soon as the stage arrived from Frenchtown, our travellers embarked on board the packet for Philadelphia; and going with wind and tide, arrived at that place in a few hours. Richard and his companion repaired to a decent house of entertainment in Chesnut-street,¹¹³ where the latter informed the youth that he would pay his expenses until he could get into some proper employment; and the juvenile traveller was quite overwhelmed with thankful feelings at the unexpected goodness of the stranger.

It was now evening, and the room began to fill with citizens, who generally resorted thither to interchange thoughts at the close of each day, and dissipate the *tedium vitae*¹¹⁴ by sociable conversation. Richard and his companion, a little fatigued by their passage from Newcastle, felt no inclination to intermix or join in the conversation then going on, and therefore contented themselves by sitting quietly at one end of the room, and enjoying the remarks of others. “Have you read,” said one of the citizens to another, “Caius Martius Coriolanus?” “No,” answered

¹¹³ *Chesnut-street*: known for its tailors’ shops and theater, the street was also identified as the locale for dandies and “human leeches” in Robert Waln’s 1819 satire *The Hermit in America on a visit to Philadelphia*.

¹¹⁴ *Tedium vitae*: weariness of life.

the person whom he addressed. “Nor Scipio?” “No.” “Nor Brutus?” “No.” “Nor Pompey?” “No.” “Bless my soul! Mr. Scratchaway, where have you been, or what have you been about, that you have seen none of these productions, which are the talk of the whole city?” “Where have I been? Why, about my business. I have done with the cause. I care no more for your Brutus’s, and Pompeys, and Scipios, not I: and why should I?”¹¹⁵ I get nothing by it. Did I not write myself into a skeleton at the last election? Seventeen Essays, in which I exhausted all the Greek and Roman names, in order to promote our present governor’s elevation; and lo! he refused me the pitiful office of a prothonotary.¹¹⁶ If ever I wield a grey goose-quill in his favour again, may I be hanged: but let him take care! for by the eternal powers of genius, if I come out upon him in the style of Junius¹¹⁷—he’ll sweat for it—that’s all.” As Mr. Scratchaway finished this threatening apostrophe, all the other citizens rose up and hurried out of the room, as if a mad dog had made his appearance among them. In rushing out, some exclaimed “*quid*” others cried “*quod!*” and several roared out “*quadroon.*”¹¹⁸ The affrighted landlord looked on with horror and dismay; and making up to Mr. Scratchaway, he ordered him

¹¹⁵ *Brutus’s, and Pompeys, and Scipios*: the satire here focuses on the common practice of writing polemical political essays signed with names from antiquity.

¹¹⁶ *Present governor’s elevation*: the governor of Pennsylvania in 1810 was Simon Snyder, a Democratic-Republican; *prothonotary*: a court administrator in the Pennsylvania judicial system.

¹¹⁷ *Junius*: see note 56.

¹¹⁸ *Quid, quod, quadroon*: while many early 19C political battles in Pennsylvania were fought between the Democratic-Republicans and the Federalists, a third party largely formed from moderate Democratic-Republicans, and known as Quids, was also active. The commentary plays on the Latin name (*quid* translates as *what*), the Latin for “because” or “which” (*quod*), and *quadroon*, a legal term for someone of one-fourth African heritage.

out of his house. When he was gone, the innkeeper, addressing himself to Richard’s companion, with a wo-begone countenance, said, “there, Sir; there are ten dollars gone for ever; and I shall probably be ruined into the bargain. That Scratchaway is an apostate to his party, which will not associate with him; and they will forsake my house, I fear, because I have suffered him even to enter. Sir, a man must stick to his party in this place, or he can’t get along. I have belonged to ten parties already, and with God’s blessing I hope to belong to as many more before I die. But I am no turncoat, Sir. I scorn to desert my colours: I stuck to them all, Sir, till they went out of fashion, or while they stuck to me. Sir, I eat by party, I drink by party, and I sleep by party; and, therefore, Sir, a party must not be affronted.” Richard’s companion was about to make a remark by way of condolence to the landlord, when the latter was called off to attend to an order from the landlady; and his two remaining guests, requesting a light, retired to rest. The next morning, on inspecting one of the daily gazettes just from the press, Richard perceived that the landlord had caused a paragraph to be published, announcing that Mr. Scratchaway’s having been at his house the preceding evening, was quite accidental; and that the party, if it would condescend to continue to honour his inn with its meetings, would not again be incommoded with such offensive company. By this seasonable apology, the innkeeper secured the forgiveness of his friends, who again resorted to his house as before.

After breakfast our two travellers walked forth to view the city; and every where beheld with involuntary admiration the rising grandeur of this flourishing emporium of the arts, of manufactures, and commerce. After having gratified their curiosity, they were bending their steps homewards, when their attention was arrested by a collection of people at the corner of an obscure alley. On coming up to the place, they found two men who pretended to be employed in *opening the eyes of the people*. One of them held up a white handkerchief before the

congregation, whilst the other was engaged in blowing coal dust into their visual organs.¹¹⁹ “Good people,” cried the one who held the handkerchief, “look here: how do you see now? don’t it look very black?” The fellow that blew the coal dust redoubled his exertions. “Very black, indeed,” cried out several voices. “Aye, aye;” replied the man, “I told you the handkerchief was black.” In the mean time these two *eye-opening* fellows had a number of colleagues, who, while the people were thus amused, were very busy in picking their pockets. The scheme was very successful whilst the atmosphere remained calm: but presently a fresh breeze sprang up, which dispersed the coal dust, and the spectators began to perceive they had been imposed upon. At that very instant an officer of justice coming to the spot, whose name was Eliphalet Education, the rogues made off; and the people, mortified at being thus duped, quietly retired to their homes or their occupations.

Richard and his companion now returned to their inn. As soon as they had reached it, the stranger took the youth up stairs into a private chamber, where each drawing a chair sat down near a table; when the man addressed Richard in the following manner: “Young man, I have a great regard for you, and I will make your fortune if you will follow my advice. Be patient and hear me. I have discovered an infallible method of counterfeiting bank notes, which, if you will assist me in passing into circulation, we shall speedily grow immensely rich.¹²⁰ Nor is there any dishonesty in

¹¹⁹ *Opening the eyes of the people*: the satire here seems focused on religious revivals (“the congregation”) and may allude to what historians have come to call the Second Great Awakening, a largely Protestant revival movement of the late 18C/early 19C, dominated by Baptists and Methodists.

¹²⁰ *Counterfeiting bank notes*: counterfeiting was an area of frequent anxiety at this time, and most readers of 1810 would have been familiar with the alleged counterfeiter Stephen Burroughs, whose memoirs appeared in different forms from the late 1790s into the 19C.

this; for consider, it has been our misfortune to have been born into the world after the land had been got possession of by others, so that we are deprived of our share which we should otherwise have inherited from nature. Besides, these banks are the property of wealthy associations, who can afford to lose the money. They make profit out of the community, and why should we not make profit out of them?” At this harangue, Richard was thunderstruck. His heart was still the seat of honour; and although he had erred in his conduct at Baltimore, principles of the most unshaken integrity kept full possession of his mind. Unskilled in the practical policy of human life, he was liable to be trepanned¹²¹ into improprieties of behaviour by the cunning of worldly knaves, but having read a great deal, and reflected much mere upon the philosophy of human institutions, it was impossible to delude him by any proposition tending to the corruption of society, which had for its basis the subversion of the fundamental doctrines of moral order. After a considerable pause, excited by his astonishment at the wickedness of the stranger, he thus answered him: “Sir, your argument is altogether a sophism.¹²² Nature, it is true, originally formed the land in common; but the present possessors have improved it by their labour, or by the purchase of labour, and thence derive an absolute property in the soil which they occupy. If those who were born before us had the choice of lands for settlements, we have advantages which they could not reap. The civilization of the human species has opened infinite avenues for the attainment of riches; and the wants of the community require the exercise of trades and professions, which are so many virtuous and lawful modes to equalise property. The cultivator, the merchant, the mechanic, the physician, the lawyer, however poor at the commencement of a career, may, by industry and perseverance,

¹²¹ *Trepanned*: caught in a trap.

¹²² *Sophism*: an appealing but fallacious argument

acquire a full share of wealth. If banks be the property of the affluent, that affluence was honestly, or at least legally acquired, and cannot be purloined, upon any pretext, without violating the laws which we are bound to support and not to infringe. And what security should we have, according to your maxims, for the enjoyment of our ill-gotten wealth, admitting we could realize it without detection? We should, agreeably to your logic, be lawful prey for every swindler who chose to make an attempt upon us. From these considerations I must decline your proposal; and, Sir, you must excuse me, if I also decline your company.”

“Young man,” replied the stranger, “beware! you forget that you are in my power. You owe me money, and you cannot pay it.”

Richard felt the melancholy truth of this last remark; but, at all events, resolved to adhere to principles of rectitude. The stranger said no more; but rising from his seat, went down stairs.

Our youthful adventurer sat for some time, musing on the singular villany of this man. He was now sensible of the indiscretion of having accepted of his money; and, for the first time in his life, felt that to accept the favours of some men is the greatest of calamities. Whilst making reflections of this nature, he arose and slowly descended the stair-case, stepping leisurely to the door of the inn. He stood there for some short time looking around him, when a man, seemingly in a hurry, stepped up to him, and asking him if he had not come to that tavern with another person, (describing Richard’s companion,) informed him that he had a little business with him, and that if he would follow him to the office of a magistrate he would explain himself further. The youth comprehended, at once, the nature of the affair; and followed without hesitation. When he arrived at the magistrate’s office, Richard found his late companion there, determined to prosecute his pecuniary claim to the utmost extent of the law. The young man did not pretend to deny the debt, but stated to the justice the history of his whole acquaintance with the stranger,

concluding with the proposition to circulate forged bank notes, and observing that the present action for the recovery of the money lent was occasioned by his refusal to enter into that iniquitous¹²³ undertaking.

“Ah! the artful serpent!” exclaimed the stranger, with profound gravity, “Your honour may rely upon it that he is one of the greatest rascals for his age in the whole world. Last night I caught him in the very act of picking my pocket; but I overlook that; and shall think myself very happily rid of him if I can only get my money from him that I lent him. O boy! boy!” continued the man, looking full in Richard’s face with great seriousness, “What a viper you are. I am astonished the earth does not open and swallow you up! Ah! me.” And he heaved a woful sigh.

If Richard was surprised at the man’s dishonesty before, he was now much more astonished at his unblushing hypocrisy. As, however, he confessed the debt, and was unable to pay it, he was committed to gaol, whither the constable conducted him.

Overwhelmed with this new misfortune, Richard could not collect his scattered thoughts until he reached the prison door, when he called to mind his friend the Quaker. Giving the address of the latter to the constable, the youth desired him to inform the Quaker that an unfortunate young man wished to speak with him at the debtor’s apartment; and the constable, being a humane person, promised faithfully to perform the service. The remainder of the day passed away, however, and Richard’s expected friend did not arrive. The youth became quite despondent. He reproached himself for having left Baltimore on the mere suggestion of a few frivolous acquaintances, and very justly attributed his recent disasters to that first false step.

Among the individuals confined for debt, was one who, the day previously to Richard’s commitment, had cut his throat in a fit of despair; but having been discovered before life was

¹²³ *Iniquitous*: wicked.

exhausted, the wound was sewed up, and he was supposed to be out of danger. The youth visited him, but found him in such a weak state that he could talk very little. Richard, nevertheless, questioned him as to his motive for this attempt at suicide? With much exertion the man made out to tell him, that he had despaired of ever being able to extricate himself from his difficulties, and had finally determined to destroy his life and free himself from the world entirely. "And, surely," said he, "I had a right to do so, if I pleased."

"Would you think yourself justifiable," inquired Richard, "in destroying the life of another person?"

"Certainly not," answered the man.

"Neither have you," said the youth, "any right to curtail your own. Your existence is the work of nature, in common with other beings of her production; and you violate the law of nature as much by taking away your own life, as you would if you took away the life of a fellow being. In committing suicide, a man performs the part of a sophist and of a tyrant. Himself a portion of the natural world, he persuades himself that his body, because it is the medium of thought and sensation peculiar to itself, is a kind of personal chattel,¹²⁴ which the mind can dispose of at pleasure; and he deludes himself with the idea of *power* to destroy life, by convening it, like political tyrants, into the *right* of doing so. Depend on it," said Richard, "the mind has no more just prerogative to urge the body to destroy life, than a tune has to urge an instrument of music to break itself into fragments. It has more *power*, I grant you; but not the least more *right*."

The physicians now entering, Richard was compelled to retire, as the man's wound was irritated by his efforts to converse.

The second day after the youth's confinement, the Quaker unexpectedly called at the prison. "Young man," said he

to Richard, "I learnt thy story yesterday from the magistrate; and I am happy in being able to inform thee that thy enemy is taken, and will be punished, as a large number of forged bank notes have been found upon him. In attempting to pass one he was detected, and was conveyed before the same magistrate who committed thee. I have paid thy debt, and thou art at liberty to leave the prison; but we shall want thee as a witness to establish the offender's guilt; after which, I would advise thee to betake thyself to a settled mode of life, for in thy present wandering condition thou wilt be continually liable to misfortunes, and may, however virtuous thou mayst be at present, eventually be betrayed into vitious practices. And, to convince thee that I am sincerely thy friend, I now offer to get thee a place in the counting-house of a friend of mine." Richard was struck with admiration at the genuine and modest benevolence of the Quaker, and returned him a thousand thanks. He apologized for not accepting his friendly offer, stating his intention of proceeding to Boston, according to his original design.

"Then," observed the Quaker, "I will supply thee with money to bear thy expenses; and thou canst pay me when thou art able."

Matters being thus arranged, Richard went into court on the day following, and gave in evidence what he knew of the counterfeiter, who was convicted, and sentenced to hard labour for several years.

The Quaker gentleman took Richard home from the court-house, and entertained him kindly until he was prepared to depart for Boston; and, being furnished with a supply of money, he set off in the stage-coach, well stored by his friend with wholesome advice as well as money. Richard's heart grew light as he rolled gaily along towards New-York, and he soon forgot all his preceding misadventures for the contemplation of his prospects of the future. When he entered that city, he took his handkerchief which embraced all his wardrobe, in his hand, and

¹²⁴ *Chattel*: a legal term of French origin designating property, but increasingly associated, in the US context, with the enslaved.

sought for private lodgings, determined to trust himself no longer at taverns. One day's sojournment at this seat of taste and fashion, our traveller concluded, would not prove a violent breach of his friend the Quaker's advice; and so he resolved to spend the ensuing twenty-four hours in viewing part of the beauties of this rich and flourishing city. Sauntering out in the morning, after gazing about him for some time, he saw a great crowd at a distance, towards which he hastened, and as he drew near distinctly heard the sound of a bell, and a voice exclaiming, "This is the most immortal patriot in the nation; he is more eloquent than Cicero, more valiant than Hector¹²⁵, has made seventeen speeches, and written a volume on the difference between brown grasshoppers with grey eyes, and grey grasshoppers with brown eyes: although he has never been a revolutionary patriot, he will be one at the very first opportunity; and what is best of all, fellow-citizens, he loves sturgeon and hates the French."¹²⁶ Here the bell-man rang a great peal, which was repeated by a hundred little bells, that chimed in harmony, and sounded the praises of the immortal patriot afar off.

Leaving this congregation, Richard proceeded to another part of the city, where he found another meeting, at which a mass of people were listening to the loud harangue of a most voluble orator, who was declaiming upon the subject of patriotism. The youth reached the place just as the speaker was concluding. "Let

¹²⁵ *eloquent than Cicero, more valiant than Hector*: Cicero was frequently cited as one of history's exemplary orators, while Hector was the leading Trojan warrior in Homer's *Iliad*.

¹²⁶ *He loves sturgeon and hates the French*: the satire here seems focused on the political clashes in the years prior to the War of 1812, often broken down into pro-French, anti-British Democratic-Republicans allied with Jefferson and Madison, and pro-British, anti-French Federalists concentrated in New England. From the 14C, sturgeon were a "royal fish" in Great Britain, meaning all caught sturgeon were the property of the crown.

us," said the orator, "sacrifice all our lives, men, women, and children, to save the country. Let us all perish, so the nation is saved. And the Lord give us plenty, and drown all the English."

The youth now turned to go away, when he saw, limping off, an old man upon crutches. His face was furrowed by cares, and his visage was sorrowful. Richard went up to him, and inquired into the cause of his lameness. "Ah! young man," said he, "I was crippled at the battle of Monmouth¹²⁷: but, luck's all. I should have had something at the close of the war, but like a simpleton I sold my claim upon my country for a song.¹²⁸ O! how blessed times of American spirit are gone by. Wherever I go I hear people talking about the French and the English; but America is hardly ever mentioned. Bad times, young man, bad times, indeed, when we lose sight of ourselves to talk about other folks. But, God bless you! young man; I must limp home." Saying he was making off, when Richard slipped a dollar into his pocket and walked from him rapidly to avoid his remonstrances or his thanks.

Young Orvaine spent the greater part of the day in surveying the city, and returned from his afternoon walk a little before sunset. He found nobody at home but the mistress of the house and the maid servant. The former was vehemently scolding the latter for malconduct, and the maid was as vehemently protesting her innocence. This altercation was going on in an inner apartment, and Richard's arrival was unknown to the lady

¹²⁷ *Battle of Monmouth*: a 1778 battle, in Monmouth, New Jersey, during the War of Independence

¹²⁸ *Sold my claim upon my country for a song*: many revolutionary soldiers received promissory notes, to be redeemed at the war's end, for their service; needing money, many soldiers sold these promissory notes to financial speculators for small percentages of their face value. The Washington administration, under the direction of Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton, controversially decided to honor these promissory notes at full value, creating great profits for the speculators.

and her servant, or they, perhaps, would have been more discreet in the utterance of their criminations and apologies. The youth, hearing the noise within, paused for some time at the street door. "Upon my salvation, madam," said the maid, "I have not seen them." "Wretch!" cried the lady; "do you mock me? After causing me to lose one of the finest ideas that ever occurred to mortal; nay, after breaking the chain of my ideas altogether, you affect not to understand my meaning. Quit my house this instant." "O, madam! madam!" exclaimed the terrified maid, "indeed, indeed, I have not seen your ideas: pardon, pardon, madam, I will look for them; I'll soon find them; I know I shall." "Will you get out!" roared the mistress, excessively angry. Richard, who was afraid the storm would expend its violence at the door at which he stood, and not wishing to be an eyewitness of a quarrel between two females, hastened into the house, and got up stairs unperceived. At first he could not clearly comprehend the subject of this squabble; but, on making some inquiries that evening, in an indirect way, among the permanent lodgers, he understood that the mistress of the house frequently indulged in the composition of rhymes; from which he concluded that the maid had interrupted her in one of her musings, which had broken in upon her reverie, excited her anger, and impelled her thus vociferously to rail at her servant.

The youthful Orvaine determined to pursue his journey the ensuing day, and prepared himself accordingly. Going from his lodgings early in the morning to secure himself a passage in one of the packet-boats that ply through the sound, he was stopped by a person in whose countenance was depicted great despondency, and who presented to Richard the *prospectus* of a new novel. The name was to be "*Views by Starlight*" and all the thoughts and the style were to be original. "Pray," said Richard to the man, are you the author of this proposed work?" "Yes, Sir." "Did you ever print a work of the kind heretofore?" "O Yes! Sir; but nobody would buy it." "Well," replied Richard, "I will tell you

the reason of it, and give you some advice on the subject. In the first place you are wrong to announce, as you have done in this *prospectus*, that the work was written by an American, or even that it was composed in America. That, I dare say, is what ruined the sale of your former novel. Your title, too, is much too plain. If you would call it "*The Jug with Forty Handles*" or something of that sort, and insert in the title page, that it is from the pen of a celebrated English or French writer, and that it is reprinted from the one hundred and forty-ninth European edition, you will infallibly succeed." The man was struck with the whimsicality of this advice, and promised to follow it. Richard remarked that as he was a stranger, about to leave the city, and probably should never see the author again, he must decline subscribing for the work. He heard afterwards, however, that the man had pursued the plan he had recommended, that the people had purchased up his books as fast as he could have them printed, and that the author by this means got exceedingly rich.

Richard proceeded to the packet-boat, paid for a berth,¹²⁹ returned to eat his breakfast and pay his bill at his lodgings, and then embarked on his way to Boston.

The juvenile Orvaine entered the capital of Massachusetts with a fine flow of spirits, and instantly sought for boarding in a decent private family, determined to reconnoitre the ground before he presented himself before the friend of his father. Richard had much knowledge of the human heart. He had no reason to doubt being favourably received by a man upon whom his parent had heaped innumerable bounties; but he knew that prosperity is apt to corrupt the purest of hearts, and to bias the best of intentions. He resolved to inquire into the prevailing character of the ancient inmate of his father's house, and to glean from the general report the complexion of his reputation, before he disclosed to him the purpose of his visit to Boston. In the

¹²⁹ *Birth* (or *berth*): a sleeping space aboard a ship.

interval, he amused himself with visiting every thing that was remarkable and to which he could get access in the place. On some occasions he diverted the tediousness of his hours by writing brief essays upon popular topics, some of which he sent to the press, and was pleased to see that they were generally published. Among other productions of his fancy, the following trifle was sent for insertion to one of the leading prints of Boston.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF HOPE.

Bright as the lucid solar ray,
 Hope cheer'd me on my weary way:
 Chanc'd I to halt? Chanc'd I to ~~fit~~
 Hope beckon'd like a soothing saint.
 If Poverty my march opposed,
 Hope fairer prospects still disclos'd.
 Did Danger threat? Misfortune stare? I
 looked beyond, and Hope was there.
 But late I reach'd the distant goal,
 Where Hope had promised for my soul
 Sweet Peace and Comfort, Joy and Ease,
 With every good the bean to please:
 But Hope, the traitress! was not ~~he~~
 left me—victim of Despair:
 And where before she led the way,
 With graceful smiles in bright array,
 A head, with deadly serpents twin'd,
 Appall'd my sight, and struck me blind.
 No pleasing visions meet my sight,
 My path is dark; and all is night.

In the house where Richard lodged in Boston, there were several gentlemen of very decent appearance and of agreeable

manners, with whose rational conversation he was greatly pleased. There were others, quite as decent, but whose oddities rendered them exceedingly ludicrous. Of this latter description was Mr. Alexander Alarum, who spent his whole time after he rose in the morning, (scarcely allowing himself sufficient intermissions to attend to his meals,) in looking through a spy-glass out of ~~the~~ garret-window, in the direction of the harbour, to prevent, as ~~he~~ very seriously asserted, a sudden surprise from the French.¹³⁰ He kept constantly by him on a table, pen, ink and paper, and noted down whatever he observed to be passing on the water. His memorandums were commonly in the following style:

“*Daylight.* Confounded foggy: something like masts to be seen through the mist. Must be French ships of war.

“*Six o'clock.* Begin to see the folks upon deck. Cunning looking rogues they are, too.

“*Eight o'clock.* French all hollow! Bloody cut-throat fellows!

“*Ten o'clock.* Massena, as sure as a gun. I know him by ~~his~~ one eye. Bonaparte knock'd out the other in a passion.

“*Twelve o'clock.* Bonaparte himself, by dad. What shocking fellow he is. Got a cutlass like a hand-saw.

“*Two o'clock.* Bless my soul! All a mistake. They're nothing but Jeroboam Jenkins's codfish boats.”

Thus would he proceed, making observations for several hours at a time, and in the end discovering his error; which caused infinite merriment throughout the town; for the poor fellow's folly was universally known.

Another singular character who boarded in company with Richard, was Mr. Theopompus Truffle. This man boasted every day of conversations and correspondences with the Governor of

¹³⁰ *Sudden surprise from the French.* New England experienced a strong anti-French reaction in the years prior to the War of 1812. ~~And~~ *Masséna* was a leading military figure in the armies of Napoleon *Bonaparte*; he lost an eye in a hunting accident.

Massachusetts.¹³¹ He spoke very little, and that in half sentences. He was a complete adept in shrugs, in simpering smiles, and significant winks. “Mr. Truffle, what news to day,” one would inquire. “Um!—why—I’ve a line from the governor—but—I’m in great hurry;” would be his answer. By a certain kind of assurance, combined with a good deal of sycophancy,¹³² he kept up, in reality, an appearance of intimacy with the chief magistrate, and this gave him great credit with politicians expectant; insomuch, that he actually lived upon the presents he received from numbers of persons who were under the impression that he had great weight with the constituted authorities.

Whilst Richard lodged in the same house with him, he took great delight in tracing the peculiarities of these two persons. But the youth did not remain long in his present situation. The servant who had conveyed his rhymes to the press, had informed the printer where the writer of them resided; and the printer, showing the production, before it made its appearance, to some of his acquaintances, they all became anxious to see our youth, who was accordingly sent for. Orvaine attended immediately, and met with a very agreeable circle of gentlemen, by one of whom he was informed that there was a new periodical publication about to be commenced, and that if he had no objection, they would preserve his rhymes for the first number; to which he assented. The company then gradually proceeded to inquire into his history, which Richard without hesitation truly narrated; concluding by saying he hoped to find his father’s friend propitious to his desires. “And you shall not be disappointed,” said an elderly gentleman, rising up and taking him by the hand, “I am that friend; and in my house you will find a welcome home. Richard was much pleased at this fortunate introduction, and

¹³¹ *Governor of Massachusetts*: Christopher Gore was governor from 1809 to 1810, and was succeeded by Elbridge Gerry; it’s not clear if the reference here is to a particular administration.

¹³² *Sycophancy*: servile flattery.

made very proper acknowledgments to the gentleman, who took him to his counting-house; and on the following day a plan was arranged whereby young Orvaine was to remain with his father’s friend until he was of lawful age, when he was to be established in business for himself. The history of an apprenticeship in a merchant’s service, affords few remarkable incidents. Richard was faithful to his engagement, as was Mr. Fairlong to his. He completed the education of the youth; treated him with gentleness and affection; and, in the last year of his term, fully confiding in his probity, sent him to England to transact some confidential business.

Whilst Richard resided with Mr. Fairlong, that gentleman made him sundry presents, which the young man carefully preserved and occasionally sent to his mother. In the course of his apprenticeship, the liberality of Mr. Fairlong enabled him also to repay the loan of his Quaker friend, to whom he transmitted the money by mail in a letter, wherein Richard informed him how sensible he was of his goodness, and attributing much of his present happy fortune to the assistance he had received from the Quaker at Philadelphia. To the merchant in Baltimore, likewise, to whom he was indebted for the money he had lost with his young associates at cards, he remitted the amount that he owed, together with interest thereon.

CHAPTER VI.

In the mean while, Rosa grew in stature, in beauty, and improved in mental accomplishments. Mrs. Charmion spared no pains nor expense in her education; and her pride being repressed by the recollection of her former humble condition, her temper was easily modulated to the sweetest equability. In this particular Mrs. Charmion had herself suffered so much, that she guarded, with sedulous attention, against the formation of an irritable or

peevish disposition in Rosa. The usefulness of the needle; the ingenious contrivances of fancy; to read with understanding, and to write with needful cleverness were all familiar to the orphan maid. Nor was she deficient in the knowledge of domestic economy, which is so necessary to the rich, and which is indispensable to the poor. In truth, four years of tuition, under the auspices of her protectress, made Rosa the delight of Mrs. Charmion, the admiration of her friends, and the attractive point of the social circle of her youthful acquaintances. She danced, she sung, she played on several instruments of music; and she was at once the life of the ball-room, the enchantress of private parties, and the most captivating of companions. Her reverence and attention to the admonitions of the old, her modest diffidence in the presence of persons of middle age, and her innocent and decorous sprightliness when with the juvenile and the gay, won hearts without number, and every where conciliated esteem.

On first introducing Rosa into company, Mrs. Charmion was always her constant attendant. And when they had returned home, she would scrutinize to her in private, the various characters of the persons with whom they had spent the day or the evening. She would make Rosa remark the different qualities which made up the minds of her acquaintances, so that she might be enabled to appreciate their characters more justly. “In Mrs. Bagatelle¹³³ you will perceive, my dear girl, (said she,) all the vivacity of a French woman without her frivolity, a spice of envy, an unpleasant spirit of duplicity, and a continual exertion to impress you with the opinion that she is a woman of masculine sense. She does not perceive that if she could fairly establish such a character, she would lose that more amiable one of our sex, which is infinitely more influential in society. There is Mrs.

¹³³ *Bagatelle*: a trifle; *Parterre*: a garden area for flowerbeds; *Mordaunt*: a clasp.

Parterre, who is as gaudy as a butterfly, and although she has been married for ten years, is as simpering as a young lady of fifteen. Such incongruity of dress and character tend to make her ridiculous. In Mrs. Mordaunt the imagination is for ever at war with the judgment; and in the next moment her understanding condemns what her fancy had impelled her to utter the moment before. By this means she has rendered herself capricious and inconsistent in behaviour. Miss Seemly is always declaring how much she detests the odious men; yet her manner of saying so only proves that nothing is more desirable to her than their attentions. Miss Flirt plays the coquette, because she has mistaken the versatility of that character for the vivaciousness of natural gaiety. She, therefore, has no dignity in her character, and of course little respect is paid to her by any body. In short, my good Rosa, our sex renders itself frequently unhappy by the false application of female power. It is only to place ourselves in the proper light, and we cannot fail to be estimated by men of sense at our true value. More than that we ought not require: if we do, we are impostors.”

Observations of this kind Mrs. Charmion never failed to address to Rosa when they returned from a visit. But it was to Rosa alone that she made them. She likewise invariably inculcated¹³⁴ to her protegee the necessity of being extremely cautious not to confide to strangers, nor even to common acquaintances, her sentiments or her opinions; and with respect to all her views of life, previously to certain fruition, to make her own bosom the sole depository of them. Mrs. Charmion also taught her never to repeat in one company what she had heard in another; nor to give the least currency to scandal or calumny¹³⁵ by the sanction of her name: to beware of overstrained courtesies, of panegyric¹³⁶, and of sudden and enormous professions of

¹³⁴ *Inculcated*: forcibly impressed on another.

¹³⁵ *Calumny*: malicious misrepresentation of another.

¹³⁶ *Panegyric*: high praise.

friendship: to pay little attention to the reputation of young men derived from girls in their teens, who, in addition to their being very incompetent judges, are generally influenced by envy, by disappointment, or by revenge; and who are commonly instigated more by the colour and vehemence of their own passions, than by the truth: but in all cases to decide upon the qualities of men from personal observation of their manners, of their avowed ideas, and of their notorious actions. Uniformly fortified in this way by Mrs. Charmion, Rosa became circumspect without prudery or affectation, and agreeable without tattling. Of those whom she esteemed, she invariably spoke well: of those whom she disliked, she said nothing.

With her charms, her acquirements, and perfections, Rosa attracted a crowd of suitors at the age of sixteen; suitors who were such in fact, and not pretenders, who idly professed their attachment, and danced in attendance upon her, for the purpose of boasting of their prowess over her heart, or of being admitted to her familiar conversation. But the lessons of Mrs. Charmion had qualified her for the proper reception of coxcombs¹³⁷ as well as of men of worth. If any were imposed on by her demeanour towards them, it was attributable to their own vanity, to self-delusion, and not to the language or behaviour of Rosa. Never, for a single instant, suffered her sentiment or her passion to be misunderstood: her indications of esteem were always so respectful and polite; her dislike of arrogant presumption was manifested with so much delicate reserve; and the character of her conduct was so distinctly marked in every instance, that no

one could mistake the sensation of her heart, or the thought of her head.

Among the fluttering fops and busy beaux who pranced in the circle of her admirers, was Mr. George Belmain, a young man who had just arrived at the age of twenty-one, and at the full

¹³⁷ *Coxcombs*: fools.

enjoyment of an independent fortune. He was rather handsome than otherwise; and his brain was completely overrun with notions of his own importance, conceiving himself to be superior among the men, and irresistible with the women. Light and airy in his disposition, his accomplishments were altogether superficial. At a ball he was agile; in a supper-room officious; in private parties skipping¹³⁸ and garrulous¹³⁹; and every where else a pert¹⁴⁰ and flippant pretender to excellence. This young man never once doubted of his being acceptable to Rosa: indeed the only doubt on his part was, whether he would descend to woo her. His own consent, he conceived, was all that was necessary to ensure his marriage with any lady with whom he could possibly meet.

Belmain's ignorant assurance was singularly contrasted by the sighing adorations of Mr, Philip Peerwell. This young man was tolerably well educated, of small fortune, and had a constitution of great excitability. He was desperately in love with Rosa, but the excess of his flame never broke forth in aught else, save distressing exclamations of *O!* and *Ah!* which, like the fumes of *Ætna*¹⁴¹, when its rumblings have ceased; issued from his lips with awful solemnity, unaccompanied by the ravings of despair, or the rampant and boisterous extacies of hope. Oft would he stop at the corner of a street, Rosa being within view, and affecting not to perceive, cast a sidelong glance at her beautiful form. When he entered a room where she was, he trembled as with an ague¹⁴²; and when he spoke to her, it was with a tremor which seemed to threaten his dissolution. Mr. Peerwell trusted in

¹³⁸ *Skipping*: wordplay.

¹³⁹ *Garrulous*: loquacious, talkative.

¹⁴⁰ *Pert*: unconcealed.

¹⁴¹ *Ætna*: Mt. Etna, on the Mediterranean island of Sicily, was one of the best known volcanos in the 18C, frequently described in travel narratives.

¹⁴² *Ague*: an acute fever.

the power of sympathy: he thought that if the human heart was ever melted with pity or with love, it would be softened in his individual case. Such mountains of wo; such continual anxiety of feeling; such timorous bashfulness, deserved, in his estimation, a noble return from a susceptible female heart. A thousand love-ditties, hundreds of billet-doux¹⁴³, all anonymous, did indite and transmit to her by various conveyances. His hand-writing he did not disguise, and he trusted by that she would recognise the person of her adorer. He had invoked the whole heathen mythology to inspire him on these occasions; the four winds of Heaven were held in perpetual requisition to waft his sighs to the enchanting fair: and he finally began to look forward to the period when he conceived she must inevitably declare herself in his favour, and like the balmy fragrance of an Arabian gale, gently refresh his bewildered senses, by breathing in his ear the vows of everlasting affection.

It was whilst these two admirers of Rosa, so different in their characters, were pursuing their object in their several modes, that Richard returned from England, after having successfully negotiated the business of his voyage, much to the satisfaction of his patrons in Boston. The period was now arrived when they determined to establish him in business, being sufficiently well assured of his steadiness and industry. Previously to his entrance upon the avocations of a merchant, however, he concluded to visit Baltimore, to have an interview with his family, and enjoy the satisfaction of meeting his old acquaintances under the existing prosperous aspect of his fortune. Intimating his desire to his friends in Boston, he accordingly departed for the southward, and, reaching the residence of his mother and his sisters and brothers, he was received into the bosom of his family, with congratulations and emotions of the most endearing affection. No one knew the true value of time better than Richard Orvaine.

¹⁴³ *billet-doux*: love letters (from French).

He settled upon his mother and the family a yearly stipend, which he engaged to remit them quarterly; and, having made this arrangement, the only thing that detained him in Baltimore, was the desire of spending a day with Mr. Derwent, who had been so partial to him when a boy.

Having equipped himself in a handsome dress, one morning after breakfast he waited upon his old acquaintance, who at first did not recollect his features; but young Orvaine soon made himself known, and the disclosure of his person was followed by Mr. Derwent's insisting on being told the incidents of his life, from the period of his so precipitately leaving Baltimore. Richard very candidly related every circumstance as it had really occurred, and their interview was drawn to a close by Mr. Derwent's hearty expressions of joy at his prosperous condition and his brilliant prospects. "But, Mr. Orvaine," said the old gentleman, "you must accompany me this evening to a party, where, if you are no gambler, you will be exceedingly amused; and to-morrow, my friend, I must insist upon introducing you to a lady with whom I am sure you will be very much pleased." Orvaine promised to comply with his request; and spent the time between morning and evening, in visiting the resident merchants of the place, in soliciting their countenance in trade, and in endeavouring to institute a correspondence which should be mutually beneficial. To this object he had previously paid some attention, and he had the satisfaction, before his departure from Baltimore, of being enabled to carry with him the good wishes of a number of shopkeepers, and to have effected with some of them, favourable and positive engagements.

On the approach of evening, Mr. Orvaine repaired to Mr. Derwent, whom he found in readiness to proceed to the house of—whom do you think, reader? Of beau Botherum! who a thousand times in vain had solicited the honour of Mr. Derwent's company at one of his numerous card parties; and this very day had teased him until he had promised to try to make it convenient

to visit him in the evening. But that convenience had certainly never happened, had not Orvaine opportunely arrived; and to him, Mr. Derwent knew, the scene to be exhibited at beau Botherum's, would be highly diverting. Towards the beau's, therefore, they bent their course; and entering a room, already lighted up, they beheld the card tables set forth, and certain males and females adventuring at *loo*.¹⁴⁴ Mr. Derwent was welcomed with raptures by the beau, who swore by Artaxerxes and all his satraps,¹⁴⁵ that he was never half so happy in all his life. Young Orvaine, on being introduced, attracted attention for a moment; one old belle glanced an eye at him through her spectacles; a newly married lady knit her brows, and looked at him with a frown as she led out the ace of clubs: but the passion for gaming, quickly absorbed every other consideration. Orvaine soon perceived that he was not invited to a party of the graces: A wasting consumption betrayed itself upon the pallid cheeks of several of the female players; the faces of others were bloated and blowzy¹⁴⁶; both being the effects of an irregular life. Whilst Mr. Derwent and his young companion were sitting quietly looking on, a message came to one of the women that her child had been taken sick; a faint spark of maternal affection, made her pause for a moment; but, eyeing the amount of the loo on the table, she very coolly told the messenger to send for a doctor. To another, information was brought that her husband had returned from a distant place (after an absence of a month) very much fatigued and in bad health. "Ah!" said she, "he is always complaining: pray what's tumps?"¹⁴⁷ Tell him that I'll be at home before midnight." To a third,

¹⁴⁴ *Loo*: a card-game played by a varying number of players.

¹⁴⁵ *Artaxerxes*: a 5C BCE Persian ruler mentioned in the biblical books of Ezra and Nehemiah; *Satraps*: provincial governors in the Persian empire.

¹⁴⁶ *Blowzy*: red and coarse-complexioned.

¹⁴⁷ *Trumps*: in card games, the suit which for the time being ranks above the other three.

intelligence was communicated that her mother had been seized with a fainting fit. "I have long expected the old woman to be taken off suddenly," was her observation, concluding with "Major, play to the deuce."

Company of this description might amuse for a moment, but could not long entertain minds like those of Mr. Derwent and Richard Orvaine. They soon became disgusted, and pitied the infatuation which thus tended to corrupt the heart and vitiate the manners of the fair sex. The two visitors were determined to depart as soon as possible, and this determination was strengthened by the occurrence of an unpleasant altercation which arose between the card-players. It seems that among the other guests, beau Botherum had invited a young gentleman from the country, who was reputed to be wealthy, but was somewhat inexperienced. This young man thought he was cheated, but waited until he should have palpable evidence of the fact, before he openly accused the party cheating. At last he detected Mrs. Arabella Fugitive in the unlady-like act of playing the queen of hearts twice in the same hand, and he cried out, "Double dealing, by jingo!" Major Opossum, who was a 'squire errant¹⁴⁸ to the ladies, put on a terrible frown, and flourishing his fist, swore, with a prodigious thump upon the table, that nobody should accuse Mrs. Arabella Fugitive of foul play with impunity, whilst his name was Major Opossum. The country gentleman was startled, and not being sufficiently acquainted with the Major's real character, began to apologize. Opossum extended the hand of forgiveness, and the female players, smiling with singular condescension, all was restored to harmony, Mrs. Fugitive herself remarking, that every person was liable to be mistaken.

From this scene, now become so odious, Mr. Derwent and Orvaine, after sipping a cup of tea, retired; beau Botherum

¹⁴⁸ *'squire errant*: a squire imitating an adventuring knight, often associated with *Don Quixote*.

protesting, as they left the house, that he should be eternally obliged to them for the favour; and, in fact, on this occasion he spoke with great sincerity, for his residence had become so notorious as a rendezvous for gamblers and fashionable sharpers,¹⁴⁹ that people of respectable character avoided it as much as possible, and it became, therefore, an object of great importance with Botherum to engage such men as Mr. Derwent to visit him, as by that means he would support the credit of his house.

Mr. Orvaine parted from Mr. Derwent for the evening, but was under a promise to return to him in the morning, to pay a visit to that particular lady, of whom he had previously spoken to Orvaine. Richard diverted his mother and sisters and brothers with the recital of the incidents of the card party at beau Botherum's; and very emphatically remarked in the sequel, that *a woman who is devoted to the gaming table, cannot be a dutiful daughter, an affectionate wife, a tender mother, nor a good domestic economist.*

In the morning Orvaine waited upon his friend Mr. Derwent, and they proceeded together in his carriage to Mrs. Charmion's. It was now that our youth for the first time beheld the blooming Rosa, rich in every charm and adorned by all the graces. Mr. Orvaine had been hitherto so much employed in business, that he had not paid great attention to the ladies; but he was perfectly easy in his manners, polite in his address, and very agreeable in conversation. He was tall and handsome: a manly countenance, a fine forehead, and a quick but modest eye, rendered him still more pleasing. But what made him most captivating, was a reflecting, intelligent mind, a ready and lively wit, a just notion of men and things, and a decorum and dignity of behaviour, which made him on all occasions respectable and respected.

The heart of Rosa was susceptible; and the appearance

¹⁴⁹ *Sharpers*: a cheat or swindler.

and intellectual qualities of Richard Orvaine were calculated to attract her attention. The youth himself found that he was affected with sensations that were altogether new to him. He had entered the door of Mrs. Charmion with the idea of departing for Boston on the morrow, but for once in his life he found a determination deliberately formed shaken by a trivial intervening incident. On his way to the city from Mrs. Charmion's villa, he remarked to Mr. Derwent that he thought he should tarry in Baltimore a few days longer. Mr. Derwent perceived, although Orvaine did not confess, the motive; and as he could see no natural or moral impropriety in the object of his delay, he did not discourage him. Richard mentioned his visit of the day to his mother, who assured him that Rosa was the admiration of every body that knew her; that she was a young lady of a most excellent heart, of the sweetest temper, and of the most finished accomplishments. These commendations inflamed the imagination of Orvaine very highly; and he soon betrayed every symptom of love. He did not fail to renew his visits to the villa, and was equally successful in winning the esteem of Mrs. Charmion and in improving the good will of Rosa. The latter found herself more interested in his conversation at every repeated visit; and it was obvious to every body at last that the flame of gentle but strong affection was mutual between them. How sudden are the revolutions of the heart! A week before, and Rosa and Orvaine were unknown to each other. Eight days had elapsed, and the fate of each had become reciprocally and inexpressibly dear and precious! On the eve of his departure, Orvaine, through his friend Mr. Derwent, made proposals of marriage between Rosa and himself, to Mrs. Charmion. The negotiation was speedily terminated. Mrs. Charmion had no reluctance to yield her assent, for she saw there existed mutual regard and esteem; nor did the shortness of their acquaintance oppose any obstacle to the projected union; but it was indispensable, she said, that Mr. Orvaine should procure

testimonials of his character and standing in Boston, before she could deliver Rosa into his protecting care. The young man at once produced letters from the first merchants in Massachusetts, who spoke of him in terms of the greatest confidence and respect. These letters were deposited in the hands of Mr. Derwent, who, on inquiring among the commercial men of Baltimore, ascertained that the writers of them were persons of the strictest probity, and worthy of full credit for whatever they asserted. Orvaine promised likewise to procure the assent of his friends in Boston to the union; and having made all necessary arrangements, and the day of their marriage being designated, he set out for Massachusetts, promising to write to the young lady frequently, under cover to Mrs. Charmion.

The rumour of the intended nuptials soon spread abroad, and roused the angry pride of Belmain; exciting despair at the same time in the heart of Peerwell. The former did not so much care for the loss of Rosa, (with whom he was nevertheless enraptured,) as he was mortified that Orvaine, a mere adventurer! as he called him, should carry off the prize without asking his permission. Peerwell indited a desperate epistle to the lady, reproaching her with cruelty, and threatening vengeance upon Orvaine. Rosa was considerably alarmed at this intimation, really fearing that Peerwell, in a fit of insanity, might do an injury to her lover. But, on communicating her apprehensions to Mrs. Charmion, she dispelled her fears by saying that his passion would soon evaporate, and he would become more rational.

Belmain had a wicked heart; but he was the vilest of cowards. He had always treated Peerwell with the utmost contempt; but now, hearing of his howlings and lamentations at the prospect of Rosa's marriage, he resolved to make use of him as a tool to wreak his hate upon Orvaine, and consequently to afflict the sensibility of the young lady.

Belmain inflamed the anger of Peerwell by persuading him that he had been duped; and consulting together, they

formed a plan to maltreat Orvaine on his return to Baltimore. The latter, on his arrival at Boston, communicated his matrimonial intentions to his friends, who applauded his resolution, conceiving the marriage state to be most conducive to steadiness and application to business. He now commenced his operations in the mercantile line, and fitted up a dwelling-house for the reception and accommodation of his intended bride; in the mean time, Rosa was not forgotten. He wrote to her often, and transmitted to her, coastwise,¹⁵⁰ several presents, tokens of his affection.

Having procured a person to superintend his affairs in Boston during his temporary absence, and likewise prevailed on his father's friend and his own protector, to accompany him to Baltimore, Orvaine departed southwardly, to fulfil his nuptial engagement. On his arrival, joy was the prevailing emotion. Orvaine's mother was gratified to see Mr. Fairlong, and returned him a thousand thanks for his friendly protection and encouragement of her son. The meeting between Rosa and Orvaine may be depicted by the modest glances of the living eye, and the reddening blushes of the bloomy cheek; but cannot be described by the pen nor by the pencil with accuracy. Mr. Fairlong and Mr. Derwent were much pleased with each other; and the select circle of acquaintances in which the youthful pair visited and were entertained, vied in the elegance and sentimental complexion which, on this occasion, they gave to their parties.

One evening about dusk, as Rosa, in company with Mrs. Charmion and some other ladies, was returning to the villa from paying a visit, and Orvaine was riding in attendance at some distance behind the carriage, he perceived a man muffled up, with something extended in his hand like a bludgeon. All at once, as Orvaine came opposite to it, an explosion of gunpowder took place, and the man appeared to fall down, whilst another person

¹⁵⁰ *Coastwise*: by way of the coast, i.e. by boat.

who stood at some distance, and who was not at first perceived, ran off with great speed.

Orvaine (whose horse was a little startled) dismounted, and went up to the fallen man, who groaned as if he was much injured. At first our young merchant imagined the person had shot himself; but in this he was soon undeceived; for the prostrate creature, looking in Orvaine's face, begged for mercy. "Indeed, Sir," said he, shivering with fear, "I did not mean to kill you: I only intended to frighten your horse, so that he might throw you and bruise you a little." In the sequel, Orvaine learnt that this man was Peerwell, who had procured a wooden tube, closed at one end, with a small hole in the centre, which he had filled with gunpowder; this he had set fire to, at the central aperture, by means of a lighted cigar; and the intention of Peerwell was, that the sudden light and explosion of the gunpowder, in the crepusculum¹⁵¹ of the evening, should, as he had confessed, affright the horse of Orvaine, and throw him to the ground. If his neck should be broke, so much the better in the desire of Peerwell. Belmain watched at a distance, to enjoy the spectacle; and it has been seen that on the failure of the stratagem, he made off with the utmost celerity.¹⁵² Unfortunately for Peerwell's contrivance, he was so much confused and agitated, that he had retained the open end of the rocket in his hand, and when he put fire to it, instead of its exploding in the direction towards Orvaine, it discharged itself upon Peerwell, who was terribly wounded in the hand and arm. Richard would have laughed heartily at the whole affair, had the man's wounds not required serious and immediate attention. By the help of a person passing, he conveyed Peerwell to a surgeon's shop, where he was taken care of *secundum artem*.¹⁵³

¹⁵¹ *Crepusculum*: twilight.

¹⁵² *Celerity*: swiftness.

¹⁵³ *Secundum artem*: in accordance with the rules (in this case, of medicine).

Orvaine now hastened after the carriage, which had by this time approached the villa of Mrs. Charmion. Rosa began to feel some uneasiness, when, on listening, she could no longer hear the sound of his horse's feet. He soon came up, however, in a full gallop, and was quite in time to hand the ladies out of the coach. When he recited the particulars of his adventure, Rosa commiserated the infatuated Peerwell, and was sorry that she was even innocently the cause of his unhappiness.

The period for the marriage of Orvaine and Rosa was now at hand. On the evening before the day appointed, Mr. Fairlong took Richard aside, and told him that he wished to obtain his consent to a double wedding. The young man appeared surprised. But Mr. Fairlong did not keep him in dubiety.¹⁵⁴ He said he was a bachelor, with a large fortune, and he did not know how he could dispose of himself and his wealth better, than by bestowing both upon the family of his old benefactor. "And as your mother has no reluctance to the match, I hope, Mr. Orvaine, you have none." Richard was transported. "Objection! my dear good friend, I shall be entirely happy." In short, all parties being satisfied, the ceremonials were performed in the usual sacred style; and the ordinations of nature appeared to be complete in the happy union of Rosa and Orvaine. In Mr. Fairlong the mother found an estimable consort, and her children a liberal guardian.

The day after the nuptial rites, in the height of a superb entertainment which Mrs. Charmion had given on the occasion, a lady and gentleman were announced by the name of Madame and Monsieur Longpee, who entered the room with great stateliness, and with a very slow step paraded round and viewed the company quite leisurely. The lady then broke silence, and demanded to know which of the company was Mrs. Charmion? at the same time, casting a significant glance at her spouse, she said, "Longpee! what are you about?" "O, pardon!" cried he, and

¹⁵⁴ *Dubiety*: doubtfulness.

deliberately taking a small spy-glass out of his pocket, he levelled it at Madame, and began to hum an air very soberly, every now and then, as he gazed through the tube at his “better half,” gently exclaiming, in a French accent, “*Charmante! Admirable! Adorable!*”¹⁵⁵ whilst his wife, patting him on the cheek, would occasionally encourage him with a smirk, saying, “Admire me pretty, you rogue!” As soon as Madame Longpee inquired for Mrs. Charmion, that lady approached her, when the former said, “I am your daughter, madam; just from *Lunnun*. An’t I Longpee?” “Certainly, my dear,” replied he, still eyeing her. “I apprehend, madam,” “there must be some mistake in the case.” “No mistake, madam, at all,” exclaimed a venerable figure, neatly appressed, advancing to Mrs. Charmion. “My dear mistress!” and here he fell upon his knees: “don’t you recollect Sol?” Here Mrs. Charmion, examining the countenance of the man, clearly recognised the features of the Peruvian servant who had formerly resided in her family at St. Leonard’s, and who was the companion of her husband’s captivity.

“Sol!” cried Mrs. Charmion with emotion and hastily, “this lady my daughter?” “I pledge my salvation for the truth of it” answered Sol. “My dear, my long lost daughter!” exclaimed Mrs. Charmion, clasping her in her arms. “O, dear, Maa! you’ll smother me. Won’t she, Longpee?” “Certainly!” replied Monsieur, still gazing at his wife. The company now collected round this singular pair, and Rosa, advancing towards Madame, kindly took her by the hand, congratulated her on being restored to so excellent a mother, and expressed her own satisfaction, at meeting at that particular moment, with one whom she hoped she might be permitted to call sister. Orvaine went up to Mr. Longpee, took him by the hand, said he believed they would find themselves a little related, and was about to lead Monsieur aside

¹⁵⁵ *Charmante! Admirable! Adorable!*: recognizable words spoken in French; *Lunnun*, below, is an affected way of pronouncing London.

to converse with him: but he declared he could not intermit¹⁵⁶ his attentions to Madame Longpee. “Ogle me pretty, you rogue!” cried she, overhearing him. But Mrs. Charmion insisted on her newly discovered daughter’s being seated near her, and Longpee, thus disengaged from his attendance on his spouse, was by Orvaine introduced to the company as the son-in-law of Mrs. Charmion. This lady, anxious to learn the story of her daughter’s life, and of her husband’s fate, solicited her to narrate it; but this she did, at the very outset, in so affected a manner, that her mother concluded it would be the best way to obtain the narrative from the Peruvian. Sol, who was still in the room, was now requested to state the particulars of his adventures since he had left St. Leonard’s, which he did with great accuracy, Mrs. Longpee declaring it would kill her to tell so tedious a story. Sol described the death of his master, the adoption and education of the daughter by the English lady, and his own subsequent departure for South America. Here Monsieur Longpee, who had now joined Mrs. Charmion with Orvaine, took up the history, and described that he had arrived in London on business, that he had accidentally seen Miss Charmion, with whom he had fallen violently in love; that he had made out to visit her, notwithstanding the vigilance and hostility of her adopting mother; and, in a little time had engaged her affections and married her, in defiance of the English lady, who in consequence had entirely withdrawn her protection from his wife, and settled her fortune upon another person; a circumstance which Mr. Longpee said he did not at all regret, as he had himself a competency,¹⁵⁷ and really loved Barbarina, (which was the name of Madame Longpee,) who, with some few exceptions, he truly believed to be the best woman in the world. “Admire me pretty, you rogue!” cried his lady, as he concluded. Monsieur Longpee

¹⁵⁶ *Intermit*: discontinue.

¹⁵⁷ *Competency*: a sufficient income.

drew forth his glass again immediately, and begun to espy her as before, which he said he did, in obedience to his wife's desire, who had long complained of his want of admiration of her, until he had fallen upon this device. Mrs. Charmion begged her daughter to dispense with this mode of showing his devotion, as it was totally repugnant to the custom and etiquette of the country. "La! Maa; why you *knows* nothing of *Lannun*." "But, my dear child," replied Mrs. Charmion with a benevolent smile, "we know something of common sense." It was with sorrow that Mrs. Charmion perceived that her daughter had been spoiled by an English education; but she hoped, although her manners had been barbarized by the fashionable savages of London, that her heart was not corrupted with false sentiment. During the narrative by the Peruvian, Mrs. Charmion occasionally shed tears: but the present was not a time for sorrow; and Rosa and Orvaine, and all the friends of that lady, exerted themselves to chase from her mind the unpleasant images which began to intrude themselves there.

Mr. Derwent, who was present and witnessed all that passed, was observed to put on a melancholy aspect the moment Longpee's name was announced. After the agitation excited by the discovery of Sol and Mrs. Charmion's daughter, he went up to Mr. Longpee and requested permission to speak with him in an adjoining room, which being granted, they retired, and soon after returned, Mr. Derwent introducing Mr. Longpee as his son. This created universal astonishment; and every one present became anxious, to hear an explanation; but Mr. Derwent solicited them to spare him the recital, nor impel him to open afresh wounds which time had healed. Mr. Derwent was so much respected, that nobody doubted his veracity; and his word was taken for a fact, which, to establish it circumstantially, would have required him to expose the infirmity of a wife whom once he loved, but who had eloped in his absence many years before, when he resided in the island of Barbadoes, with the Chevalier de

Longpee, taking with her an infant son, who was now ascertained to be the husband of Mrs. Charmion's daughter. Mrs. Derwent had died in a distracted state of mind at a convent in France, and the chevalier, repenting of his crime, had, at his death, given his whole fortune to young Derwent, who, unconscious of his legitimate name, had taken that of Longpee. This young man, notwithstanding his frivolities, (to which, indeed, he gave way, merely to please his wife, who was in raptures with French *petit maitreism*¹⁵⁸,) had a tolerably vigorous understanding; and foreseeing the approach of troublesome times in Europe, had collected all his fortune, vested a considerable portion of it in French and English goods, and embarked with his consort, (who was anxious to learn something of her American connexions,) for Baltimore, where he intended to make an extensive commercial establishment.

The Peruvian had just left the room, after having handed a letter to Rosa; and all at once Orvaine perceived her burst into tears. With the utmost agitation he seized the letter, and had scarcely ran his eye over a few lines, when his beautiful bride fainted away. Every one hurried to her assistance, and Orvaine, dropping the letter, with trembling anxiety took her in his arms, and conveyed her to an open window, where having recovered a little, she desired to be suffered to repose herself for a short time. "Bleed her,"¹⁵⁹ said Madame Barbarina Longpee, (or rather Mrs. Derwent,) "don't you think so, Longpee?" "Certainly," replied the obedient husband.

Mrs. Charmion retired with Rosa; and Orvaine, regaining the letter, followed them; and on reading it to the former, was much surprised to find that the Peruvian therein announced

¹⁵⁸ *Petit maitreism*: dandyism (from French).

¹⁵⁹ *Bleed her*: a reference to drawing blood to remove stress—this long-established medical practice was losing favor by the end of the 18C.

himself as the father of Rosa, whom he had called *Caya*¹⁶⁰, from her being descended from the royal Inca race; that he had wanted to convince the world that the faculties of the native Americans were as susceptible of improvement and embellishment as those of the natives of Europe; that, accordingly, he had removed with his family after the war to the United States, where the laws were liberal and enlightened, and where he could educate his daughter with more advantage; that he had brought with him from Lima a considerable sum of money, but by confiding too much in strangers had lost it nearly all; that this had almost frustrated his intended experiment of actually proving the equality of the American mind with that of Europe; but accidentally coming to the knowledge of Mrs. Charmion's residing in Baltimore, (he having believed her dead,) and having heard her universally celebrated for wealth and virtue, and above all, for humanity, had, after a terrible struggle with his conscience, determined, rather than abandon his favourite project, to suppress the fact of the child of his master being still alive, to resort to a stratagem to place Rosa under Mrs. Charmion's protection, and had finally succeeded. That he had rented a small tenement at no great distance from the villa, and had contrived various ways to place Rosa in such a situation as to excite Mrs. Charmion's attention, but had never been able to succeed, until one morning the child had offered that lady nosegays for sale, having sent her out opportunely as Mrs. Charmion's carriage left her residence; that the motive and design were unknown to Rosa, who had merely understood that her father was an aged and poor military-officer; that, with the assistance of an old fellow-soldier, he had conveyed Rosa to the spot where Mrs. Charmion's servant found her, (previously sending his wife and his other children away, they having started when he set out with Rosa,) leaving fire in the

¹⁶⁰ *Caya*: Robertson's *History of America* defines "Caya" as the Incan word for "lady of the royal race"; see note 61.

house he had occupied, so that it might be speedily consumed, and render the circumstances of finding his daughter more awful; that he had bound Rosa for the purpose of heightening Mrs. Charmion's compassion; that his fellow-soldier had fired a double-barrelled gun by his direction in order to attract some of the servants to the spot, and that as soon as he had heard footsteps approaching, he flourished a sword, coated with phosphorus,¹⁶¹ in the air, which he pointed to the exact spot where Rosa lay on the mattress, and thrust it partly into the earth; that when he saw a person eagerly approaching he suddenly hid the blade of the sword under his great coat, and ran off in great haste, joining his assistant, who had departed on firing the last gun. For these artifices, the Peruvian in his letter sincerely prayed forgiveness. He further stated that all his little furniture had been burnt; which, however, was not of much importance, as he had, before effecting his purpose, engaged himself as overseer to a gentleman who held large possessions in Virginia near the Bay shore, who was to supply him with a furnished residence; that thither he had sent his wife and family in a small coasting schooner, waiting himself in Baltimore till he had fully understood that Rosa had been adopted by Mrs. Charmion; that he had then followed his family to the state of Virginia, and had since been only once to Baltimore to inquire after the fate of his daughter, who had transcended his fondest expectations. He also stated that a few days past, a boat had put ashore at the place where he resided, from a ship becalmed¹⁶², for fresh provisions; that he had gone on board with a supply, and there seen Mrs. Charmion's daughter, who, however, did not know him; that he disclosed himself to her, and after going on shore again to inform his wife, had come up to Baltimore, in order to establish the identity of Madame Longpee.

¹⁶¹ *Phosphorus*: an element giving off light.

¹⁶² *Becalmed*: motionless for want of wind.

On hearing these particulars, Mrs. Charmion sent a servant immediately in quest of the Peruvian; and he was overtaken near Baltimore, going off for fear of punishment, or rather, from want of courage to meet Mrs. Charmion under the circumstances of the disclosure of Rosa's parentage. It was with much difficulty he was brought back. But, on his reaching the villa again, his fears were all dispelled, for Mrs. Charmion gave him to understand, that, although she detested the character of an impostor, yet that Rosa was too dear to her for her to think of entertaining the least resentment against her father.

"And what says my dear Orvaine," sweetly asked Rosa, cheered at the gracious condescension of Mrs. Charmion. "Say, dear Rosa?" cried he: "why, that I love and esteem you more than ever. It is immaterial who are your parents, for I have espoused you only on your own account. But surely, you are nobly descended; and if I must be allied to royalty, I confess I prefer the relationship of the Incas, whose benevolent policy of civilizing those whom they conquered, ranks them high in the annals of kings." Smiling with joy, Rosa raised her head, and was well again. The bridegroom impressed upon her ruby lips a fervent kiss, the seal to the sincerity of his professions.

Mrs. Charmion, Rosa, and Orvaine, accompanied by the Peruvian, returned to the company, where the entire story was disclosed, to the admiration of every hearer. Rosa conversed for a long time with her father, and, finally, such arrangements were made as contributed to the happiness of the whole connexion. Mrs. Charmion agreed to bestow half of her estate upon Rosa, who was still the child of her heart; the other half was to go to her own proper daughter at Mrs. Charmion's death. The Peruvian was to bring his family from Virginia, and reside on the villa lands; Mr. Longpee (or Derwent) was to go into business at Baltimore, supported by Mr. Derwent's patronage and fortune; and Orvaine, after spending a month with his friends in the south, was to repair to Boston with the lovely Rosa, and Mr. Fairlong and his

mother, and there prosecute his commercial pursuits. In time, by associating in rational company, Mr. Longpee and his spouse lost their English and French oddities, and a lengthened duration of happy days, and yearly visits continually renewed, increased the delights of this charming circle of relatives and friends, and proved that Providence is always the Guardian and Protector of virtuous hearts, and that the uncorrupted manners of America are more favourable to happiness than the frivolities of Europe, which are the spume¹⁶³ of luxurious indolence.

THE END.

¹⁶³ *Spume*: frothy matter.