

## The Delightfulness of a Country Scene.

(from Sir Roger De Coverley)

This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly wear weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport of which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquility. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds, and whether I looked up to the heaven, down on the earth, or turned on the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure.

O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with; but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish — yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William; her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. — Still do you hear me without one smile — it is too much to bear. —

## An Unfortunate Mad Woman.

(From the Man of Feeling)

The unfortunate young lady had still now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she now turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she; "do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns!" — She drew nearer to Harley. — "Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven." — "Is he indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the Keeper) not be there? — Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; & sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing; — you shall hear me — hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast  
And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive mildness in the air not to be mistaken; and except the Keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"do you weep again?" said she. "I would not have you weep; you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met! —

"'Twas when the seas were roaring — I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him." — She stretched her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with tears. — "Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, loath here, which I plaited to-day of some gold threads from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless; my poor heart; it will burst some-day; feel how it beats!" She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening — "Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold! — but I had forgotten the ring." — She put it on his finger. — "Fare well." I must leave

you now." — She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. — "I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell!" — She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the Keeper. — Harley looked on his ring. — He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand: "Be kind to that unfortunate" — He burst into tears, & left them.

S An unfortunate ruined girl &  
her Father.

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter & Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness! he laid his hand on his sword. The two objects of his wrath did not utter a syllable.

"Villain," he cried, "thou seest a father who have once his daughter's honour to preserve; blasted as it is now, behold him ready to avenge its loss!"

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. "Sir," said he, "if you will be a moment calm—"

"Infamous coward!" interrupted the other, "dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine?" He drew his sword.

"Sir," said Harley, "let me tell you"—the blood ran quicker to his cheek, his pulse beat one, no more, and regained

the temperament of humanity — "You are deceived, sir," said he, "you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which your misfortunes have justified; I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not, for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds; my heart bleeds for you!"

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet, "Strike," said she, "strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she she deserves."

Her hair had fallen on her shoulders! her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair! Her father would have spoken; his lips quivered, his cheek grew pale, his eye lost the lightning of their fury! there was a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity. He turned them up to heaven, then on his daughter. He laid his left hand on his heart, the sword dropped from his right, he burst into tears.