MR. Glib, who, like a true philosopher, despised all ceremony, took not the least notice either of Mrs. Botherim or her guests, but skipping at once up to Bridgetina, "Good news!" cried he, "citizen Miss. Glorious news! We shall have rare talking now! There is Mr. Myope, and the Goddess of Reason, and Mr. Vallaton, all come down upon the top of the heavy coach. There they are at my house taking a snack, all as hungry as so many cormorants. I was in such a hurry to tell you, that I left the shop to take care of itself, and off I ran. Just as I was
I was at the door, up comes a wench for the patent styptic for Mr. Plane, the carpenter, who, she said, had met with a doleful accident—but would not go back. Bid him exert his energies, my dear, said I: that's it! energies do all! And off I came, as you see, without gartering my stockings. But never mind, come along. The Goddess of Reason longs to give you the fraternal embrace; faith, and a comely wench she is, that's certain. But let us be off, I have not a moment to spare, and I can't go without you."

"Mr. Myope! and the Goddess of Reason! and Mr. Vallaton! and all!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "you make me too happy! Lead me to the enlightened groupe," continued she, rising from her chair, or rather getting off it, (for as she was rather taller sitting than standing, she could not well be said to rise when she assumed the latter posture) "Lead me to the enlightened groupe; I would not lose a moment."
moment of their converse for the world; the injury would be incalculable.'

Mrs. Botherim observing her daughter's motion, laid down the tea-pot to expostulate.

"You would not go now, sure, my dear?" cried she; "you cannot possibly think of leaving this here company, who are all of our own inwiting: and who, though they may not be quite so larned in that there philosophy, seeing that it is but a new sort of a thing, as a body may say; yet you know, my dear, it would be one of the most rudest things in the world to run away from them."

To this expostulation, which was made in a low voice, Bridgetina replied aloud—

"And do you think I am now at liberty to remain here? I wonder, mamma, how you can speak so ridiculously? Have I not told you again and again, that I am under the necessity of preferring the motive that is most preferable? The company, if they are
are not very ignorant indeed, must know that my going instantly to Mr. Glib's is a link in the glorious chain of causation, generated in eternity, and which binds me now to act exactly as I do.' So saying, she put her arm in Mr. Glib's, and hurried off as fast as the shortness of her legs would permit.

Her conductor, soon tired of the slow pace at which she appeared to him to walk, though she had actually hopp'd and run her very best to keep up with him, proposed leaving her at the first turning, while he ran up to Captain Delmond's for Miss Julia, whose presence he knew was expected with much impatience by some of the party at his house.

He could not have left the hapless maiden at a more unlucky moment. She had not advanced many steps, till her passage was opposed by a mighty torrent, vulgarly called a kennel, which was now swelled to an unusual size by the washing out of the
the shambles, it being market-day. While she stood meditating on the brink of this
by no means pellucid stream, a sudden gust of wind whirled off the high-raised tur-
ban, and with it, O luckless destiny! went the flowing honours of her head. The
stiff ringlets so well pomatumed, and so nicely powdered, which Mrs. Botherim had
with her own hands so carefully pinned on, together with the huge knots of many co-
loured ribbons; all, all were hurried down the black bosom of the remorseless stream!

"Smoke the lady's wig!"* called out an unlucky boy to his companions, who
instantly set up such a shout of laughter, that the discomfited Bridgetina, regardless

* At the time the above was written, the author had probably no idea that wigs were so soon to become a
reigning fashion amongst his fair country-women. He, poor man, would most likely have deemed it a slander
upon the taste and understanding of the ladies of England—to suppose it in the power of fashion to intro-
duce a custom so odious and absurd!
of the danger she encountered, and forgetful of the irremediable ruin of her yellow flippers, dashed into the muddy torrent, which, in spite of many opposing obstacles, she made shift to waddle through. Arrived at Mr. Glib's, she slpt in through the shop and back-parlour to the kitchen; but there she found only the three children, busily employed in picking the bones that had been sent out upon the stranger's plates. She begged the eldest boy to go into the parlour for his mother: "No, but I won't though," returned the little half-naked urchin, "I would as soon go to church." She attempted to coax him, but in vain. At length her voice was heard by Mrs. Glib, who, coming into the kitchen, was soon informed of the dismal plight of Bridgetina, which she relieved as far as possible, by a necessary change of apparel; and having pinned up the petticoats to prevent their trailing on the ground, for Mrs. Glib was rather above the
the middle size, she conducted her into the parlour.

Miss Botherim was received by Mr. Myope, and Mr. Vallaton, in a manner sufficiently cordial: each of them taking a hand conducted her up to the Goddess of Reason, who was lolling in the easy chair, caressing that favourite monkey who acted such a conspicuous part at the Apotheosis of her Goddesship at Paris, as hath been already related in the third chapter of these memoirs. Placing her companion upon the table, she rose to embrace the pupil of her dear Myope; but on observing the grotesque figure that was presented to her, she hesitated.

Mr. Pug was not quite so scrupulous, he without ceremony sprang forward, and clasping his paws round the neck of Bridgetina, gave her the fraternal embrace in due form; and then putting out his chin, chattered in her face in such a manner, that poor Miss Botherim, who was not accustomed
accustomed to this sort of jargon, uttered a scream of terror.

It was with some difficulty that the Goddess of Reason prevailed upon Mr. Pug to quit his hold. While she was coaxing him for that purpose, Mr. Myope, provoked at the obstinacy of the little animal, seized his paw on purpose to force him to relinquish his grasp, which Mr. Pug, being an avowed enemy to the system of coercion, resented upon the finger of the philosopher by his teeth.

"D— ye!" cried the serene inculcator of non-resistance, "you little devil! If I don't break every bone in your body for this!"

"Ah! de poor little angel!" exclaimed the Goddess of Reason, hugging her little favourite close to her bosom, 'Has he frightened oo, lovey, has he? but oo fant be hurt, little dear! oo fant.'

"You are insufferably provoking," retorted Myope; "but don't think that
the little devil shall escape a beating for this. He has bit my finger to the very bone!"

'Well,' returned the Goddess of Reason, 'and how could pauvre cher help dat? Had he no de motive?'

'The citizen Goddess is in the right,' said Bridgetina. 'As justly might you punish the knife for cutting your finger, as the monkey for biting it; since, according to your own sublime system, they are instruments equally passive.'*

"D— their passiveness," cried Myope in increased agony, while Mrs. Glib applied some Fryer's Balsam to the wound, "d— their passiveness: I tell you, I believe I shall lose my finger; I never felt such pain in my life."

"Exert your energies, my dear citizen," cried Mr. Glib, who had just entered, "exert your energies, my dear. That's

* See Godwin's Pol. Justice, vol. i. b. 3d.
it! energies do all! Cure your finger in a twinkling. Energies would make a man of the monkey himself in a fortnight."

The wound being now bound up, and the pain a little abated, Mr. Myope did exert his energies so far as to resume some degree of philosophical composure.

Not so Mr. Vallaton. Having twice changed his seat to different corners of the room, through the restlessness of impatience; he again, from the same impulse, drew near Mr. Glib, to re-question him concerning Julia; and was receiving from him, for the third time, a full and compleat recital of all that she had said to him, when the door opened, and Julia herself, the charming Julia, appeared.

Never did she look more lovely. The small straw hat which was carelessly tied under her chin with a bow of pink ribbons, had been so far driven back by the wind, as to display the auburn ringlets that in profusion played upon her lovely cheeks;
those cheeks, where the animated bloom of nature set all poetical comparison at defiance. Mr. Vallaton was the last person to whom she addressed herself; but the blush that overspread her countenance, plainly denoted that he was not the most indifferent to her heart. Mr. Vallaton likewise reddened; but who, so little skilled in physiognomy as not to have perceived, in the different shades of the colour that overspread each countenance, the difference of the sensation by which it was produced? Whilst the pleasure of beholding the object of an innocent affection heightening the glow in the cheek of modesty, and sweetly sparkled in the eye; the passions that flushed the countenance of the deep designer, were evidently of far groser birth.

The fraternal embrace (that laudable institution, and most excellent contrivance for banishing all reserve betwixt the sexes) being over, Mr. Vallaton began to complain,
plain, in exaggerated terms, of the length of time she had kept him in suspense about her coming.

' I could not get away sooner, indeed,' cried Julia, eager to justify herself from the charge of unkindness. ' You know,' continued she, 'the general bad state of my father's health; but he has been indisposed even more than usual for this last fortnight: and when he is ill, nothing appears to soothe his pain so much as my reading to him; and knowing the pleasure it affords him, I cannot possibly be so undutiful as to deprive him of it.'

"Duty!" repeated Mr. Vallaton, "How can a mind so enlightened as Julia's talk of duty, that bugbear of the ignorant? I would almost as soon hear you talk of gratitude."

' Indeed,' answered Julia, ' I cannot help thinking that there is some regard due to duty. You know how kind my father has ever been to me. My mother, too; whose
whose very soul seems wrapt up in me, who knows no pleasure but in promoting mine. Is it possible that I do not owe them some duty? Gratitude you have convinced me is out of the question; but indeed I cannot help thinking that there is in this case something due to duty.'

"And is this," retorted Mr. Vallaton, in a chiding tone, "is this all the progress you have made in the new philosophy?* Do you not know, that duty is an expre-

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* The frequent plagiarisms of our author have been particularly objected to by some of my learned friends; who informed me, that by perusing the works of Mr. Godwin, and some of his disciples, I should be enabled to detect the stolen passages, which it would be but honest to restore to the right owner. Alas! they knew not what a heavy task they imposed on me. If I have failed in its execution, I humbly hope Mr. Godwin and his friends will accept of this apology; and while they recognize, in the speeches of Mr. Vallaton, the expressions they have themselves made use of, that they will have the goodness to forgive me, for not having always correctly pointed out the page from whence they have been taken.—-EDITOR.
tion merely implying the mode in which any being may be best employed for the general good? And how, I pray you, does your humouring these old people conduce to that great purpose? Ah, Julia! there are other methods in which you might employ your time far more beneficially."

"Truth," said Mr. Myope, who had been attentively listening to their conversation, "truth, fair citizen, obliges me to declare, that Mr. Vallaton is in the right. We are not, you must remember, connected merely with one or two perciptent beings, but with a society, a nation, and in some respects with the whole family of mankind. To esteem any individual above his deserts, because he is in some manner related to us, or has been in any wise serviceable in promoting our happiness, is the most flagrant injustice. What magic is there in the word my, to overturn the decision of everlasting truth? Did the obligations, as you call them, conferred upon you
you by your parents, originate in the conviction of your being a being of more worth and importance than any other young female of their acquaintance? If they did not, they were founded in injustice, and therefore immoral; and whatever is so, your judgment should condemn."

"Yes," resumed Vallaton, "and as to your regard for them, philosophy should teach you to consider only—how can these old people benefit society? What can they do for the general good? And then placing beside them some of those whose extensive faculties, whose great powers enable them to perform the glorious task of enlightening the world; say, whether justice, pure unadulterated justice, will not point out where the preference ought to fall?"

"Well!" rejoined Julia, "I declare I never thought of it in this light before. Every new proof of affection which I received from my father and mother, has always
always so endeared them to my heart, that I have thought, if I could lay down my life for them, it would be too little for all their goodness to me.'

"How unworthy of the enlightened mind of Julia is such a sentiment!" exclaimed Vallaton. "But I hope you will soon get the better of these remains of prejudice, and in ardent desire for the general good, lose this confined individuality of affection."

'Indeed I shall never lose my affection for my parents,' returned Julia; 'I should hate myself if I did.'

Mr. Vallaton, afraid of pushing the matter too far, changed the discourse; but in every subject that was introduced, artfully contrived to bring in such allusions to the purpose of his argument, as he thought best calculated to work on the ardent imagination of his fair and unsuspecting pupil.