

Written for the Amaranth.

THE ODD TRICK.

A MORAL TALE.

PASSIONATE people may not improperly be called self-tormentors: they are sometimes, indeed, objects of pity, while they are suffering from their "angers and their cholers." They always merit the severest reproof, when they torment those with whom they happen to be connected, by not keeping their fiery humour under the control of reason. Passionate gentlemen are often *insufferable* animals; passionate ladies may also render themselves intolerable beings. They should therefore, particularly endeavour to correct their irascible tendencies as their faces, if ruffled by the discomposure of their minds, must necessarily lose some, if not all their allurements. The most beautiful creature to be conceived, when her mind is in a turbulent state, ceases to appear in a beautiful light. She is no longer attracting, but repelling. The woman who is a *Venus* in a calm, becomes in a storm a *Medusa*.

At a celebrated watering-place, a few summers ago, Edward Trimnel, as gay and good natured a fellow as ever lived, and very much devoted to the *fair*, being unusually struck with the appearance of a young lady at the assembly, one evening, took no small pains to get her for his partner: and his efforts were successful. Miss Pansford, though she had never seen him before, had heard a great deal about him; and knowing that an alliance with him would be highly advantageous to her, as she had only a few hundreds at her own disposal, immediately resolved to avail herself of his noble prepossession in her favour; she therefore readily gave him her hand the moment he requested it, with more policy than prudence, as she had promised it to another gentleman.

By her beauty, Miss Pansford charmed Trimnel's eye; by her sensible sprightliness, she greatly entertained his ear; but it was the usefulness with which her every motion was accompanied, that made her in his opinion completely attractive. Several women he had conversed with, superior to her in point of understanding, but so much *grace* he never had met with in any of her sex. Her beauty, sense and grace, however, united, would have been insufficient to attach him to her, if he had not discovered that she was, with all these accomplishments, possessed of a temper congenial to his own. The smallest traces of an opposite position in her, would have prevented him

from wishing to be upon a more intimate footing with her; but as she really appeared to him to have the sweetest temper in the world, he felt a strong desire to improve his acquaintance with her.

Edward went home to his apartments, after having waited on Miss Pansford to *hers*, in a very agitated condition; he was almost intoxicated with the pleasure which he had received from her personal charms, lively conversation, and winning behaviour. He retired to his pillow merely because he was too restless to sit up, for he did not feel the least inclination to close his eyes. *Morpheus*, however, at last "steeped his senses in forgetfulness."

As soon as he awoke in the morning, his recollections would not suffer him to remain in his then situation. He arose immediately, and wished to accelerate the flight of time, that he might pay a visit to his bewitching partner.

While he was, with the utmost impatience, waiting for the hour of propriety, he received a letter, in a very unexpected style, from the gentleman to whom Miss Pansford had preferred him the preceding evening; it contained a formal challenge, couched in the most cavalier language imaginable. Edward, who was constitutionally of a fearless disposition, and who had frequently given signal proofs of his personal courage, wrote a very animated answer; in which he assured his antagonist, with equal fire and freedom, that he would meet him with the weapons mentioned upon the spot, and at the hour appointed. He had fully intended to pay a visit to Miss Pansford before the receipt of the letter, to make inquiries concerning her health, after the *fatigue*; and was certainly not at all pleased with his disappointment. But the *man of honour* would not give way to the *lover*.

Miss Pansford was the daughter of a brave officer in the navy, who having a taste by no means to be gratified, as his wishes always soared out of the reach of his circumstances, left her with a very small fortune: so small, indeed, that if she had not found a generous friend in a worthy aunt of hers, by the mother's side, she could never have attempted to make a genteel appearance in the *world*; under the protection, and with the assistance of that aunt, she appeared in the politest circles, and kept the best of company.

Mrs. Hindley having a complaint, towards the removal of which her physician—as remarkable for his honesty as his sagacity—thought bathing in the sea might contribute more than all the physic in christendom, pitch-