

returned from the University, to enjoy for a season, on his paternal estate, the easy life of an independent country gentleman.

Possessing a fine person, splendid talents, and good health, young Stanhope did not enjoy that cheerfulness of disposition and happiness of mind which generally result from such advantages. Vain of his family, education, and riches, he derived no pleasure from the objects of his self-love; he was disappointed that other people did not form the same high opinion of him that he had formed of himself, and he viewed the world with a discontented, prejudiced eye, though unconsciously most desirous of its applause. He courted virtue in theory, and was loud in his condemnation of vice; but he wanted resolution to practise the one, or to subdue the other; thinking himself sufficiently good in abstaining from those scenes of riot and dissipation too commonly resorted to by young men of his own age. His leisure hours were occupied in fanciful speculations on the baseness of mankind, the follies of the rich, and the want of moral worth in the lower walks of life; and he had so completely poisoned his mind with these pernicious doctrines, that he was universally shunned and disliked by his connexions and acquaintance.

His father, who most tenderly loved him, was