

**THE DAVENELS; OR, A
CAMPAIGN OF
FASHION IN DUBLIN; IN
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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The Davenels; or, a campaign of fashion in Dublin; in two volumes, Vol. II by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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THE DAVENELS;

OR,

A CAMPAIGN OF FASHION IN DUBLIN.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard. * * * *

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Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Indulgence, 'spite of trivial faults, is due.—POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

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THE DAVENELS.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis an old lesson.—Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most ;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost :
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost ;
These are thy fruits, successful passion ! these !—**BYRON.**

AND now, having brought Mr. George Burrell Villiers on the scene, it is but fair to give some account of him to our readers. Though but twenty-four, at this time, he had known some of the varieties of life, and had felt the consequences which must, sooner or later, attend upon weakness and folly. Though naturally of an amiable disposition, and never premeditating evil, early indulgence had so strengthened his passions, that they had too successfully invaded

and lessened the empire of reason over his mind ; and before he was two-and-twenty, some imprudent *liaisons* were already the subject of alarm to his family, and were fraught with danger to himself. His father dying while he was yet a child, he was left to the sole guardianship of his mother. His delicate constitution, and his great expectations, seemed to her reasons for keeping him under her own eye, as the best mode of preserving him from all dangers, physical and moral: but the physical and moral powers equally require exercise to bring them to perfection; and his were enervated by the very solicitude which was intended to preserve them. A tutor, who was not allowed to restrain, or punish; and, at a later period, the lax government of a private seminary, was all that Burrell had known of discipline, when he launched into the world of pleasure. His heart was still good, in the common acceptance of the word, and his principles, when he recurred to them, were just; but he seemed to take counsel

of nothing but his desires ; and he could not be said to go, but to be carried along the stream of life. Notwithstanding his errors, there was something so sweet in his temper, and so kind and amiable in his character, that he was a general favourite in his family. His cousin Dudley loved, while he lectured him ; and would have thrown around him the shield of his stronger mind, and longer experience, if Burrell would have permitted it : but the privileges of friendship and relationship have their limits, and Dudley felt and respected them.

About two years before the time we treat of, Burrell Villiers, and three other young men—friends, in the worldly sense of the word—made an excursion to the lakes of Westmoreland, where they passed some days in the enjoyment of the beauties of natural scenery, the purest pleasure that sense can taste of. One of these, Charles Everard, though but a new acquaintance, was more particularly Burrell's favourite. In information, wit, and other agreeable quali-

ties, he surpassed most of his associates, and Burrell and he became inseparable.

After three or four days spent at the lakes, it was proposed that the party should go on to Edinburgh; and there seemed to be but one mind on the subject. But on the morning fixed on for setting out, Everard imparted to Burrell that he did not find himself very well, and would prefer remaining quietly at Windermere until the return of the party. Burrell immediately resolved to stay with him, both from preference for his society, and from a wish not to leave him alone. The proposal was most cordially accepted by Everard; and the party being equally divided, it was agreed that neither division should be under restraint or engagement, but go on, or return, in whatever manner was most agreeable to each.

Everard and Burrell, being left alone, the former congratulated himself that they were no longer *gênéd* by two men, whose society he found uninteresting; and he proposed to take

provisions in a boat, and to spend the day upon the lake.

Burrell, always ready for any scheme of amusement, assented; and the two friends found subjects of conversation, or objects to admire, without finding time hang for a moment on their hands. Having finished their cold repast, Everard proposed putting into a little cove or creek, at the opposite side of the lake from where they were staying; saying, "I should like to enquire if a family I remember seeing here about two years ago, are still residing at the cottage where I saw them. They are very nice people, I assure you," added he, "though living quite out of the world. A widow lady, and her daughter; since become a widow also. Most interesting people." As he talked in this manner, without however exciting much curiosity in Burrell, they approached a small hamlet, consisting of two or three farm-houses; and a little detached from them stood a cottage, such as one sees many of in England, where