Lady Frances Compton.
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR,

What?

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

AN OLD-FASHIONED ENGLISHMAN.

Oh! still be mine the gen'rous wish—to bless
And wipe the streaming tear from pale Distress,
Make keen-ey'd Malice hide her guilty head,
O'er the dim mind bright Truth her lustre shed,
Celestial Freedom ev'ry charm unfold,
And firm Integrity the Fair uphold.

VOL. III.

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Says She to her Neighbour, What?

CHAP. I.

"BUT what did she say to her neighbour?"

With these words I concluded the last chapter of the last volume, and therefore my reader will naturally conclude that something was certainly said; or else, if he is the good-natured, quiet man, I wish him to be, he will be disposed to think that sir Frederic Sedgewood might ride to York, and back again, that his lady might be cheerful, or dull, during his absence, and that the matter was nothing to nobody.

But the "busy meddling fiend" thought otherwise, and, while my mother was congratulating herself on the happiness her
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suffering friends would experience, from the assistance and consolation her invaluable helpmate would dispense to them, and was telling her dear boys that their good friend, Miss Montague, would soon come again to visit them, thus fled the vision of second-sight round the town and neighbourhood of Fairborough.

"Depend upon it, sir Frederic, after all, is no better than he should be; what could make him go to York without taking any servant with him but Tom Barnes? Not that Tom was so blind as he took him to be; for it seems, when the baronet got into Micklegate, at York, he cast his eyes towards a window, where a lady was sat in deep mourning, and instantly dismounting, gave his horse to Tom, and told him to take the horses to the Swan, and order his dinner at five. But Tom declares, when the servant opened the door where his master stopped, he saw the young lady run herself into the passage, and burst into tears, as she took hold of his master's hand; and, by Tom's account, she was the most
Says she to her neighbour, what? beautiful young creature that ever was seen."

"Well, I declare I never heard a word of this; but I know that all the day he was away at York, lady Sedgewood looked like death, and took to her bed; and when the butcher's boy was standing for orders, in the housekeeper's room, at night, Mrs. Ellen came in, and said, says she, 'I wish my tongue had been cut this morning, when I was such a fool as to tell my mistress about that letter sir Frederic got; for she turned like a ghost directly, and has seemed to be ill ever since.'—'What, that lady's letter?' said Frank, the footman, who was putting the spoons by in the cupboard; and Ellen said, 'Yes! I wish the lady and her letter was at Jericho.'—'So do I,' says Frank, 'if it be that as hurts her.'

From these observations, freely communicated, and as freely commented upon, it became, in the course of a day or two, perfectly clear that sir Frederic had seduced a beautiful girl, who was kept by him at
York, and that his lady having received an intimation of it, was actually breaking her poor heart by degrees; every circumstance respecting the connexion was made out so fully, undeniably, and circumstantially, that even my aunt Barbara was let into the secret, though with ten thousand assurances from the parties (who revealed what they declared was a secret to nobody,) that, for their parts, they really believed the whole story to be a mere idle report; and they deeply lamented that the baronet's second absence at York, which they knew poor dear lady Sedgewood had declared to several people was for an indefinite time, should give colour to the general circulation of the tale; but surely lady Sedgewood would get out again, and then it would die away; but it was said, that the unhappy lady, in her distress, had vowed never to leave her room again.

Mrs. Barbara Sedgewood arose in great warmth; she called for her cardinal and her clogs; and telling her informers that "though she knew nothing of her ne-
phew's affair at York, she knew enough of his character, to be certain he was gone there upon some honourable occasion, and would, in a very short time, make his traducers blush for their injustice." She took her long cane, and, with an air of equal majesty and activity, stalked away to the park, leaving her dear friends in some little confusion. When at length they had recovered speech, says one, "Could you have believed that such a meek, good-humoured woman, as Mrs. Barbara always pretended to be, could have gone into such a passion? but 'tis plain the shoe pinches, or she would not have lost her temper."

"Too plain indeed! and where the cap fits in such a case as this, 'tis no wonder the head aches."

Before my good aunt had reached the park, she had recovered herself sufficiently to see the impropriety of hinting any part of the preceding conversation to my mother, and wisely resolved not to reveal any part of an emotion she had found so pain-
ful to herself; for anger was so great a stranger to the happy placidity of her temper, that the few visits it paid her were productive of real nervous disorder, and she found, that if any thing remarkable in her countenance attracted the attention of her niece, she could with truth declare she found herself unwell, and overcome with her walk.

The sight of my mother in the midst of her children, and the cordial reception she ever gave this dear relative, half perfected her cure; and when (the children and servants being gone) my mother proceeded to tell her the cause of my father's absence, and how soon it was probable he might return, accompanied by the respectable friends who had induced his journey, her good heart was overjoyed with the consciousness that she should very soon be enabled to display her dear nephew's virtues in a new point of view, and overwhelm his accusers with shame; she, however, promised to keep the secret; but the sense of relief she experienced, by
exhilarating her spirits in proportion to their late depression, she became anxious to forward one part of her benevolent purpose, and by showing my mother to the world immediately, confute the conclusions they had drawn from her retirement, though such retirement was naturally accounted for; and, without noticing that my mother was really still looking very delicate, she said—"I think, my dear, you are able to go out again."

"Yes, I can go for a short airing; I had one this morning in the park."

"Then do pray go to church to-morrow: I know you have been used to have Frederic with you on these occasions; but can you not accept me as his substitute?"

"Certainly, my dear ma'am; I would have gone last Sunday, but he was fearful of my venturing too soon; I am very desirous of going, and will most thankfully accept your offer."

"You will oblige me, my dear Bella; and pray make yourself smart, for I am going to sport a new bonnet, 'pour l'oc-
saying sa adieu ma chere; for your sake I will once more be a French belle.'

My mother had ordered the carriage for the good aunt, and having seen her into it, she returned into her room, saying—"You heard me agree to go to church, Ellen, so you will take care that my things are properly aired; and as it is Mrs. Sedgewood's desire that I should be smart, pray make me as much so as you can consistently; for I would do any thing that could add to her pleasure."

"So—so would I," said Ellen, sobbing.

Lady Sedgewood, astonished, beheld her maid's face swollen with weeping, and, with her accustomed tenderness, inquired "if she was well?" adding, "I fear you have overdone yourself, Ellen, with making such a long shopping business at Fairborough to-day."

"I hate and detest Fairborough, my lady; and, by my good-will, I will never spend sixpence there again while I have breath in me—a parcel of ugly old cats!"

"Fie, fie, Ellen! you are wrong in giv-
ing way to such expressions of anger on slight occasions."

"Slight, my lady! slight indeed, when they go for to say that my master has got a miss at York, and that all your ladyship's poorliness is nothing at all but excuse; for you used to go out before the month end, and now you wont go out at six weeks. Some says as how sir Frederic wont let you; some says you don't choose to go out for shame and grief; and there, if that wretch, Tom Barnes, hasn't gone to give out, that when my master went to York, a fine young widder met him in the passage, and he gave her a kiss; but I'd swear him down that its a lie any where; and so I told Mrs. Robinson; says I—'who knows about such things so well as I do? didn't I jump, naked as it were, into his honner's arms, when I was young, and not ugly neither?'' said Ellen, bridling, and he was young too; and for sure and certain, the first thing I thought on was, thinks I, that must be the very statue of
Pallo, that poor dear mistress took me to see,comed to life; and, for all that, he wasn't the man that ever touched a hair of my head, though I was just ready to sound in his arms; and for to go and say such things of him, now as he has got a wife of his own, and such a lady as you too, its quite abominable wicked; nay, for my part, I thinks its the abomination of desolation, as the vicar was reading about last Sunday."

There was such a mixture of praise, really merited; and honest praise, given to the baronet by Ellen, in this account of the scandalous chronicles of Fairborough, that it didn't operate upon the mind of lady Sedgewood, so as to produce even the same degree of indignation my aunt Barbara had experienced, who received it through a less qualifying medium, though one that pretended to a great deal more tenderness; but still it troubled her much; and though she declined hearing any farther account from Ellen, who wished to have given her every particular of the detailed conversa-
tions she had held in Fairborough, with shopkeepers, who told from anger—old maids, who stopped her with kind inquiries, and hinted their sorrows—and young ladies, who followed with tattling remarks, yet the more she recollected of the earnestness with which Mrs. Barbara had pressed her to go out, and the pleasure she evinced on her consenting to do so, the more she was convinced the good lady had a reason in her conduct, beyond that which met the eye; and glancing over the events of the last week, she felt it to be her positive duty, by every possible exertion, to give the lie to a charge so groundless. She dreaded lest some expression of her own had been construed into accusation of her husband, during the transient fit of jealousy she had indulged; and she had little doubt but poor Ellen had herself unintentionally contributed to awaken the surmises; but what most wounded her mind, was the possibility that any one could be found; in a place where the virtues and the talents of sir Frederic were every day so beneficial,
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willing to believe, and fond to propagate, such cruel and ill-founded aspersions.

These vexatious thoughts kept her awake the whole night; and when Mrs. Barbara Sedgewood came, according to agreement, to accompany her to church in the morning, she found her looking so extremely harrassed and unwell, that she endeavoured to dissuade her from fulfilling her engagement. But my mother had a double motive for exertion; she was not only going to thank the God she adored, but to vindicate the being whom, next to God, she was most devoted to; she therefore reassured her tender companion; and endeavouring to compose her mind to the solemn occasion, they set out together.

Why does my hand tremble, and the unhidden tear gush to my eye, while pity and indignation swell my palpitating heart to very agony? There are moments, in which the long revolving records of time roll back, and present us with images more vivid than art can preserve, or imagination pourtray; for brilliant is the picture which
was steeped by affection in the tears of regret, ere she committed it to the stores of memory! This moment I behold my mother.

She is kneeling in the farthest corner, where no eye, save that which searcheth the heart, can behold her, except her innocent babes, who kneel on each side of her; she is drest in pure white, and wrapt in a large satin cloak of the same colour, that falls gracefully around; her face is pale, but its expression is that of angelic beauty, and the most perfect serenity; as her lips move, a gentle tremor plays upon her fine features, and beneath her long silken eyelashes, a tear steals gently down her lovely cheek; she is praying for her enemies, for those who have wrung her heart, by impeaching the character of her beloved: she says, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Pardon me—I have given but two pictures of my mother, and they were both in the church. Alas! I can offer you no more.

Whilst my mother was yet on her knees,
my father entered the seat; for having a private entrance, he could do this without disturbing the congregation. He had arrived at the park soon after she had left it, for the express purpose of accompanying her, in case she was sufficiently recovered; happy to find her so, he swallowed some slight refreshment, by way of breakfast, and hastened to join with her, in that act of public worship, and particular gratitude to God, their circumstances called for; such was the husband, and the father, whom idle gossips dared to class with the libertine and the adulterer.

Now, children of calumny! ye idle promulgators of scandal, ye trifling violaters of petty truths, who pretend to scorn a lie, yet encourage the belief of it, ye race of vipers, who *invent* defamation, and ye silly tattlers, who retail it, behold your work, and tremble!

The delightful surprise which my mother experienced, when, on rising from her knees, she found her dear Frederic by her side, and perceived by the glow of plea-
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Sure in his countenance, and the silent pressure of his hand, how happy it made him to find her there, gave her a sense of renewed health and strength; and when, at the end of the service, he expressed some fear that, from her paleness, she was not well, she replied, "that although somewhat faint, she would rather go through the church than out by the private way, as she wished to show her friends she was there." Mrs. Barbara, whose eyes swam in joy as she beheld the wedded pair, readily seconded the motion; and they proceeded through the chancel, where, either from curiosity, friendship, or custom, all their friends gathered round them. This was the moment of my mother's meek triumph; she held the arm of her husband, and her heart said, to all around, "Do you not behold him mine, and mine only?" She had not allowed herself to hear the name of any individual amongst his accusers; and though assured that some, probably many, were surrounding her, she was too happy, and too grateful for her hap-
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Piness, to attach the idea of blame to any one near her; and satisfied herself, she sought to satisfy them: when many kind inquiries had been heard and answered, at length the good vicar advanced, and after paying his respects, added, “You see, my lady, I have got my repairs begun; the chancel is now white-washed; I hope you admire it?”

My mother, completely exhausted, answered, “Yes; but it is very cold.” My father, alarmed, conducted her instantly to the carriage, blaming himself and everyone around him, for not having discovered the state of the chancel sooner: my mother in a short time shook as in an ague; and on arriving at home, was immediately put to bed, saying, repeatedly, she should soon be better, and asking for the babe. The babe was brought: but, alas! the tenderest office of a mother was now denied to mine; the little hands of the helpless supplicator pressed a milkless breast.

My father, in great distress, sent for the best medical help Fairborough afforded;
the gentlemen of the faculty declared my mother was in a fever, often dangerous to mothers. A courier was dispatched to York for Miss Montague, who was commissioned to bring a physician of eminence with her: she arrived early, and my father anticipated every favourable omen from the first observations of this gentleman; but before Monday night, my mother was in a state of high delirium, and the new attendant declared there was scarcely any ground for hope.

To part with Arabella, to lose the wife so fondly loved, the friend so trusted, the companion so delighted in! to lose the mother of his children! Oh! 'twas a stroke beyond all possibility of bearing, and coward reason reeled beneath the blow; while even the sacred voice of religion could not be heard amid the storm of grief that seemed to howl through his distracted mind; there was no possibility of meeting it—"Any thing else, any thing short of this, I would have borne like a man, but I cannot bear this," said my father.
On Tuesday, the fever ebbed a little, and partial gleams of reason were discovered; my poor mother saw, with apparent satisfaction, that she was attended by her dear Caroline. Sir Frederic, informed of the change, flew to the bedside, and was once more recognised by his idolized Arabella; she endeavoured to put out her hand, and, in a soft voice, said—"You are come too soon, my love, much too soon; you should not have forsaken our little ones, my Frederic."

Frederic was unable to speak, but she felt his warm tears fall upon her face, it appeared; for she said—"Pray, dear Caroline, wipe his tears, and tell him we never weep here in heaven: alas! even here he thinks of our little ones."

Loth to go, yet unable to stay, the baronet fled out of the room; he was shortly afterwards informed that her reason was still farther restored, and there appeared a disposition to sleep, which augured well; the unhappy man embraced with gratitude the slender hope held out to him; but it
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was in vain he was entreated, on the strength of that hope, to retire to rest; all night he wandered through the house, or around it, often fixing his eyes on the chamber where she lay; he watched the flickering lights, as they advanced or receded from the windows; and felt as if they were the harbingers of hope, or the heralds of despair, to his bewildered heart. Sometimes rallying the powers of his mind, he walked forwards with hasty strides, as if determined to meet with fortitude the fate that awaited him; in a moment he became convinced that his assumed courage was only hope in disguise, and suddenly dropping on his knees, he would endeavour to pray for strength equal to his impending trial; but with his prayer the object of that prayer returned to his heart, with all those endearing virtues, and innumerable charms, which had first won his early vows, and cemented his maturer love, and the mighty misery again overwhelmed his soul, as with a cataract of woe; and while he extended his trembling hands in agony to
heaven, he could only say—"Save, Lord, or I perish!"

It was somewhat remarkable in itself, and in my opinion a decisive proof of the extraordinary excellence of my mother's disposition, and still more of the strength of her religious principles, that during the period in which she was delirious, she never once adverted to the circumstances which had caused her illness; she spoke much of her husband, her children, and her friends, but never adverted to her enemies; and every one around her was too much interested in every eventful moment now passing, to remember the past, so that my father was happily ignorant of a circumstance, or rather train of circumstances, that would have changed grief into rage, and awoke despair to madness.

The day dawned, but still the same sullen clouds of doubt, or hope so sickly, that it scarcely owned the name; but towards the evening of this day, the shadows which had hitherto obscured her reason were entirely removed, and there was a
visible abatement in her fever; but it was accompanied with such extreme weakness, that life seemed ready to take its flight, at the moment when hope would have insured its renovation. The medical gentlemen, now conscious that a short time must decide, were most peremptory in commanding not only the strictest silence, but that every person likely to awaken the sensibilities of the patient should be removed, and particularly that the baronet must not enter. On hearing this, the patient, with a look of alarm and intreaty, besought them to permit him just to wish her good-night.

The proposal was acceded to; the baronet once more caught the delusive phantom; he received his instructions, composed his agitated nerves, and approached the bed with a smile.

He stooped to kiss the cheek of his Arabella, and felt, by an amazing effort, her weak hands clasping round his neck, while she faintly whispered—"Adieu, my love, my only love!"
"Good-night, my angel; be composed, I will see you again in a few hours," said the baronet. But no whisper re-echoed the "good-night;" yet the fond arms loosened not from their hold; they became cold and stiff, and the pale cheek, over which he bent, grew frigid beneath his burning lip. The physician saw that the hand of death was on her; he gently removed the barrier which held him to the lovely form, and besought him to depart; the dreadful conviction flashed on his eyes like the thunderbolt of death.

Oh, Frederic, my father, what an hour was that!

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CHAP. II.

Some angel snatch my pen—ah, no! forbear,
An angel cannot paint a widow's tear. Montgomery.

To attempt conveying any idea of that sorrow which overwhelmed my afflicted fa-
ther on this event, to those who have never felt similar privations, is utterly impossible; and to those who have, I would not willingly open the sluices of sorrow, which time may be now closing, by exhibiting too close a review of their own agonies, as suffered by this brother in affliction; I therefore will only sketch, with a slight and meliorated pencil, the leading traits of this part of my narrative.

For many hours there was a wild gloominess in the mind of my father, which appeared to indicate unsettled reason; he shut himself up in his chamber, and refused admittance to every one, even Mr. Bailey: he was heard to pace about the whole night, at times bursting into exclamations of passionate sorrow, at others uttering groans so dreadful, as to indicate the extreme of human suffering. Yet, dreadful as was his affliction, the cares of his affectionate household were more immediately directed to Miss Montague: this excellent young lady, it may be remembered, had flown from York on the wings
of friendship; and from the hour of her arrival to that on which her much-loved friend had yielded her breath, she had never once quitted her bedside, though evidently so ill from fatigue and sorrow (so soon succeeding to that which had already injured her health), that the physician had repeatedly declared she was almost as great a sufferer as his patient; and the moment that last hope, which had supported her through these exertions, was removed, all her strength seemed at once to forsake her; she fell from faintings to convulsions, and was conveyed to her bed, in a state which called for the kindest attention from all around her.

In the mean time, Charles and myself slept soundly; we had been told our mama was better, and had fallen asleep over our mutual contrivances to amuse her when she went out again. We awoke, and rose; the servant who was wont to attend us did not appear, nor answer to our call, though the house was silent as the grave: alarmed, though I knew not why, I huddled on my
own clothes, and assisted Charley; then taking him by the hand, we proceeded to my mother's room door, putting our fingers upon our lips, and waiting in the most perfect silence, till some one should appear to give us information; we stood a long time, and Charley gave a deep sigh; it appeared to be heard in my mother's room, for soon after the door was slowly opened by a woman I did not recollect, but whose eyes were red with weeping.—

"My pretty lambs," said she, "you must not stand there; go down stairs, and Mrs. Robinson will come to you presently."

At this moment I heard Robinson's loud sobs in my mother's room—"Tell me," cried I, "only tell me how mama does?"

The woman burst into tears—"My good child, your dear mama is gone to heaven."

A cold sickness came over me; I could only say—"Charles, she is dead!" when I sunk insensible on the floor. The poor boy ran in agonies; he knocked, he kick-
ed, he screamed aloud for admittance; his voice was that of terror.

My father opened the door, and beheld his child, whose sweet face was the image of her he had lost; and the resemblance was much heightened from the poor boy having omitted to take off his night-cap, and the paleness which fear had spread over his blooming cheek: he threw his arms around him, and strained him to his beating breast. Mrs. Robinson, who had took me up in her arms, and was conveying me to her room, beheld the action, and advanced towards the place where he stood; she entered his room, and throwing open the window, I revived instantly, and looked wistfully in my father's face, as she laid me on his bed; his lips quivered! I held out my arms; he rushed towards me, burst into a flood of tears, and thus cooled the anguish of his burning brain. But, oh! how long, how bitterly we wept together!

In about an hour Mrs. Robinson returned with a tray in her hand. My father mo-
ioned her to withdraw, but she ventured to disobey—"These poor children, sir;" said she, "must be fed." As she spoke, she took off Charles's night-cap, and whispered to me—"Persuade papa to take some chocolate; it is now noon, and he has had nothing these two days."

I cannot dwell on this day; in the course of it, by my endearments, I got him to take some food and wine; nature exhausted, sunk into repose, as profound as his sorrows; he slept many hours, and awoke not till after midnight. So deep was the stupor induced by long privation of sleep and food, that the unhappy Frederic knew not, at his first awakening, the precise nature of that overwhelming sorrow, which he was sensible had befallen him; he shook himself, and finding he had his clothes on, he jumped from his bed, and instinctively crept towards my mother's room; as he laid his hand upon the harp, its coldness more fully awakened him, and a sense of the truth came over him; he opened the..."
door, and beheld the dreadful reality in all its horrors.

The room was hung with spotless white, and on the bed lay the corpse of his beloved wife, more dear, ah! far more fondly dear, than when she blessed his bridal bed: it was too much for human nature to endure; he sunk on his knees at the foot of the bed, and embraced the feet of the corpse, while his tears bedewed them; and he most fervently prayed that heaven would in mercy shorten the period of his sorrow by instant death; then rising, and throwing himself by the body, he embraced it, and for a moment allowed himself to hope that his prayer was answered, and that the sudden pains which every instant shot through his temples, and the exhausted state of his body, which sleep had only restored sufficiently to increase his sense of debility, were indications of departing life.

In a few moments a faint cry was heard in an adjoining room, from the infant, and the words—"So, so, my love, my pretty Bell," were uttered. The baronet started;
he remembered that his children had the morning before recalled him to existence; he now remembered his poor babe, the girl for whom he had so fondly wished; and, looking up to heaven, while the tears of conscious error again coursed down his manly cheek, he exclaimed—"Oh! Father, forgive me; thy will, not mine be done."

I must pass over my mother's funeral: I cannot paint the sorrows of the poor, the heart-rending woes of her domestics, and the unutterable sorrows of her husband, who clung to the lovely clay, as if he had not quite lost his all while he preserved one relic of the beauteous dust. Yet he exerted himself to perform the last duties; he shrunk not from wounding his own feelings, to prove the last action of respectful love, due to her virtues; his was not the selfish passion of the voluptuary, nor the cold-tempered preference of the philosopher; no! he felt as good men and fond husbands have felt before him, and he could not consign the last duties to his servants. Little did he think, when he sup-
ported the aged form of his revered father, as he bent over his mother's grave, that he should so soon be called to the same trial, which at that moment he yet resolved to perform, and he accordingly followed as chief mourner; while Charles and myself partook in the awful ceremony, and clung on each side of his cloak. Nor did Miss Montague, weak as she still was, decline this severe trial of her feelings; she followed with my good aunt Barbara, who, as the only person conscious of the first movements in this "work of wickedness," this domestic tragedy, was perhaps more truly a sufferer than any in the moving train, if we except poor Ellen, whose tortures were aided by self-reproach.

How many beheld the procession from their windows, with tears in their eyes, and a long eulogy on their tongues, who had contributed to send it there! but how few were there who reproached themselves for the share they had taken in "just repeating what they had heard," or "just putting things together a bit!" but there
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were a few, to whose hearts my aunt Barbara had spoken daggers; and they did resolve, that for the future they would neither "meddle nor make with any bodies affairs;" and I must do them the justice to say, that they kept the resolution till the fear of sir Frederic's discovery of their fault subsided, for they had a great dread of his knowing; and when that was removed, their habits returned, in the language of the prophet, "like the sow that returneth to her wallowing in the mire."

After the funeral was over, there was a dreadful chasm in the house, almost more distressing than the sorrow which preceded it; my father never left his own room, or the library, except to visit the nursery; and Charles and me were observed to sculk about in the house, as if we had no longer a right to our regular comforts; we could not mourn incessantly, but our fits of sorrow returned often, and our dejection affected us in all our pursuits; yet still we had the consolation of being always together, and that remarkable affection, which
had ever distinguished us, was knit by our mutual suffering, to a degree incredible at so early an age.

The servants were all good and kind to us, yet they could not supply our wants. I have seen the heir of a noble family (at the age I was at this time) quietly playing at nine-pins in the housekeeper's room, while his mother's funeral went past the window; and I do not at this moment pass any reflection upon his lordship's nonchalance; for the lady in question was nothing to him, farther than the physical connexion between them. This lady-mother was a woman of fashion; she bare the boy because she could not help it; and having done that, and provided him with a nurse, and a suitable wardrobe, there was an end of the affair; somebody nursed him through the small-pox, somebody watched him over the measles, somebody bought him a rocking-horse, and taught him to ride; he received occasional kindness from many, and among many were his affections divided, so far as they were exercised at all. Our
mother had done all these things for us; and though we too loved our servants, as the ministers of good to us, yet from her, and our father, we were so conscious of receiving all our highest benefits and sweetest pleasures, that, young as we were, the privation was dreadful to us.

One morning, soon after we had buried my mother, I was awakened by Miss Montague kissing me; I perceived she had her habit on, and I was so hurt at the idea of her leaving us, that my loud expostulations awoke Charles, who, the moment he comprehended that she was going, flung his arms round her neck, crying—"Oh, don't go! pray don't go! Stay, and let us have you for a mama, now our own mama is gone to heaven."

Emily wept bitterly; but, as soon as she could recover speech, she said—"My dear children, I am very sorry to leave you, but I am obliged to go; so do not cry in this manner, for you add greatly to my distress, and you are both too fond of me, I am sure, to do that willingly."
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"But why! why! are you obliged to leave us?"

"Because, my dears, I have a very good father, who is, like yours, in a state of great affliction; and it is my duty to go to him, and comfort him; I should wish to comfort you too, but since I cannot do both, I surely ought to go to my own father."

"You are right," said I, "quite right; but I can't help feeling sorry for all that."

"My dear Thé, you must be a good boy to your father, and then you will get the better of your sorrow; and you will see him get the better of his sorrow, which is much greater than yours."

I relate this simple conversation, because to this very hour, the good sense of treating children thus, shews this amiable woman in a fair light to my memory. She did not soothe us by lies, such as—"I will come again soon;" nor aggravate our sorrows, by indulging her own; she made no parade of her love, nor allowed herself even to mention my mother's name. Yet where is the sentimental miss, whose fine-
spun theories of friendship would have led her to alarm the house, by exhibiting a parting scene between her and the children of her beloved Arabella, who ever felt the real tenderness, the truly bleeding sensibility of Emily Montague?

Consistent with her own just feelings, the departure of Miss Montague was first announced to sir Frederic by a letter, which not only convinced him of its necessity, but proved to him the propriety of sparing to both parties the renewed sorrow they must have experienced. In this letter she very pathetically recommended the children to him, beseeching him, above all things, to give us the advantage of his own society, and declared that no substitute could at present supply his place to them: this happy policy succeeded in the way she wished. My father took pity on his motherless babes, and they in return amused, if they could not console him; their affectionate prattle, their inquiring minds, their very faults, drew him into the most interesting occupation the human mind can
possibly engage in; and though they necessarily awoke remembrance, that sometimes swelled his throbbing heart to very agony, yet they served much to dissipate that morbid gloom, which is the offspring of intense thought, and the parent of despairing melancholy.

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**CHAP. III.**

He saw from realms of light descend,  
The friend of him who has no friend,  
Religion—her almighty breath  
Rebuk’d the winds, and waves of death.  

_Montgomery._

As my father regained the possession of himself, which might have been said to be hardly the case for the first month after his loss, which was so great and so sudden, that it fell with a torrent, that swept reason nearly from her seat, he began to look for consolation from the great source of it; he saw
the duty of resignation, the necessity of submission, and the abundant hopes held out to him of a blessed immortality with her, who was still perhaps more dear to him than any earthly tie ought to be. With deep humility, he bowed to the chastening hand of the Divine Disposer; and perceiving how much was still committed to his care, endeavoured, as a faithful servant, still to improve the many talents so awfully committed to his charge; he renounced the wishes of death, which his rebellious heart was yet again, and again, presenting to him, as the only good that remained to him; and he determined neither to forsake his post, nor any known duty that it demanded of him; but, in the midst of his resolutions, how often did he experience—

"One thought of her put all the train to flight!"

And when, three months after her death, he was again earnestly entreated to represent the town of Fairborough in parliament, he positively rejected the petition,
and to avoid the repetition of it, accepted the advice of Mr. Bailey; and with that gentleman for his companion, set out on a little tour, entreating his venerable friend to be his guide, and lead him whither he would, so that Norton was not included in the route, for to that place he was utterly unequal to go.

Before Mr. Bailey planned this journey, he had engaged a young gentleman as his curate, on the recommendation of my aunt Barbara, he being a very distant relation, but yet preserving a strong family likeness of that Mr. Elland whom she intended to marry; this gentleman was entrusted with the care of our education, while our personal comforts were attended to by our good aunt Barbara, as prime minister to whom, Mrs. Robinson was an excellent vicegerent.

Poor Ellen was so hurt at the death of her mistress, that she had, at her own request, returned to Norton with Miss Montague, having received an annuity from my father, which made her a person of
Says she to her neighbour, what? great importance in her own country, which she fondly imagined was free from the faults of Fairborough; but which becoming more populous, had convinced her that there is no part of the world where "she will not say to her neighbour," things she has no right, even to say to herself.

My father's first object was to seek consolation from the tenderness of his sister; but he found her needing so much for herself, that he was obliged to extend protection where he sought for comfort. Lord Borrowdale was now become a confirmed sot, and subject to all the train of nervous diseases, which are the never-failing attendants on the inebriate. At some times he was dejected to such a degree, as to claim the pity of his lady, on whom he hung, at these times, in such a state of hopeless dependence, that she could not refuse him the tenderness which seemed necessary for his very existence; at other times he was brutally authoritative, tyrannical, and overbearing; so that her life was divided between soothing a despondency that
was distressing, and a violence that was cruel.

It was scarcely possible to look upon his sister's fate, thus enchained to a madman and a sot, without feeling that death would have been as great a relief in her case, as it was a calamity in his own; but the baronet looked to his religious principles for help, to guard against this encroaching evil spirit of vain reasoning, and he obtained the help he sought; for the hope of the humble is rarely disappointed.

My father, after an absence of some months, returned to us, evidently improved in his health, and less subject to violent paroxysms of sorrow; but his return to his altered mansion gave him many severe pangs; he found, however, one charm that attached him with the delight of novelty; in addition to paternal tenderness, his little Arabella was now blooming in health, and her features bore decidedly the impression his wishes would have bestowed. She soon learned to clap her hands at his approach, and delighted to be tossed on high by his
long arms; how often have I seen the sweet cherub chuckle with ecstasy at this sport, while the tear of anguish stole down her father's cheek, even while he played with her!

The extraordinary attachment my father every day shewed, more and more, towards this lovely pet, so far from exciting the least jealousy in Charles or myself, only induced us, with more attention, to watch for those unfolding graces which delighted our wiser parent; we, like him, saw beauty in every glance, and intelligence in every gesture; her first steps were hailed as indications of joy, and her first accents were its harbingers; every thing that appertained to her gave interest to us; and the voice of pleasure, caught from her lips, once more echoed through the long-forsaken dwelling, which was once its most hallowed resting-place.

By degrees my father returned to his wonted habits and intercourse; at this time all the world became politicians, and he, with every benevolent and liberal mind,
hailed the dawning of freedom in France; but no sooner had the star which promised life and liberty become visible, than it obscured in clouds, from which it emerged like a baleful comet, to shed gloom and terror over the surrounding nations, and pour on the land from whence it sprung such a train of horrors—"the nation was baptized in blood," and affrighted humanity recoiled from the terrific orgies.

Symptoms of discontent spread over our own land; and of so much importance appeared the well-directed efforts of moderate and enlightened men, in controlling the spirit of party, which was every day gaining ground, especially in large manufacturing towns, that my father felt himself expressly called upon for some degree of exertion; and he almost repented that he had resigned his seat in the senate, where he observed, with extreme sorrow, there was a disunion of opinion, which in his idea unfitted that august body from encountering the difficulties that lay before it. In their zeal for preserving the pre-
sent blessings we enjoyed, one party appeared willing to lose even the liberty they affected to grasp; and in their wish for preserving the constitution, to suffer the very spirit of it to exhale; whilst the opposition, in their clamours for amendment, were forgetful of the means by which it could be accomplished; and in the visions of theory, forgot the sager lessons of practice; trembling lest the vessel should be swallowed up in a quick-sand, they proposed throwing her upon a rock, probably thinking that a sudden death was preferable to a lingering one—a circumstance the higher powers were not likely to allow, so long as they found not only life, but a pleasant life, in actual possession.

My father read, and thought— and thought, and read. He conversed much with Mr. Bailey, and occasionally with Mr. Eltringham, who still remained a bachelor, and during those periods when he visited the country, spent much of his time with
my father. The result of my father's observations became an earnest desire of saving his own immediate neighbourhood, from the pernicious infection of that party-spirit which had on one side made Birmingham a scene of most disgraceful riot; and was said to be preparing equal horrors, by way of distinguishing Leeds, Nottingham, and Sheffield, on the other side. Indeed, so busy were the sons of Vulcan said to be, in hammering out a new constitution on the anvil of liberty, that one half of their neighbours ventured to exult, and the other to deprecate their efforts: in every town and village were found politicians assembled in hedge ale-houses, to descant on the majesty of the people, which they desired to see exerted by pulling their superior's houses over their heads; while a band of an higher order was not unfrequently assembled in the head inn, to drink destruction and extermination to the low rascals who dared thus to murmur, at their real or supposed grievances. In both par-
ties were men of understanding and pure patriotism; but the wheat and the tares sprung up together.

Private sorrow had so absorbed the mind of my father for one period of time, and his journey since then had so engaged him in attending to the general state of the country, that his own demesne of Fairrough had not experienced his accustomed care; and it was considerably advanced in the new system of warfare, before he knew that either party had formed itself into a body; a trifling incident led my father to awake from his sleep of melancholy security, and inquire whether a man so situated, was justifiable in the indulgence of a tender sorrow, which, although it arose from the best propensities of his nature, led him to a blamable desertion of arduous, but obvious duties.

My father was a constant attendant at church twice every Sunday; he had remarked that during the warm weather, which immediately succeeded his jaunt, the evening service was exceedingly disturbed
by the crowing of some cocks, kept in or near the church-yard; and while the windows were kept open for necessary air, the congregation could scarcely hear their venerable vicar, whose voice was something in the wane. On coming out of the church, he mentioned the inconvenience to Mr. Bailey, who answered, that he had been so much incompromised by it the preceding Sunday, as to have sent the clerk, immediately after service, to request the owner would confine his poultry the following Sunday in some dark place; but the poor man had only received some saucy language in return; and it was self-evident that the annoyance was increased on the present day.

The hectic of a moment passed my father's cheek, but he did not, like many country justices of peace, allow himself to swear upon the occasion; but recollecting that he possessed power in right of his commission, he observed, it was well for him that there were two ways of dealing with a man of this sort, either in knock-
ing him down, or taking him up; and though it would ill become him to use the former, especially on the Sabbath-day, he would go immediately to his house, and, in case he attempted any disposition to persist in so novel a way of interrupting the public peace, the baronet declared he would adopt the latter.

Thomas Hodgets, the clerk, proudly preceded my father, as they stepped across the church-yard, to a dirty-looking house, the back part of which joined the consecrated ground, and where proudly strutted the offending party; on their way thither, my father inquired the name of the person they were about to visit, and whom he thought it his duty to admonish.

"Dear lack!" said Thomas, "doesn't your honour know where your honour's bound to? why its Mr. Cogitate himself as lives here, an keeps the cocks a purpose to plague his worship, I nas that perfectly well; an I lament the times be gone by, when sich rascals as he could a been hanged
at the castle gates, by the barrownites of Sedgewood, so I do, your honour."

"And I am very glad those times are gone past," returned my father; "but who is Mr. Cogitate?"

"Oh, your honour! he's a varry larned man, and belongs to the Correspondent Society, and the liberty and equality meeting, and can make norations with the best on them all; its he that as told all the tammy weavers about their miseries, and all that, an a sight of fine things; but still your honour," said Thomas, drawing nearer, with profound sagacity in his look, "all isn't right at the bottom; I've the best reasons for believing he's a Frenchman in his heart: an what is a Frenchman, but a lump of palaver and hypocrisy in his heart, bating here and there one? for to be sure there's gud an bad of all sorts. But, as I was saying, this here Maister Cogitate is no better than he should be, your honour; and with all his speechifications, and his fine arnefying names, as he gives
to sins, and crimes, and uncleannesses, if I could once grapple wi him i fair controversy, why then, please your honour, he should see what he should see."

The honest clerk did not effect all he wished by this speech, for he completely dissipated the little cloud which had gathered on my father's brow, from the idea that personal disrespect had been shown to his reverend friend, which he was never able to look over. At this period in the clerk's speech, that reverend friend overtook my father, and his deputy ceased speaking; it being the decided opinion of Thomas that his worshipful reverence was a still greater man than his honour, "being he was as old again, and a minister too;" and Thomas thought, very justly, those who "serve at the altar" stood in the highest of all offices; and that even a very inferior minister was, in virtue of such authority, intitled to speak to any lord in the land. He now, however, pulled off his hat in silence, and threw open the door,
which opened at once into Mr. Cogitate's sitting-room, where appeared in the foreground Mrs. Cogitate, a sickly-looking woman, and three half-starved children, and the philosopher himself, sitting on the corner of a deal table, perusing, with deep interest, a new translation of Rousseau's Social Compact.

There was something so deprecating in the form of poverty, that the first glance my father threw on the family before him, drew the sting of all remaining wrath towards the delinquent; and approaching Mr. Cogitate, with that benevolent smile which was ever the harbinger of kindness, he proceeded to state the grievance in question; and request, though, he added, "I well know I can command a removal of the nuisance of which I complain."

Mr. Cogitate started from his seat; he stood erect, turned up his eyes till the whites only were visible, gasped for breath, and appeared like a person inwardly convulsed; when these contortions were a little subsided, he opened his mouth,
whence sprung, in a Stentorian voice, these words—

"The day dawns!—the vapours disappear!—the sun of reason shines forth, and superstition and tyranny flee before him!—Sons of reason, awake! awake! trample on your galling fetters, and show the proud minions of the earth that ye are free!—Tumble them from the thrones and the coaches, where they sit triumphant in the dominion of their power; and tell them that 'for a nation to be happy, it must be free; and to be free, it is sufficient that it wills its own freedom.'—Tell them that you have made an act of volition!—Yes, volition, my friends! my brethren! my fellow-sufferers!—Say that you have cast off the iron chains of religion, and the gaudy trappings of power!—Tell them that you will have Magna Charta and Runnymede—tell them to tremble on their bloody thrones; and say aloud, 'Behold the guillotine!—behold that mighty weapon! which shall lay the voice of your
triumph in the dust, and silence the proud sound of your boastings."

At this moment, the proud triumph of poor Cogitate's oration was most decidedly broken by his own cocks, who, either considering that the last sentences were a formal denunciation against their own heads, as having been taught to give applause at proper intervals, broke into such a determined and reiterated cock-a-doodle-doo, that my father burst into a violent fit of laughter, in which Mr. Bailey cordially partook; but Thomas Hodgets, who, perhaps with more propriety than either of "his worthy and approved good masters," thought for a man to run on this way was no laughing matter, seized the moment to exclaim, in the same way in which he usually gave out the Psalms, which was deep and sonorous—"Behold the wicked caught in his own net; remember when I came from his worship, with a remonstrance to you, Mr. Cogitate, you answered in this wise—'My cocks are free animals, and free they shall remain; they
shall crow in spite of priests and priestcraft; and so now you see, with your own eyes, how they've served you; here they ruin'd your noration at a stroke; and I take it that's no small loss; for when a man gets his bread by his tongue, its very hard to lose a long speech o' this fashion, an have all sorts of murders and mathematics cut short with a doodle-do.'

Mr. Cogitate was already enraged at his cocks, and the sneer of this contemptible retailer of priestcraft worked up the child of reason into the exertion of all his energies; he sprung forwards, seized a knife, and vowed, in his wrath, he would slay the offenders.

"Not to-day, my love; not on the Sabbath," said his wife; "let me shut them up."

"Female citizen, retire," said Mr. Cogitate; "is the grand operation of invincible energy, the magnificent corruscation of invincible freedom, to be counteracted by a woman? Hence!—avaunt!—Get thee behind me, Satan!—Talk of the Sabbath,
indeed!—what is the Sabbath, but the child of ignorance and priesthood, nurtured by superstition? The cocks, I say, shall bleed; when a great and glorious end is to be answered, the ties of nature and of prejudice give way; and blood must flow, till the last vestiges of error quit the reeking hemisphere, and white-robed liberty—"

"White-robed fiddlestick end," said Mrs. Cogitate, with a melancholy shake of the head, as her husband triumphantly strode towards the yard, with the air of a Robespierre. The gentlemen, struck by the melancholy tone, ceased laughing; and Mr. Bailey said, with a voice of compassion—"Your husband's eloquence does not seem to afford you pleasure, Mrs. Cogitate; perhaps you do not entertain his political opinions."

"Dear heart, sir, I had not need; for if I was, what would become of our poor children? as it is, I can hardly any how get us bread: when I married Mr. Cogitate, he was doing well in the world, as a shoemaker; and as I had two hundred pounds
of my own, and could assist him a little in his business, we were very likely to do well in the world; we were both what is called serious, and went to church in the forenoons, and meeting in evenings; at leisure times he used to read the holy Bible to me, and I used to sing hymns to him; and though I say it, that oughtn't to say it, for such people as we were, nobody could be happier; for we were comfortable as to this world, and looked forward to another; and then, sir, we loved one another dearly.'" 

Mrs. Cogitate wiped her eyes, and my father sighed.

"Well, sir, all our peace was ruined, as I may say, by a new preacher coming to our meeting, who would needs have it that people could be converted all at once, as it were; so this scheme took prodigi-ously with my master; for having read a good deal in the Bible, and a few other good books, he had got plenty of words, and was vastly fond of hearing himself pray; so he used to go and pray in the meeting, with all sorts of people, espe-
cularly old women and little boys; and he used to say such terrible things about death and damnation, that they were made to cry and scream; and then him, and others in his way, used to sing praises, and say the good work was finished, and their souls were saved, and a deal more wicked nonsense—I call it wicked, sir, saving your presence, because I am sure I never saw no good come on it. Well, sir, you see this took him off his work, and he did nothing but read; for when Mr. Miller and Mr. Cooper, and the principal converting men, were gone from our town, that flash went off; and so, as it were, because he was got to be idle, and his head was heated, and his tongue grown glib, he began to turn politician, and talk about rights of man, (ah! woe worth the word!) and so he got on by degrees, from one kind of blasphemy to another, till he denied the Bible itself; left off calling me his wife, and said our poor babes were the children of the state: then nothing would serve him but we must go and live in some
great town, where, forsooth, he thought his abilities would place him at the head of affairs. So we have dragged about to Manchester, and Sheffield, and Edinburgh, and all our little substance is spent, as one might expect, and the country's never the nearer this fine revolution he talks of, that I see; indeed, I'm sure, as poor as we are, I can't wish it in my heart: for before my husband talked so much about freedom and equality, he was as good-tempered a man as ever was born, and I'm sure I was always at liberty to do my own way, in every thing proper; but now, he's as tyrannical as can be; he orders and commands me about as if I were a slave; and as to the poor children, why he's no nature towards them, as it were, and I've known the day when he doated on them: and, what's more, in my travels I've found many and many a wife, whose husband had got into this way, just as unhappy as myself."

At this moment entered Mr. Cogitate, bearing the bleeding body of one cock, the
other having escaped; he now felt that languor which ever succeeds to passion; and that shame which, in minds not absolutely hardened, ever arises from the consciousness of having taken a mean revenge; he had likewise learned, during his pursuit of the bird, who my father was, a circumstance which had likewise its effect upon his mind; for though it was Mr. Cogitate's custom to abuse even kings, and in his speeches to address them, yet it by no means followed that he did not feel that awe of rank habitual to his situation in life; so that from these concurrent circumstances, the great orator, on his return, appeared little less crest-fallen than the proud monarch of the dunghill, whose remains he had so triumphantly adduced; and whom the children crowded round to lament.

Mr. Bailey seized the opportunity to demonstrate to the philosopher the inefficacy of his own system, and to prove to him, that during the time when he was a practical Christian, he would not have been
guilty of such a folly; he adverted to the story he had just heard, and inquired if Mr. Cogitate, as a reasonable being, could conceive himself a better member of society, or a happier man, than he had been before he became thus immersed in the stormy gulf of politics?

Mr. Cogitate declined reasoning with a priest, "whose eyes," he said, "were blinded by the mists of prejudice, though his meaning might be perfectly good."

"Then I will turn you over to sir Frederic," said Mr. Bailey, with a smile; "only begging Mrs. Cogitate to accept this half-guinea, as some compensation for the loss of her fowl; since I was indirectly the occasion of it."

With glistening eyes, and eagerly trembling hands, the poor woman seized the precious coin, and as she watched the reverend donor quit the house, exclaimed—"Ah, there goes a Christian indeed! I wonder who ever saw 'squire Dawson, with all his humanity speeches, give me half-a-guinea, though the children were ill of the
hooping-cough all the time we lived in his village."

Sir Frederic said very little to Cogitate, but it was weighty; for he flattered his talents, while he severely condemned their abuse; telling him, that had he been teaching his children their duty, while he was wasting their substance, he would have been employed like a rational creature; instead of which, he was now a retailer of speeches, formed of the shreds and clippings of more celebrated orators; degraded to the rank of a mere parrot in creation; and that while he had imagined himself rising to a great man, he had resigned the privilege of being considered a man at all, by all who possessed the power of discrimination, betwixt the upright husband, the tender father, and honest mechanic, as opposed to the idle vagabond, the wandering demagogue, and stinging reptile, of social life, in which characters he certainly appeared to all whose friendship was worth possessing, and whose praise was really fame.
My father did not depart without proof of bounty to Mrs. Cogitate, who appearing to him a sensible, good woman, he wished to give her the power of administering to her husband's wants; and thus subjecting him to the necessity of listening to "her pleaded reason," on his own principle that mind should govern; and he departed, casting about in his own mind the possibility of turning this mischievous being into an useful, or, at least, harmless member of society. He had talents for a schoolmaster, but that would not do on account of his principles; he foresaw that the perpetual use of his tongue was necessary to him; and he thought it would be less difficult to bend his mind to a renunciation of opinion, than to alter his habits, by requiring him to return to work in his own profession. At length it struck him, that he might be rendered useful to him, as a clerk to his colliery, where he would be under the eye of his steward, and yet might find opportunity of haranguing on subjects connected with his situation, while
the regular routine of his duties would greatly serve to tame the enthusiasm and vigour of his imagination; for my father, who was a close observer of man in every station of life, had frequently remarked; that the perpetual recurrence of the same image had a great tendency to obtund the irritabilities of passion, as much as to chain down the imagination; and he conceived that these powers, combined with the goadings of poverty, made Cogitate a fretful demagogue, and a bad husband, and might in time render him as much the pest of general society, as he was now the misleader of it in a certain class; and, in the mean time, he conceived that ridicule was the only weapon by which the poison he had already spread could find an antidote, in addition to that which personal benevolence might extract from his future behaviour; for though a great orator of his school had proved gratitude a vice, my father thought proper to awaken it in his disciple.
CHAP. IV.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead;
By heaping coals of fire upon its head,
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

THOMAS Hodgets, the clerk, told the story of the cocks in so many different ways, that it was soon buzzed all over the town of Fairborough, and “she dressed it to her neighbour” in all the various attitudes, colours, and circumstances she chose; but luckily it was always ridiculous; for after two or three various attempts to make my father a tyrant, and poor Cogitate a sufferer, the attempt was rendered so completely abortive by Cogitate’s wife, that it was given up entirely: one solitary personage had presumed to inquire—“If Mrs. Cogitate was pretty, and if the baronet thought so?” but even this insidious question failed entirely; for though my father
had now entered the third year of his widowhood, was in the very prime of life; and was generally considered handsomer than ever, though many a pair of bright eyes looked more bright at his approach, and many a pair of sweet lips were severed with a soft sigh in sympathy to his, yet so holy was his deep sorrow, so sacred his constancy, and so fresh in the memory of every one was the matchless excellency of the consort he had lost, that even tattlers dared not sport his name in conjunction with another, nor calumniators attempt to stain the fidelity which still honoured the grave of his Arabella.

In consequence of these dispositions, the anecdote which should have immortalized Cogitate, or rather Cogitate's ill-fated cock, as a high-plumed martyr to freedom, was rendered ridiculous; from laughing at the man, the people learnt to laugh at his doctrines, a disposition my father encouraged by every possible means; and thus, what "should have been great, was turned to farce;" for the very mention of
freedom and energy in the workshops themselves, was now so perpetually interrupted, even by their own body, with a "do-doodle-do," that the subject became untenable; and the preparations for a volunteer corps threw the whole system of new-fangled rights out of fashion, and enabled my father to provide for Cogitate in the manner he had devised, without meeting with opposition, either from those who would, in one view of the case, have declared that it was quite wicked to encourage a seditious rascal who ought to have been hanged, or from a party of his own class, who would have thought proper to consider the poor wretch as eneigled by a rich man, or bribed to betray the interests of his party.

When Cogitate found himself at a safe distance from the scene of his labours and his sorrows, in a neat cottage free from duns, and all fear of starvation removed from his eyes, surrounded by people who considered him their master, and yet conscious his conduct was watched by a vigi-
lant, though not suspicious, eye, he found himself so very comfortable, that he began to wonder how he could have been so anxious to become a martyr to an ungrateful public; and perhaps found out, as many great men have done, or might have done, before him, that he had never become a patriot till he was a ruined man, and that he had not devoted himself to his country, till his imprudence had deprived him of the power of being respectable as an individual.

Good habits ought to be grafted on good principles; but in certain cases, and those by no means uncommon ones, we see principles graft themselves on habits; and thus it fared with our philosopher; he returned, like other men, to his work, his wife, his children, and his church; and though for a long time suspicion resting on his character made him pay a bitter fine for past errors, yet the consolation given him by his wife, and the proper degree of increasing confidence bestowed by his generous employer, has at length
fully restored him to that of society; and he has now for some years been considered as one of the few who have obliterated all former errors, and is the thriving father of a thriving family, who have forgot the starving honours once attached to the name of their illustrious parent.

My father was one of the earliest gentlemen in the county to raise and head a troop of cavalry; and on this occasion he was obliged to come more decidedly forwards in society than he had ever done since the death of my mother; and "she" now ventured to whisper, that "by-and-bye sir Frederic would be like other people; he would look about him, and why not?"—there was no answering this "why not?" for human nature affords so many proofs, in all ages, that not only the light-minded, the frivolous, and the selfish, but the most attached and tender, the most faithful and romantic hearts, have sometimes sought for a second choice to fill the mighty void left in the widowed heart, that it would be folly for any person to dis-
pute the possibility of such an event taking place; but had she seen what I did—the day my father was first arrayed in his military uniform, and going once more to encounter the charms of all the neighbourhood at an elegant ball, which he gave on the occasion, perhaps she would have thought his heart was armed with a complete panoply, and perhaps she would not have been mistaken.

All the world for twenty miles round were assembling in the park; the servants running to and fro in all directions, with an air of important bustle, not worn since the last christening, in the house; and we children, after admiring the trappings of our father's horse, were anxiously waiting for the rider; his sword was on the breakfast-parlour table, where we remained, till the carriage should be ready to take us, with Mr. Elland, into the park, to witness the review.

My father entered for his sword, and little Bella, clapping her hands, exclaimed—"Oh, what a pretty papa!—I must, 
must have a kiss of oo, in dat new coat—
put me on dat fine hat with fedders, dat I
may look like a great lady."

Sir Frederic gladly complied; but in a
moment took off the feathered hat with
extreme emotion; again and again held
the unconscious wounnder to the bosom she
had pierced, and gazed at her with eyes
that overflowed with tears, and wet the
beauteous cheek on which they rested;
then giving her a long kiss, he placed her
in my arms, and flung out of the house,
mounted his horse, and by a strong effort
overcame himself, and rode forward. An
universal shout rent the air at his approach,
but, alas! the voice of admiration fell
coldly on his heart; he was surrounded
instantly by all his friends, carriage after
carriage rolled nearer to receive and pay
him congratulations, every eye rested with
delight on his fine form and graceful car-
riage, and every tongue was wanton in his
praise; but that eye, whose soft glance
spoke volumes to his raptured heart—
that tongue, whose accent could awake
the nerve of ecstasy, was silent in the grave; and a bitter sigh broke from his bosom, as he turned from the gaze of his exulting friends, to join the manly troop of his adoring dependents.

Whatever might be his feelings, he was destined from this hour to be marked out as a marrying man; and to the praise of the neighbouring ladies, both mothers and daughters, be it said, that no pains whatever was spared to convince the baronet, that in female bosoms there is such a spring of tender sympathy, that they are willing to apply their powers to sooth even the sorrows of a widower, though they naturally imply a blindness to the charms of the living. Whether the multitude of the lovely candidates for this tender office precluded my father from making a proper distinction, or whether his heart resembled those substances which petrify beneath the Knaresborough’s dropping well, and was become hardened by his tears, or from what other cause I know not, but time rolled on in the avocations of life, the in-
terchange of hospitality, and the education of his little Bella, and still my father remained single.

About five years after my mother's death, Lord Borrowdale, most happily for his lady, breathed his last, completely worn at thirty-six, by premature old age; and so nearly had he wasted the sands of life in the long-suffering partner of his wearisome days, that she was immediately ordered to try her native air as a restorative, and my father gladly conducted her to Sedgewood, with her daughter, a sweet little girl something younger than Charles.

The arrival of these strangers was extremely agreeable to us all, and the life of our aunt Barbara seemed renovated by the circumstance; she now found she had indeed great reason to felicitate herself on the circumstance of having secured the fortune she gave my aunt (Lady Borrowdale) in the manner she had, as it appeared that such dilapidations, from one pretext or other, had taken place in the estate settled upon her by his lordship, as
to leave her little else to depend upon, either for herself or child; this however was more than sufficient; for the long-afflicted widow, broken down in her spirits, and injured in her health, now only sought, in the hour of retirement, and the society of those she loved, the kind of consolation which could heal a heart long estranged from a world which had presented a bed of roses in prospect, but of thorns in reality.

It was delightful to see the tender attention of my father to this dear companion of his early years, and still more as the good effect of this care, joined to the salubrity of the air and the release from a removed burthen, appeared in a short time to effect a compleat renovation in her ladyship's health; she recovered like a withered plant beneath the balmy dew, and the graces of her person, obscured for many years, appeared more attractive from her dress and situation. My father, in this delightful change, experienced not only more pleasure than he had done since the death of
my mother, but more than he had really believed his heart capable of; he had ever found benevolence capable of affording him pleasure, but the higher species of delight, arising from the restoration of a kindred mind, had not till now been presented to him; but it served, in conjunction with his pleasure as a parent, to prove that life had still many blessings in store, even for him.

This sense of increased comfort received a very great addition, from remarking that Mr. Eltringham, whom of all his acquaintance possessed the warmest place in his heart, became more and more interested in the fair widow; this gentleman had never been induced to form any attachment since his unfortunate repulse from Miss Montague, notwithstanding his great merit had rendered him an object of much attention to the fair sex; he was warmly attached to my father, and it is probable his attentions to my aunt were first directed by the love he felt for her brother; be
that as it may, he wooed, and won her, a circumstance that probably would not have taken place without that brother's warm concurrence; for though lady Borrowdale could not fail approving the character, and being pleased with the person of Mr. Eltringham, she had had a dose of matrimony which she thought would last her for life: her brother was of a different way of thinking; he thought each party calculated to make the other happier; and the event proved him not mistaken; for lady Eltringham found she had never known happiness till the time when she found it in the society of this worthy and amiable man; and the result of this sense of renewed existence was a sincere desire that her brother would partake the same fate.

Just at the time when this marriage engrossed the baronet's attention, he learnt, with great concern, that Mr. Montague was dead, and his daughter would, he well knew, become very slenderly provided for; he was anxious to assist this amiable woman; but he was so well acquainted with
her extreme delicacy, that he could not immediately see what scheme would be most feasible to adopt as a medium of assistance; and he therefore applied to my aunt Barbara, according to custom, for her advice and assistance.

My aunt told him to "go to the wedding, and be easy;" with which advice he immediately complied, well knowing that nearly seventy winters had not paralysed the warm activity of her benevolent mind: she wrote to Miss Montague, requesting her to visit her, as she was lonely from the absence of her nephew, and thus contriving to make herself the obliged person. I ought to observe, Mrs. Barbara Sedgewood did not reside in the park, but in the house once occupied by my grandfather, which was very near it, and where we generally took care to visit her every day. In a short time, we had the pleasure of seeing our once-dear friend, Miss Montague, who wept abundantly at seeing us; we came leading our little sister between us; she
was the picture of our mother, and the sight of her very naturally affected the friend of the departed.

Miss Montague was pale and thin; we boys thought she was like our aunt when she arrived at the park, and felt very desirous that, like her too, she should be restored to health; we proposed that she should ride upon our ponies, and we took our turns in attending her; she was so mild in her manners, she instructed us with so much friendship, and looked at us with so much tenderness, that we were never so happy as when we could invent any errand to see her, or any means of amusing her; though very lively, and at a very thoughtless age, we were never weary of listening to her conversation or her music; and we were both strongly impressed with the idea, that our dear little sister ought to live with Miss Montague constantly, for the benefit of her tenderness and her instructions.

But, alas! while we were, according to our wisdom, disposing of this lovely blos-
som, a cruel blight seized upon it, and before my father returned, it was found that a disorder, which looked like the measles, was making its appearance; we were all at my aunt Barbara's at the time, and she determined that the child should not return to the park; but she sent for her father home immediately, in much alarm, as the disorder had been fatal in many instances, being of a very malignant kind.

When my poor father arrived, he found his darling lying in the very lap of that woman, whom of all others he most dreaded to see, conscious that he could never behold her without awaking the memory of those soul-harrowing scenes in which she had borne so conspicuous a share; but all reflections on the past were suspended in the present distress; and in the sickness of his second Arabella, he forgot even his first; his very soul seemed suspended in the fate of his darling; and, like the patriarch of old, it might be said of him, "Behold his life is bound up in the child."

On the fifth day after this fair flower
had first said to me—"Come to me, Thé, and hold up my head, because it hurts me," that aching head was fallen lifeless on the bosom of our tender friend—that sweet tongue was silent for ever.

I can never forget the dear companion, the lovely protegée of my early years, nor the deep sense of sorrow that for a time overwhelmed me when I lost her; but at this distance of time, I cannot regret that she was spared to us so long, though our parting was thus rendered doubly painful.

I conceive, that to her we owe that finer sense of female delicacy, both in mind and person, which has ever given both to Charles and myself a moral sensibility of excellence in her sex, and a tenderness towards them, which enables us to appreciate them justly, and which, while it adds softness to our manners, enables us to constitute more fully the happiness of all who are immediately placed under our protection.
Then, as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I liv'd my wooing days once more. *Montgomery.*

When my father had lost his little playmate, he wandered here and there, seeking rest, and finding none; his house, deprived not only of his little girl, but of his sister and niece, appeared to him a desart; and, what rendered the matter still worse, was, that Mr. Elland was on the point of marriage.

He had been visiting his sister one day, and, returning home on horseback, was caught by a heavy shower; he recollected that he was near the house of lady Frances Stickerton, and he turned thither for shelter.

It so happened, that a small party of her neighbours were at this time assembled in the drawing-room of this lady and her vestal sister, whom, it may be recollected, I mentioned in the first chapter of this work, as being among our neighbours who speak
of us; the eldest was a worthy, good-natured woman; the youngest, a satirical one. As my father approached the room, his own name, accompanied with exclamations of—"Dear me, surely not! bless my life! &c." reached his ears; and the moment he made his appearance, there was a dead silence, and a guilty blush upon several faces, which said, as plain as a blush could say it, "Well, we are fairly caught!"

My father, well aware of the general amusement of the coterie, and apprized of the real good temper of lady Frances, had no doubt but she had been defending him from some aspersion, and addressed her, with such an expression of friendly confidence in his looks, and such an elegant suavity in his manners, that two ladies in the room, though both young and handsome ones too, looked as if they could have eat the good old lady for vexation, though I believe there was a further meaning in the glance, which said they could have eat the baronet, from another motive—the appetites of ladies are capricious. Lady Frances
was not blind; she read both meanings through her spectacles; and as her party had bore hard upon her all the afternoon, she took her revenge by saying, she was heartily glad the rain had driven sir Frederic in, as it gave him an opportunity of relieving the minds of many ladies present, by declaring, whether "he was, or was not likely, in the course of the summer, to follow the good example set by his sister last Christmas."

The baronet said, it was indeed a good example, but he had not yet thought of following it.

"Is that possible?" said lady Lucy Lackington, with a sweetly-languid smile, followed by a sigh still softer.

"Perfectly possible, I'll answer for it," said Miss Liston, with a satirical grin, intended to show the whole of her white teeth, "as far as regards the person hinted at."

"Why yes, truly," drawled out the younger lady Stickerton, "'tis very un-
likely that sir Theodore Sedgewood's only son should take the portionless daughter of a country parson, a young woman, who is well enough in her way, but whose impudence, in refusing a baronet ten years ago, has stuck on my stomach ever since; 'tis very unlikely indeed that such a woman, with all her arts, should mislead the representative of an ancient family into such a folly as matrimony."

"But, my dear lady, you can't call her young, I'm sure; she looks like my mamma," returned Miss Liston.

"There is something enchantingly melancholy," said lady Lucy, "in her pale face, which hides the appearance of age, in my eyes; for I am the very slave of sentiment; and where I read the soul, I forget the form."

"Then I am certain," said lady Frances, "you have got a fair picture before you, for the lady in question 'has that within which passeth show.' I shall never forget what my worthy, my inestimable friend, lady Caroline, said of Miss Montague."
Sir Frederic started—he had not comprehended to whom they alluded; for having heard his own name of late coupled with several neighbouring ladies, he was endeavouring to consider which of them was artful, and a clergyman's daughter: this start was variously interpreted; but the general idea seemed to be, that the baronet was offended with the supposition of such an attachment, and having obtained this as a leading key, every one played some note upon it, and poor lady Frances in vain endeavoured to repeat what she was going to say; five times she began with—"My good friend lady Caroline told me that she was," the various comments of "'twas never likely sir Frederic could think of such a thing—oh, ridiculous! she was almost a beggar; it was quite impossible to think of such a thing—she was turned thirty—her complexion was gone—she was prudish, stiff, tame, lifeless, quite an automaton, a bore; very well to play backgammon with Mrs. Barbara, but as for any
thing else, it was too absurd to talk about it."

Sir Frederic took the hand of lady Frances, and pressing it, with an air of great gallantry, between his own, said—"My dear madam, I see the rain is dispersing, and I almost lament that I cannot stay to hear the praises of one I most truly esteem, as given by the mother I must ever highly revere. I can with truth affirm, that the idea of Miss Montague, except as a friend, never crossed my mind; but confident as I am of your approbation, I shall certainly think very seriously of the matter now, though, I confess, with little hopes that a woman of such exalted merit as Miss Montague, could accept the remnant of a heart so lacerated as mine has been."

The latter part of this sentence was uttered in a voice contending with suffocating emotion; he rose hastily, bowed to the company, and, in a moment afterwards, was seen to pass the windows, again gracefully bending to the company; who, for once,
united in declaring, that to be sure he was an angel of a man, and it would be ten thousand pities that such a man should be caught by a woman that was quite unfit for him; for though the Montagues were a good family, yet, where there was such a disproportion of fortune, there could be no happiness.

"Besides, 'twould be a shame such a fine dashing man should marry a lack-a-daisical, sighing sort of sorrowful Miss," said Miss Liston, with a giggle.

"Or an insipid flirt," said lady Lucy, with a sneer.

"I am convinced you are both right, my dears," said lady Frances; "and for those express characters I have such an aversion, I cannot help hoping that, if ever he does marry, it will be Emily Montague, because then he will be safe from the machinations of both these descriptions of girls, and I really think I have said that to him which will help the matter forwards."

"Your ladyship is vastly obliging," said the rival beauties, in a breath.
"Yes, my dears, I know it," returned the incorrigible lady Frances; "I do, from my heart, love to see worthy people go together—it constitutes my happiness."

The baronet rode home slowly; he thought much on the subject started before him: when he entered the house, we were crossing the hall to go to bed; we sprung forward to inquire if he had escaped the shower, and Charles observed—"We were at the Elms when it rained; Miss Montague stood at the window all the time, she was so afraid you should get wet, and then you would take cold perhaps."

"She is very good," said my father; "I will call and tell her that I am no worse, in the morning."

My father did not sleep the whole night; he thought, and wept, and thought again; but he arose and went to the Elms: the morning was uncommonly beautiful, being refreshed by the rain of the preceding night, and Miss Montague was walking in the garden. My father joined her there, and hastily thanked her for the kind care
she had expressed for him the preceding evening.

Emily only answered by a deep blush: and my father, looking at her, felt surprised that even female malice could deny that she was at least a very pretty woman, with a great deal of feminine softness in her countenance.

"But you are ever so kind to us all, Miss Montague," he continued, "that every expression of goodness towards all I hold most dear, appears to flow naturally from you—in all my sorrows you have been a liberal partaker, and there are moments when I wish that I could make you such in my joys—such joys as are yet in my possession—what do you say, Emily?" he took her hand, which trembled to excess, but she spoke not.

"I would not distress my sweet friend; do not allow me to do so; if your heart, long wedded (as I have often suspected) to some object of youthful affection, refuses my plea, forget that it was ever made, and allow me to hold my present
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

footing only in your heart, unless you could enable me to remove the obstacle to your happiness.

"I have none! oh, I have not!" Scarcely had these words issued from her trembling lips, when poor Emily sunk, overpowered and senseless, in my father's arms; he conveyed her to a bower, and shaking the wet leaves in her face, she quickly revived; and, hiding her blushing cheeks, burst into tears, which dispelled the transient faintness, but spoke the violent emotion which throbbed in her agitated bosom; and my father saw, with tender gratitude, how much, how fondly, he was beloved by this meek, retiring, but attractive woman: tender recollections pressed on his own heart, and his tears were mingled with poor Emily's, who, from the hour they first met, had struggled with a passion, which had been the bane of her existence till this ecstatic moment; to have concealed it from his eye, had been her most anxious endeavour; to have succeeded, had been her pride; and nothing less
than the unbounded kindness of my aunt, and the forlornness of her situation, could have induced her to struggle so long with her fears of discovery: but it was not even in this happy moment, nor till she had been married some time, that she revealed a circumstance, which placed the delicacy of her feelings in a still stronger point of view: it appears, that on the night of my mother's dissolution, she, under the impression of her approaching death, earnestly implored Emily to supply her place to sir Frederic, should he ever request it; and induced her even to promise she never would marry, until he should have made a second choice; and this promise was made before Ellen and the apothecary, whom, after her decease, Miss Montague engaged solemnly never to reveal her engagement, till she was in danger of breaking it, or permitted them to mention it.

Think of this, you courting Misses and plotting widows; and if it be possible, "Go, and do likewise;" for, be assured, that although every man wishes to be loved by
the woman of his choice, yet he does not like to have the delicacy of the female character violated, even for his own gratification.

How the second-sight sybils did stare, when, all at once, the dreadful truth broke on their astounded ears!—"Married! really married again! well, to be sure, there is no knowing what the world will come to! little did one think that poor lady Sedge-wood would have been forgot! to be sure, time does fly; 'twas eight years since she died, and nearly a year since her daughter died; but still one would not have thought sir Frederic would ever have forgot such a charming creature as his first lady, and now he would be having a houseful of children; and his poor boys! what would become of them, poor things? they had not been used to a stepmother, and it would go hardly down with such great boys as they were got to be now."

"Fine airs, it was supposed, the new lady would give herself; she used to be as modest as need to be; but there would be
nothing good enough for her now; what laces did she wear? what millinery was sent into her? what did she eat? what wine did she take? what carriage did she ride in? and finally, what baby-clothes has she bought?"

These questions, variously put, occupied the people for the first six months after her marriage, when she went to town with her husband, who, I forgot to say, had been again returned to parliament; when she came back, it was observed that she was grown fat, was looking very handsome, grown remarkably lively and entertaining, but did not seem likely to encrease her family; so as there was nothing at the Park to lament or censure, says "she to her neighbour," 'Who can this be that is coming to live in the castle house, I wonder? they say she is a lady with two daughters, and yet I cannot learn that she is a widow; now, if she is not a widow, she must be a wife, and if so, where is her husband?"

"I heard he was abroad, but not where; I heard too he was an officer, but whether
Naval or military, I could not find; altogether, this Mrs. Danvers is somehow a very mysterious woman!"

"Clearly so, and where there is mystery there's nothing good; if she really is a lady, the house is too small for her; you know it was merely a garden-house kind of place the baronet built, for the fine prospect, out of the ruins; and if she is not a lady, I can't see what business she had to go into such a stylish sort of a place; in short, I can make nothing at all of her."

"They say she's monstrous handsome."

"Ay! ah! there's many a handsome woman in London and thereabouts, whose husbands are over or under seas, or God knows where, and I wish she may not be one of that sort—there's no knowing; for there are a dozen Danverses at least in the army list and navy list; she may belong to any of them, or she may belong to none; there's no pretending to know anything about her; she took the house of the steward by letter, and who knows what she is?"

"She may be the witch of Endor," said
Says she to her neighbour, what? 93

Lady Frances, "and I wish she may prove so; for it would be much better to call up the spirit of Samuel, than the spirit which is now rising."

"She has two daughters, my lady, and, what is very odd, they are twins; altogether, there is something unaccountable in this Mrs. Danvers."

"True; yet the last-named oddity may be accounted for, without deducing much from her character; for all my sheep have had twins this year, and yet the shepherd assures me of their innocence."

"Dear my lady! surely a woman is not like a sheep?"

"Precisely; for a man, who knew a great deal about them, declared, 'that when an innocent lamb was to be sacrificed, sticks enough might be gathered from every hedge where it had strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with;' but I now perceive where there is a willing mind, one may offer it up, without either sticks or straying."
94 SAY'S SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

CHAP. VI.

Very pleasant was thy love unto me, oh Jonathan! my friend! my brother! thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

Samuel.

When Mrs. Danvers and her twin daughters took possession of the castle-house, Charles and myself were on the point of setting out for Cambridge, under the guidance of Mr. Elland, who was, however, no longer our pilot than till he had steered us safely into the haven of learning; as he was about to consign us to the care of a friend of his, who was a fellow of St. John's, and on whose learning and good sense he could rely. We were both very young to enter at college, but my father was particularly anxious to procure every possible advantage for Charles, who, it may be remembered, was left sole master of a noble fortune at nineteen; and having found an advantage himself, in being taught at a very early period to exercise
his reflective powers, he wished to communicate, in the most effectual manner, this advantage to a son, whom he considered to be placed in a situation of much danger.

It will be easily conceived, that servants, friends, and flatterers even now, had been found to whisper to Charles, from his very infancy, what were the nature of his expectations; and most probably these whispers would have been attended with various instigations to rebellion, either against paternal authority, or brotherly counsel, if it had been possible to have found him alone; but the dear boy was never in the situation of our general mother, so the voice of the tempter could be exerted to very little purpose; as it was impossible to praise one, without including the other, or to hint at Charles's independence, without suggesting the idea of my heirship. We were indeed "twin-cherries;" and though originally somewhat distinct in our characters, our habits were so much alike, our education so com-
pletely the same, our affections bound to the same objects, and our minds to the same pursuits, that, before the period I speak of, we had become so nearly alike, that the same words would have described us, though our definition was different. Nature had given to me courage, amounting to rashness; warmth, arising to impetuosity; and frankness, which bordered on folly: in the mind of Charles, she had stored all the milder elements; he was gentle, even to fearfulness; timid and shy, though very affectionate; and reserved, even to those he loved; but, from leaning upon me, he imbibed the spirit he courted, and communicated the amiable parts of his own character; he became brave, and the asperities of my character were softened down to his. My father, far from envying the accession of wealth, which would have been, to any man of less liberal mind, a source of vexation, rejoiced in it, as the happy means of modifying the characters of both his sons. “Had my Charles been merely a younger brother,”
he would say, "who knows but his gentle nature might have degenerated into servility? and the noble warmth which distinguishes Theodore, perverted by adulation, might have rose to insolence, and hardened into pride; under present circumstances, both are improved by their relative situations; and although the elder may be many years inferior to the younger in point of fortune, yet he will never sink below him in real dignity; for the affection of Charles will yield him that honour which his fortune alone never could have demanded."

My father had ever felt and treated us both with such a perfect equality of regard, that no petty jealousy could ever exist between us; he had perceived that, little as the actual difference in our age was (being scarcely eleven months), yet from the delicacy of Charles's constitution, which continued till he had turned his twelfth year, he was accustomed, in all possible cases, to look up to me as his elder brother, and to make use of my strength.
as his natural right, and boast of my powers as being exerted for his benefit; in return for which his love was unbounded. My father encouraged him thus to lean on me; at the same time he prompted me to communicate, as far as possible, that independence, which was but too much my own characteristic. I loved my brother most tenderly, and I almost adored my father; of course I obeyed his wishes, and trained (as far as the endeavours of a boy could train) the mind of Charles to manly pursuits, freedom of thought, and that mental and bodily exercise which forms the mind and principles of a man, the manners and information of a gentleman.

As I represented my father's person, such as it had been at my age, most strikingly, so Charles retained his happy likeness to my mother; to this he was indebted, undoubtedly, for the equality so constantly found in the tenderness of our dear father's love; for it is natural that the first child which awakens the sweet emotions of the parent in the heart—the first pre-
sent a beloved mother makes to the anxious partner who has been so lately trembling for her fate, should make an impression, which, though it never arises to a partiality in conduct, yet should awaken peculiar vibrations in the heart of sensibility; these my father ever felt towards me, I am convinced: but when he looked in the blue eyes of Charley, he saw, if possible, a still dearer charm than attached him to his first-born; and this sense of attraction he communicated to me, not so much through the medium of my mother's memory, as of my little sister's, on whom I had doated to an excess. He would point out, by the motion of his eye, the waving hair, the silken eyelash, which resembled the angel we had lost; and while he called the tear to my eye, wound a new cord round my heart, whose many windings can be now broke only with the fibres of life.

Oh, Charles, my beloved brother! friend of my heart, pride of my eyes, essence of my existence in the morning of life, object of my unvarying affection in its ma-
Says she to her neighbour, what?

turer hours! surely never love was like our love. Our hours of study and of play, our labours of benevolence and our works of taste, were all guided by the same spring, and directed to the same end; we wept together the early fate of our mother, and together we culled the sweetest flowers which youthful fancy could select, to strew the path of the sweet innocent she bequeathed to our affection; together we explored the mazes of science, and dwelt on the page of ancient lore; the same sympathetic tear was dropped by us on the tomb of murdered Pompey, and the same patriotic glow seized our young hearts—

"To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from his trophied car!"

and, what was a tie still stronger, and more endearing to our tender and ardent feelings than any other, and that to which the death of our little companion, the devotion of our excellent tutor, and the exalted piety of our exemplary father, par-
particularly led us, was the union of our religious feelings, our immortal hopes. Silent and unobtrusive on these sacred subjects, even to our father and our instructor, to each other we could communicate freely our fears and our expectations; could lament the errors of our hearts in penitence, or expatiate in rapture—"We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends;" happily ignorant, that in those awful, yet ecstatic moments, when clasped in each other's arms, our rapt souls have together soared to the throne of the Eternal, and, in words of faintly-uttered praise, have shared the archangel's hallelujah, that there existed in our hearts passions that must be subdued, and, in the world around us, temptations to be resisted, "even unto death."

Pardon me, my good madam, for dwelling thus long on the feelings connected with the purest affection, the finest emotion of which my heart was ever capable, and which was combined with all its sweetest pleasures. Oh, had you seen Charles
and myself cross the park, bearing a large basket of necessaries to Sally Dawson's sick children, which we had begged from the housekeeper, and, on our return, meet our little sister, crown her with branches, and bear her triumphantly home in the basket, our cheeks glowing not more with exercise than the recent feelings of benevolence—had you seen us, when an occasion of the same nature took us through the same gate another year, and there was no Arabella to wait our steps, and hail our approach, and how instinctively we dropt our basket, rushed into each other's arms, and wept bitterly and silently together, you would have said that we ought never to have been parted; you would, like me, have lamented, that hearts so nurtured and so formed for friendship, should have been doomed to separation. But once more to return to the castle-house.

When we returned to the Park, at the close of the first absence we had ever made, and had fallen into our accustomed
rambling, my father, one day, as he rode out with us, made a circuit round the castle walls, instead of riding through the ruins, as he used to do; observing, that as the house was inhabited by a lady, who, he believed, was fond of retirement, he thought it was right to keep at a distance, as the sight of strangers might disturb her or her children.

"Surely she has not a large family in that small house?" said I.

"Only two girls, and two servants, one of whom is the black who passed us yesterday evening."

There was no more said at the time, and a month passed without the circumstance occurring to my mind; but one evening, when we had company, the name of Danvers was mentioned, and Charles observed, that "he had never seen the lady at the castle, nor her daughters."

"I dare say you have not," said Miss Featherbottom, who was just on the eve of that journey to London which so luckily
procured a husband and a fortune; "I dare say you have not seen her; for she sees nobody."

"Yet," said lady Sedgewood, with her usual urbanity, "she may be seen every Sunday at church; and of late she has been seen often at Betty Wilson's, for she has nursed the whole family through the smallpox, as far as I can learn."

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," said Miss Featherbottom, with a toss of her head, which showed to great advantage the anatomy of her long scraggy neck, but was not beautiful in the eyes of any other than professors in surgery. Charles was just of the age when a young man's eyes distinguish objects of this kind, and having no other to contrast it with, he looked at his mother-in-law's, and fancied he had never seen her look so agreeably plump and pretty, as when she said—

"True, ma'am; but we have no right to say that Mrs. Danvers has any occasion to use her charity for a mantle."
"When I get to town, I am determined to inquire all about Mrs. Danvers," said the lady.

"I hope you will be better employed, ma'am, unless your inquiries are meant to substantiate the good impressions the appearance of Mrs. Danvers cannot fail to excite."

"Take my advice," said Mr. Eltringham, jocosely; "get married when you're at London; 'tis the best thing any lady can do; for in the trouble, or pleasure, of attending to her husband, she loses the disagreeable necessity of controulling the affairs of her neighbours; lady Sedgewood, for example, though within half a mile of Mrs. Danvers, has no time for that employment, it appears."

Miss Featherbottom, with another toss, which displayed the jugular arteries and the vertebrae to perfection, replied—"That she had not yet made up her mind to marry, (Charles, still eyeing her neck, fancied that her body was in the same pre-
dicament); that to be sure there were more unlikely things; but it was not everybody that had somebody’s luck, (a slight motion of the pendulous vertebrae marked my good mother-in-law); nor had she the talents of a widow, (here they inclined towards his own spouse,) or she could venture to speak decisively; for men were all caught by widows; they were all designing, and men were easily duped by designing women.”

“Not so very easily,” said Mr. Eltringham; “for my friend, sir Frederic, escaped three widows, two fine girls, and old maids without number; I run the same gauntlet myself, till I was on the point of becoming an old bachelor, when lady Borrowdale took me, out of sheer pity; but not till I had sighed my soul away at her feet, and she was afraid of being called to account before the grand jury for murder.”

This rattling conversation put the Danverses out of Charles’s head. We returned to college, and the name was forgot; but when we came again in autumn, an inquiry
after this family was among the first questions in Charles's mouth; and, for the first time, I remarked, that although my father answered with great frankness, that "he believed the lady and her family were well," yet a degree of thoughtfulness sat on his countenance for some minutes; after which he dissipated it, by saying, "that they had waited for our return, before they visited Mr. Dornton, who had just brought down his bride, or rather been brought down by her, the late Miss Featherbottom."

"Then it seems," said Charles, "her poor crane neck has made a successful gulp during her campaign in London. Perhaps, as she is still in her honeymoon, she will be more inclined to sweeten the characters of her neighbours than she usually is; and if we hear any thing of Mrs. Danvers, it may be less tinctured with wormwood and gall than her usual communications."

Again an air of thought shadowed the fine features of my father. Our arrival having been buzzed round the country,
an invitation to dinner at the bridal house was immediately sent, and accepted; and my father having observed, on the morning of our visiting-day, that the weather was unusually fine, proposed, that as Charles was now become an excellent whip, he should drive lady Sedgewood in the curricle, and he would ride his mare with me.

Charles instantly agreed, saying, with a gallantry quite new to him—"He should be proud of escorting the handsomest woman there." My father was wont to smile at any little sally of mine in this way, but he looked grave now, and said—"I wish, my dear boy, you may always be equally happy in your attentions to handsome women, with those you so justly render to lady Sedgewood;" then rallying his spirits, he said, "Really, Emily, I shall begin to be jealous of these great boys of mine soon, especially if Charles begins to pay compliments."

We set out, and my father directing the servants to attend the curricle, rode close up to me. "You will perceive, my dear Thé,"
said he, with that air of confidence which never failed to communicate a sense of self-importance and self-reliance to those who were honoured by it, "that I feel some anxiety to repress the curiosity Charles has expressed respecting Mrs. Danvers. He is extremely young, but his sensibility is extreme also; and characters of his description are liable to form romantic attachments; the singular situation in which he stands, from his independence of me, makes me tremble for his future peace. I therefore wish to keep him as far as possible from all female society that would be too attractive; and of this description I think Mrs. Danvers and her daughters would be found; you must assist me in this point, Theodore."

"My dear sir, I am convinced that the least intimation of your will will be sufficient to deter Charles from any pursuit; so far from considering his fortune as making him independent of your authority, I know he is fully sensible of the delicacy of his
situation, and feels himself doubly bound to obey you."

"I am aware of the excellence of his heart, but love has not yet reared his standard there; so pray follow my injunctions; divert Charles from seeing these girls, without opposing his wishes; for opposition increases curiosity, as well as any other passion. No good can arise to him from seeing them, and much evil may; from which I would spare him."

"Mrs. Danvers is a respectable, amiable woman, sir."

"Amiable she certainly is, by all accounts, and I hope respectable; but I am an entire stranger to her. She took the house of Robertson, being struck with the beauty of the situation, as she passed through Fairborough some months before; she made her resolution of living in retirement known on her first coming, which, whilst it shut the doors of her house, opened the mouths of her neighbours, who have assigned all sorts of reasons for her
conduct but the true one, which is, probably, a desire of living at little expence; not knowing that in the country it is possible to do that, and yet receive your neighbour according to the custom of the place; to this may be added her own health, which appears delicate, and for which this climate may probably be too cold, as I understand she had not long returned from the East Indies when she first passed through Fairborough."

My father then turned the conversation to lady Borrowdale and my pretty cousin Caroline, who had been for some time visiting her father's friends, and of whom he spoke very highly: this conversation brought us to the ancient seat of the Featherbottoms, at this time undergoing many necessary repairs, and elegant ornaments, nearly as suitable to its general appearance, as rouge on a wrinkled cheek, and grey locks surmounted by chaplets of roses.

The bridegroom, in a new brown bob and satin waistcoat, met us at the door,
and with much good-will conducted us to the house, and thence to the drawing-room; begging we would avoid "touching the statues, for as they were all new painted, they would spoil our clothes."

Notwithstanding this precaution, Charles, in handing my mother out of the way of a Mercury, stumbled over a Venus; my father winked significantly at me, and doing so lost sight of the caution, for he gave Jupiter such a shove, that his potent nod fell directly on lady Sedgewood's shoulder, who, not aware she was about to receive such a salutation from the thunderer, like the ill-fated Semele, sunk under the honour, and in her fall, and my father's distress, my eye was led to observe, for the first time, some little change in the good lady's shape, which, contrary to most other stepson's sentiments, gave me pleasure; but it induced a train of thought, in conjunction with the caution I had received respecting Charles, which was not favourable to the study of mathematics, in which I was at this time seriously engaged;
but I was called from attending to either by the exclamation of—

"Why, dear me!—good lack-a-daisy! James, William, Mrs. Dornton, my love! vy here's a piece of vork with these Wenusses and Wulcans, and thingumbob gods! Poor lady Sedgewood has spoiled her nice brown sarsnet with falling over um, as one may say; for my part, I allis said, let um keep their places out o door; such cattle ben't fit for any man's house, bating he lived in Guildhall, or St. Paul's, or sitch like places; to be sure, if they were like the kings and queens in the Royal Exchange, and drest in their robes, an all that, 'twould be something like; but as to that there Wenus, I'm sure I ax your ladyship's pardon, for setting such a dolly flopsy in your way; its enough to give any body an idea of something unproper, and I'm wastly wexed that I didn't stick to my word, and hinder they from standing here."

All this speech was made on the stairs, or the little man would have curtailed it considerably; for he had already found
that in the matrimonial state it was possible to be "wastly waxed," and yet not meet with any redress of grievances.

Our dinner was in the alderman style, and served to compensate to the good citizen the trouble he had experienced from my mother-in-law's accident; but his lady, whom former necessities had taught the habit of sparing, was shocked at his profusion, and most piously resolved he should be guilty of it no more; she was likewise kept in continual irritation by his v's, w's, and city anecdotes; so that before dinner was half over, she was full charged with spleen; and the first appearance of the dessert enabled her to discharge it upon the Danvers family, by reminding her, she said, of the fine old mulberry trees which grew near the castle-house; so she began with—

"Dear! this reminds me of those people at the castle-house, I mean that person who calls herself Mrs. Danvers; I inquired of every person I met with in town, and could not learn any thing about her. Danvers, said one; Danvers, said another; and,
in short, no one had ever heard of a Mrs. Danvers at all."

"Then, my dear, I'll venture to say, you never inquired of nobody that knew anything; I could have told you all about it. There was alderman Danvers, the great inkle-weaver in Friday-street, left his widow a plum; 'tis may be she you be thinking of; and there was my particular friend, Tommy Danvers, in the tallow line; he never married, to be sure, but his sister Betsy is old enough, in all conscience, to be call'd mistress; so there, you see, I've found you two Mrs. Danverses in a twinkling."

"My dear Mr. Dornton, how you talk! surely you don't suppose that I went into the city among tallow-men and weaving wretches, and such low mob as that, for my information; what knowledge could I accept from the canaille?"

"All I know is, you came among such people for your husband, my dear, that's certain; and whether you can gain knowledge from such a kennel, as you say, I can-
not tell; but it's a plain case that you've one dog there that can snap."

The little man looked round exultingly; for who is not vain of his wit, or what he considers such, which is much the same thing? But there were several persons in the party who were most anxious, in the present case, to hear his lady speak; and the words, "so you heard nothing," which issued from various lips, were all uttered either in a tone of regret, or inquiry, as if hearing nothing meant something very extraordinary.

"I despaired of doing so for some time, but at last I heard something which perfectly satisfied myself, if indeed I had had any doubt before, but I had not. Before I left Fairborough, I found that by far the greatest number of letters, if not all, that were ever put into the post-office by this person's servant, were, instead of being addressed to her husband, as might have been expected, if she had had any husband, were all directed to a sir John Atwood in London; so I determined to find out who
he was; and I find he is well known to be a wicked old libertine, whose whole life has been devoted to seduction; and I think myself, there can be no doubt whatever but this Mrs. Danvers is some unhappy creature whom he has had in keeping for some time, but having deserted, she is come to the castle-house, to die in retirement, with the children of this illicit connexion."

"Nothing can be more likely," said Mrs. Maxwell, with a sigh; "for the world is full of misery."

"What places the matter beyond a doubt," said the doctor, "in my opinion, is this: one day, when the servant went to the office for letters, Miss Cantwell was standing waiting for hers, and seeing the man look much distressed at finding there was none, she said to him, says she, 'I saw you attending your young ladies last night; so the man bowed; and, says she, 'I thought them both very pretty;' and then the poor silly black grinned from ear to ear; so then she said, 'Pray, friend, where does their father live?' and in a moment
the man rushed out of the office, crying, 'God knows whether they have a father or not.'

The company declared "this was decisive." My father, I saw plainly, was troubled, and puzzled, and his uneasiness on Charles's account was now more fully accounted for to me; but he declared, in a firm tone, "that not one circumstance had occurred, which to an unprejudiced mind could weigh ought against the fair face of the stranger; since it was very possible that sir Thomas Atwood, being, as he well remembered, a member, might merely expedite Mrs. Danvers's letters; and the exclamation of the black only gave him the idea that his master was in danger—an idea confirmed from the anxiety he had evinced on being disappointed of letters in the first instance; besides, he knew the lady had resided in the East Indies."

"So do I," said Mrs. Dornton, with a slow and solemn voice; "I was lothe to give the extent of my inquiries; but, from
a sense of justice, I am compelled to say, that a lady, calling herself Mrs. Danvers, did actually come over in the same ship with this wicked man; and, what is more, I have seen him, and from the extraordinary likeness I myself observed between him and Miss Emma Danvers, I am compelled, however unwillingly, to believe he is related to her. No! no! depend upon it, Mrs. Danvers is no wife, or at least not the wife of the man who keeps her."

"For Heaven's sake, madam, let us conclude her no wife at all," exclaimed the baronet; "for we ought always to lean to the side of mercy, and there can be little comparison between the woman who breaks her vows, and she who is misled by the wretch who breaks his, in order to accomplish her ruin. If Mrs. Danvers is this unhappy being, there is a propriety in her present conduct, that entitles her to our sincere respect and unqualified commendation; she has not intruded upon us under false colours, as she might have done; she has withdrawn herself, and her daugh-
ters, from the gaze of an admiring world, at the time when such admiration might have misled their hearts, or made them the innocent means of misleading others, and thus destroying the happiness of respectable families: whatever, therefore, have been her past errors, it must be allowed that she is now to be pitied for the past, and approved for the present period of her life."

"True, very true, sir," said Mr. Dorn- ton; "I'm sure 'tis in my mind a thousand pities that your honour is not lord-mayor; many a poor wretch might be saved from Bridewell, if so be people would look at all sides of a question; and as for this here Mrs. Danvers, to my mind she's all the better, at least I mean she's none the worse for a bit of a slip, seeing she makes all up by her good conduct, as it were, because for why? isn't it easier to go straight forwards, than to climb a hard hill back again? To my mind, all the sin and shame lies at this Atwood's door, and I wonder he'll let it; for Atwood's a good name on
"Change, very good; we all know Atwood's razor-strop has cleared many a thousand pounds."

"Good Heavens! Mr. Dornton, how you mistake things! surely you don't go to confound sir Thomas Atwood, a man of great family and consequence, with your honest tradespeople, your good names on 'Change, and that kind of vulgar nonsense!"

"You have just made it out, Mrs. Dornton, that this fine gentleman is a great libertine in general, and, according to your belief, the seducer of one virtuous woman in particular; so you can't suppose me such a fool, surely, as to class him even with an honest shoe-black, or a good tinker: no, no; trust me for that, I consider such a scoundrel unworthy to be put in the list with even an upright scavenger: depend upon it, though I was born on the east side of Temple-Bar, I am not to be took in by a jay in the feathers of a peacock; I knows good and bad asunder; and so far from thinking a title and an ancient name
an excuse for a sin, I say it makes him worse; for why? because its a bigger shame for a wise man to sin than a fool; and a laced coat looks bad in a dirty gutter."

This visit was followed by such a string of similar parties, the inevitable consequence of a wedding in the country, that we were obliged to break off in the midst of them, to pay our accustomed visit to Mr. Eltringham and our dear aunt; so that, without any particular watchfulness, Charles escaped the snare into which my father had feared his curiosity would lead him; and indeed, as soon as his mind became occupied, he forgot the subject; but this was not the case with either the baronet or lady Sedgewood, for they were interested for the unhappy Mrs. Danvers; and though they thought that visiting her would not be perfectly consistent in them, or even desirable to her, they determined to administer to her comfort; and the steward was told to take her orders for rendering her house as commodious as possible, whilst
the gardener was told to take fruit, flowers, and vegetables to her every morning.

While we remained at Mr. Eltringham's, our fair cousin returned; to our great surprise, she was become a fine, handsome, young woman; and I really think I should have fallen over head and ears in love with her, she looked so handsome and good-humoured, but for an accident which happened to me just before I left home. I had put on one of my college shirts, and a button was wanting at the wrist, so I stepped into the housekeeper's room, inquiring for lady Sedgewood's maid, who was wont to assist me in any little exigency of this nature. Mrs. Robinson said she was gone out, but added, her "niece, Nancy, would sew me one on in a minute;" at the same time she rang the bell, and told the housemaid to send Nancy Collett, with the needful apparatus.

I walked to the window, and fixing my eye on a fine assemblage of light clouds, which perfected a beautiful view, was not
aroused from my reverie, till a sweet and
tremulous voice said, "I am ready, sir." I
started, and turning, saw the loveliest
girl my eyes had ever beheld standing by
me; she was small, but well-formed; her
cheeks glowing with health and modesty,
and her eyes cast on the ground in the
most charming confusion, while the palpi-
tations of her heart evidently discomposed
the muslin handkerchief which veiled, yet
did not hide, a bosom, whose snowy white-
ness was displaced by the universal blush
which suffused her whole frame, when my
eyes were turned upon her; whether it
was the reflection of her cheek, or the
ruffled cuffs of Mrs. Grogram, or what, I
cannot say, but my own face glowed, my
heart beat, and looking, I believe, not a
little silly, I said—"Ready for what?"

The young girl replied only by showing
me the needle and thread in her hand, and
reaching me a chair. I remembered the
button, sat down, turned up the sleeve of
my coat, but so awkwardly, that Nancy
was obliged to assist in this operation; by
degrees the poor little trembler grew more easy; she commenced the business with awkwardness, but accomplished it with more celerity than I wished; just as she had finished, her aunt, thinking it was time, I apprehend, sent to tell her she wanted the jelly-glasses.

Nancy, looking in my face, said, "I must go, sir;" and I then perceived that my arm was round her waist, and again the crimson damask mantled my face.

"But you were not so innocent as when you felt it at your christening, sir."

Upon my word, the difference was the smallest imaginable, my dear madam; for though somehow Nancy came nearer and nearer to my breast, she did not come willingly, nor did I press her much: some bodies will attract, and cohesion is one of the first laws in nature; there was no harm in either party, but a sort of spell stole over both, which was unpleasantly, but perhaps not unhappily dissolved, by the shrill tones of "Nancy Collett! what are you about?"
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

Nancy was not about any thing, nor was I, upon my honour; but at this moment I rose from my seat, and hastily kissing the ruby lips of the trembling girl, I half led her to the door; she went, and I sat down again, I know not why.

Charles entering, said, "he thought I should never come;" so I followed him mechanically, and for the first ten miles remained nervous and fretful; in the next ten I got better, and before night was well again. The next day Caroline came; I admired her prodigiously, and felt myself more attached to her than ever I had done before; but while I admired, it was with the exultation of a brother, over the perfections of a sister; and though I played with her hair, held her hand, and adjusted her bracelet, I found not one of the little pulses beating which had teased me so the day before, nor did the grogram fever return upon me in the slightest degree; I began to think that something I had taken unwittingly had intoxicated me the morning before; and having heard many dele-
serious effects ascribed to green tea, I concluded lady Sedgewood had made it too strong, and it had therefore produced the distressing pulsation I felt. I inquired of Charles if he had experienced any thing of the kind? and being answered in the negative, I concluded that was because he had not seen Nancy Collett, for I was well aware, that the greatest part of the disorder was produced by her, though I was extremely unwilling to believe a woman could have so much influence over me, as to produce such an universal trepidation, and especially such a torrent of blushes.
128 says she to her neighbour, what?

CHAP. VII.

By Heaven! I would rather for ever forego,

The Elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,

Than plant in that bosom repentance and woe,

And banish the dove from so hallow'd a nest.

*Moore.*

I cannot tell exactly how it happened, but, from a peculiar fatality, it did so happen, that when I returned home, Nancy Collett often crossed my path when I was alone; but that could not happen often, for my cousin Caroline accompanied us back to the Park, and Charles was my inseparable companion; for the first time in my life, I sometimes wished him at a distance; and I would in the next moment reproach myself for my unkindness, remember the confidence my father reposed in me, determine that I would deserve all his goodness, and regain my own esteem, which I felt, without knowing exactly why, for I had certainly no bad intentions, decreased after-
every interview; 'tis true, those interviews did become a little too tender, for it so happened, that Nancy seldom saw me but when she was in some little trouble from the anger of her aunt, which she owned she had of late merited, by various errors: one day she had burnt the old woman's best muslin apron; another, she had thrown down a salver full of glass; and had broke a bottle of eye-water—"I never used to do these things," said Nancy, mournfully; "and it's very hard to be scolded for what one can't help."

"But you shan't be scolded," said I, warmly; "no cross aunt shall scold you; I will protect you myself."

"How protect me?" said Nancy, innocently.

"I will—I will defend you—I mean, I will——"

"Oh, Mr. Theodore, surely you will do me no harm, that is all I desire? they say, fine young gentlemen, like you, never do poor girls, like me, any good; and I be-
lieve it isn't over and above right for me to stand and talk as I do, but only you are going again to that nasty college, and I cannot help feeling somehow as if my heart would break, when I have nobody left to speak to, as it were."

"Would you like to go to Cambridge, Nancy?" said I, drawing her passionately to my heart.

The poor girl wept freely on my bosom, her arm was round my neck, my cheek rested on hers—wishes and schemes passed wildly through my mind—I started, and exclaimed—"No, I'll be damn'd first!"

Nancy was alarmed; she had never heard me swear; I put her gently from me, and sitting down on a garden seat near her, I hid my face with my hand, and told her to leave me, in a voice so broken by contending emotions, that she fancied I was taken suddenly ill, and declared she would not, could not, leave me; besought me to tell her only how she could relieve me; and declared that, if I wished her to go to Cambridge, or any where else, she
was ready to set out, for she could not see me unhappy.

I rose from my seat, staggered forward a few paces, recovered my feet, ran into the house, sought my chamber, and falling on my knees by the bedside, thanked God that "I was a man, and not a monster," as Amurath says. While I was still struggling with the turmoil of my spirits, Charles came up the stairs; our rooms were contiguous; I sought him, that I might be the better enabled to fly from myself; he proposed that we should go to my father, as he was alone, the ladies being still at my aunt Barbara's; we descended; my father was sitting with a book in his hand, and did not notice our entrance; but in a few minutes he said—"I have taken up Shenstone, which I have not seen for many years; I just dipped into his most celebrated elegy; do you know it, Charles?"

We both professed ignorance, and I requested him to read it, glad of any circum-
stance which would keep him from reading my face; for though I felt happy in the sense of a triumph, yet I was ashamed of the necessity I had found of making such a terrible battle; and my heart bled with the idea of having parted with my pretty Nancy, under an impression of my illness or anger.

My father began to read the story of the ill-fated Jessy, and at every verse the crimson vest wrapped more and more closely round me; yet I shuddered in the midst of my flames; I felt like a wretch who has escaped some horrible death so recently, that the grave still yawns beneath his feet, and he can scarcely feel assured of his own safety; every feeling which had passed my heart, for the last hour, fled before it in the shape of an accusing spirit, or a consoling angel; surely I lived more in that hour than in all the rest of my foregoing life; my poor trembling Nancy was before me in very deed, and when these words came,
I burst into tears, and continued to weep till my father reached this line,

"Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear,"

when, observing that he read it with peculiar emphasis, I felt myself enabled to do justice to the nature of my own feelings, by wiping my eyes, and resuming tolerable composure.

"'Tis a sad story," said Charles, "and is very likely to be a true one."

"It is well known to be so," returned the baronet; "the poet has here related his own error, and his own feelings in consequence, with that touching pathos which truth ever gives when inspired by genius."

"Why did he not marry poor Jessy?" said Charles.

"Say rather, why did he betray poor Jessy? why did he dare, in the pride of
Says she to her neighbour, what?

his rank, and by the power of his talents, to

"Chase the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor drop the chase, till Jessy was his prey;"

unmindful of his duty to God, as an accountable being—the claims they had upon him, as a member of society, and, from his superiority, their right to protection, not ruin and disgrace? Still, Charles, marriage is such a very serious engagement, that we cannot wonder at any thinking man's hesitating to make a reparation which involves all the happiness of his future life, since it annihilates his prospects, at once shuts the society he covets, and is perhaps calculated to adorn, from his reach, and presents him that of an uninformed mind labouring under the consciousness of having forfeited the esteem of her own class in society, and being precluded every possible claim to any other. A woman, possessing native delicacy of mind, will be necessarily unhappy in such a situation—if she is not, she cannot be es-
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT? 135

timable; and what man can bear to see the partner of his bosom, the mother of his children, sinking in hopeless despondency, or meeting the gaze of the world with vulgar effrontery? to this may be added, the still greater evil of being united for life to a being you cannot esteem, and have ceased to love, since amours of this kind are as remarkable for the shortness of the passion, as for the miseries which are their common attendants. People, in the hey-day of their flame, believe themselves when they vow eternal fidelity; but a very short time convinces them of their mistake: young men are sometimes to be pitied while they labour under this error, but no man is ever deceived twice; having once conquered, he knows conquest is always in his power; after falling, and dragging his victim with him, he is still more convinced of the transitory nature of passion, and ought to be doubly on his guard.”

“But the Sedgewoods are all notorious for their constancy,” said Charles; “and
if ever I am in love, I think it will last me my life."

"Under that persuasion, double vigilance is required of you; but I perceive you do not distinguish between loving, and what is called falling in love; the former is that decided preference, that tender esteem, implicit confidence, perfect friendship, and cordial affection, which arises less from personal admiration than similarity of taste, disposition, and pursuits, and which arising from the best dispositions of our nature, and cherished by virtue itself, is, in its nature, durable; the latter is awakened by beauty, fed by desire, protracted in some cases by opposition; but if not connected with the other species, will undoubtedly perish either slowly by absence, or quickly by surfeit, which is the more general death."

"But it is possible, I apprehend, to feel both these kinds of love for a pretty woman, like people who have a fever, which is followed by a consumption?"
My father burst into a hearty laugh at this new exposition of the tender passion: the entrance of my mother-in-law and cousin turned the channel of conversation to cards, in which Caroline had been making her début, and declared she had lost eleven sixpences to the sisterhood assembled at aunt Barbara's, for which she had become debtor to lady Sedgewood, it being impossible now-a-days to carry a purse.

My father smiled—"You mean for young ladies, Caroline; I have an idea young gentlemen find their greatest trouble the having no purse to carry. My dear boys," said he, turning to us, as he drew out his pocket-book, "this remark has come very apropos, for as you leave us the day after to-morrow, the money in these two little parcels, which I had prepared for you, had better be yours tonight, as you may have debts to settle, like your gambling cousin there."

As we took the packets presented to each, Charles said he believed we had no debts, either at Cambridge or Fairborough,
but he must own he was poor enough to make money very welcome.

"My dear Charles," said my father, "I sincerely wish you may be as free from debts when you are rich, as you are now you are poor; for depend upon it, however we may refine on the matter, every man in debt is in some measure a dependent on his creditor, and every generous and high-spirited mind shrinks from the degradation; but my whole life has been a sermon on this subject to you, so I will flatter myself that I need not repeat it now, and that I never shall be subjected to the fear of believing a Sedgewood could be thus disgraced; but we have all debts of other kinds upon our minds, debts to our consciences, on the score of charity, to our feelings, eh, Theodore."

"What can my father mean?" thought I; but it was not convenient to speak; so taking my packet with an air of affected business, I retired for the night, pursuing the idea he had suggested, but yet dreading lest he should have given it as a hint.
Says she to her neighbour, what?

After thinking, and rethinking, some time, and not hearing Charles come to bed, I took my candle, and going down the back stairs to the housekeeper’s room, stood a moment at the door; I heard no voices, and concluding Nancy was gone to bed, and Mrs. Robinson alone, I ventured to go in, and found the good woman alone, apparently in profound meditation; she rose a little confused at my entrance, but taking a chair, I desired her to sit down, which she did, with a deep sigh.

"I am afraid you are unwell, or uneasy, Mrs. Robinson."

"Ah! Mr. Sedgewood, I am a little of both, as one may say."

"Could I remove either the one or the other, Mrs. Robinson, you should neither want a physician, nor a friend, long."

"Ah, sir, you are very good, but, dear heart, what’s done can’t be undone. You must know, sir, I never had but one sister in the world, and when she married Sam Collett, it went near to break my heart, because I knew it would sooner or later
be the death of her; for though he was never to call bad, yet he was one of your clever men, that run about from one thing to another, and never make any thing out, as it were; he had a head for every thing, and hands for every thing, and yet he never did nothing, as it were, and was always behindhand in the world. I helped them all I could, for, give him his due, he was always kind and tender over poor Ann, who, God help her, worked and struggled to give her children a bit of education, and I may say, really killed herself, to keep up appearances: at last, he took a fever, and died; and, dear heart, she being already brought down with fretting and pinching, this last stroke was too much for her, and she soon followed him to the grave; and their three children were left to the mercy of the wide world, down in the North of England. Well, sir, I thought my heart would have broke; so I up and told his honour all about it, and that I had given away my money, by bit and bit, as it were, till all was gone; and so says he,
I shall never forget him, no, if I do, may God forget me, says he—'My good Robinson, 'tis no use to mourn over past unprudence; you must exert yourself to overcome your grief; go down in the coach, and bring these distressed little ones here; we will see what they are fit for, and put them in the way of earning their bread respectably; we must endeavour to give them as much learning as is necessary to that purpose; and if they are sickly, it must be our care to get them well, for a good constitution is a poor man's best property. Keep up your spirits, and remember these orphans have a Father in heaven, who has appointed them a friend on earth.' So, you see, I went down, and brought them all three back; Nancy was the youngest, and I put her out, with his honour's assistance, to a cheap school; the two boys went 'prentice to Mr. Turnwell, and are doing vastly well; and I was in hopes of getting Nancy fit to be lady's maid to the honourable Miss Osborne, your cousin, for my lady said she would
Il9 says she to her neighbour, what? recommend her as soon as I had made her good for something; so I takes her home here, as my lady ordered, and I'm quite sure, till within this month, there never was a nicer handier girl than she was; but somehow, all at once, she's so altered, that I am sure I can't go for to recommend her to Miss Osborne, nor nobody else; for she goes moping about, always thinking, and thinking, and yet never remembering nothing; and I really do think she's going to turn out a genius like her father; and of all the troubles in this world, I do take it, that for poor folks to have genius, as they call it, is the very worst; sometimes I have been troubled because she was too pretty for her station in life, but, dear heart, genius is still worse for a woman than beauty, and ruins them full as soon; what is to become of Nancy, if she have the luck to be born to both, I cannot tell, but for sure it will be something very bad."

I consoled the good woman, as well as I could, as to Nancy's genius; but owned that I thought her beauty a very
sad thing, and proposed that she should board her in some decent family, till she got married—this word stuck in my throat confoundedly. I then presented her with a bill that would defray her expenses the first year, and assured her that I would not forget her when that was gone.

Mrs. Robinson could not bring her mind to taking the money, for some time, but I insisted upon it, saying, playfully—"Young men often throw away their money on pretty girls for bad purposes; why should you not allow me to spend a little for a good purpose?"

"Good, indeed," said the housekeeper, wiping her eyes; "I am quite sure and certain there never was such a young man as you, Mr. Theodore; I am sure I could trust you as far as your grandfather."

I felt Mrs. Grogram rising very fast upon me, and snatching the good woman’s hand, into which I forced my money, I fled, in possession of honours my conscience told me I merited, perhaps as much as my honoured grandfather, whose story had ever
held a high place in my esteem; but as if the wayward fates were determined to dispute my right to self-congratulation, just as I got to the end of a long gallery which divided the house in two parts, a door opened softly, behind which appeared the lovely face of Nancy, in her nightcap, with the trace of tears on her cheeks.

"Surely you are not angry with me, Mr. Theodore?"

"Certainly not, Nancy; why should you think so?"

"Oh sir, I have been so distressed, I could not help jumping out of bed, for I knew your foot in the passage, just to beg you to forgive me; but indeed, sir, you must not—you ought not—you had better not come in—only say you are not angry with me, and I shall be happy."

"I am not angry with you, Nancy, but very angry with myself."

Again I rushed to my own room, locked the door, bolted it, tried the locks again; and again besought Heaven to protect me from myself.
I did not fall asleep till towards morning, but I awoke happy and refreshed, though roused by Charles, who thought I must be ill, from laying past my usual hour. I opened the door to him, and he was astonished to find how I had barricaded myself; I might be as much afraid of thieves as mother Robinson, he said, adding, "By the way, the good old dame set off an hour ago with her pretty niece for York. What a pretty girl it is! prettier than even Caroline. I never saw such a mouth as she has in my life; her teeth are like pearls. Why, Thé, you have put on your coat before your waistcoat; you have slept your senses away, I believe."

We descended; my father was in the breakfast-parlour, attending on lady Sedgewood, who was much indisposed; Caroline challenged Charles to a ramble, whilst I should eat my breakfast.

Ashamed of my idleness, and conscious of its cause, I inquired, with more than usual earnestness, after lady Sedgewood's health; she told me that my father had
just escaped a trifling accident, which she had foolishly allowed to agitate her too much.

"Do not say foolishly, my Emily; for it is a weakness incident to your situation; but these sufferings will be amply repaid, if you are so happy as to find yourself the mother of a son, who can emulate the character of Theodore."

"I rather wish," said lady Sedgewood, "to find myself the mother of a daughter, not only because I would, as far as possible, restore to you the present of our dear Arabella, but because my hopes are so completely realized, my affections so completely concentrated, in the sons she has given us, that I cannot wish for any other."

"My dear madam," said I, taking her hand tenderly, "you are too good; you overrate the merits of those you love."

"No," said the baronet, taking our clasped hands within both his, "lady Sedgewood does you no more than justice, Theodore; it is my happiness, and let it
be your consolation, my Emily, to know, that had it pleased Heaven that a serious accident this morning had befallen me, I should have bequeathed you, and your offspring, to the care of a youth capable of the most exalted generosity, the most heroic self-denial, and the most unaffected tenderness—to one who would have guarded your comforts, and formed your infant to virtue—to one who, being a Christian and a gentleman, will ever throw a lustre over his family, and be a blessing to all around him."

My father abhorred detraction, but he was ever sparing of praise, considering it as the proud reward of virtue, not the ready change of common civility, and his words sunk deep into my heart; and as he folded me in the fulness of his delight to his bosom, I would not have exchanged that embrace for all that beauty offered in the softest moment of voluptuous bliss; yet he had so blended the glorious meed of his approving judgment with an image,
of all others, the most appalling, that the proud smile of conscious joy was tinged with the tear of deprecating sensibility; the wife and the son, alike shrunk from the picture our imaginations presented; and each, leaning and clinging round him, wept upon his bosom; while encircling each with a supporting arm, his majestic form dilated to receive us, his eye was fixt on heaven, and his soul appeared to hold converse with the invisible world; and at length, "Spirit of my Arabella!" escaped his quivering lips, as if he called upon her to witness the silent, but irrevocable engagement, which, by a new tie, seemed now binding each more firmly to the other.

If there be moments when the spirits of "the departed hold communion with the children of dust," renew the lamp of hallowed affection in the soul, and invigorate the virtuous propensities of the heart, the ethereal essence of my sainted mother now beamed upon the early friend, the beloved husband, the dear son, before her,
and whispered peace to the bosoms of each—the emotions of this moment may be called enthusiasm; but it was an enthusiasm the virtuous and feeling heart alone can partake, an enthusiasm which the lapse of a moment might have unfitted me for enjoying, for how could I have looked either parent in the face, if I had been unworthy of them both—if I had sullied the sweet innocence in which they both delighted, and cancelled the claim to integrity they had so anxiously implanted?

From the events of the morning, it was plain to me, that those of the preceding evening had transpired to a certain degree—but no more was said on the subject; I found myself at once glad and sorry that Nancy was gone; and desirous of finding my mind employed, as soon as I was sufficiently composed to descend to the common occupations of life, I walked out into the park, less with a view of finding amusement than of recovering serenity; for though I was gratified, and even thank-
ful, yet my heart was not perfectly peaceful.

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CHAP. VIII.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy.  

In the evening, Charles and Caroline invited me to walk with them; and when we had got into the precincts of the castle, they informed me that they were intent on a scheme for seeing the inhabitants of the castle-house, which might easily be done, by climbing into a tower which completely overlooked the house, where they could see all the movements of the family, without becoming visible themselves; or, if they were so, the most delicate person could not take umbrage at their appearance, as the ruins were naturally a matter of curiosity to every person who visited
Says she to her neighbour, what? 151
Fairborough; and it was a great chance if they had not been visited in this way repeatedly, since the arrival of Mrs. Danvers.
As I found the thing was as much determined on by Miss Osborne as Charles, and that opposition was fruitless, I thought it best to accompany them, determining to speak of the matter on our return. The castle had once stood on a large space of ground, which was nearly covered with trees and underwood; the situation was high and commanding, being built upon a knolled rock, round the base of which the ever-beauteous Eure rolled its pellucid waves; on the opposite bank rose a beauteous grove, beyond which, a gently-ascending country presented every variety of pastoral scenery; and within an easy distance, the eye embraced the town of Fairborough, with its ancient ivy-mantled church hanging on the side of the hill, and a variety of small gentlemen's seats spot-ting and diversifying its vicinage; from amidst these ruins, my grandfather had cleared a little spot of ground, where the
view was most beautiful, and formed a small dwelling in the gothic style; before it spread a little uneven lawn down to the edge of the rock; behind, and on one side, it was enclosed by trees and brushwood; and the other was fenced by a fine old tower, the only remains of feudal grandeur we now boasted; in the ground-floor of this tower, the archives of the family, the grants of the crown, and the records of the town of Fairborough, were still kept; and in our boyish days, Charles and myself were accustomed to spend so much time there, that every part of this tower, from the keep to the uppermost story, was perfectly familiar to us; and I had not the least doubt but many windows and crevices would enable us to see the inhabitants without disturbing their peace; but I had now learnt a little of the power of beauty, and really dreaded the effect it might have upon Charles.

This pretty summer-house had been a very favourite retreat with my mother, and after her death, my father, unable to bear
the memory of the delightful hours he had passed there, entirely abandoned it; the steward, having obtained his consent, put it in a condition for receiving an inhabitant, on purpose to preserve it; and as the repairs were making at the time when Mrs. Danvers happened to be passing through the town of Fairborough, and amusing herself with looking at the remains of the castle, she was struck with the singular beauty of the situation; and soon after wrote to the steward, took the house, and had been now the inhabitant about eighteen or twenty months, subject to all the remarks of her neighbours, but happily unconscious of them, and quietly pursuing "the harmless tenour of her way," with such an unoffending simplicity, and gentle courtesy of manners, that she could not possibly suspect malevolence could have one shaft for her in all his quiver.

We climbed silently up the stairs of the old tower, till we arrived at a chamber, long celebrated as the one where the un-
happy Edward rested, on his road to the more fatal castle of Pontefract, when each taking a hand of Caroline, we mounted a heap of mouldering furniture, and gaining a view of the little lawn from a transverse window, beheld at once the objects of our curiosity, which we had never been able to see, even at church, without violating that decorum we had ever considered due to the place, since it was the custom of Mrs. Danvers to depart from the nearest door, and our seat was at a considerable distance from hers.

Immediately in front of the house, we perceived a very elegant woman about eight-and-thirty, employed in putting a new string to a harp, while her daughter, a beautiful girl, was stooping to arrange some flower-vases, in such a manner as to render her mother's seat more commodious; she was drest in a plain white gown, her hair was fastened with a comb behind, and a profusion of auburn locks hung clustering on her forehead; she arose, as Mrs. Danvers said—"I have adjusted this little matter,
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT? 

Adelaide, so pray give me your last new song; I neither expect to find you a poet or a composer, but your attempts never fail to please your mother."

The lovely minstrel shook back the clustering tresses from her milk-white brow, and revealed to us a face which united the charm of modesty with the grace of elegance; and as she bent with plastic ease over the instrument, and showed a form worthy of her countenance, though it was rather that of sylph-like lightness than finished beauty (as she appeared under sixteen), she sang to a simple, but pathetic melody, the following words:—

"Oh! how sweet is the quiet, quiet hour,
When the sun, faintly shining, sinks down in the west,
When the bat, lightly flitting, wheels round the tall tower,
And the mavis sings sweeter to hush the dear nest!

But far more sweet is the quiet, quiet hour,
When long-banish'd comfort again soothes the breast,
When hope softly whispers in solitude's bower,
"Again shall affection and virtue be blest."

S'ays she to her neighbour, what?
Scarcely had the fair songstress finished, when her lovely sister came running through the house into the lawn; she was scarcely so tall as Adelaide; but the bright glow on her cheek gave her an air of still higher beauty; she wore a straw hat, tied by a blue ribbon under her chin, which the heat, or the exercise of running, had occasioned to fall back; she had a basket in her hand, which she set down, and began instantly to say—

"Oh, mamma! the poor twins are the prettiest little things you ever saw, and Sally is so pleased with the caps; 'twould quite delight you to see how happy she is; but you need not send Zamor with any more caudle, for lady Sedgewood sends every morning to all the poor women that want it. What an excellent woman is that lady Sedgewood! if you were not my mamma, I should, of all other women in the world, choose lady Sedgewood for my mother."

"Do you hear that, young gentlemen?" said Caroline, archly.
“Yes,” said Charles, warmly, “and I shall love lady Sedgewood more than ever I did.”

“Hush!” said I; for Adelaide had opened her sweet lips; and though I admired the vivacity of Emma, I yet saw something that attracted me still more towards the fair musician.

“I must own,” said she, that all the little we hear of the family at the Park places them in so fair a point of view, one cannot help wishing to know them, especially since they have got that young lady with them, who, they say, is as good as she is handsome, which is saying a great deal.”

“It appears,” said Caroline, “we are not among the number of those listeners who hear no good of themselves; I am, however, determined to make an acquaintance with my admirer.”

“Hush!” said I again; for though conscious of the meanness of listening, I could not forego the pleasure it afforded me; for I felt so assured that every word was the dictate of genuine simplicity and
virtue, that I rejoiced in the opportunity of cherishing them, as proofs that would silence the tongue of slander."

"Sometimes," said Emma, "I cannot help wishing we had gone back to India, instead of poor mamma coming to us; for I can remember being a kind of little queen there, and riding in a palanquin, and wearing a silver muslin frock; and I think I should like to look a little like somebody else nowadays, not but I'm happy enough, a thousand times more so than I was at school."

"All I remember of India is," said Adelaide, "that dreadful night when we were obliged to be carried away from the scene of warfare; and all the pride of state, and the indulgences of luxury, could never repay me for the horrors of that single hour, and the recollection of my poor father's sufferings."

"Ah, well! I have a more convenient memory; for I always forget what gives me pain to remember," said Emma.

"You are much to be envied, child," said Mrs. Danvers, "and I most sincerely wish
you may never find how 'hard a lesson it is to forget' in some cases; but I am sorry to hear you say you were not happy at school, Emma; I'm sure you appeared perfectly so when I returned from India to remove you thence."

"My dear mamma," said Adelaide, "be assured we were as happy as any girls could be, removed from our parents, and such parents as we were blessed with—'tis only Emma's nonsense."

"Why, yes, we were happy enough, to be sure, when we were good; but I was so subject to do wrong—and then Adelaide used to cry, which was far the worst part of the affair, for I could have borne the punishment well enough, but I could not bear her part of it—and then, Miss Flimsy, the teacher, used to give me such long lectures about men; I used to wonder what was the matter with them; and to this day I cannot conceive what they could have done to her, that she hated them so shockingly; but I believe she was brought up to be a nun, so, most probably, she had a na-
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?
tural antipathy to them; I shall never for-
get what a scold I got, and what a long
task I had, for kissing old lord Catchdale,
when he brought us a letter from papa.”
“ That was very silly,” said Mrs. Dan-
ers; “ but you must not blame the poor
woman, for an error which was on the right
side, and which she conceived to be her
duty; had you remained longer under her
tuition, it might have led to a bad end, for
extremes lead to extremes; but as you are
no worse, we will put in practice your ad-
mirable faculty of forgetting a well-meant
error.”
“ What a sweet woman! oh, how my
mother would love her!” cried Caroline.
“I must, will get acquainted with them all;”
so saying, the madcap, unused to controul,
instantly pulling off a valuable bracelet,
threw it through the window, crying,
“There, Theodore, there, Charles, I have
lost my dearest, best ornament; which of
you will be gallant enough to go to the
Elysian shades and fetch it back?”
I was seriously vexed at this joke, which,
I was certain, would displease my father, and I refused to go; but Charles, though he blushed exceedingly at the necessity imposed upon him of distorting the truth, said he would venture first; but insisted on our descending to assist him in the search, as the bracelet had fallen amongst some underwood, and he might be some time in finding it; we promised to follow; but being secure from observation, indulged ourselves by watching his entrance, and enjoying the surprise it would occasion.

Had a painter been desirous of pourtraying a youthful Apollo, perhaps he could not have found a finer form for his purpose than Charles exhibited at this moment; he was tall and finely proportioned; his complexion was fair, and its bloom had the exquisite hue which characterizes feminine beauty; but his noble, open forehead, his dignified air, his fine aquiline nose, gave an expression of manliness, which counteracted the whiteness of his skin, and the languor of his blue eyes, and combined all that was charming in nature, or
desirable to imagination; he approached with a glowing face, but an air of such genuine gracefulness, that his wishes were no sooner uttered, than Mrs. Danvers immediately ordered her servant to make the necessary search, and being informed whom she addressed, desired her daughters to invite the lady who had lost the bracelet to sit down in her house till it could be found. Charles had obviated all fears of design in this rencontre, by saying that Miss Osborne was putting her arm through the window to pluck a lichen, at the time she lost her bracelet.

In a short time, Caroline and myself joined in the search; but the bracelet was at length found by the lovely Adelaide, who replaced it on the arm of Caroline, with a grace peculiarly her own. Mrs. Danvers took the opportunity of expressing her sense of the many kindnesses she had received from the Park, and said, that "whenever colonel Danvers returned, he would personally express his sense of them to the baronet."
"I apprehend then, madam," said I, "that the colonel Danvers whose gallant conduct in the late affair with Tippoo Saib, and which had nearly cost him so dear, is the father of these young ladies?"

"He is, sir," said Mrs. Danvers; adding, while a tear sprung to her eye, "it had nearly cost us all very dear indeed; and I was for some time in a state of distressing suspense, but, thank God, it is over now, and in another year, I hope he will return to his family."

There was now no shadow of a doubt; and I flew home, with a heart lighter than I had felt it before the whole day; for poor Nancy never once pressed on it, till I retraced that spot where I had lingered by moonlight with her the preceding evening; her dove eyes, full of tears, then stood before me; they were still beautiful, but no longer entrancing; and I most devoutly thanked God, that I had not filled them with tears of repentance and shame.

The best of all generals is a successful general; and aware of this, we related our
expedition, with as much pride as if the whole campaign had been begun on the most justifiable grounds, and conducted on the most honourable principles; and as it established the fame of a most amiable woman, and offered a most valuable neighbour, our hearers were by no means inclined to cavil with our conduct.

"I think, my dear," said my father, "that if you are better in the morning, we will call on Mrs Danvers, after these young men are set off."

Lady Sedgewood assented; but the words "set off," seemed to cast a damp over all the party; and Caroline, who had been too much indulged by her tender mother, to have her feelings under command, declared, "she should be quite dull without us;" and with an air of great chagrin retired. I was sorry to see the look of vexation on her brow, and continued to look anxiously after her when she was no longer visible. My father observed this; but without partaking my emotion, said, with a smile—
"You are fond of Caroline, I perceive, Theodore."

"Very fond of her, sir; she makes up to me the chasm I have found ever since I lost my pretty Arabella."

My father heaved a sigh, which had in it less of sorrow than disappointment.

"Charles has not spoken one word the whole evening," said lady Sedgewood; "Theó and Caroline have been loud in their praises of our neighbours, but he has left his tongue in the ruins, I believe."

"Charles has exhausted his rhetoric," said my father, "and must go to college to renew his stock: ah!" added he, in a low voice, "I have found one son to-day, Heaven grant I may not lose another!"

We retired early, and the next morning left home with heavier hearts than we had ever felt before, on the same occasion; seven months of absence from the Park were now before us; and though it was proposed that we should join our father in London for the first time, yet the pleasures we had anticipated there, seemed
faint and vapid, in comparison of those which awaited on our country residence, so different are our perceptions of good at different times.

My father's apprehensions respecting Charles were but too well founded; his susceptible heart and romantic imagination had met with an object for youthful passion in the lovely Emma; and his tutor soon perceived a material difference in the nature of his pursuits, which he communicated to me; but the passion was yet in its infancy, and served rather to sweeten life than distract attention: in this frame of mind we were called to join my father in the metropolis, and had there the pleasure of congratulating him on the birth of a daughter, of being introduced to the family of lord Llanberry our kinsman, and of seeing every thing most worthy attention in this wonderful emporium.
Ah! let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware.

"I think," said Charles, one day in March,
"we might as well go back to Cambridge;
we have seen all there is to be seen; and
old lord Llanberry is so perpetually teaz-
ing me about Harriet, that I really wish to
get out of the way, for the girl is nothing
to me, you know."

"I am by no means tired of London,
but if it will oblige you, we will set off
directly. I wonder you should dislike Har-
riet, for she is a fine girl, and quite the
fashion, or likely to be so soon."

"Because I have seen a fine girl who is
not the fashion. If you like Harriet, there
is little doubt but your attentions will be
very acceptable; for I am sure a title has
no small charm in her ears, and you will
have one some time, you know."

An involuntary shudder came over me;
Says she to her neighbour, what?
surely, thought I, this London intercourse has hardened our hearts. I prepared immediately for our journey, which my father greatly approved; he desired we would come to the Park early in May, so that I might keep my nineteenth birthday at home.

To this welcome day Charles looked forward, with much more anxiety than myself, though on that day I knew I was to receive my mother's legacy of five thousand pounds; and I had as much trouble on my mind, as to the disposal of it, as most young men have upon similar occasions; the half of it was in my mind already passed over to another owner, for some little circumstances had transpired before me (as a boy, about five years ago) which had never escaped my memory, though I conceived myself bound in honour to conceal them.

We arrived on the eve of this day at the Park, and had the satisfaction of learning that Mrs. Danvers and her daughters were among the expected guests of the following day; for the first time they had con-
sent to meet company there, although a friendly intercourse had been kept with them since our first meeting. My father, speaking of them, said, "Mrs. Danvers was indeed an elegant woman, and her daughters sweet little rustics, at least they would appear such in our eyes, after the London belles we had been used to."

Charles declared, warmly, "that would not be his case; for he had never seen anything equal to Emma Danvers since he saw her."

"But I have news for you," said lady Sedgewood; "we have no less than two weddings going forward this spring. You have both been sad managers, to let your cousin slip through your fingers."

"They are both too young," said my father, with an air of great seriousness, "to think of making an engagement of that nature; it is well enough for women to marry in their teens, but ridiculous for men."

"Very right," said lady Sedgewood; "but one can scarcely help regretting the..."
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

Loss of so fine a girl, though she is very properly paired, in becoming the affianced wife of lord William Graham."

"We are both heartily glad of it, I'm sure," answered I; "but who is the other?"

"Oh, a match of less consequence, but not quite devoid of interest," said my mother, archly; "poor Nancy Collett has made a very lucky conquest of the music-master who attended at the school where her aunt placed her, when she left us last summer, as a kind of assistant; he is a respectable young man, tolerably handsome, and getting forwards in his profession."

I felt the crimson gown rather uncomfortably warm at this moment, for a sensation greatly resembling anger blended with my emotion; I was angry with the coxcomb, who dared to crop the sweet flower whose perfume had charmed my senses—angry at Nancy, for transferring those impassioned glances which had bespoke the infancy, I may say the maturity, of love in her own breast to another—and
still more angry at my own self, for being so ungenerous, as to regret that a circumstance had occurred, in which I ought to rejoice. But, to be honest, the more I preached, the worse I grew; for Nancy, the property of another, was not within the compass of my reckoning among the cross accidents of life, and I had not, of course, prepared my philosophy for the occasion; till this happened, I really thought I had forgot Nancy, but I found I was mistaken; I had only been accustomed to place a still fairer, or at least a more attractive one before her, but I now found the little witch held her place, to a certain degree, in my heart. 'Twas very odd, I confess, madam; but that little world, the heart, has a many odd corners and crevices in it, where it is accustomed to hide certain dear ideas and pretty little images, which remain there quiet enough till occasion calls them forth, and then we bring them out, and seem to wonder how they got there; this is the reason why we see widows weep over the
loss of husbands, who appeared any thing but lovely in their eyes while they were living; and men lamenting, with melancholy faces, the sad hour which robbed them of their partners, though it was thoroughly understood they had expedited it by every convenient method that domestic tyranny could dictate. We have no right to doubt the sincerity of either; for we know not, in many instances, what "manner of spirit we are of;" for, I am sure, I thought Nancy was laid at rest very safely in my bosom; but she haunted me all this night with the fury of a demoniac; nor could I find one power to exorcise her, till the evening of the following day, when the harp of Adelaide, like that of David—

Sooth’d every jarring string,
That tore my trembling breast,
And from the halcyon’s downy wing,
Caught the pure breeze of balmy spring,
To mingle bliss with rest.

You will perceive, my dear madam, that poetry is in our family ever a symptom of
love; and it is a very natural one too, depend upon it.

Well, I will say as little as possible about it; for though acting in love scenes is undoubtedly the pleasantest employment in nature, it hardly ever happens that having them at second-hand is agreeable; so much of the spirit evaporates in the translation of looks, glances, sighs, &c. that really a man can hardly relate them, if he feels them; for the very remembrance puts him into such a twitter, as it were, his pen runs into every direction but the right one; if he does not feel them, he manages better, for he may then say many fine things on the subject, and descant an hour on the pressure of the little finger, or the obliquity of an eyebeam; now, though I felt them for many hours after I had fumbled so much over tying up Adelaide's music-book, while she held it, yet I cannot say a word more on the subject, except that it thrilled more through my heart than my veins this time, and delighted, without charming me; from which I concluded, not that I
was more of a philosopher, but my charmer
more of a divinity, than any thing I had
met with before; in fact, I did regard her
with profound awe; for Adelaide Danver's
appeared to me a being so superior to all
others, so formed of the purer elements
only, that to contemplate her with an ad-
miration approaching to awe, appeared per-
fectly natural; but when I saw the same sen-
sation inspired in my brother by the sportive
Emma, for whom I felt a very sincere, but
only sisterly regard, it appeared to me
quite ridiculous; from which it may be
fairly inferred, that we were both lovers in
good earnest; that of course we thought
much and said little; and that our manners
may be justly defined by Sterne's defini-
tion of love-making: "it consists in a
number of little attentions, neither so
pointed as to alarm, or so vague as be to
misunderstood;" and in this kind of inter-
course we wiled away the summer months,
in the very sweetest spring of our lives,

"When all was fair, for life itself was new."
But to return—my birthday dinner was well attended, and all the neighbours looked knowingly enough, when they saw the mother and daughters introduced. In the course of the day, the speedy return of colonel Danvers was proposed as a toast by my father; and Mrs. Dornton seemed somewhat in the fidgets. My aunt Barbara, either to relieve her, or punish her, inquired of Mrs. Danvers if she was acquainted with sir Thomas Atwood? "Undoubtedly," said the lady: "he is my brother-in-law, having taken the name of Atwood in consequence of coming to a large fortune left him by an uncle, who bare it."

"Who," said Mr. Dornton, eagerly, "was a banker."

"He was, sir," said Mrs. Danvers, bowing.

"There now! didn't I tell you," said the little man, exultingly, "that Atwood was a good name on 'Change? aye, and Danvers too; I never says nothing against nobody, for my part, and so I has no oc-
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casion to vince ven I sees 'em; and so,
young ladies, here's to your good healths,
and I wish you both husbands as hansom as
yourselves, so I does."

During this speech, the contortions of
Mrs. Dornton resembled those of a person
on the rack, and at the conclusion of it she
absolutely grinned with torture; while
one of the ladies Stickerton turned up her
nose in extreme contempt at the speaker,
and the other gave him a nod of the most
friendly encouragement; but there was a
most terrible flapping of fans followed
through the rest of the circle, not one of
whom, however, quitted the place, with-
out requesting, in the most polite, and
even affectionate manner, that "since Mrs.
Danvers and her charming daughters had
at length been induced to quit their soli-
tude, that they would extend their kind-
ness, by considering the inviter as a neigh-
bour likewise."

Mrs. Danvers pleaded her retired habits,
and the utter incapacity of her house, as
circumstances that denied her the pleasure of cultivating an enlarged circle of acquaintance.

The next morning, Charles thought it would only be right to visit the castle-house, to see if Mrs. Danvers was well after her exertion the day before; and I thought it was right to pay the same attention to my aunt Barbara, who, although she was now in her seventy-sixth year, had paid me the compliment of coming in full dress to my birthday, and staying till near twelve o'Clock; and though she was a very hale woman of her years, yet it must be supposed this was no common exertion. I found her taking her chocolate, for she had laid longer than usual, and her favourite tabby was impatient for breakfast: when the hunger of this claimant was appeased, and my good aunt had assured me she was no worse for her fatigue, I ventured, after some humming and hawing, to say—"Don't you remember, madam, about five summers ago, that I was sitting..."
with you, when Robinson paid you some interest money, and lamented it was so little?"

"Yes, my dear, that is a remembrance that usually comes to me twice a-year, though I am an old woman, and my memory grows worse," said she, laughing.

"But, my dear aunt, you said then—

'Well, well, no matter; one cannot both give their cake, and eat it; all I insist on is, that you say nothing to my nephew;' which Robinson, with a sigh, promised to obey; and conceiving myself bound to observe your wishes, though I was not a party in the business, I have never spoken on the subject to my father."

"You did right, Thé; he has enough to do with his money; he never knew, that when I went to France, my style of living was so altered, my fortune being small, that it was some time before I could forget to give away, in the style I had been used to, and that of course I made that little less; I have always lived rent-free in this house, but was determined not to accept
any more than that convenience from your 
father, because I had given away all I had 
to give worth acceptance to your aunt, a 
circumstance I cannot repent, since it has 
proved the only fortune spared to her and 
her daughter, by that rascally lord; of 
course I have kept the real state of my fi-
nances from my nephew; and when the in-
creasing expences of the times have oblig-
ed me to curtail, I have suffered him to 

joke on my growing covetousness, when 
I well knew, that had he been aware of the 
true nature of the case, he would have 
transferred the tax thus laid on my feelings 
to his own pocket."

"Good Heavens! my dear aunt, how 
could you do this?"

"My dear Thé, the wants of an old wo-
man are not many; I have given no din-
ers the last ten years; my age was a very 
handsome apology—I sold my carriage, 
because my dear nephew was so pressing 
that I should use his—and then, really 
servants were so troublesome, when my 
housekeeper died, I found no one able to
suppose her place—by the same rule, I lately find raisin-wine agree with me better than Madeira; and thus have gone many of my fad-fad necessities, which are not necessary at all, and you see I am as merry and as fat without them as ever I was with them."

"But, my dear aunt, you cannot make others as merry and fat as you used to do."

"I cannot say I have any real loss there, Thé; for though the poor of the place are increased, the rich are also—and though a Sedgewood cannot send a poor man to a wealthy tradesman, yet she can always send him to the Park; and though half-guineas don't grow in my pocket now-a-days, remembering perhaps that their ancestors never were retained there with the respect due to their engaging little graces, yet sixpencees and shillings may be found there, on proper occasions."

"My dear madam, what a delightful jester you are, on a subject which makes everybody else so serious! how true it is, your age is 'frosty, but kindly!' for it still
Says she to her neighbour, What?

Sparkles with the sunshine of wit and good-humour.

"Upon my word, Thé, your 'winter in London' has not been thrown away upon you; you flatter very pleasantly."

"Then let me seize the moment you think me pleasant to beg you will place these bills among your sixpenny reservoirs; they are the amount of one hundred pounds, and they will come twice a-year."

"Have you no more?" said my aunt, drily.

"Yes, my good lady, I have a thousand pounds left."

"A thousand pounds is a mighty sum for a young man of fashion, who ties up four to supply an old aunt with a few extra comforts. Well, Thé," she continued, twinkling away the tear that contended with her smiles, "I take your kind present with the good will you give it; and in telling you, my dear boy, that you have really added greatly to my comforts, even far more than you could possibly suppose,
Says she to her neighbour, what?

I have, I am certain, added greatly to yours also."

You may believe me, or not, young gentlemen, but, as I kissed away that crystal tear which gemmed the still-ruddy cheek of my old maiden aunt, I felt as happy as if I had won the last stakes at Newmarket, purchased the finest set of greys the four-in-hand club can boast, sported the newest hussar boots seen in Bond-street, or secured the most fashionable chere amie to be exhibited in the environs of St. James's, or any other little matter that money can purchase, which is a decisive proof, amongst many others one might mention, that our cheapest pleasures are often found to be our sweetest.

From my aunt Barbara I went home, and to the housekeeper's room; I was in good humour with every body, even Nancy Collett's husband; so I bargained with her aunt to portion her niece; and here again I found it was much better to give money for good purposes than bad ones.
Before night, I was much easier in my mind, and with a very light heart conducted lady Sedgewood to the castle-house, where we took tea, and formed a little concert, for it may be remembered my mother-in-law was a very pretty performer; she had lent Mrs. Danvers a piano-forte, Charles brought his flute, my father sung a fine bass, and altogether we were a set of very decent *dilletanti*, so decent and so well assorted, that we soon fell into a way of playing all the strings of life in unison; we sung together, took sketches together, walked together, and talked together—we did every thing but speak of love together, and there seemed no occasion for that, for as we were never happy asunder, the deed seemed as good as done, without any talking at all.

My father, however, knew that love and idleness was not the road to virtue and happiness, though mighty agreeable resting-places; he therefore planned employment for us, and rendered our visits to the land of promise more sweet, from placing
some previous conquests in our way. At this time a new volunteer corps was forming, and we were very actively engaged in preparing it for inspection; our pride was stimulated, and our love became useful in aiding our ambition: a grand inspection was to take place, and as our body had been the last raised of any to be that day reviewed, it became really necessary to attend to it with great diligence; and our inexperience, by increasing the difficulty, added much to the labour. Accustomed to interest herself in military tactics, Mrs. Danvers wisely stimulated us to exertion, and denied us her society, that she might conduce to our improvement. We now almost regretted our past days of loitering, and devoted ourselves with double diligence to the task before us; and the neighbours, who had declared that we were completely drawn in by the girls at the castle-house, and would undoubtedly be either marrying them, or doing worse, now very sagaciously found out that we had entirely forsaken them, and that the
poor dear creatures were pining away for our sakes.

At length "the day, the important day," appeared, and my father had the proud satisfaction of presenting two sons to the reviewing general, willing and able to defend their country; he was himself at the head of his cavalry; and though the country very naturally admired two young men, tall, handsome, and well mounted, yet I believe it was pretty generally thought that the baronet himself was the finest man in the field. Lady Sedgewood, Mrs. Danvers and her daughters, rode in an open barouche; they were elegantly dressed, and attracted such universal admiration, and created such a buzz of inquiry, that I must own I wished them back again in the castle-house fifty times, for I felt myself utterly incapable of attending to any motions but those of the barouche: many officers, and all the neighbouring nobility and gentry, together with a whole body of beaux from a neighbouring watering-place, were present; their praises rang on my
ears, and distracted me; I was never less of an hero.

When the duties of the day began, I felt the full advantages arising from habitual and mechanical diligence; and gathering courage from conscious powers, I acquitted myself well. Charles, who had been in the same predicament, caught fire from my example, and, considered as my junior, went beyond me in his exertions. Our men did great credit to our discipline, and being known to be the youngest corps, were considered as more excellent than perhaps they really were; in fact, we came off with flying colours, in every sense of the word; and my father received the dearest congratulations, in the high encomiums lavished upon us, his heart could enjoy, except what it must necessarily receive, from the consciousness of having so conducted us as to have produced such an end.

But, alas! this day, so brilliantly begun, set to us, in clouds of darkness; our worthy friend, Mr. Bailey, who might be true-
ly said to enjoy our fame and live in us, as he had heretofore lived in our father, was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, and carried from the field extremely ill; my father attended him for some hours, and had at length the satisfaction of hearing him pronounced free from all danger for the present; this news gave us spirits for the ball which followed, and where we had the satisfaction of leading two partners of such singular beauty and elegance, that it cannot be wondered at if we own the adventures of the day, succeeded by such an evening, intoxicated us a little, and put us a thousand times on the point of declaring a fact it was impossible to doubt, and which we were the only persons present who did not mention as a settled thing; yet so it was, that either from timidity in ourselves, respect to our dear father's known wishes, or the absence of some controlling incitement, we really did not declare ourselves, as the phrase is; and soon after set out once more for Cambridge, without having ventured to go be-
yond the bounds prescribed by intimate friendship, though a tender tear glistened in either beau- teous eye on parting.

CHAP. X.

Oh that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon! Montgomery.

However painful it might be either to Charles or myself to tear ourselves from objects so justly entitled to our entire esteem and admiration, yet we were conscious, from the experience we had already gained in our own hearts, that the encroaching indolence of love would have weaned us from every thing most estimable in ourselves, if we had not been blest with our father's mild, but controulling influence; I already had found the truth of his assertion, that passion may be overcome, and its object completely superseded, if taken at a very early period, and where personal beauty is
the sole attraction; and my experience made me more tractable than I should otherwise have been. My brother was rendered so from a more exalted motive; the time was now advancing fast which would render him independent of my father, and he was thereby bound to all the submission of duty by a double tie.

As Charles attained his nineteenth year in April, and it was then necessary that he should visit London, accompanied by my father, in order to meet his uncle's trustees, and take upon himself the name of Beau-marris, we agreed to meet our family in the month of March, but not till then, determining to devote the winter to study, as we had already trespassed long in the autumn. I had lately devoted my hours of retirement to the study of history, and the general politics of Europe; and regarding the times in which we live as big with the most important events which have been witnessed in the world for many centuries, I had entered into a serious investigation of them, and I determined to pursue the
Says she to her neighbour, what?

subject, with all the vigour of which my mind was capable: I had already found, in the affair of military exertion, that it was possible to break off, even in the midst of "a sonnet to one's mistress's eyebrow," and I made a resolution to try if the mind was not equally capable of abstraction; and though it was really very hard work, yet I did find it possible, though I was perpetually inclined to say with Cawthorne—

"Thy glances bade Philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and all my soul was thine."

A jealousy had ever hung over my mind since the day of the review, lest some of the many who admired the fair sisters should make a bold push; and though I knew that Mrs. Danvers would not admit any declared lover till the colonel's return, yet I trembled lest some insidious rival should present himself, in such a way as to steal the affections of the gentle Adelaide: at length, my fears became such, that I found it was quite impossible to exist any longer under such a surmise; and I felt that either I must
return myself instantly, to watch over my treasure, or must appoint some delegate, on whom I could rely.

Though I loved my father as much as ever man loved man, yet I felt that I could not make him the confidant of my weakness; my mother-in-law would have suited me exactly, for she had been my friend from early infancy; but I knew she could not help showing my father the letter; and besides, was too much engaged with her nursery at present, to attend to my wishes; so I made a virtue of necessity, and poured out my love-lorn soul to my aunt Barbara; and surely there never could have been a period in her life, not even when the youthful marquis urged his favoured suit, when her dear letters were waited for with more anxiety, or read with more ardent expectation—poor dear soul! she little thought that, on the verge of eighty, her letters traced by a shaking hand, through a pair of magnifying spectacles, would make the blood gallop in a young fellow's veins at such a rate; but she afforded a proof
that, in every age, and every state, from the cradle to the grave, woman, soul-soothing, heart-consoling woman, is ever the guide to happiness, the reward of exertion in man: this correspondence became invaluable to me, and I pushed it, as I now see, sadly too far for the comfort of my good aunt, who, however, had not the heart to refuse me: her letters were very short in general, and though neat, not easily deciphered; but one of them I have not forgotten, as I received it just before we set out for London, and the first words caused a sensation in my bosom I shall never forget, and which, were I superstitious, I should call the presentiment of sorrow associated with the subject: it ran thus—

"MY DEAR THEODORE,

"I am sorry to tell you a formidable rival has at length appeared at the castle-house; and though extremely young, being handsome and engaging, is treated there with such attention, and even caress-
ed by Adelaide, with such peculiar marks of unequivocal affection, as I am convinced she never yet bestowed on any man: he has lost his mother lately; his father he never knew: these circumstances first awakened the tenderness of the amiable Adelaide; you know her sympathy for all the suffering,” (oh, I shall never forget how wickedly I wished her sympathy at the devil, when I got to that line) “and to this I impute the unusual liberties she gives him, and the unequivocal proofs of attachment he is honoured with, particularly that of receiving so many kisses from her ruby lips,” (death and destruction! cried I, dashing the letter for a moment down—but consideration, like an angel, came, and whipped the offended spirit out of me;’ I saw that my good aunt was laughing at me, and read further) “given with an appearance of fondness, which could only be bestowed with propriety on the person in question, since he will never abuse her goodness, or encroach upon her love, for
any thing but bread and butter, or sugar and cream: now, can your conscience, Thé, say as much for you, if you were equally favoured? If it answers in the negative, confess the fact that Adelaide is wise in preferring the pet lamb, that lies quietly on her lap, to a tall saucy fellow, who, in spite of his profound veneration, and adoring respect, would, if she gave him an inch, take an ell, as Sancho Panza says.

"Farewell—I shall write no more love-letters, as you will be too busy in London to pay me the attention due to a person, who considers herself a second Ninon, since she has had the honour to be distinguished by you.

"Barbara Sedgewood."

To London we went, and arrived just in time to attend the funeral of lord Llanberry, who, it appears, had felt the ruling passion strong in death,” as one of the last actions of his life had been an endeavour to prevail on my father to interpose with
Charles, so as to bring about an union between him and Harriet Beaumarris, his second granddaughter; the eldest, having already very imprudently chosen for herself, induced the old gentleman to be more particularly anxious to save her sister from the same fate; and his son, the present lord Llanberry, entered so fully into his father’s views, that I really pitied Charles for the persecution he was likely to undergo, and which the youthfulness of my father’s appearance, the prospect he had regained of having a more numerous stock of olive-branches, and perhaps an appearance of more self-possession about me than Charles was blest with, induced my good cousin in my case to forego; in fact, he had a bevy of young beauties still in the nursery, and he perhaps thought that my time was not yet come, for I was considered a kind of bookish young man, whose character must be studied before he was caught.

When Charles took upon himself his new name, and the disposal of two hundred
thousand pounds, we were presented at court; and I then, for the first day of my life, perceived that the curse of Esau was upon me—"the younger was preferred to the elder:" we had a large party of old friends and new acquaintance, but there was the same expression in every eye—all the beauties shed their soft glances on the elegant Charles; the wits looked to the rich heir for approbation of their bon mots, and even grave senators applied to him for a solution of their political problems. Naturally modest, even to timidity, and accustomed to refer perpetually to me, the dear boy was at first oppressed by their attention, but the moment he perceived its cause, it became despicable in his eyes, his mind rose above its wonted timidity, from a consciousness of the superiority of his soul above his fortune, and he then, and not till then, appeared in the place where fortune and nature had equally placed him; the graceful humility with which he addressed my father, the mingled affection with which he regarded me, and the conti-
nual references he made to both, on every matter of judgment, astonished the vulgar, and charmed the discerning mind; the former went away, saying to each other, "'Tis a plain case, that though this young man has come into a very pretty fortune, he means his father not to allow that to cut him out of his due portion at home; and 'tis plain too, that this sum of money is nothing at all, compared to the family-estate, since even the distant prospect of the eldest son gives him power over the younger—even now he has the cash in hand." The second set of observers, who were very few, said only, "How admirably has sir Frederic Sedgewood educated his sons! the eldest is dignified, the youngest unassuming; they love each other, and they idolize the parent, who, in making them virtuous, has made them happy."

On entering the breakfast-parlour the next morning, I found my father and Charles in earnest conversation; and the latter, in a tone of remonstrance, was saying—
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"I know, sir, that Thé will be governed by your maxims, and that is the reason why I beg your interference."

"Oh, here he comes," said my father; "we will speak to him, as he is the party concerned.—Charles is desirous, Thé, that you should divide his fortune with him, and I am taking the liberty of saying for you, that the thing is impossible—but speak for yourself."

"You have already done it, my dear sir; I rejoiced too sincerely in his possession of a fortune, which places him on an equality with myself, and thus renders our friendship still more permanently fixed (that friendship so dear to me), to alter the present situation of our affairs one jot or tittle."

"Equality! my dear Thé, you cannot have forgot that I took possession of a sum yesterday, which makes me as much richer than you in money, as I am poorer in everything most estimable."

"Nor have I forgot, dear Charles, that you paid for that money, by resigning a
name, which I feel dear beyond all purchase, but which, from the circumstances of our birth, was naturally of more importance to me than you: we have each of us great reason to be satisfied with our lot; but in order to enjoy it as we ought, we must each preserve our independence; for we have each important parts to act in life, and it is your misfortune to be thrown upon your own hands too soon—I will however promise, my dear Charles, to use your purse freely, whenever I have occasion for it, and I trust you will let this promise content you.”

“But, my dear father, I must return to the Park with you now; you know I am not of age these two years, in fact, and you have no right to resign your rights in me till then.”

“Son of my adored Arabella,” cried my father, clasping him to his heart, “think not that I will ever resign my rights in thee; no, my beloved boy; I will ever seek to guard thee from the dangers that await on inexperience, and guide thee by the dic-
tates of reason and religion: the Park is ever open to my children alike, and there, for some time at least, it will be most advisable for you to reside. You must be aware that I have seen the bent of your wishes towards Emma Danvers, and I cannot disapprove them; but I know, and greatly approve, of her mother's resolution to admit of no addresses to her daughters till the colonel returns next spring; in the meantime, it will be advisable to consolidate your property by the purchase of an estate; you must likewise make yourself acquainted with many points, in which you are necessarily deficient; and consider yourself no longer as a youth, under the tutelage of others, but a man about to lay the foundation of a character, which must survive you, and to become the head of a family, who will either revere your memory, or load it with opprobrium; for you are a young man of too much talent to sink into obscurity, though your modesty, and your affection, still more your youth, has accustomed you to bear a secondary place."
To the Park we returned, and, like an ungrateful puppy as I was, my first steps were bent to the castle-house. I looked over the gate of the little enclosure, and the first thing I saw was my rival cropping the velvet lawn, with a fresh wreath of cowslips round his neck; I called to him, and the sound of my voice brought all the ladies to the door at once. Mrs. Danvers inquired after sir Frederic and lady Sedge-wood; Adelaide asked, in a tone of peculiar interest, after little Emily; and Emma, after two or three ineffectual efforts, inquired, "if we had left Mr. Beau—Beaumarris well in London?"

"In London! I left him well, not five minutes ago, in the Park."

Emma looked very pale when she came out; but her face now outglowed the roses she held new gathered in her hand. Adelaide, to relieve her confusion, as I thought, said—"Oh then, we shall see him again?"

"You will see him in ten minutes," said I.
Says she to her neighbour, what?

"Now I wish," cried Adélaïde, "he would bring little Emily; I dare say she can talk now; I long to see how delighted she will be with my tame lambkin." While she spoke, Charles made his appearance; and I could scarce help smiling, to see how very prettily Miss Emma made up her face, to an air of indifference, to receive him, walking away to pat the lamb, as much as to say, "The young man is my mamma's visitant, not mine; I have nothing to do with him, not I indeed," or, "I suppose now Charles is so rich, he thinks he may give himself airs truly; but I shall teach him how he dares be the last in coming to see me."

Dear little souls that you all are, how I love these scintillations of innocent pride in you, these pretty fits of vexation, for nothing at all, just thrown in our path, to say—"We will not, unsought, be won," and which will often be read thus, by a cool observer, "your heart is won already."

"Emma, my dear, Mr. Charles speaks to you."
"Oh, Mr. Beaumarris, I ask pardon, I didn't see you; your brother told us you were all well." Emma adjusted the wreath on the neck of the lamb.

Charles flew to her assistance, with a look of great distress and perplexity, fearing that he had got a serious rival somewhere; but the look did the business; for Emma, conscious of her power, instantly recovered her good-humour, and Charles handed her into the room we had just entered, as gay as a lark; as they came towards us, they looked so lovely, and so charmingly paired, that I could not help saying to myself, "'twas a thousand pities that they should ever be parted," and I almost wished, at that moment, that I too had two hundred thousand pounds to cast at the feet of her I loved.

"Pshaw!" said I the next moment, "I shall have something; my father will make me independent when I am of age; and a cottage, with Adelaide, will perfect my happiness; her wishes are as moderate as my own; she never wished for greatness."
though Emma has often done it jestingly.”

Then rose her father to my eye, proud and accustomed to the magnificence of the East; I remembered that I had heard in London, these girls were considered co-heiresses to the property of their uncle, sir Thomas Atwood, though the general libertinism of his character induced Mrs. Danvers to reject all present assistance from him, and was supposed to be the true reason of her living in a state of such seclusion, and at such a distance from the metropolis; wisely concluding that “a woman’s noblest station is retreat,” when her husband is called to fight the battles of his country on a distant shore, and she is unable to accompany him, consistent with her other duties.

Mrs. Danvers had become the wife of the colonel, when they were both too young to reflect on the situation in which they stood, for she married him against the wishes of her friends, as soon as he had obtained a company, and, soon after, accompanied him to the East Indies; her own
fortune was small; and being under age when she married, she became the mother of several children during the period when their circumstances were at the worst; during this period, she also acquired prudence and fortitude, virtues which she sedulously cultivated in her children, in addition to the many graces with which she endowed them: having lost all her family except these fair twins, she became particularly desirous of sending them to Europe, and took the opportunity of doing so, as soon as she thought their infant minds were imbued with a deep love for their parents, a sense of their duty in general, and a temper and disposition calculated to render them docile and happy: when they approached their fifteenth year, her anxiety to complete their education under her own eye, induced her to accept the protection of her brother-in-law to England, and tear herself from a husband, who knew her value but approved her plan; and she fulfilled her wishes in the manner I have mentioned.
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
For other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched, than to rise.

Goldsmith.

"What are you going to do with the child?" said lady Sedgewood the next morning, on seeing me make an awkward attempt at tying on little Emily's hat.

"She is going with me to the castle-house, and is quite delighted with the thought of it."

"But she can't walk half so far, Theodore; you are forgetting what a little thing she is; I will send the servant with her, for I know they will be glad to see her—but you know they are coming to the Park this evening, and will see her then."

"My dear madam, I will carry her when she is tired; I heard you say yourself it was wrong to disappoint children, and she
expects to go with me, poor thing; don't you, Emmy?"

"Don't disappoint the children, Emily," said my father, with a most provoking smile, and off we set.

A very short time served to convince me that I had undertaken much more than I was equal to; first we lost one shoe, then another; so I put both in my pocket, took the playful prattler in my arms, and set forward with fresh spirits; but impatient to proceed, and new to the burden, I dashed forward the nearest road, struck against the branch of a tree, which tore off the bonnet, and what was worse, struck the child's face, and set her a-crying with such good reason, that it was impossible to be angry at any body but ones-self in the business.

"Dear Adelaide," said I, sitting down on a bank, in a little lane which divided me from the ruins, and where I wished to sooth the sorrows of my youthful companion, in order that I might present her all smiles and beauty to her lovely friend, "dear Adelaide, I wish you had expressed a wish
for any thing in the world rather than this poor child; 'I could pluck honour from the bright-eyed moon' for you, but really, to carry a child over hedge and ditch, in this kind of way, is not very agreeable. My father will laugh at me finely—'tis my only consolation that no creature can see me: hush, my Emmy, hush; here, you shall have my watch."

"But de great tree hav hurt my eye."

At this moment a party of gentlemen turned down the lane on horseback, as it was a nearer cut to the Park, where they were going to welcome my father on his return, than the road—'twas a chance that scarcely occurred twice a-year, and that it should occur, at the very moment I was placed in such a point of view, was certainly among the vexations of life. I was sat by the road-side, with the poor crying child laid across my knee, something in the way I have seen old women nurse young babes, but less gracefully; for, being tall, my knees almost reached my chin; and I am convinced that nothing could be con-
ceived more awkward and ludicrous than my whole appearance.

Men may say what they please of their power of enduring toil, encountering danger, suffering pain, and other common kind of difficulties for their mistresses; but give me the lover who can bear to be ridiculous, for depend upon it, he can then bear any thing.

I rose just as the honourable Robert Stourton came up with, "Why my most noble colonel, may I believe my own eyes? is it indeed you? nursing a baby in a narrow lane—this is Hercules with the distaff in good earnest."

"Admirable!" exclaimed major Wil- loughby. "Why Sedgewood! it is indeed the man, who 'looked a Nero, and who moved a god,' the last time we saw you. Well! well! you have a consolation denied to many brother soldiers; you need never sigh out the warrior's complaint, 'Othello's occupation's gone!' since every parish workhouse will afford you the means of exercising your profession without any
other aid from 'the ear-piercing fife' than what you carry about with you."

"To be poor and seem poor," the proverb says, "is the devil or worse;" so re-collecting myself, and conscious that the only way of escaping banter was to meet it like a man, I advanced boldly; the child most amiably seconded my wishes, by ceasing to cry; and, clasping me close round the neck, inspired me by lisping her wishes to see Adelaide.

"It's a wise child that knows its own father," cried Bob, "and yours seems gifted with knowledge; but I would have found the child shoes to its feet; hey Theodore."

"Come, come, gentlemen," said I, "you have had your laugh, and I grant a very fair subject was offered—for I have half stripped the poor child in getting over the hedge; but as you all know, or may know, that I am carrying my little sister, and may see that I have had the misfortune to hurt her, I think your humanity ought to take place of your mirth."

I spoke gravely, in the hopes that they
would pass on, feeling an intuitive dread of
their watching my steps.

"What an excellent nurse!" said Willoughby. "I have heard much of your at-
tention to your step-mama, but had really
no idea that it amounted to this; for I con-
clude it is to oblige her that you under-
took this comical expedition—we are go-
ing to the Park, and my servant shall re-
lieve you of the burden."

"Thank you, major; when I am under
the necessity of requesting aid from your
servant, or advice from his master, you
shall be duly informed; in the mean time,
allow me to say, that lady Sedgewood's
name is too sacred to be sported with even
in jest—as for me and my nurseling, I have
only to say, "laugh on, my merry men
all."

The major protested he meant no harm,
for he knew not a lady so truly amiable as
lady Sedgewood. I accepted his apology,
and we parted in good humour. On ar-
riving at the destined spot, all my labours
were repaid by the thanks of Adelaide, who soon restored the most perfect good humour to the child, hushed her in her arms, and looked so fair, while she was employed in the tender offices of a mother, that I almost fancied I had never seen her half so lovely as at this moment, and certainly never so endearing: the adventures of the road were only remembered to relate them in such a way as to awaken a laugh in Mrs. Danvers, and an air of animated gratitude in the manners of Adelaide, which would have repaid me a thousand fold. In about an hour, lady Sedgewood sent the servant for the child; and before Adelaide parted with her, she imprinted a thousand kisses on her forehead and bosom; then, setting her down, ran into the house to fetch a queen cake, to sooth the pain of parting.

"You rogue," said I, snatching the dear poppet, "you have cost me enough; I will have my revenge;" and I kissed her with such ardour, she screamed aloud, and Adelaide ran hastily out.
“What is the matter, my Emmy?”

“Naughty Tedore has stolen all our kisses—every one.”

Oh what a heavenly blush was that which mantled on the cheek of my charmer, and which made me almost fall at her feet, and pour out the ardent passion which swelled at my heart! but the idea that it would be ungenerous to take advantage of her evident confusion, at such a moment, deterred me; and Mrs. Danvers soon after entering, we were both relieved from an embarrassment, which was at once sweet and distressing.

This summer passed away in similar amusements and pursuits with the last. Charles gave a ball on the fourth of June, which, by confirming the general idea that we were engaged to the sisters, still kept away all other rivals, and we could have no ideas of uneasiness but what arose from them: soon after this, however, I transgressed the bounds prescribed to my passion by Mrs. Danvers, (who generally prevented either couple from being tête-à-
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

tête, so far, as to snatch a moment of peculiar temptation, and breathe to Adelaide the language of the most devout and faithful love that ever warmed the heart of an enamoured youth.

I thought she heard me "nothing lothe," yet she declared that she could not listen to such discourse—that her mother had said—that was, she believed—in short, she could not stay to say another word: perhaps, thought I, she is like Lucy—

"She would have answered with a sigh,
But that she had not time."

I was certainly not discouraged—that sweetest of all human sensations, the sense of being beloved, stole softly over my heart—but it was so softly, that I trembled with all a lover's tremblings, lest I should have dared to deceive myself; and a train of doubts without ground, fears without foundation, mingled in the cup which the rosy fingers of Hope prepared for my thirsty lip.

Sweet halcyon hours! how do I rest
Upon your memory!—how fondly could my pen retrace every day of this enchanting summer, those walks in which we rambled, those books in which we read, the music we sang together, and all the various hours in which we retired from athletic exercise, or studious pursuit, to enjoy the elegant society of congenial minds, blest by the mild eye of paternal friendship, and enlivened by the consciousness of tender passion!—but I must tear myself from this enchanting lawn, on which I could repose with the voluptuous indulgence of a lover, and the enraptured eye of an enthusiast, to tread the maze of misery, which, even in retrospect, appals my soul with horror.

The playful vivacity, and native coquetry of Emma, had combined with Charles's resolution, to prevent him from making that declaration to Emma which had escaped my lips to Adelaide; but the homage of his soul was devoted to her in the most decisive manner. I have already mentioned the circumstance of Adelaide's attachment.
to a pet-lamb, as forming the subject of one of my good aunt Barbara's joking letters to me; this happy pet was not less the favourite of Emma, and it was accustomed to follow the steps of both; but as it grew up, would frequently pass the bounds they prescribed it, and seek for society at a considerable distance. On such trifling hinges turn the great affairs of life, that the wanderings of this sheep forms a new era in our existence.

Charles had one evening took a walk to see a fine colt which had been offered to him for sale, at a neighbouring farmer's, and was coming home in the hopes of being in time to call at the castle-house, when, as he was entering the brushwood which surrounded the ruins, he heard a piercing shriek, and the words, "Help me—oh, for God's sake, help me!" uttered in a voice which his beating heart told him too truly must be Emma's: recollecting that this was a considerable distance from the house, and that a part of the ruins intervened between her and all human
help; he felt all the agony of terror, but rushed forwards with the utmost velocity, and an impetuosity that defied opposition: another shriek assured him he was right in the direction; and a few moments brought him to the spot where Emma was, vainly endeavouring to extricate her lamb from a briery thicket in which it was entangled: the worst fears of Charles, relieved by the sight, he soon was enabled to free the animal, and then perceived, with great emotion, that Emma's humanity had subjected her to considerable injury. Her bonnet was lost in the struggle, her gown completely torn, and her arm bleeding profusely.

"My dear, dear Emma!" cried Charles, in agony, throwing his arms around the trembling girl, with looks, in which utterable love contended with the sorrow of the moment, "how could you hurt yourself in this dreadful manner?"

"Dear Charles, don't look so frightened," was still on her lip, and his greedy
ear drinking Elysium in the sound, when two men, attracted like Charles by her cries, rushed to the spot, and one of them behind him instantly seizing him rudely by the shoulder, cried, "Hollo there! ben't ye asheam'd, my young maister?"

Mad with the interruption, as well as the action of the intruder, Charles instantly knocked the man down at his feet, when Emma, alarmed anew, again screamed, and by this emotion recalled Charles to his senses; he saw, in an instant, that the poor fellow had come with the same benevolent intention as himself, and seeing him with his arms round Emma, her pale countenance, and torn drapery, had doubtless made a conclusion not much to his honour—a conclusion which, of all other things, he dreaded meeting in any shape the chaste ears of Emma, and he half-motioned her to go; but reparation was his first thought. "My good fellow," said he, "I was mistaken in you; I apprehend you came, like myself, to the rescue of this young lady,
who screamed for help—I have used you ill, but without design; I beg you to accept my purse.”

The man rising, and perceiving that Emma was still standing, without any other symptom of alarm than what was occasioned by her sympathy for himself, inquired, “what she had made such a devil of a noise about?” Emma pointed to the torn sheep, and said, “I couldn’t get it out, poor thing, and I was so frightened.”

Charles, still more frightened, lest the man’s ideas of the matter should pollute her ear, offered immediately to depart, when Zamor, her mother’s servant, appeared, and said, “Mrs. Danvers was much alarmed by her absence.” Conscious that her appearance would increase that alarm, she hastened home with Zamor, in hopes of binding her arm up, and changing her dress, before she was seen by her tender parent; and, in the hurry of departure, cried, “Good night, Mr. Beaumarris,” and vanished in a twinkling, whilst Charles,
whose humanity was ever alive, was looking with great emotion at the bruised cheek of the man, and directing him to bathe it with brandy, offering him his own handkerchief to tie round his head.

The other man stept forwards, and offered to conduct the first, who was a stranger, to a public-house. The man departed, with many thanks for the young gentleman's bounty, saying, "'twas an ill wind that blew nobody good; to be sure, Miss had made a terrible yellin about nowt, an he axed his honnor's pardon for pullin him soa roughly."

"You are an honest fellow, and did your duty," said Charles; and when Charles had said this, and seen the men walk off, he thought there was an end of the matter—but the good-night of Emma felt cold upon his heart, and he stood still ruminating on the words, unmindful that night was now falling fast around him, and that if he really did make his appearance at the castle-house, he had not a moment to lose, as they always retired very early; and Mrs. Danvers'
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sense of propriety would render his later visiting unpleasant to her.

In the course of half an hour, Charles had suffered so much from the various and rapid succession of passions rarely awakened in him, that had he judged from his own feelings, he might have concluded that the hasty good-night of Emma was dictated by the hurry of the moment; but the idea that she had seen him act unworthy of himself, in his hasty conduct, one moment struck him as the cause of her indirect censure; the next, he condemned her as cruel and inconsiderate, towards one whose heart she had beheld prostrate at her very feet, and he determined to resent her cruelty: on the strength of this determination, he walked very manfully home; but when he arrived at the entrance to the house, the recollection of her pale disordered looks, her bleeding arm, and, above all, that sweet ebullition of awakened tenderness, that "dear Charles" which broke from her in the first moment of his appearance, he found it was quite impossible to live all night
without assuring himself of her health and safety at least; and, with hasty steps, he bent his way to the castle-house.

When arrived in the lane which led to the house, it was completely dark, and the lights in the chamber-windows convinced him that the family had retired for the night, and that it was utterly impossible for him to see or hear any thing more of Emma for this night; he now cursed his own folly in giving way to a resentment which was groundless, and pictured to himself the anger she would probably feel, at the cruel neglect she had a right to impute to him; and his vexation and grief were now all directed against himself; and he still stood lingering round the garden, when the sound of a horseman in the neighbouring lane roused him from his reverie, and convinced him of the impropriety of lingering near the house at such an hour; he started, and making his way through paths frequented only by himself and me, escaped the horseman, and soon arrived at the Park, and entered the parlour just as I had
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finished reading Collins's Ode on Fear to my mother-in-law, who was very partial to that elegant and enthusiastic poet; we both remarked, that Charles looked as if he had been witnessing those visions described by the bard; his complexion was pale and flushed by turns, and his fine hair fell in disorder about his face.

"I have walked fast," said he; "and feel excessively fatigued; I shall go to bed immediately."

My mother pressed him to take supper, but he refused any besides a glass of wine, which having swallowed, he retired, leaving a sense of trouble on our minds, which broke up our little party.

On meeting at breakfast the next morning, Charles, though looking pale and pensive, was certainly himself again, for his usual sweetness of temper pervaded every action. My father had just been asking him, if he had made a purchase of the colt he had gone to see, and he was beginning to give us an account of his expedition the evening before, when the baronet was told
that Robertson, the steward, wished to speak with him: my father told the servant to beg Mr. Robertson would step in, as his business might be easily attended to, there being only his own family present.

Robertson advanced with a key in his hand, "Please your honour," said he, (for he was too old to alter the form of his address,) "as I was in the midst of my first sleep last night, or it might be towards one o'clock this morning, I can't say exactly, but however it was there or thereabouts; my wife says it was near two o'clock, and maintains it, but I know she's wrong."

"Well, my good friend, we will conclude you are in the right; did you and your wife see a ghost at this witching hour, or what?"

"No, no, sir, it was no ghost we saw, but all honest flesh and blood, and that of the best kind, as your honour shall hear. First there came a post-chaise and four to the door, and then comes a thundering knocking; so I puts my head out of bed,
and says I, who's there? and what do you want?"

"Very proper questions to such untimely visitants, Robertson."

"So Mrs. Danvers puts her head out of the window, and—"

"Mrs. Danvers!" we all exclaimed, as with one voice.

"Ah, Mrs. Danvers, your honour; I thought as how you'd all be flusterated a little, so that made me come so soon, that I might have the telling of you myself; but, as I was a saying, she puts her head out of the window, and she said she had brought me the key of the house, and her rent, and the postboy would give them through the winder; she said she had tried to write a note to my lady, but her hand could not hold the pen, for she was in great trouble, and said something about the Park, and sincere sorrow; but I couldn't make it out, for she was crying, poor thing, and I was somehow quite muddled in my head; so she bade the postillions drive on—then
the dear young ladies, Heaven bless them! put their heads out of the window, and cried, 'Farewell, Mr. Robertson; God bless you!' and I found they too were crying by their voices; but just then up came another chaise with the servants and the baggage, and away they all went together; and when I shut down the window, and went to bed again, I felt as if it had all been a dream. But in the morning, the first thing that I saw was the key, and a bank-bill, and this pretty thing which Miss Danvers called out I must give to Emmy, meaning Miss Sedgewood, I take it."

Instinctively I grasped this present of Adelaide's in my hand, and felt it dear as the rock to the shipwrecked seaboat. But poor Charles, pale, astonished, and overwhelmed, sunk down on his seat, the very image of despair, and lady Sedgewood burst into tears.

"Something very particular must have occurred to our dear friend," said my father, "to take her from us in this manner — I cannot imagine what it could be, as I
know she had no letter yesterday, and she could have none delivered before six this morning, because they cannot reach Fairborough before that hour."

Charles roused himself, and said, "he had heard a horseman in the lane as he came home, the night before, about eleven."

"That was the miller, I dare say," said my mother, "for I know he went from hence about that time, and the lane would be his nearest road—no stranger was likely to take it."

We had been sitting near two hours in various fruitless conjectures, sometimes fancying that colonel Danvers must have returned suddenly, and had sent for his family to meet him—but the apparent sorrow of the party precluded that idea; then concluding that he was dead, and the circumstance obliged Mrs. Danvers to meet his brother in London—but, in that case, we could not see the necessity of her flight being so very sudden; nor could we believe that a stroke so irremediable and overwhelming, should have been borne by so
fond a wife, in such a manner as to enable her, in a few hours, to proceed on a journey so distressing from its cause.

My mother was endeavouring to form some other feasible cause for such an extraordinary movement, when Mr. Bailey’s man, rushing pale and breathless into the room, exclaimed—“Oh, sir! oh, my lady! it is all over!—my master, my good master is gone—yes, he is quite, quite dead!”

My father covered his face with his hands, and sunk into the nearest chair. Turning round to the man, who the moment he had spoken burst into an agony of tears, I asked “where his master was? and what medical help was with him?” with some difficulty he told me, that he was in his own parlour, but all help was in vain.

Trembling lest ignorance should lose the help that might still be given, I shot like an arrow from a bow, and was in a few minutes at the parsonage, where I found the housekeeper had prudently sent for an apothecary, who entered nearly at the same moment with myself. I assisted him in
raising the venerable form of our beloved friend, which was laid on the sofa: he opened a vein, but without any effect; and, after a further examination of the body, declared, "that life was utterly extinct;" and then respectfully took his leave, observing in a consolatory tone, "that the good man had suffered no pain in the hour of departure, although the discolourment in his face was apt to give that idea;" and that, "to such a man as Mr. Bailey, sudden death was only increased happiness."

I was still supporting the lifeless head on my bosom, and vainly chafing that hand which the very day before had returned my pressure with equal vigour and affection, when my father's carriage drove to the door. I saw him alight, followed by Charles; he looked very pale, and his lip quivered as he entered the room. I drew out my handkerchief, and threw it over the face of the deceased, and laying him gently down, rose to meet my father.

"I perceive," said he, greatly agitated, "that all is over."
Says she to her neighbour, What?"

"Yes," said I, "all is over; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that there was no help possible; Mr. Murray assures me that the stroke was mortal."

My father wept freely a considerable time. He then rang the bell, desiring the housekeeper and William to be sent to him, that they might receive his orders as to the disposition of the body; for as Mr. Bailey had no relations in the north of the kingdom, nor indeed any with whom he kept up an intercourse, my father was well aware that the settlement of his affairs would devolve on him; and if this had not been the case, he would have took upon himself the charge of the last duties, to one he had ever dearly loved, for whom he felt the affection of a son, and from whom he had experienced the love of a father; indeed, so warmly had Mr. Bailey's affections ever been drawn towards us all, that it was thought the exultation he felt on the day of the review, had occasioned that determination of the blood to the brain, which produced his first apoplectic attack; his
habit having inclined to this complaint for some years, though he had guarded against it by temperance and exercise, knowing it to be an hereditary disease. My father had hoped, that with prudence, his venerable friend might have been spared to him some years; and he would frequently observe, that "perhaps it was well that Mr. Bailey was not a married man, nor the father of a family, as it rendered him less liable to those sudden emotions of the heart, those transitions of pain and pleasure, to which those are subject who are surrounded by such near ties on their affections;" saying, "that as his feelings took their tone from affairs at the Park, it was possible so to modify them ere they reached the Vicarage, as to render them harmless." Of late, Mr. Bailey had become much attached to Mrs. Danvers and her daughters; their skill in music had given him many a delightful hour; and it might be truly said of him, as of Goldsmith's Country Clergyman—

"To them his hopes, his fears, his smiles, were giv'n—
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n."
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The recollection of this attachment induced my father to conclude that some improperly sudden mode of mentioning Mrs. Danvers's departure had occasioned that revolution of the blood, which, in some way, had produced this distressing effect at the present juncture, though he was aware it might have happened soon, in the course of nature. Under this idea, he desired the servants, when they had properly disposed of the venerated body of their beloved master, to return to the parlour, where they should receive his further orders. They were both old and faithful servants, and both, with much sorrow, fulfilled their melancholy task, in which I gave them encouragement and assistance; whilst Charles, struggling to suppress his own more immediate sorrow and disappointment, led my father to speak of the deceased, recount his history, and descant upon his virtues—a method that seldom fails to extract the bitterness from our griefs, when it is felt on the occasion of losing a friend advanced in life, and
whom, however truly and deeply we regret, yet we must, in the nature of the case, be partly prepared to resign.

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CHAP. XII.

Yes! in the greatness of my pride,
I stood, and all the storm defied;
I stood! though thunders rent my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

MONTOOMERT.

"Pray, Mrs. Ward," said my father, as the housekeeper returned to the room, "had you heard any thing at the Vicarage about Mrs. Danvers's quitting her house last night, which could possibly have affected your master, so as to have occasioned this attack?"

"Heard! yes indeed, your honour, we have heard enough—it was that which killed my poor dear master, sure enough; though I said from the very first, William knows I did,
Says she to her neighbour, what?
says I, 'It's as great a lie as ever was told;' and so said his worship, says he, 'Tis a lie, an infamous lie,' says he; and so he sent William to seek the man that said it; but, bless your honour! he began to gasp in ten minutes, and turned as black as your honour's hat, and his heart began to—'

Perceiving my poor father recoil from the description of his friend's death, I interrupted the narration by saying, "But, alas! it is too true, Mrs. Ward."

"True!" screamed the woman, "true! God in mercy forbid!" she cried, looking at Charles, and stepping back with an expression of horror—then again looking at him, as the blood rushed into his cheeks, and he started from her gaze, she again exclaimed, "No! it isn't true; I would not believe it, if I'd seen it with my own eyes! my master said it was a lie, as he sat in that very chair, two hours ago; it was the last word that ever left his blessed lips, and he's gone—gone to repeat it at the throne of God."

The awful recollection thus imposed upon
us, and the violent gesticulation of the woman, assured my father that far "more was meant than met the ear;" and he exclaimed in a voice of great agitation, "Tell me what the lie is to which you allude; Mrs. Danvers has left the house, but we are quite ignorant of the cause—pray tell us all you have heard?"

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Ward, turning with exultation, that made her forget my father's question, "there, William, you hear quite ignorant! oh, mercy be praised! Now, Mr. Charles, I ax pardon, Mr. Beau-marris, I am sure you cannot lie; pray, sir, excuse my boldness, but you were not in the castle-woods last night, now was you?"

"I certainly was," said Charles, colouring violently.

"But you were not with Miss Emma Danvers?"

"I certainly was, for a very few minutes."

"But you did not knock a man down who came to save her when she screamed?"
—you didn't give him a purse of gold to make him hold his tongue?"

"I did knock a man down, and I afterwards gave him a purse to make him some amends."

"Oh God! oh God!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward, throwing her apron on her face, and sobbing aloud, she flung out of the room.

"Tell me, William," said my father, "tell me all you have heard; I insist upon knowing all!"

"Please your honour, I went down to the blacksmith's, to get a shoe put on the auld meare's fore foot this morning; soa, says he to me, says he, 'There's a pretty talk going forads; there were two men came into th' Black Bull last neet, and won an'em had got a black eye; soa say't landlord, says he, 'Ha ye been feeting?' 'Noa,' says he, 'not feeting, but I ha got a blow frae a nowble young fellow; he's paid me hansom for it, an he'd noa need, for it was all a mistake.' 'It was no mistak at all,' says tother, 'but he turned it off when he couldn't help his sen.' "So, your hon-
Says she to her neighbour, what? 237

ner, the landlord axed what they meant, an they said as how they were going through th' castle-woods, an they hard a woman screeming varry loud, but they war a good bit off, and not being used to th' please, they couldn't get varry fast forad; but they did ther best; an what shud they see when they got there, but Miss Emma Danvers, with her clothes all torn off her back, and her hair flying about her ears, and blood about her gown, and a young gentleman with his arms round her. So this man at had gotten th' blow went up tul him, and laid hands on him; but he turned round and knocked him down, and then afterwards said he was sorry, and gived him all his money; and Miss Emma, spying her mother's servant, went home with him."

My father gave a deep groan, and resting his head on the arm of the sofa, said, "Go on, William."

"Well, sir, just as the blacksmith was telling me this, the very chap comes up that had been in the wood; not him that was hurt, for that'n were a stranger i'these
pearts, an be gone hoame; so I axed him if he naed who it was that had used Miss Emmy ill i' th' wood; an he said it were Mr. Beaumarris, and he showed me th' hand-ketcher at Mr. Charles had geen him; and he said, says he, 'This is all I ha gitten by the job, but I expect, when his worship hears, he'll send for me, an gi me summut handsome to hold my tongue.' So when he sed this, thinks I to mysen, its a lie alto-gether, an I told un so—an soa words followed words, your honour, till I undertook to thrash him; but just then somebody put me in mind that I was a clergymans servant, and besides I was too old. I was main vexed, your honour, to be put off; and when I came hoame, I told maister all about it; but I might ha spared myself trouble, for Peggy the housemaid had heard all about it frae the baker's shop; and Mrs. Parley's housekipper wrut a letter about it to Mrs. Ward, an she were readin it when I came in; but as I was saying, his worship sent me after this man, and ordered me to bring him to be examined nolens volens;
but before I could reach him, Peggy called me back; and when I got in, there was his worship, on that very sofa—I shall never forget it whilst I live—so that's all."

My father's countenance, as he again held up his head, exhibited a look of such forlorn despair, such a total loss of that intelligence and dignity which nature had stamped on it, together with such a ghastly paleness, that it struck me he too was seized with some species of fit—his lips trembled, and some faint words escaped them. I thought he said, "Thank God he is not a Sedgewood." Horror seized me at the idea—I fancied my father was expiring, and expiring in anger at Charles, my beloved, and, as I firmly believed, my innocent brother—surely the pang that divides my body and soul, however administered, will be faint in comparison of the suffering of that moment. I sprung to my father, opened his waistcoat, tore off his cravat, chafed his temples; then sinking on my knees, I wound my arms around him, and with streaming eyes, and words inarticulate
from the suffocating sobs which appeared to rend my very heart, I called on him to exert himself, to recover his reason, to hear the vindication of his son, his virtuous, his amiable Charles—the last remaining pledge of his beloved Arabella.

Nor time, nor change, nor sorrow, had destroyed the potent sound. "Arabella! vindication!" said my father.

"Yes, vindication, my dear sir. My life upon his honour; he loves Emma, fondly, tenderly, honourably does he love her, as you loved his mother!—think you, your son, the son too of that spotless angel, whose purity from his very birth he has been taught to estimate, could be capable of such conduct? and on whose authority is he condemned? where are his accusers?"

"The flight of Emma and her mother—these are his accusers."

Glad to hear my father speak, I turned to Charles, and motioning to William to leave the room, I besought him to relate the simple facts; but Charles, wounded by what he considered the unconfiding sorrow
of my father, stood wrapt in himself, too proud for explanation, too indignant for complaint: happily for us all, the expression uttered in my father's first agony had not reached his ear; and when I prevailed upon him to turn round, and he beheld the woe-struck countenance of that revered parent, resting on the very spot where death had so very lately set his most terrible seal on the features of our revered friend, his heart was penetrated with the same sense of horror which had pervaded mine; the softness of anguish succeeded to the sternness of contempt, and the lour of defiance; he drew near—my father gazed upon his face—held out his arms, and my bursting heart once more beheld them clasped in a long embrace.

Thus received, ere he was heard, Charles gladly and simply recounted every circumstance as it really occurred; and my father then mentioned the incidents which had contributed to affect him on the first view of the case, and which consisted princi-
pally in his paleness and abstraction the night before, and in the still unaccountable absence of Mrs. Danvers and her family, which, although it might be unconnected with the events of the preceding evening, yet appeared to be so governed by it, that it was next to impossible so to unite them in the minds of general observers, as not to leave an unfavourable impression; "and though," added my father, "the pride of conscious integrity is precious and consolatory, yet the approbation of our fellow-creatures is likewise very valuable; and it is a duty we owe, both to ourselves and others, to repair every breach which chance and cross accident may make in our characters, as early as possible, since every deficiency destroys our usefulness, and, of course, our consequence and happiness."

"I will fly after Emma Danvers," said Charles eagerly, "to the very confines of the earth; she shall acquit me."

"I consider you perfectly right, my dear boy; and as it is possible that her
journey may extend beyond the kingdom, I would not have you lose an hour. Theodore will accompany you, while I pay the melancholy duties required by that friend, whose last breath attested your innocence, and whose life paid the forfeit of this melancholy accident. I trust, the speed of two young men, urged by motives the most dear to you as honest men, and gentlemen, will urge you to exertions suitable for the occasion. Take the carriage, now at the door, for the first stage; I will forward you every thing necessary to lord Llanberry's. Here is my purse; its contents will see you safe to London—your servants may follow. Go! and God be with you!"
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

CHAP. XIII.

—He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
Yet leaves me poor indeed. Shakespear.

Had the whole continent of Europe bowed at once to our victorious arms, had Bonaparte come to drink tea at St. James's, or the black emperor of Hayti demanded our young princess in marriage, none of these trifling incidents could have excited so much attention as the unfortunate story raised about poor Charles, which, gathering strength, as it rolled up the mountain of society, to the tea-tables of Mrs. Parley, lady Frances Stickerton, squire Dornton, Mr. Maxwell, &c. &c. became so enormous, as almost to terrify the ladies from bandying it about with their usual celerity. Indeed it was at best a very delicate subject, and the prim maidens seemed so afraid of touching it, that but for the assistance of the married dames, and the
knowing misses, it would have had a chance for standing still, and revolving into its native nothingness, which is always the case with all air-built things, if they are let alone; but this the second seers would not suffer to be the case; for where words could go no further, nods, looks, winks, and various gestures, not only supplied their place in the most obliging manner, but went far beyond them in the meanings they conveyed, the conclusions they drew, and the inferences they made; and as it may, and must be granted, that there were grounds for the story, by no means unequal to a broad foundation, so it may be judged only right, that the building thereon raised should be commensurate with such a beginning, and the only wonder in the business is, how such an immense story should move with the amazing celerity it did, from the blacksmith's to the baker's, the town-pump, and the mangle-house; thence to the hairdresser's, the milliner's, and the circulating-library; then, by a magnificent bound, to the attorney's offices,
the bowling-green, the little parties at the confectioner's, the great ones at the club suppers, the dinners at Mr. Parley's, the tea-parties at Mr. Maxwell's, and the oyster-meetings at Mr. Glazeall's; every where so partaking of the good cheer, as never to step from one door to another, without an increase of bulk and solidity in body, as well abundant additions in dress and ornament, so as at length to become so grave, stately, and magnificent, that neither of the men in the wood, though of very different descriptions, could have known such a magnificent tale, for a bantling of their own reporting; being as much improved as the story of Santon Barissa, in the Pleasing Instructor, made into the terrible, charming, witty, wizardish Monk.

Before my father left the vicarage, William having seen the man pass with whom he was on the point of fighting, had informed my father, who sent one of his own servants after him; the man, who had found his own power, from the anger awakened in William, readily obeyed the summons;
my father was at this time accompanied by Mr. Elland and Mr. Briggs, and the worthy baronet who, many years before, had made my mother-in-law the offer of his hand: the man was desired circumstantially to relate all he knew; he did so, without the slightest variation from Charles's story; my father then inquired, "If he saw nothing of a sheep?"

"Yes; there was one laid by the young lady, much torn by the briars."

"Did you hear the young lady assign that sheep as the cause of her screaming, or not?"

"Yes; she made a power a fuss with it, stooped down, and would not go till it followed her."

"How did you know the gentleman's name?"

"Because she said, 'Good night, Mr. Beaumarris;' but I told you afore that he was one of your honour's sons."

"Could you, or any other person, believe that a young lady, who had been so rudely treated a moment before, as to call aloud
The man was silent; he had expected a bribe, and was not prepared for a reproof.

"You may depart," said my father; "my own mind is fully satisfied, and rejoices in the innocence of my son, which you have unwillingly cleared, since no thinking person can doubt the inference I have drawn; but I am well aware, that as it is generally found desirable by all tale-tellers to enlarge on some circumstances, and depress others, in the manner you have done, so I feel assured your first words will be remembered when your latter are forgot. I must however leave the matter to time, and the justice of my townsmen, happy that the present gentlemen seem equally convinced with myself, that my son was in fact most worthy admiration, when he in-
curred blame, since he was found, by your own account, at the very moment when he had drawn out the poor girl from the thicket in which she had entangled herself, and his posture was appropriate to the situation.”

My father endeavoured to say all this in a firm tone; but apology was new to him, and contending sensations now paled his cheek, and now flushed it; but there never was a moment in which he was more endeared to those around him; and they each left him, with a determination to defend Charles to their last breath. As Mr. Briggs went home, he met with a new proof of the correctness of Charles’s account; passing near the castle-house, he was struck by the melancholy bleating of a single sheep; he turned towards the house, and there beheld the unlucky animal endeavouring to enter the door, and observed that its woolly sides bore marks of the disaster of yesterday; he immediately lured it to follow him, and felt a degree of satisfac-
tion in possessing this tacit witness of his assertions on Charles's behalf. But alas! a jury of matrons were assembled this very night on the case, and the lamb was not heard to bleat in the assize; Mrs. Dornton, who had ever condemned Mrs. Danvers as a designing woman, and her daughters as silly chits, as forward minxes, now cried them up as prodigies of suffering excellence; "for her part, she always foresaw that sir Theodore's sons would make fools of the poor things some way; and so now it came out, that what Charles could not get by fair means, he would have by foul; that it really made her blood run cold to think of such things; but she believed he had really threatened to stab the poor creature, and had gone so far as to wound her in the arm: she did not know how it was, but there was something in that young man's face, fine as it was generally thought, which she never liked, and now it came out what it was—poor Mr. Bailey, who was dead and gone, she believed, never liked him at the bottom; indeed she had
been told, his very last words were calling him a liar.”

“My dear,” cried the honest husband, “how can you make such a blunder? he was calling his accusers liars.”

“Well, well, don’t interrupt me, Mr. Dorntton; he was saying something about lying, I know for a fact.”

“Oh, if all comes to that,” says Mrs. Manby, “I know it as a positive fact, that sir Theodore himself lays the death of the vicar entirely to Beaumarris’s account; I heard a person say, that she knew a person who overheard him say to himself, ‘My poor friend has been the sacrifice to this dreadful affair.”

“Ah!” said the younger lady Stickerton, “but dreadful as is the loss of life, it is nothing to what that poor young creature has sustained, from all accounts; but there is no talking on such a subject, you know, doctor.”

“My dear lady, excuse me; professional men must say nothing; the more we know,
the less we must utter: sir Theodore is a worthy gentleman, a very worthy gentleman; as to Mr. Beaumarris, *mum's* the word; he was always too quiet and demure for my taste; I hope better things of his brother.”

“I believe it,” said lady Frances, “for he will remain at the Park when his brother is gone; but I have no doubt both will return, to refute this idle tale.”

“Idle tale! *idle tale!*” was reverberated from mouth to mouth; “it is really astonishing how you can be so incredulous, my lady. I know the person who saw the man after sir Thé had examined him, and had convinced himself, as he confessed, that it was all true. Pray can you deny that poor Mrs. Danvers has run away to the continent, to hide her head, and break her poor heart in a nunnery? Can you pretend to say that poor Mr. Bailey did not die in a fit, caused by this wicked young man? Didn’t Mrs. Ward, the vicar's housekeeper, hear him confess such dreadful things, that she ran into the
kitchen, went into strong hysterics, and kept screaming, 'Who could have thought it! who would have thought it!'

"Besides, don't we all know that sir Frederic was so enraged, he ordered him out of his sight, and vowed that he should never set his foot in the doors again while he lived, and actually turned him out of the vicarage; and sent his eldest son after him, to beg lord Llanberry would not allow him to marry his daughter, which had been formerly agreed on between them? can you pretend to say that he did not curse the hour of his birth, and wish he might never set his eyes on him again? can you deny that?"

"Or is it possible for any body not to perceive that he has trumped up a story about a sheep, just as if the poor thing would make such a screaming about a sheep, and has given Mr. Elland the living, just to back the tale? and that old bachelor sir Thomas pretends to believe it, as does Mr. Briggs forsooth, just as if a person's own sense could not tell them that screaming
in that way was quite out of the question about a sheep; absurd! ridiculous! beyond every thing!"

Lady Frances seized the first pause to declare, that notwithstanding all the excellent argument and sound proof advanced, she had the best right in the world to disbelieve at least one half of it; she knew Mr. Bailey was dead, and suddenly, and perhaps owing, in part, to the circumstances alluded to; but how could Charles Beaumarris help that which he could not foresee? Were words, uttered in fits by a poor woman, who had seen her best friend, her pious master, expire before her eyes two hours before, to be considered as oracles? As to sir Frederic cursing his son, 'twas alike sinful and foolish to talk of such a thing; there was not a person present who did not each feel that it was a lie, for they knew the man too well to believe it possible."

The lady paused—some bridled, others blushed, all were silent; so she continued—

“As to a young lady making, what you
call, a great screaming, about a favourite animal, certainly no one can pretend to be surprised at that, as many present can remember the time when it was the fashion for ladies to scream at every thing; I have heard Mrs. Dornton shriek at the sight of a spider, when it was merely crawling up her gown; have known my sister faint, because a mouse had crossed her path; and most probably should have done the same myself, had the propriety occurred to me; and therefore I think it perfectly natural, that in a case where humanity was called on, the poor girl should make rather more noise than was, strictly speaking, necessary."

"How I do love to hear your ladyship talk!" said Mr. Dornton, edging in while he was able, having observed, from the various contortions of his lady's crane-neck, that she was on the eve of opening a new battery; "I do love to hear you talk, and because why, you allis takes on the right side; what I has to say in this here affair is this—I doesn't believe a word on't; and I
knows that if I was some people, I could commence an action against other people for defamation, and I would get swinging damages too; because for why, I don't see why a gentleman's character, or a lady's repitation, isn't of as much consequence to they, as a tradesman's credit is to he; and we never allows these here things to be said upon Change, my lady—no, never; if if a man vas to go for to say, there's A has made a bargain that'll ruin him—I knows that B—'s house is very hard run upon just now, as I hear that C has had a loss that he ha'n't strength to bear, why, dear me, your ladyship must see I dares not go for to trust A, B, nor C; by withdrawing my confidence, I deny them one means of repairing the mischief; others follow my example; so comes ruin on their heads; their ruin injures me; others do to me as I have done to them; so we goes on, circle after circle, my lady—ruin upon ruin, you understand, my lady."

"That is utterly impossible!" exclaimed his helpmate; "your odious city compa-
risons, Mr. Dornton, can only be understood within the sound of Bow bells, I am confident; and although I must, with due deference, entirely dissent from lady Frances's conclusions, respecting the unhappy affair in question, yet I am really distressed that she should be subject to such an exposition of city circles as you have tormented her with."

"Be assured," said her ladyship, "that it was my misfortune to know how tales move and circulate, long before Mr. Dornton explained them to me, and their consequent ruinous effect; there are several present, who must well remember that a tale, raised on a similar foundation, by reaching the ear of the late lamented lady Sedgewood, by inducing her to go out when she was slightly indisposed, became the cause of her death; the loss sustained by her children, the agonizing and long-cherished grief of her husband, and the chasm we all experienced in her neighbourhood, ought surely to make us very careful how we indulge in making a report,
to the disadvantage of a son of the very woman we have so long regretted; surely one victim in a family is enough, and more especially in a family to which we are all indebted for much general kindness, and even particular acts of friendship, and which we know to be the benefactors of all around them."

"But Mr. Beaumarris has left the neighbourhood; he cannot be hurt," cries one.—
"He is not a lying-in lady," said another.
"He will not die! never fear," exclaimed half-a-dozen at once.

"Does he not live in his father and his brother, who must feel every reflection on his character as painfully as himself? May not the injustice of those who have robbed him of his most precious inheritance, that 'good name,' which is 'the immediate jewel of the soul,' induce him to become careless of his conduct, from the consciousness that he has nothing to lose, tend to harden his heart, destroy his confidence in his fellow-creatures, and lead him to plunge into wicked company, from a fear that the
virtuous will look coldly on him; and, in short, is there not every probability that a young man, independent in fortune, necessarily inexperienced, of acute feelings, and awakened resentments, should be thus led to enter that career of dissipation, which will benumb his sorrows, and afford him at least a temporary relief, which is ever the first wish of youth? From the love of pleasure arises the disposition to sin; and thus a mental death, infinitely more to be deplored than the mental stroke under which his sainted mother fell, will be to him the consequence, not of a trifling accident, but of a disposition to combine, to magnify, to circulate a malicious insinuation; to destroy all probability of action, in a most amiable character, for the sake of establishing the distant possibility of affixing a stain, so black as to taint all the virtues he might otherwise possess with everlasting shame, and all the hours of future life with bitter repentance."

The company protested with one accord, that they did not think poor Mr. Beaumar-
ris was to be condemned so very, very strongly neither; though, "to be sure, they could not doubt the statement they had heard; yet they thought some allowance should be made—he was very young, and really—"

"Really, ladies, your candour goes far beyond mine; I cannot find an excuse for a fault I blush to name, and shudder to think on; either Charles ought to be hanged for his intentional sin, or his accusers ought to be transported for imputing it to him—I hate to mince matters."

"But surely, my lady, Mrs. Danvers would not have gone away without a cause, and—"

"I should think not; nor would she, had such a cause driven her away, have wept at leaving a tender message to the family whose son had thus insulted her daughter; a very short time will remove the veil which obscures her flight, I doubt not, and then, I suppose, it may be allowed that—"

"Oh, in that case, there could be no doubt, but the baronet's account of the
Says she to her neighbour, what? 261

matter would be proved; but really, till then, there was no believing it, though every one might wish to do so; it was really shocking to think such a respectable family had one unworthy member."

Mrs. Maxwell sighed deeply; she "lamented there was so much sorrow in the world; she should not have believed the report, if she had not been told that lady Sedgewood had been crying all day, and she had therefore concluded the poor lady had something to cry for."

Mrs. Manby had "no doubt but she was crying for fear Mr. Beaumarris would be tried for his life, and was afraid of losing him; for he was her favourite, as well he might; for Theodore was a sad son-in-law, for all they appeared so happy in public; yet she knew two gentlemen who saw him with the little girl in a bye-place, and the child was crying terribly; she could not say she wished it to be mentioned again, but her authors were persons of the greatest respectability, and were going to the Park when they caught him; he had some-
way given the child a dreadful blow on the face; its clothes were in a manner torn from its back, and it had no shoes on its feet; and when they came up, though he affected to meet them with a smile, yet he blushed in the most violent manner imaginable; one of the gentlemen was so shocked, that he begged his servant might carry the dear little thing home; but he would not hear of this, but stood with it in arms till they were quite out of sight; and though they remained an hour in the greatest consternation, yet he did not return."

"How one may be deceived!" said her ladyship, shaking her head, with a most melancholy expression of countenance. "Well, sister, I am glad you are convinced at last."

"Yes, my lady, I think you have proof positive now."

"Oh dear, ladies, there can be no doubt that these young men, of whom I, in my fond folly, have said to Nature—

"How thyself thou blazon'st in these two princely boys!"
and yet, it seems a clear case, that at least intentionally one was guilty of rape, and the other of murder; but, in my opinion, notwithstanding my predilection in favour of chastity, above all other virtues, I think the crime of Sedgewood so much more inexcusable than that of Beaumarris, that the latter may approach to whiten by his side; and my only consolation is, that as soon as ever he returns, I will do my best to bring him to justice; for, as I said before, I have no notion of compromising these things; and though I doubt not but Mrs. Danvers will clear Charles, yet it shall be my part to bring Theodore to justice."

"Good Heavens, my lady! what do you mean?"

"Mean! why, to accuse him before his father, of cruel usage and murderous intent towards Emily, his half-sister, and by that means to overwhelm him with merited disgrace: I know no other means to " make those tremble who escape the law."

"But you wouldn't mention my name,
my lady, surely? it would hurt Mr. Manby in his profession, you know."

"Oh, ma'am, you know you can bring forward your witnesses, and prove your own professional abilities, which, in these cases, go far beyond your husband's, I know very well."

"But, my dear lady, they are military men, and the consequence might be dreadful—I beg, my lady—"

"So do I, my lady. Really, among neighbours, one shouldn't go so far," cried one. "Oh!" said another, "what is the use of good neighbourhood, if one cannot mention a thing without its going further?"

"My lady, if you go and speak of these things at the Park, every thing will come out, and I must beg, my lady, I must desire—really I do most earnestly entreat your ladyship," was heard, and reheard, on every side; but her ladyship, with the most distressing pertinacity, declared her determination thus—"You are all good, very good, to beg for him, but I am determined on the thing; the wicked young dog shall suffer as he
ought; I am enraged when I think of his dissimulation, his hypocrisy, and all the rest of his deceitful ways; but you shall all see how I will make him tremble—I'll bring it out in such a manner, that you shall all see him in his true colours, depend upon it."

"But, my lady, consider his father's feelings."

"Oh, I can assure you, 'tis for his father's sake I do it; for I know the poor baronet is deceived in him; he is the pride and delight of his heart; and most probably he will bequeath this very child to his care, the horrible wretch! oh, it makes one's blood run cold to think of it! but I will open his eyes, I will shew him the brute in true colours."

"My lady, you are too warm, indeed you are."

"No, no; have you not all condemned me, over and over a thousand times, for my incredulity? at last, you have opened my eyes, and I thank you, and you shall..."
every one see the use I will put my new lights to; I will expose this young man properly to his family, and to the world; and shew the baronet how much he is indebted to his kind neighbours for the gratitude they exhibit towards him in watching over his family; and I will take an opportunity of doing it in such a manner, that every individual among us shall receive his personal thanks for their attention; for it must be agreeable to us all to know that he is aware we cherish proper sentiments towards him, since we are all under obligations to him, of one kind or other. Whilst yet a boy, he interfered so as to save myself and sister a distressing lawsuit; you, Mrs. Dornton, can never forget the many favours which the Featherbottoms have received from the Sedgewoods; Mr. and Mrs. Parley owe the favours of their rich uncle to his interposition; and Mrs. Maxwell would have lost her jointure, if he had not secured it; what would have become of these young ladies' fortunes, if he had not seen after the chancery-suit
for them? and could you, doctor, have bought your new house such a bargain, if he had not advanced you the money? it is right that he should know we remember all these things, and that we prove our gratitude by the regard we pay to his comfort."

In the beginning of this speech, lady Frances had been informed that her carriage waited; she now made the best of her way to it, but not without many interruptions of—"After all, my lady, I hope you'll consider—the less said, the better," &c. but she made her exit, with a declaration that she would be quite as good as her word.

Mrs. Manby's carriage was just behind, so she only stopped just long enough to say, that all she had observed about the affair of Mr. Sedgewood and the child was true enough, as she had it from major Willoughby; but that she should not like such a mischief-making old maid as lady Frances to carry it again to the Park, because every
tale gained in the telling, and especially when it was turned over by an old cat, who loved to torment whatever she preyed on; for her part, she knew she was a rattle, but then she was nothing worse; sir Thé always laughed at her;—so saying, she departed, trying to laugh, but really unequal to the attempt.

"I am heartily glad," said Mrs. Dorton, "that Mrs. Manby is so caught, that I must say; and for her sake, I do wish with all my heart that lady Frances might tell all she said at the Park; not but it will be a vile thing, because the innocent may be confounded with the guilty; but I hope her sister will put her off from going further, than just to mention what she said about Theodore, and I am sure she had need, for whoever heard such an ill-tempered vixen as that woman is? and when people have sisters of their own, who say such things, they should be careful how they speak on such subjects; the Stickertons were always notorious for scandal."
"I am certain I never said a word against Mr. Sedgewood in my life," said Mrs. Parley, "so she can't bring me in: as to her manner of hawling Mr. Parley and myself in, as being under obligations to the baronet, it was ridiculous to the last degree, and I can assure her I resent it; thank God, we owe nobody for help of any kind; 'twould be strange if we did: as to my uncle being our friend, so he was, to be sure, but not about money matters; I think the observation might have been spared."

"So it ought," returned Mrs. Dornton, who saw this observation glanced at herself, "so it ought, Mrs. Parley, for everybody knows you and Mr. Parley should never have been brought in together."

"And suppose," said Miss Robertson, "sir Thé did see about our lawsuit, is that a reason that one is to hold our tongues for ever, I wonder? one had better be poor, and enjoy freedom and independence in a cottage, than be tied to such silent bondage as that; thank God, the days of feudal vassalage are at an end, and a free-
born Englishwoman may lash the proud possessor of wealth as he rides in his golden car, and——"

"Golden car!" cried Mr. Dornton; "really, Miss, I ax pardon for interrupting so much learning, but I should like to know whether the golden car you speak of be any grander than my lord mayor's state coach? for, to my mind, when that is new gilt, it is the very prettiest thing in the world."

"I never saw it," returned the lady, "for I never was in London."

"Bless my soul!" said the good citizen, holding up his hands, "how any body can talk so fast as has never been in London, is the most surprisingest thing I ever hard of, unless, to be sure, one remembers that any body would live to years of discretion, without going to London, and seeing the lord mayor's coach."
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT?

CHAP. XIV.

And moody madness, laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.

To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.

Contrary to my hopes and expectations, the anxiety and distress of Charles’s mind increased on our journey, and notwithstanding the rapidity of our movements, his impatience increased every moment: in the first outset of this business, he had been astounded—in the next, roused to anger, which, while it acts, generally swallows up every other emotion; but in proportion as this mental fever subsided, the misfortune he sustained broke upon his perceptions, and his anxiety to see Mrs. Danvers, to deprecate the flight of Emma, or claim a legal right to partake it, affected him more and more strongly, in proportion as he approached the object of his
wishes; and my solicitude could scarcely be deemed less than his own; but the emotions I had experienced, though most acute, were of a nature less likely to affect the bodily health; for when a naturally mild and placable temper is roused to anger, and stimulated to impatience, the effect is generally perceptible, even on the best constitutions; and before we arrived in London, I perceived, with great sorrow, that Charles was seriously indisposed.

On entering the metropolis, my first care was to secure the address of sir Thomas Atwood, having no other medium of obtaining information, and indeed flattering ourselves that we should meet with Mrs. Danvers at his house; instead of which, we found only servants, who informed us that their master had set out the day before for Newmarket, from which place he meant to visit Bath immediately after a match was decided, which would probably take place that morning.

To Newmarket we set out, without losing an hour, and arrived just as the baronet
was setting out for Bath; to our anxious inquiries he could make no answer, not having heard from Mrs. Danvers or his nieces for some weeks; but he had just learnt that an officer had called at his house a few days before, who said he had information of importance from the colonel, but had not a moment to lose, having called on horseback at the door, and refused to alight, when he found the baronet from home; sir Thomas therefore gave it as his opinion, that this person must have been the cause of Mrs. Danvers quitting her house in such unusual haste; he was convinced that something must have occurred which had caused her to leave the country unexpectedly; and had little doubt but she would write to all her friends from some sea-port, as she was a person incapable of neglecting any of the duties of friendship.

To this conclusion we most willingly acceded; but who can "sooth ache with words?" We left the baronet, whom we
found a most pleasing gentlemanly man in his manners, but whose debilitated frame and sickly countenance gave a lively comment on a life of dissipation; though it ought to be added, that as he had spent several years in the East-Indies, the effects of climate had blended with the deleterious pursuits of intemperance, to produce the premature old age we witnessed.

After a moment's consultation, we were again seated in a chaise and four, on the road to Portsmouth; at which place we could gain no information, either of any travellers answering the description of our friends, nor of any vessels bound for the East, it being now considerably past the season for regular conveyance. I perceived here that Charles was seriously ill; but his impatience brooked no controul; and we set out for Falmouth immediately, as all the packets sail from hence which were at all likely to forward the design of Mrs. Danvers, if she meant to visit or meet the colonel. I now really hoped we should find her, and felt only angry that we had not
come to this place direct. I had soon reason to feel this vexation in still more force, for at the very first inn we drove to, we learnt that two chaises and four had arrived there two days before, containing three ladies, two servants, and a young officer, who left the party for about three hours, when he returned, saying there was not a moment to lose, and hurried them all on board a Lisbon packet under weigh; that the ladies were all laid down at the time, being apparently worn out with fatigue: the landlord, on being asked if they had dispatched no letters from his house, answered they had not, but he recollected that when the oldest of the ladies came down stairs, she said to the officer—
"I hope you have written for me to our friends, Campbell?" to which he replied—
"I have begun a letter to the baronet, as you desired, but it is actually left on the coffee-room table. Come along, for God's sake; I will get somebody to send it, but this is no time for explanation;"—"so with that," added the man, "he took hold of
one of the young ladies he called Miss Emma, saying—'Let me guard you, because of the wounded arm,' and hurried away in a moment."

"But are they gone, quite gone?" said Charles.

"Gone, sir! aye, that they are, at the rate of ten knots an hour; for I went after them, and never saw a packet get off in better style since I came to Falmouth, which is twenty-nine years come Martin-mas-day."

"Do you know," said I, "whether the ladies are gone to reside at Lisbon?"

"I fancy not, sir; for the black servant said several times—'Oh dat I was in Madeira! oh dat I was with my massa!' so I take it their voyage will extend thither."

Charles sighed deeply, and laying his hand on his forehead, complained of a burning pain there; but recovering, said—"What kind of a person was this Mr. Campbell, or captain Campbell, who was with them?"

"Oh, a very fine man, sir, one of the
finest young men I ever saw, about three-and-twenty, or so; but somehow, very warm about every thing, all in a bustle, as it were; and I'm very much mistaken if he doesn't cast a sheep's-eye, as we say, at the young lady who went out with him.”

“Order us a chaise directly,” said Charles, again laying his hand on his forehead.

We had now travelled near five hundred miles, without one hour's rest, or one regular meal; but as it was impossible, for one month at least, to pursue our journey, and I had some hopes that the letter so spoken of had by this time either reached my father, or sir Thomas Atwood, for one of whom I could have no doubt it was designed, I was equally desirous with Charles of returning to London. One end, in fact, the principal end, of our journey was answered, since there could be no doubt but that the flight of Mrs. Danvers was entirely unconnected with the unlucky adventure in the wood; and this was a source of such heartfelt satisfaction to me, and the
pleasure of communicating it to my father was so great, that it made me abundant amends for all my anxiety and fatigue though my disappointment in not seeing Adelaide was very great. But, alas! poor Charles had gained a new source of vexation, which prevented him not only from accepting consolation, but encreased his trouble; the formidable rival presented to him in the person of captain Campbell, awoke that horrid passion from which he had hitherto been happily and completely exempt; and jealousy, in addition to every other pang, now raged in his bosom.

On our return to London, I could not prevail on Charles to take any substantial food, but he swallowed wine, with an avidity which bespoke the fever that lurked in his veins: we drove to the hotel which my father had appointed as the place where he would send our servants; it was dark, and the lamps were lighted: as I stept out of the chaise, two men were passing, and they looked earnestly at Charles, who, with a pale and haggard
countenance, followed me, and in stepping out, laid his hand on my shoulder; one of the men said to the other—"Aye, that's him; he looks as if the halter was round his neck, doesn't he?"

"No matter," said the other, "it will never come there; he is a gentleman, and mustn't be touched; if you and I had done such a thing, the cry would have been—

'Let little rogues submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.'"

Charles turned his eyes towards the speaker, with a glance of such terrible fire as I never shall forget; but it was the beam of a moment; I had sprung forward to seize hold of him, but the pressure of my brother, whose whole weight seemed to fall on me, prevented me, and both the parties vanished in the crowded street. With great satisfaction I perceived our own servants, and received a letter from my father, enclosing a few hurried lines from captain Campbell, saying, that he had undertaken to conduct Mrs. Danvers and her
daughters to colonel Danvers, who proposed meeting them, either at the Cape or the Madeiras, being exceedingly afraid that—— Here the paper was filled up apparently by the waiter of an inn, who said, the writer was called on board before he could conclude, but had paid him like a gentleman for directing it, &c. This letter my father desired me to return immediately, begged to know all our proceedings, and concluded by desiring we would not hurry into the country, as he could not bear that Charles's feelings should be further lacerated by the idle talk of Fairborough, though he was himself determined to meet it in every possible way; but he requested that I would continue with my brother, as he must want my attention.

Alas! my brother was soon in a situation to need all my cares; on entering the hotel, I perceived an air of hopeless dejection succeed to the disturbed and restless emotion ever inspired by jealousy, and which I had remarked as his prevailing sensation during our journey from Fal-
mouth: on seeing his own man, he said he would immediately retire; and I was glad of the determination, feeling that sleep was necessary for both, but more especially for him. Having written to my father from Falmouth, I committed the return of Campbell's letter to my servant; and throwing myself on my bed, but half undrest, sunk into intense sleep; from which I was, after some hours, awakened by the entrance of my man, to inform me that my brother had been awake the whole night, and in his opinion was very ill, for he talked fast, and looked very wild.

I flew to the bedside of Charles, and found him in a state of delirium, and with a hand so dry and burning, that, little as I knew of physical evils, I was convinced he was in a state of high fever; instantly sending for medical assistance, I sat down by the bedside, and endeavoured to sooth and compose the irritable feelings of his wounded heart; but it was in vain to "charm agony with words," nor was there any reasoning with nerves: happily a
physician of eminence soon arrived, a surgeon succeeded, a nurse was procured; bleeding, blistering, and all the sad et cetera of medical routine succeeded; the disease appeared not to yield, and to my ignorant and distressing apprehension, my brother was either a confirmed maniac, or a dying man: hour after hour I watched by his couch, seeking to read in his eye the least return of intellect, or convey to his bosom the smallest ray of comfort; alas! all was dark and desolate in both—he knew me not—his looks perpetually wandered, as if seeking for some one to protect or console him, but his eye returned from the search, restless and unhappy; often would he complain of cruelty and perfidy, then rave in anger, and imprecate wrath on the heads of his enemies; sometimes he bitterly lamented that he was confined in a dark dungeon, out of which no efforts could release him, and at these moments he would tear the bed-clothes, rise, and struggle with all that opposed him, and give proofs of such amazing strength, that the servants
and assistants were unequal to hold him, and I was frequently obliged to add my efforts to theirs; however feebly exerted, these efforts never failed to succeed—in the wildest moments of delirious rage, when my hand tremblingly laid hold on his arm, it would arrest in a moment his most furious blow, or most determined purpose, his looks would relax, his eye bend meekly under the tearful orbs that met his ardent gaze, and he would return to his bed, as if conscious that he was led by a friend, or commanded by a superior, but yet unblest by the consciousness of having the one he had ever fondly loved so near him.

As the medical gentlemen assured me that there was no immediate danger in his case, and faithfully promised, in answer to my urgent request, that they would give me timely notice if such a change took place, I determined, as long as it was possible, to spare my father from this soul-distracting spectacle, which was not only terrible in itself, but precisely of a nature
to be most afflicting to him, from resembling the manner in which my poor mother had been taken, and which, young as I was, had made an indelible impression on my memory; I therefore forced myself to write tolerable cheerful letters to him, not disguising Charles's indisposition entirely, but speaking of it as a mental depression, the consequence of his love disappointment, and dwelling much on the share I thought his supposed rival had in affecting him; and never failing to express my hopes of a restoration to health and peace very soon, when he would himself write a more particular account of his wishes and feelings.

From the little absences occasioned by these letters, or my short and comfortless meals, I seldom failed to be called by an attendant to exert my wanted influence over the invalid; what I felt on every return to his room on these occasions, must be inconceivable to any one who has not suffered under similar afflictions; to see the ruin of that mind, on whose opening
Says she to her neighbour, what? 285

graces we have gazed with admiration—whose feelings we have partaken as they sprang—whose ideas we have nurtured, and whose reason has been struck out by collision with our own, whose joy and sorrow, whose honour and shame, has been part of our bliss, our grief, our fame, and our degradation, yet who is torn from us without absence, weaned from us without estrangement—oh! it is a pang which may be conceived, but can never be described—and what I have felt, when obliged to exert authority over him, to persuade him, to see him yield, and yet not to see him love, was sorrow as inexpressible as it was intolerable.

By degrees, he grew more composed as to his manners, and seemed to labour under a sense of some affliction, which being utterly irremediable, it was folly to contend with, frequently complaining that his legs were twisted round with adders, which bound him, and interlaced in such a manner, that he could not walk; he would then tell me, that his father was un-
doing the folds, or that his brother was crushing them between his hands; I have ventured to say—"Emma will tear them away."—"Emma!" he would cry, in a rage, "no, not Emma!"—she placed them there—her folly roused the nest; see how they are hissing round me—now they seize my feet, they coil upwards, they dart upon my vitals, they pierce my very heart—but Emma flies, she flies and laughs—fiend! sorceress! she laughs—she points at me—and laughs with Campbell!"

To see that elegant imagination, whose flights I had so often partaken and enjoyed—that fine assemblage of features, where every manly grace was blended with even feminine softness of expression and perfection of beauty, thus torn by the contortions of fear, rage, jealousy, and despair, was so terribly afflictive, that, united with the close confinement and perpetual watching to which I subjected myself, it began to make terrible ravages in my own health; and as my servant and Charles's had made many fruitless remonstrances
with me, they at last united in declaring that they could no longer endure to see me dying by inches, as they termed it; but that if I would not consent to take some means for my own relief, they would immediately write to sir Frederic, and intreat him to come over.

Alarmed with this threat, for the more I suffered myself, the more I dreaded my father's experiencing my sorrows, I consented to go out; and for the first time, after residing six weeks in London, I called at lord Llanberry's. The present lord so far trod in the steps of his father, as to retain a strong desire to secure Charles, and his fortune, to his daughter Harriet; and he heard with much pain of the illness of his charming cousin; and, after satisfying himself that the complaint under which he laboured had nothing infectious in it, proposed our removing to his house, saying that female attentions were ever most soothing, and he was certain lady Llanberry and her daughters, especially Harriet,
would be glad to do every thing in their power to contribute to relieve my cares, and my brother's sickness.

The ladies confirmed this by words; but their manners, their looks, their voices, were very different from the sympathetic and genuine marks of pity I had been wont to see exhibited by the females at the Park and the Castle House; and the memory of Adelaide, that kind, gentle, and generous being, whom I had beheld myself bending o'er the couch of age and poverty, training the steps of infancy, or consoling the bed of sickness, whose whole life was a detail of benevolent actions, under different forms, so gently and benignantly harmonized, that whilst all were dear to the heart, yet none of them obtruded on it—she, the beloved of my very soul, came over my mind more fully this moment than she had done before during the illness of Charles; for though I had given her many a fond and tender thought, yet the pressing, the overwhelming, affliction under
which I had suffered, had checked even the
progress of love, and silenced the voice
of passion in my breast.

When I had informed his lordship that
at present the removal of my brother was
utterly impracticable, and thanked the fa-
mily for their professed sympathy, I re-
turned to my melancholy task. The air of
bustle and amusement every where around
interested me not, but I was sensible that
the air and the exertion had done me
good; and I determined, that unless my
brother had in some measure suffered from
my absence, that I would every day steal
from him for an hour for this indulgence,
being surprised to find the degree of weak-
ness and lassitude which had stole upon
me during the period of my confinement;
not considering that to a person used to
breathe the pure air of my northern habi-
tation, and every day to ride or walk some
hours, even a short period spent in a sick
chamber, with a mind continually pressed
upon, as mine had lately been, much injury
must necessarily ensue.
The nearer I approached the hotel, the more anxious I became to know what was passing there; Wilson and Jones, the servants I had left, and on whose affection I placed, of course, much more reliance than on the persons hired as assistants, appeared to me people of the very utmost importance; I recollected, that of all the numbers of great and titled acquaintance contained in the streets through which I was passing, I had called only on one, and that rather as a matter of form as a distant relation, than in the hope of easing my heart by sympathy, or claiming essential benefit; I felt how much more we are indebted, in all the real exigencies of life, to our humble friends than to our great ones; and though I remembered many worthy beings who were dear to me, as possessing the power of conferring happiness to a mind at ease, yet I acknowledged that in my present difficulties, the power of relieving my misery lay only with the humbler children of dependence, who had it now in their power to give much more
than they received, and to awaken gratitude where they claimed forbearance.

On arriving, Jones told me that his master had been unquiet and restless ever since I went, inquiring perpetually where the Druid was gone? which being a name they had never heard before, they concluded was given to me: on going upstairs, my feelings were very powerfully arrested, by hearing poor Charles, who, like my father, possessed a fine bass voice, singing, with a sweet and solemn pathos, to a composition produced by the whim of the moment, that beautiful dirge on the poet of the Seasons,

"In yonder grave a Druid lies," &c.

I stood still at the door till he had finished, and then entered; but my appearance did not give him the pleasure I had hoped to see him experience; on the contrary, an air of disappointment marked his features; and Wilson, who sat by him, thought it probable that my dress was un-
pleasant to him, as I had generally sat in my dressing-gown of late; I immediately put it on, and saw that a look of unusual brightness and intelligence succeeded; and after looking at me some moments, he said, now the Druid was on his station, he would endeavour to sleep; and soon after fell into a more tranquil repose than any he had enjoyed, if indeed his short and broken slumbers could be deemed repose at all.

When he awoke, he appeared jealous lest I should leave him even for a moment, and I now took my meals in his room, and had a mattress laid on the floor, on which I took some rest, as he was now much more manageable and tractable than before, and the medical gentlemen assured me that the physical system was favourable; thus encouraged, I persisted in adhering to my intention of never leaving him for a moment, of listening with apparent interest to the wildest vagaries of his fancy, and the strange sentiments of his perverted reason, and with real sympathy to his bitter complaints; his lamentations
were such as would have drawn tears from the hardest heart, had they been the language of the greatest sinner, who was bewailing the evils produced by crimes which called for punishment; but when they were considered as the unmerited sufferings of an innocent, amiable, generous, brave, and estimable young man—of a mind that scorned the shadow of baseness, that was capable of every thing exalted in the human character, the contemplation of such sufferings became anguish intolerable.

One night, as Jones sat watching by his bedside, he rose slowly, and turning to the side of the bed, fixed his eyes upon the candle, then upon the bed, and other articles of furniture; as he did not speak, Jones kept silence, as I had ordered, but continued to watch him narrowly, fancying that there was a look of more moderation, or sanity, in him, than he had witnessed before.

It had been my only consolation, during this severe trial, to observe that, although
Charles had during his affliction, at one time or other, imagined himself in every possible situation of human wretchedness, and complained of every possible kind of injury, yet, in all the agonies of his mind, and all the ebullitions of his rage, he had never appeared to meditate self-destruction; this I imputed to the deep impression made on his mind in the belief of Revelation, which continued a silent operation on the mind, during a suspension of its faculties; as, however, a change in this particular might take place, even when he was the calmest, I always provided some one person, on whose watchfulness I durst rely, to look narrowly to him during the few hours of sleep which I permitted myself, though I cautioned them not to appear so, unless he wanted their assistance; and this caution his own man, who was most faithfully attached to him (as indeed was every domestic in our family), most prudently observed at this momentous crisis.

When Charles had examined the room,
his eye was attracted to the corner where I lay buried in that profound sleep which is the consequence of long privation; he arose slowly, and went up to me—then, with an air of surprise, returned to the lamp, took it up, and coming close to my bed, looked at me for some moments; soundly as I slept, the glare of the lamp affected my eyes, and I moved my head, murmuring in a low tone.—"Poor man," said Charles, setting down the lamp at a little distance, but returning to look at the object which had so deeply attracted his attention.

After a short time, he laid his face close to me, and said distinctly—"Brother!—Thé!—my dear brother!"

The delight, the overwhelming delight, with which poor Jones heard these words, caused him to start on his feet, and burst into tears; he however checked himself, and, advancing, beheld Charles kneeling by me, the tears streaming from his eyes, and his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer; in a few moments he turned, and
See ing Jones, said, in his own natural voice—"I am much pleased with you for watching with my brother; but why did you let him lie in this corner? this is my place during his illness; but, I dare say, you couldn't help it; he has perhaps been delirious in his illness."

I had given the most positive orders, that whenever the moment of returning reason visited the benighted mind of my brother, that every possible means should be used to prevent him from discovering the lapse in his life this distressing fever had occasioned. Jones was a sensible man, and immediately sought to take advantage of this idea; he said it was too true that Mr. Sedgewood had been a little unruly during his fever, but there was no doubt but he would awake quite in his senses, sleep being all that was necessary to restore him.

"Ah!" said Charles, putting his hand to his head, "it is no wonder; we have travelled so many miles without sleep, and almost without food, it has nearly killed
him; and besides,” added he tremulously, “his heart is broken for my sorrows;” and again he burst into tears, and wept freely.

It was the first time poor Charles had experienced this natural relief to an overcharged heart, since the hour when he saw the lifeless form of our revered friend Mr. Bailey; and since then, what an accumulation of sorrow had pressed on his distracted heart!—that keenest of all sorrow, the sense of disgrace, as inevitable as it was unmerited; of infamy, aggravated by the disappointment of love, the stings of jealousy; and, to crown all, the phantasies of phrenzy, and the miseries of madness.

Whilst Charles thus wept over me, Jones, under pretext of adjusting my pillow, prudently awoke me, and whispered a caution in my ear; but though I refrained from speaking, I was too newly awoke, and too fearful of being deceived, in a case of so much importance, to be perfectly guarded. I started up in bed, and holding out my hand, cried, “Charles—my brother.”
"Lie down again, my dear Thé. lie down," said Charles, patting my head as he would have done that of a favourite spaniel, and, with a look of great caution, making signs to Jones to be very silent, whispering his design of removing me into the other bed, from which he doubted not I had escaped. Still fearful that Jones was deceived, I attempted to rise and dress; but this he opposed, with such tender, yet consistent earnestness, that I consented to lie still, perceiving the leading idea that possessed him, and recollecting that at the accustomed visit of the medical gentlemen, I could be released from my confinement, secundem artem. In the mean time, I had the pleasure of seeing Charles dress; and though shocked to observe the ravages made in his face and figure, by the frequent bleedings and cuppings had recourse to in the first stage of his disease, yet it was delightful to see him look at all like himself. Wilson having entered the room, I commissioned him to discharge the nurse, and to convey away my dressing-gown, that no,
idea of the Druid might return; the jalaps and gallipots all passed for mine; and I underwent a most terrible persecution from Charles to take some of each; but Jones spared me as well as he could, by observing, that "though all were good during my delirium, and were, he believed, principally narcotics, but as I had now slept many hours, he thought it was possible that their effects might be prejudicial, if repeated."

I was not liberated till the evening, when either from having laid in bed so many hours, from finding my mind suddenly and wonderfully relieved, which ever permits us to feel more sensibly our personal ailments; so true it is, "that when the mind's at ease, the body's delicate;" or from the combination of these causes, when I got up, I found myself so extremely weak, that the confinement I had adopted from affectionate choice, I was obliged to continue from necessity; and it was evident to all around us, that I was much the weaker person of the two. A kind of artificial strength had, in Charles, been succeeded by an in-
Says she to her neighbour, what?

Ordinate appetite, during the time of his derangement, which prevented him from becoming as weak as he appeared; whereas I had, from confinement, and corroding grief, entirely lost my appetite, and was wasted to an appearance of consumption.

As soon as Charles beheld me drest, he was more conscious of the change in my person than the servants, who had seen it approach more gradually; and, in great alarm, he instantly wrote to my father. The worthy and tender parent had already felt apprehension of my health, from the change he had remarked in my handwriting, and the evident dejection I laboured to conceal; he flew on the first hint from Charles; and as he could not learn from any one, owing to my caution, the real state of the case, and that I had no ailment but fatigue and anxiety, or rather, the consequences of them, he was fully possessed with the idea of a consumption, and insisted upon setting out with me for Bristol immediately, whither Charles intended fully to accompany us; but the medical gentle-
men who had attended him now interfered, and informed my father so far of the nature of his case, as to justify them in declaring, that it would be highly improper for Mr. Beaumarris to attend the sickbed of one in whom he was so deeply interested, as his mind would be quite unequal to bear the pressure of any new grief—that lively company and amusement were absolutely necessary for him—and that, whatever the event might prove, it was necessary that, for some months at least, he should be taught to believe his brother was in a state of convalescence.

Thus advised, my father settled Charles in splendid lodgings, in the neighbourhood of Lord Llanberry, and writing to Lady Sedgewood, instructed her to join him at the Hot-wells, with little Emily, as he should fix his abode there for the ensuing winter.
CHAP. XV.

know! self-control is wisdom's root.

We arrived at the Hot-wells near Bristol, in the decline of autumn, when the rich and varied landscape, so justly the boast of that celebrated neighbourhood, was wearing the livery of decay, and when the young, gay, and healthy, had fled the place for some more genial scene, and only the fragile forms, doomed to the relentless scourge which ever seizes for its prey the most young, beautiful, and interesting part of our species, were now seen to people the desolate walks of Clifton, or creep to taste the refreshing draught, which exhilarates and attenuates their little span of life.

Such a scene was little calculated to remove the sense of dejection which now pressed on my spirits, and gave to those days which ought to be the brightest in our existence, a deep and sombrous gloom;
and although a regular return to good hours, and the excellent nursing of my worthy mother-in-law, restored my health, and its brightest bloom promised to revisit my cheek, yet sorrow weighed heavy at my heart; my pursuits were suspended or destroyed; all that animated my hopes, or gave zest to my energies, was gone; and now my mind was no longer under the immediate influence of fear respecting Charles, it reverted, with double force, to Adelaide; and in losing her, I felt as if the world had nothing worth my cares. I read, walked, rode out, and sometimes danced; but my body performed those functions rather than my mind; if I read, I yet was unacquainted with my author; when I rode or walked, I neither saw nor felt the beauties of the surrounding landscape; the mental faculties were either closed in me, or called out only in the melancholy contemplation of decaying strength in my own sex, or perishing beauty in the other; I saw nature only in her ruins, and dwelt with perverted taste, and terrible avidity, on
whatever fed the sources of sorrow and lamentation in my heart; and all the little conversation I held, was either respecting some melancholy accident, that had destroyed the unhappy mariner, and left his family desolate; some new victim that was arrived at this "mart of death," or one "who had disappeared from the accustomed walk, where I had been wont to mark the beaming rays of her lustrous eyes, the hectic roses of her fevered cheek, and was now passed on to that bourne, from whence she never must return, but to which all around her were likewise hastening."

My good lady Sedgewood, under the idea that she should be better able to attend to me, had not brought her little Emily, who was left with my aunt Barbara. After we had resided at the Hot-wells about two months, I began to remark, that although she tried to disguise it, my mother was often very low-spirited; and that if we returned sooner from our accustomed ride than usual, she had the appearance of having wept during our absence—to find her
low-spirited was now become so congenial to my own spirits, that I could almost rejoice in it, being ready, with Zanga, to exclaim, "it suits the gloomy temper of my soul;" but to see her moved so far, awakened my pity and grief. As I concluded she was lamenting the loss of her little girl, whom she had resigned for my sake, I therefore took occasion one day to sympathize with her on that account, and declare that I felt myself so much restored, as to set out for Yorkshire any day.

"How can you, my dear Theodore, mistake me so far, as to suppose I should be weak enough to grieve so much for my absence from a child, who, however dear, must be a very inferior object of care, to a woman who is the wife of such a man as your father?"

"But, my dear madam, why do you fret about my father? is he not well? you surprise and alarm me!"

"Then I communicate a part of the feeling I wish to convey; for you must allow me, as a friend, to say, that the selfish
grief in which you are indulging, by destroying all that was most estimable in your character, is undermining the health, and ruining the hopes and the peace of your father. You have suffered, severely suffered, in the injury we have all sustained in poor Charles; but you cannot suppose his father suffered less than you; though, for my sake, he struggled to disguise the keen pangs which tore him, from every idle word or inquisitive look he met with. Time, which softens all things, had done but little towards relieving him, when your illness alarmed and distressed him; and although that appears removed, it is only an exchange of grief to him, as he believes he sees his son, his eldest son, burying those fine talents, which were so fondly nurtured, and so highly estimated by him, in the grave of a passion only blamable from its excess, and which, though not enlivened by hope, has by no means the excuse of despair to plead for its indulged melancholy."

She paused—I could only answer by a sigh; and, after a short time, she continued.
"The indulgence of a propensity, virtuous in its object, and which flatters our self-love, by giving us praise for constancy, and our indulgence of tender grief, by representing the worth of the being to whom we make the sacrifice, is undoubtedly natural; and if it were possible that man could be an isolated being, I can hardly conceive that he would have strength to rise above it, since he would want a motive for exertion; but so long as one fellow-creature exists, that may be benefited by his exertions, so long as he had a duty to fulfil on earth, or a hope of reaping happiness in heaven, so long he will, if he allows his reason to act, see the necessity and truth of the apostle's assertion, 'none of us liveth for himself;' he will struggle with every feeling which prevents his usefulness, and will not allow even love, however pure, to destroy the claims of affection, felt, as it ought to be, for a father like yours."

Conscious shame tinged my glowing
cheek; I appealed to Heaven that my love for my father was unimpaired by any circumstance; that I honoured, revered him, above every created being.

"Then do not suffer a woman," said she tenderly, "to go beyond you in your exertions for this dear, this inestimable parent. I blush to own, that I loved your father from my first acquaintance with him; a sense of duty, for the sake of your excellent mother, taught me to struggle with my passion; and when her marriage made it a guilty flame, God only knows how bitterly I mourned in secret, how gladly I would have sought in death, for a refuge from the keen anguish which consumed my youth, and condemned me to a life of despair on the one hand, or deception on the other: but I found too surely, that the woman who had once loved your father, however she might subdue the flame, could never relight it at a less brilliant fire; and with a heart ever calculated for domestic intercourse, I determined quietly to sink
Says she to her neighbour, what? 309

into the listless character of an old maid, though every feeling of my heart militated against the decision.

"To one human being only could I ever open my heart, and in the consolations of friendship, seek refuge from the disappointments of love; and to her I was forbade to speak; I was forbade, too, that intercourse for which both our hearts panted; I was condemned to use dissimulation towards one, whom, even in her success, I could not envy, and never for a moment ceased to love. I will not offend your judgment, by pointing out the severity of my task, and what the feelings of a delicate and conscientious woman must be, so circumstanced; there were many times when my health suffered severely, but I sought to recover; I endeavoured to subdue that perpetual whisper, which pointed to the grave as the close of my sorrows—the shade which alone could hide my erring wishes—the haven which would secure the happiness of those who loved me, and bury my miseries and faults in oblivion—yes! I re-
membered that I had no right even to pray for a release, for I had still a father;—and believe me, my dear Theodore, the recollection of my cheerful support, my self-subdued acquiescence to whatever contributed to his comfort, is at this moment so dear to my heart, that I am confident no circumstance of my later life could atone to me for the want of it."

The conversation of this dear excellent woman was interrupted by the entrance of my father, who, with his accustomed and persevering kindness, had been seeking in Bristol for a new publication, which he hoped would amuse me. I looked at him earnestly as he entered, and was surprised how it could have escaped me that he was looking pale, and evidently aged. My heart smote me—the tears rushed into my eyes—I fled to my own room, and, with deep contrition, besought the Giver of every good gift so to strengthen my weak resolution, and confirm my feeble efforts, that I might be enabled to dedicate myself to this afflicted and inestimable parent.
When I returned, I made my first essay, by busying myself with the work he had brought; and, by degrees, the interest I had affected became real, and I found the amusement which I courted; my gratified parent sought new means of engaging me, and I embraced with avidity whatever he proposed. We now were always together; but as his parliamentary duties necessarily called him for a short time to London, I proposed escorting lady Sedgewood home, which gratified them both: accordingly, each party set out on their respective journey; and I endeavoured, by my newly-recovered faculties, to prove to my good monitress, that I had profited by her injunctions. When arrived at Fairborough, the tender memory that "some things were, and were most dear to me," naturally obtruded; but lady Sedgewood endeavoured to engage me in various pursuits, calculated to amuse me; particularly, obliging me to preside, in my father's absence, in parties formed of those friends who had distinguished themselves by defending
Charles, and who were therefore dear to me, whatever might be their other claims. But the company of little Emily, though it called up many a tender scene, and awakened many a gentle hope, which still slept on the lap of possibility, thus nurturing my youthful passion, yet still tended to dissipate the gloom which occasionally hung on my spirits, and chilled the energies I sought to stimulate.

CHAP. XVI.

When Charles, at the earnest request of myself and father, had consented to resign his intention of accompanying us to the Hot-wells, he had been necessarily thrown upon the kindness of lord Llanberry's family, who, now that he was able to make one in a dashing party, was known to have a great deal of money to spend, and was happily out of the eye of his father, could
not fail to be a welcome guest, both to
lady Llanberry, who affected the character
of a woman of high fashion, and the circle
of her fashionable visitants.

The unmerited obloquy which Charles
endured from his unknown detractor in the
street, who was doubtless some Fairborough
tradesman, had impressed his mind with the
terrible idea, that scorn and disgust would
follow him all the days of his life, and that
the bare suspicion of crime must detach
from him necessarily all who could for a
moment suspect him of it; he felt like the
first murderer, as if a mark was set upon his
forehead; and there can be no doubt that
had he resided in a country which favoured
monastic seclusion, he would have buried
himself for ever among the brotherhood of
La Trappe; as it was, he slowly, and with
difficulty, could be prevailed upon to join
in lord Llanberry's social parties; but when
once seated amongst a circle who were in-
terested by his apparently delicate health,
his fine person, and elegant manners, and
whose kindness was now peculiarly welcome and endearing, his heart opened to them with all the warmth of gratitude and the frankness of friendship; he felt himself honoured by their confidence in his integrity and veracity; for as he had informed lord Llananberry of every particular of what he termed his misfortune, he felt no doubt but every person he met with was acquainted with it; whereas his lordship thought the matter too perfectly insignificant to retain in his memory, further than as it might hereafter prove convenient; and though he did mention it to his lady, as the cause of that illness, of which he, in common with our own family, dreaded a return, and she most obligingly represented it in the most convenient way to the ladies of her acquaintance, yet it did not lessen their predilection in Charles's favour; their attentions, on the contrary, increased so much, and were in some instances so pointed, that even the inherent modesty of his self-mistrusting heart was flattered into the consciousness of possessing no common
interest in theirs; he became animated, gay, and vivacious in company; abstracted and melancholy out of it; though he still fondly loved Emma Danvers, yet he nourished a species of pique at her, both on account of her supposed predilection for Campbell, and because she had been the cause of his disgrace, and all the sufferings he had since endured; for he was now necessarily acquainted with the nature of the fever he had undergone, as some medical aid had been necessary, and the lapse in time had forced him to know that something singular had befallen him. It is true, he had no right to feel resentment against Emma for either of these circumstances; his reason told him so; and his love pleaded yet more effectually; but every moment in which his jealousy awoke, or his sufferings recurred to him, renewed the emotion; and lord Llanberry determined to fan the spark: his lady had lately engaged so much in high play, that his embarrassments called for a friend; and Charles was of too much
importance to be lost for want of a little attention to the movements of his honest, generous, and unsuspecting heart.

Harriet Beaumarris was a young lady of very high fashion; she had very early in life set her heart upon a coronet, at the time her elder sister had fixed her humbler affections upon a young officer, who had few recommendations besides a fine person and agreeable manners; for although his family was respectable, it was not ennobled in any branch, and his fortune was small: to Miss Beaumarris he was however tenderly attached; and in the ardent hope of preferment, which he had reason to expect, he offered his hand, which she had the temerity to accept, as soon as the law permitted it, in defiance of parental admonition; she was more than two years older than Harriet, who piqued herself exceedingly on her greater prudence. Though neither lord nor lady Llanberry had ever taken the least notice of their erring daughter (now Mrs. Wallingford), yet they gave a kind of tacit permission for Harriet to do so, in the
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hope that by witnessing the situation to which Mrs. Wallingford had reduced herself, she might be deterred from following her example; and, what was of still more importance, they perceived that it would make her appear of importance, and give her that air of interest they wished to inculcate in the eyes of her cousin, to whom they were determined to bend her matrimonial views, being more aware than the young lady herself was, that coronets are not purchased now-a-days by bright eyes and thin petticoats; and although their daughter possessed much real beauty, and much artificial fascination, yet, as she was destitute of that which, in the circles of fashion, is deemed "the one thing needful," it would be more advisable to aim at that within her reach, than that most probably without it; and they were the more inclined to this conclusion, because the talents, person, fortune, and connexions of Charles, entitled him to look forwards to all the honours of ambition, when he should choose to become a candidate for them.
In all family-compacts of this nature, lord and lady Llanberry agreed very well; for the lady being extravagant, was induced to become complying, and the lord being ambitious, and knowing that his spouse had certain family connexions, and innumerable acquaintance, who might be of use to him, was rendered accommodating in turn: the facility with which he gave money he could ill spare, and the attention she paid to the documents she could not comprehend, and schemes that failed not to make her sleepy, proved indubitably that they were one of the very happiest couples the great world could boast, as they never quarrelled even in private, nor had the least reason to doubt each others fidelity, unless "the husband, cuckolded by lady Quadrille," might be considered amongst the lady's errors of conduct.

The growth of girls is at one period of their lives so much quicker than boys, that the daughters of lord Llanberry, though accustomed by their late grandfather to hear the continual praises of Charles
rung in their ears, had not accustomed themselves to connect any other idea of either him or myself, though our ages were so near their own, but that of being little cousins; and so much had this idea gained ground in very early life, that Harriet found it difficult to remove, when Charles became a cousin of nearly six feet high, and appeared in the form of a most captivating young man; she therefore treated him with a kind of tender confidence, flattering to him, because her general manners were somewhat haughty, and extremely agreeable to the wishes of her father; who found that to a person so generously disposed as Charles, it would be ever in his power to take advantage of the circumstance.

About a year before this period, lady Llanberry had met at Bath with a Mrs. Montgomery, who had hitherto resided in Wales, but who had been brought to this place by a paralytic husband, who died there, and had rewarded her constant attendance on him, for the space of ten years, by a bequest of a noble estate, and a large
sum of ready money, which had been accumulating during several years of severe indisposition; so that Mrs. Montgomery started at once from being the nursing wife of a Welsh squire, whose family claims, however well attested, had, for many years, been confined to a Glamorganshire circle of pedigree-mongers, into a woman of the very first importance; and before her late liege lord had lain a week in the abbey, it was thoroughly understood that his widow was young, beautiful, witty, fashionable, and his heiress.

Ellen Davies was the daughter of a Welsh parson, somewhat better gifted than the generality of those unfortunate gentlemen are; she was the only daughter of her parents, and the youngest of three children; so that she had experienced more cultivation than is generally bestowed upon girls, by parents who are obliged to dig literally for their scanty subsistence; and being of a fair and ruddy complexion, with the fine black eyes so generally found to animate the broad faces of her countrywomen,
she attracted the attention of Mrs. Montgomery, whose husband had lately removed to his estate in Ellen's neighbourhood, from one at about twenty miles distant; and she obligingly invited her to her house, presented her with decent and modern clothing, and introduced her to such parties as occasionally met at Gllynferrin; at the same time instructing her in those female arts she was herself mistress of, and which, though out of date then, as the good lady was turned of fifty, contributed to polish the mind, and encrease the pleasures of her protegé.

Ellen was turned of seventeen, and much improved in her person and manners: when Hereford races happened to become the subject of conversation at Gllynferrin, she naturally expressed a wish to see them; and as Mrs. Montgomery had not long before engaged a person, with great difficulty, and at considerable expence, to teach Ellen to dance, she declared, that "if her own health, and that of Mr. Montgomery,
would permit, she would once more venture into public, just to show the dear child what was stirring in the world."

This amiable woman had been the mother of several promising infants, who had all died very early in life; and after she lost the hope of rearing her last, the circumstance had so deeply affected her spirits, that a decline had been apprehended; and it was with an intention of benefiting her health, and restoring her cheerfulness, that Mr. Montgomery had removed to a place, which possessed at least the negative merit of not intruding scenes upon her mind she was unequal to contemplate; he therefore rejoiced in every circumstance which tended to wean her from her sorrows; and the visit to the race-balls was soon agreed upon.

Ellen's first peep into the world had its usual effect; she saw enough to make her wish for more; she was admired; but there were too many competitors for beauty, to raise her hopes to any extravagant height; and she felt a degree of awkwardness in the
novelty of her situation, that abated the pleasure she otherwise derived from it; but she danced with a handsome man in a red coat; and whatever native good sense might point out as deficient in her own appearance, she felt assured that he was, of all other men, "goodliest, best;" and every idea she ever afterwards formed of heroes and demigods, was grounded on this stranger, and never failed to be drest in a red coat, with a hat and feather, and a pair of most delicate white gloves.

All sublunary bliss is fleeting; on the very night of the first race-ball, her worthy patroness was taken extremely ill, and it was not possible to leave her bedside the remainder of the week; at the end of it she expired, recommending poor Ellen to the protection of her husband; and a mournful cavalcade returned to Gllynferrin, lamenting the loss of its worthy mistress.

Mr. Montgomery deeply regretted the companion of thirty years standing, and
324 says she to her neighbour, what?

retained Ellen, to lament with her their equal loss; her stay at Glynferrin appeared natural and proper, to the virtuous and simple people around them; to have left the squire in his distress, would have appeared to them the very height of cruelty and ingratitude.

After a few months, poor Ellen was called to share the cares of her mother, who was attending the couch of her father, now in a rapid decline—the good pastor died, leaving his family to struggle with the world, as many other good pastors are daily doing around him.

Mr. Montgomery bought a commission for one son, and sent the other to college; but what to do with the widow and her daughter, he knew not—he could give them an annuity, and send them to the nearest market-town; but he did not want to part with Ellen entirely; yet he could not take her back into his house, now she had once left it; she was a very handsome young woman; the squire had been hand-
some, and was not willing to believe himself an old man, though he had many ailments; besides, he wished for an heir.

The squire made Ellen the offer of his hand.

"her mother did na speak,
But she luiked in her face, till her heart was like to break."

Ellen was married, became a grand lady, was called Pamela by all the neighbouring gentry, and determined to think herself very happy; the kindness of her husband to her mother and brothers awoke her gratitude; and the pains she took to prove it ensured the esteem of her husband; and if she had been a mother, it is probable she would have forgot to dream of race-balls and scarlet jackets; but deprived of that enjoyment, there were times when such things occupied her imagination: happily her husband had too good an understanding to expose either his wife or himself to the world; he indulged Ellen in books, furniture, and fine clothes, without end; he led her taste, and partook her pursuits.
326 says she to her neighbour, what?
directed her benevolence, and praised her
virtues; but he never left Glynferrin, till
ordered to Bath as the last resort; and his
mother-in-law, who was younger than him,
having died of the same complaint in his
house, and life being endeared by the
kindness of his unsophisticated wife, who
tenderly urged him to depart, he set out,
with some hopes that he should return with
a new lease of his life; but a short time
elapsed ere he found his mistake, and pre-
pared himself for rejoining the companion
of his longer pilgrimage, by giving to his
shorter fellow-traveller the whole of his
fortune, save two legacies of a thousand
pounds each to her brothers, and proper
annuities to his old Welsh servants.

Before he died, he earnestly entreated
Ellen to fix on some lady of character
and consequence, on whose friendship
she could rely, to direct her future
conduct and establishment; as he spoke
these words, "remember, my good girl,
that you are yet a child in the world," it
crossed his mind that he had left it too
much in Ellen's power to throw away the fortune he had left her, and that prudence would have prescribed a boundary for her own security: the idea agitated him, and he gave orders for a new testament of his effects; but before it could be prepared, the solicitude he evinced, encreasing with the consciousness that his time would scarcely permit him the power of changing the disposal he condemned, the effect he dreaded was produced; he fell into convulsions, and expired, with the unfinished document lying on his bed; and of course the first stood good, and gave unlimited freedom to his widow.

Amongst the many who paid their compliments of condolence to Mrs. Montgomery, none appeared to her so nearly to answer the description of the friend her honoured husband had pointed out to her as lady Llanberry; with the frankness of untutored feeling, she revealed her wishes to that lady, who, having turned over the advantages arising from the disposal of Mrs. Montgomery's purse, most graciously
acceded to her wishes; and after informing her that as it was impossible for her to be seen for three months, she would advise her to spend them at Gllynferrin; at the end of that time, she promised to take a house for her in town, and introduce her to her friends; adding, "that when the multiplicity of her engagements should prevent her from attending to dear Mrs. Montgomery, one of her daughters would have that pleasure."

"But, dear madam, I shall stay a twelve-month at least at Gllynferrin; and if the young ladies would partake my solitude."

Lady Llanberry could not spare her dear children so long a time; Ellen did not feel surprised at that; so she returned alone to Gllynferrin, where she read novels with such avidity, that the time passed sooner than she was aware (for it was the first period of her life she had ever been allowed to indulge in this mode of passing time); but not till she had, in her own mind, imbibed such a knowledge of fashionable life, as
would fit her for the circles in which she prepared to move, and, of course, to shine; in all the novels she had read, she was mortified to find that widows were always either women in great distress, with children to provide for, and a husband over whom they were perpetually weeping, or they were elegant, fashionable, designing belles, who ridiculed the women, fascinated the men, displayed talents without bounds, and wit without meaning, played like angels, sung like syrens, danced like players, poetized like *improvisatoire*, and conducted themselves like courtesans. Mrs. Montgomery felt that she could not possibly assume either of these characters—she was rich, she had no children, she honoured, and even loved the memory of her husband, but she could not weep over him; so that she had no right to excite the tender interest felt for the first character; and her education, her modesty, and her principles, alike unfitted her for the other; yet she hoped to be *somebody* too.

This hope was not blasted; an elegant
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house, fitted up in the first style of fashion, elegant entertainments, and the elegant Harriet as a companion, would alone have procured Mrs. Montgomery that attention lady Llanberry had promised her; but she had a still further title to it—she was handsome and good-humoured; and though not accomplished, she was well informed; for she had been the pupil of an excellent scholar and sensible man, through all those years when the mind unites the docility of youth with the maturity of ripened judgment; and the simplicity and innocence of her character, by presenting novelty, supplied the place of more alluring manners.

Such was the lady to whom Miss Beau-marris dedicated those hours she could not bestow more agreeably, and where she, one morning, took Charles: on their way thither, she perceived a curricle before them, in which she pointed out a young nobleman, who, at nineteen, had just given to the world a volume of poems which promised far higher things, which he is at this moment realizing; she observed, "that
he had lately been introduced to Mrs. Montgomery, and as she was a prodigious admirer of poetry, and all that, she should not wonder if he was going to her at that moment;" adding, "I wish he may, for the sake of that divine fellow with him."

"Who is that divine fellow, pray? and I may ask, in what does his divinity consist? for my optics are too dull to discover anything more than a tolerably handsome man."

"Oh, ridiculous! you are jealous, or you must see that he has the most exquisite whiskers in town—then he dances divinely—he has the finest ankle that ever was seen, and the sauciest kind of fashionable smile that ever was sported."

"But all this does not tell me who he is."

"Oh, I had forgot! colonel Eldricke is the second son of viscount Perceval; he is very poor, but he contrives to be very dashing; that curricle is his, in which he drives lord Byrelend; but see, they stop at Mrs. Montgomery's—Oh, 'tis a fine thing to be a widow with a large fortune!"

In a few minutes the parties were intro-
duced to each other; and when Miss Beaumarris received the presentation of the colonel, he said, “that to him the introduction was almost unnecessary, as he recognised, in the lady before him, the features of his dear friend Wallingford's too beautiful bride.”

From any other lips, Harriet would have shrank at the name of Wallingford, but they “could not fail to move;” so she inquired of the colonel “if he had seen Mrs. Wallingford lately?”

“About two hours ago.”

“I hope,” said Charles, “my cousin is well?”

“So, so; the lady is as 'women wish to be who love their lords;' but, alas! the lord of her bosom is not precisely as she could wish him to be, we all know; but in spite of the injustice of fortune, I hope she will yet be happy.”

“Gie fools their silk, an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that,”

sung lord Byreland.
While Charles, after a moment's thought, said—

"Have you never seen your sister since her marriage?"

"Certainly not; the thing was impossible, you know."

"You are undoubtedly very delicately situated; but judging from my own feelings, I could have pardoned you, even of a breach of paternal duty, from such a cause."

"And I should adore the breach, should worship the imperfection," cried the colonel.

"Very natural all that in you, colonel," said his lordship; "for such things are the general objects of your devotion; but it may be equally in character for Mr. Beau-marris barely to forgive that which you stipulate, to endure that which you delight in, and to breathe the sigh of pity, where you would inhale the stream of rapture."

"You are a satyrist by profession, my Lord; but I cannot forgive you for rallying me before two ladies, whom, of all others, I am most anxious to interest, either for
my own sake, or those very dear to me—and of a gentleman I am compelled to esteem."

Such a compliment from one notorious for the affectation of apathy, and the look of sauciness, as Harriet aptly expressed it, was too flattering not to obtain the smile and bow it claimed; but Charles was more open in his expression of pleasure, and declared that he should be happy to cultivate the colonel's acquaintance, adding, "I am persuaded you can do me a great favour, colonel, and I am impatient to put your friendship to the test."

The colonel, with great sincerity, assured Mr. Beaumarris that "he was still more impatient;" and an appointment was immediately made, with great earnestness on both sides.

"How I do love the ebullition of generous spirits! the union of kindred minds!" exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery, with the eager enthusiasm of her country; "'tis like the union of two mountain-streams, to fertilize the vale below."
“Or rather,” said lord Byreland, “‘tis like the mountain-torrent, clear with innocence, swollen by benevolence, and hurried forward by inexperience, till it falls into the murky river, imbibes its impurity, partakes its course, and falls with it into the ocean of destruction.”

"'Tis a thousand pities, my lord, that the poets, by being known dealers in fiction, are perpetually exposed to the fate of Cassandra," said Miss Beaumarris, smiling on the colonel, which smile revived him; for he had appeared to shrink under the lash of the young poet, whose doctrines, like many graver preachers, were better than his practice. The colonel arose, and inquired "if he might be allowed to hold out hope to Mrs. Wallingford, that her sister would condescend to cheer her solitude?" Harriet was well aware that her sister would not mistake the motives of her visit, but she perceived that she should secure two admirers by the action, and she would have risked it for one, at any time; she therefore told the colonel emphatically,
"she would see her sister at two to-mor-
row," and from this time might be dated
Harriet's sisterly attentions to Mrs. Walling-
ford, colonel Eldricke's attentions to Mrs.
Montgomery's estate, to the person of
Miss Beaumarris, and to the ready cash of
Mr. Charles Beaumarris, who met him ac-
cording to appointment, concerted with
him the means of purchasing a majority
for captain Wallingford; and was intro-
duced by him to a select party, where he
found himself obliged to lose a few hun-
dreds, though he disliked play, and was by
no means pleased with the company to
whom he was introduced; but, as the colo-
nel, by conducting this business of pur-
chase, and promising profound secrecy,
had obliged him, so he was under the ne-
cessity of obliging the colonel, whose very
particular friends found his loose cash a
temporary accommodation.

END OF VOL. III.