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PRECAUTION,

A

NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ I cannot forbear to flatter myself, that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. What can be expected, but disappointment and repentance, from a choice made in the immaturity of youth — without judgment — without foresight — without inquiry after conformity of opinions — rectitude of judgment — or purity of sentiment ? ”

RASSELAS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1821.

W. B. ALLEN

1840

IN THREE VOLUMES

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF
HIS MAJESTY
GEORGE THE THIRD
FROM HIS ASCENSION TO THE THRONE
TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR EXETER

1760

1770

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. NICHOLS AND SON, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

PRECAUTION.

CHAPTER I.

“I WONDER if we are to have a neighbour at the Deanery soon,” inquired Clara Moseley, addressing herself to a small party, assembled in her father’s drawing room; while standing at a window which commanded a distant view of the mansion in question.

“Oh yes,” replied her brother, “the agent has let it to a Mr. Jarvis, for a couple of years, and he is to take possession this week.”

“And who is the Mr. Jarvis that is about to become so near a neighbour to us?” asked Sir Edward Moseley of his son.

“Why, sir, I learn he has been an eminent merchant, who has retired from business with a large fortune; that he has, like yourself, an only hope for his declining years, in his son — an officer in the army; and, moreover, that he has two fine daughters; so, sir, he is a man of family, you see. But,” dropping his voice, “whether he is a man of family in your sense, Jane,” looking at his second sister, “is more than I could discover.”

“I hope you did not take the trouble, sir, to inquire on my account,” retorted Jane, colouring slightly with vexation at his speech.

“Yes, but indeed I did, my dear sister, and solely on your account,” replied the laughing brother, “for you well know, that no gentility — no husband; and it’s dull work to you young ladies, without at

least a possibility of matrimony: as for Clara, she is —— ”

Here he was stopped, by his youngest sister Emily placing her hand on his mouth, as she whispered in his ear, “ John, you forget the anxiety of a certain gentleman about a fair incognita at Bath, and a list of inquiries concerning her lineage, and a few other indispensables.” John, in his turn, coloured, and affectionately kissing the hand which kept him silent, again addressed himself to Jane, who, by his vivacity and good humour, was soon restored to complacency.

“ I rejoice, however,” said Lady Moseley, “ that Sir William has found a tenant; for, next to occupying the Deanery himself, it is a most desirable thing to have a good neighbour there, as an accession to our social circle.

“ And Mr. Jarvis, by John’s account, has the great goodness of money,” dryly observed Mrs. Wilson, a sister of Sir Edward.

“Let me tell you, madam,” observed the Rector of the parish, looking round him pleasantly, “that a great deal of money is a very good thing in itself, and that a great many very good things may be done with it.”

“Such as paying tithes, eh! Doctor,” cried Mr. Haughton, a gentleman of landed property in the neighbourhood, of plain exterior, but great goodness of heart; and between whom, and the Rector, subsisted the most cordial good will.

“Aye, tithes, or halves, as the Baronet did here, when he forgave old Gregson one half his rent, and his children the other.”

“Well but my dear,” said Sir Edward to his wife, “you must not starve our friends because we are to have a neighbour — William has stood with the dining-room door open these five minutes —”

Lady Moseley gave her hand to the Rector, and the company followed, without any order, to the dinner-table.

The party assembled round the hospitable board of the Baronet, was composed, beside the before-mentioned personages, of the wife of Mr. Haughton — a woman of much good sense and modesty of deportment; their daughter, — a young lady conspicuous for nothing but good nature; and the wife and son of the Rector — the latter, but lately admitted into holy orders.

The remainder of the day was passed in that uninterrupted flow of pleasant conversation, which is the natural consequence of an unison of opinion on all leading questions, where parties have long known, and esteemed each other, for those qualities which soonest reconcile us to the common frailties of our nature. On parting at the usual hour, it was agreed to meet that day week at the Rectory; and the Doctor, on making his bow to Lady Moseley, observed, that, in virtue of his office, he intended to make an early call on the Jarvis family; and, if possible, he would

persuade them to join the intended party at his house.

Sir Edward Moseley was descended from one of the most respectable creations of his order by James, and had inherited, with many of the virtues of his ancestors, an estate, which ranked him amongst the greatest landed proprietors in the county. But, as it had been an invariable rule of the family, never to deduct a single acre from the inheritance of the eldest son; and the extravagance of his mother, who was the daughter of a nobleman, had much embarrassed the affairs of his father.—Sir Edward, on coming into possession of his estate, had wisely determined to withdraw from the gay world, by letting his house in town, and retiring altogether to the paternal mansion, distant about a hundred miles from the metropolis. Here he hoped, by a course of systematic, but liberal economy, to relieve himself from all embarrassment; and eventually, make such provision for

his younger children — the three daughters already mentioned—as he conceived their birth entitled them to expect. Seventeen years having enabled him to accomplish this plan, Sir Edward had, for more than eighteen months, resumed the wonted hospitality of his family; and even promised his delighted girls to take possession, the ensuing winter, of his house in St. James's Square. Nature had not qualified Sir Edward for great exertions; and the prudent decision he had taken to retrieve his fortunes, was perhaps an act of forecast, and vigour, fully equal to his talents, or his energy: for, had it required a single particle more of enterprise, or calculation, it would have been beyond his powers—and the heir might have yet laboured, under the difficulties which distressed his more brilliant, but less prudent parent.

The baronet was warmly attached to his wife—a woman of many valuable, and no obnoxious qualities. Courteous, habi-

tually attentive to all around her, and perfectly impartial in her attachments to her own family, nothing in nature could partake more of perfection in the eyes of her husband and children, than the conduct of this beloved relative. Yet Lady Moseley had her failings, although few were disposed to view her errors with the severity which truth requires, and a just discrimination of character renders necessary. Her union had been one of love, and for a time, was resisted by the friends of her husband, on the ground of fortune. Constancy and perseverance, had however finally prevailed; and the protracted and inconsequent opposition of his parents, left no other effect than an aversion in their children to the exercise, or even influence of parental authority, in marrying their own descendants.—In the husband, this aversion was quiescent; but in the wife, slightly shaded with the female *esprit du corps*, of having her daughters comfortably established—and that, in

due season. Lady Mosely was religious—but hardly pious; she was charitable in deed—but not always in opinion; her intentions were pure—but neither her prejudices, nor her reasoning powers, suffered her to be at all times consistent: yet few knew but loved her, and no one could impeach her breeding, her morals, or her disposition.

The sister of Sir Edward had been married, early in life, to an officer in the army, who, spending much of his time abroad on service, had left her a prey to all the solicitude of ardent conjugal attachment—to find relief from which, an invaluable friend had pointed out the only true course her case admitted—a research into her own heart, and the employment of active benevolence. The death of her husband, who lost his life in battle, causing her to withdraw in a great measure from the world, gave time for, and induced those reflections, which led to impressions on the subject of religion—correct in

themselves, and indispensable as the basis of future happiness—but slightly tinctured with the sternness of her vigorous mind: and possibly, at times, more unbending than was compatible with the comforts of this world—a fault, however, of manner, and not of matter. Warmly attached to her brother, and his children, Mrs. Wilson—who had never been a mother herself, had yielded to their entreaties to become one of the family; and although left by the late General Wilson with a large income, she had since his death given up her establishment, devoting most of her time, to the formation of the character of her youngest niece. Lady Moseley had submitted this child entirely to the control of her aunt, and it was commonly thought, that Emily would inherit the very handsome sum left at the disposal of the General's widow.

Both Sir Edward and Lady Moseley had possessed, when young, a large share of personal beauty, which had descended

in common to all their children—but more particularly to the youngest daughter. Although a strong family resemblance, both in person and in character, was perceptible, yet it existed—with shades of distinction, producing different effects on their conduct, and which led to results that stamped their lives with widely-differing degrees of happiness.

Between the families at Moseley Hall and the Rectory, there had existed for many years, an intimacy, founded on esteem and long intercourse. Doctor Ives was a clergyman of deep piety, and very considerable talent; he possessed, in addition to a moderate benefice, an independent fortune in right of his wife, who was the only child of a distinguished naval officer. Both were well connected, well bred, and well disposed to their fellow creatures. They were blessed with but one child—the young divine we have mentioned, who promised to equal his father in all those qualities which had

made the Doctor the delight of his friends, and almost the idol of his parishioners.

Between Francis Ives, and Clara Moseley, there existed an attachment, which had grown with their years from childhood. He had been her companion in their youthful recreations—had espoused her little quarrels, and participated in her innocent pleasures for so many years—and with such evident marks of her preference—that on leaving college to enter on the studies of his sacred calling with his father, Francis rightly judged, that none other would make his future life so happy as the mild, the tender, the unassuming, and retiring Clara. Their passion, if so gentle a feeling could deserve the term, had received the sanction of their parents, and they waited only the establishment of the youthful divine to perfect their union.

The retirement of Sir Edward's family had been uniform, with the exception of occasional visits to an aged uncle of his wife, who, in return, spent much of his

time with them at the Hall, and had announced his intention of making the children of Lady Moseley his heirs. The visits of Mr. Benfield were always hailed, as calling forth more than ordinary gaiety; for although somewhat rough in manner, from the cynical indulgence of an old bachelor, he retained a partiality for the customs of his youth. He was fond of dwelling on the scenes of former days; and when intimately known, was generally beloved, for his unbounded, though singular philanthropy.

The illness of the mother-in-law of Mrs. Wilson had called her to Bath, in the winter preceding the spring of the year at which our history commences, and she had been accompanied by her nephew, and favourite niece. John and Emily, during the month of their residence in that city, were in the practice of making daily excursions in its environs; and it was in one of these little tours, that they were accidentally of service, to a young, and very beauti-

ful woman, apparently in low health. They had taken her up in their carriage, during a faintness which had come over her in walking, and conveyed her to a farmhouse, where she resided; and her beauty, air, and manner — altogether so different from those around her — had interested them both to an anxious degree. They had ventured to call the following day, to inquire after her welfare, and this led to a slight intercourse, that continued for the fortnight during which they remained there.

John had given himself some trouble to ascertain who she was, but in vain. All they could learn was, that her life was blameless. She saw no one but themselves, and her dialect raised a conjecture that she was not English. To this then, it was, that Emily had alluded, in her playful attempt to stop the heedless rattle of her brother — not always restrained, by a proper regard for the feelings of others.

CHAPTER II.

ON the morning, succeeding the day of the dinner at the Hall, Mrs. Wilson, with her nieces and nephew, availed themselves of the fineness of the weather to walk to the Rectory, where they were in the frequent habit of making such friendly visits. They had just cleared the little village of B——, which lay in their route, as a very handsome travelling carriage and four passed them, and took the road which led to the Deanery.

“As I live,” cried John, “there go our new neighbours, the Jarvises; yes, yes, that must be the old merchant muffled up in the corner, whom I mistook at first for a pile of band-boxes; then the rosy-cheeked

lady, with so many feathers, must be the old lady—heaven forgive me, Mrs. Jarvis I mean—ay, and the two others, the belles.”

“You are in a hurry to pronounce them belles, John,” cried Jane; “it would be well to see more of them, before you speak so decidedly”

“Oh!” replied John, “I have seen *enough* of them; and”—he was interrupted by the whirling of a tilbury—driven with a leader as tandem—followed by a couple of servants on horseback. All about this vehicle bore the stamp of decided fashion, and the party followed it with their eyes for a short distance, when having reached a branch in the road, it stopped, and evidently waited the coming up of the pedestrians, as if to make an inquiry. A single glance of the eye was sufficient to apprise the gentleman on the low cushion, of the kind of people he had to deal with; stepping from the carriage, he met the party with a graceful bow, and apologizing

for troubling them, requested to know which road led to the Deanery. "The right, Sir," replied John, returning his salutation.

"Ask them, Colonel," cried the charioteer, "whether the old gentleman went right, or not."

The Colonel, in the manner of a perfect gentleman, but with a look of compassion for his companion's want of tact, made the desired inquiry; which being satisfactorily answered, he again bowed, and was retiring, as one of several pointers who followed the cavalcade sprang upon Jane, and soiled her walking dress with his dirty feet.

"Come hither Dido," cried the Colonel, as he hastened to beat the dog back from the young lady, again apologizing in the same collected and handsome manner—and turning to one of the servants, said, "call in the dog, Sir," and rejoined his companion. The air of this gentleman was peculiarly pleasant; he was obviously

military — even had he not been addressed as such by his younger, though less polished companion. The Colonel was apparently about thirty, of extremely handsome face and figure; while his driving friend, appeared several years younger, and of different materials altogether.

“ I wonder,” said Jane, as they turned a corner which hid them from view, “ who they are ?” “ Who they are,” replied her brother, “ why the Jarvises to be sure; did’nt you hear them ask the road to the Deanery ?”

“ Oh ! the one that drove, *he* may be a Jarvis, but not the gentleman who spoke to us — surely not, John; he was called Colonel, you know.”

“ Yes, yes,” said John, with one of his quizzing expressions, “ Colonel Jarvis,— that must be the alderman; they are commonly colonels of city volunteers: yes, that must have been the old gentleman who spoke to us, and I was right about the band-boxes.”

“ You forget,” said Clara, with a smile, “ the polite inquiry concerning the old gentleman.”

“ Ah ! true ; who can this Colonel be then ? for young Jarvis is only a captain, I know ; who do you think he is, Jane ?”

“ How do you think I can tell you, John ? But whoever he is, he owns the tilbury, although he did not drive it, and he is a gentleman, both by birth and manners.”

“ Why, Jane, if you know so much, you might know more, but it is all guess with you.”

“ No, it is not guess—I am sure of it.”

The aunt and sisters, who had taken little interest in the dialogue, looked at her with some surprise, which John observing, he exclaimed,

“ Poh ! she knows no more than we all know.”

“ Indeed I do.”

“ Poh, poh,” continued her brother, “ if you know, tell.”

“ Why, the arms were different, then.”

John laughed as he said, "that is a good reason, to be sure, for the tilbury being the colonel's property; but now for his blood: how did you discover that, sis, by his gait and movements?"

Jane, colouring a little, laughed faintly, as she said, "the arms on the tilbury, had six quarterings." Emily now laughed, and Mrs. Wilson and Clara smiled, while John continued his teasing, until they reached the Rectory.

While chatting with the doctor and his wife, Francis returned from his morning ride, and told them the Jarvis family had arrived; but he had witnessed an unpleasant accident to a tilbury, in which were Captain Jarvis, and a friend, Colonel Egerton. In turning in at the Deanery gate, the carriage had upset; and the Colonel received some injury to his ankle: nothing, however, serious he hoped, but such as to put him under the care of the young ladies, probably for a few days.

After the usual exclamations which fol-

low such details, Jane ventured to inquire of the young divine who Colonel Egerton was : “ Why, I learnt from one of the servants, that he is a nephew of Sir Edgar Egerton, and a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay or furlough, or some such thing.”

“ How did he bear his misfortune, Mr. Francis ?” inquired Mrs. Wilson.

“ Certainly as a gentleman, madam, if not as a Christian,” replied the young clergyman, smiling ; “ indeed, most men of gallantry would, I believe, rejoice in an accident, which draws forth so much sympathy as the Miss Jarvises manifest.”

“ How fortunate you should all happen to be near,” said Clara, compassionately.]

“ Are the young ladies pretty ?” asked Jane, with something of hesitation in her manner.

“ Why, I rather think they are ; but I took very little notice of their appearance, as the colonel was really in evident pain.”

“ This, then,” said the Doctor, “ affords me an additional excuse for calling on them

at an early day, so I'll e'en go to morrow."

"I trust Doctor Ives wants no apologies for performing his duty," said Mrs. Wilson.

"He is fond of making them, though," said Mrs. Ives, speaking with a benevolent smile, and for the first time in the conversation.

It was then arranged, that the rector should make his official visit, as intended, by himself; and on his report the ladies would act.

After remaining at the Rectory an hour, they returned to the hall, attended by Francis.

The next day, the doctor announced that the Jarvis family were happily settled, and the colonel in no danger, excepting from the fascinations of the damsels, who took such evident care of him, that he wanted for nothing; they might, therefore, drive over whenever they pleased, without fear of intruding unseasonably.

Mr. Jarvis received his guests with the

frankness of good feelings, if not with the polish of high life; while his wife, who seldom thought of the former, would have been mortally offended with the person who could have suggested, that she omitted any of the elegancies of the latter. Her daughters were rather pretty, but wanted, both in appearance and manner, that inexpressible air of *haut ton*, which so eminently distinguished the easy, but polished deportment of Colonel Egerton, whom they found reclining on a sofa, with his leg in a chair, amply secured in numerous bandages, but unable to rise.

Notwithstanding the awkwardness of his situation, he was by far the least disconcerted person of the party; and having pleasantly excused his dishabille to the ladies, appeared to think no more of his accident, or its effects.

The Captain, Mrs. Jarvis, remarked, had gone out with his dogs, to try the grounds around them, "for he seems to live only with his horses and his gun."

“young men, my lady, now-a-days, appear to forget that there are any things in the world but themselves; now I told Harry, that your ladyship and daughters would favour us with a call this morning—but no: there he went, as if Mr. Jarvis was unable to buy us a dinner, and we should all starve but for his quails and pheasants.”

“Quails and pheasants!” cried John, in consternation; “does Captain Jarvis shoot quails and pheasants, at this time of the year?”

“Mrs. Jarvis, Sir,” said Colonel Egerton, with a correcting smile, “understands the allegiance due from us gentlemen to the ladies, better than the rules of sporting; my friend, the captain, has taken his fishing-rod, I believe, madam.”

“It is all one, fish or birds,” cried Mrs. Jarvis; “he is out of the way when he is wanted most, and I believe we can buy fish as easily as birds; I wish he

would pattern after yourself, colonel, in these matters."

Colonel Egerton laughed pleasantly, but did not blush at this open compliment to his manners; and Miss Jarvis observed—with a look of something like admiration thrown on his reclining figure, that when Harry had been in the army as long as his friend, he would know the usages of good society, she hoped, as well.

"Yes," said her mother, "the army is certainly the place to polish a young man;" and turning to Mrs. Wilson, "your husband, I believe, was in the army, ma'am?"

"I hope," said Emily, hastily, "that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon, Miss Jarvis, at the Hall"—preventing the necessity of a reply from her aunt. The young lady promised to be early in her visit, and the subject changed to a general, and uninteresting discourse on the neighbourhood, country, weather, and other ordinary topics.

“Now, John,” cried Jane in triumph, as they drove from the door, “you must acknowledge my heraldic witchcraft, as you are pleased to call it, is right for once at least.”

“Oh! no doubt, Jenny,” said John, who was accustomed to use that appellation to her as a provocation, when he wished what he called an enlivening “spirt;” but Mrs. Wilson put a stop to it, by a remark to his mother, and the habitual respect of both the combatants kept them silent.

Jane Moseley was endowed by nature with an excellent understanding, at least equal to that of her brother, but wanted the more essential requisites of a well-governed mind. Masters had been provided by Sir Edward for all his daughters; and if they were not acquainted with the usual acquirements of young women in their rank in life, it was not his fault. His system in economy had not embraced a denial of opportunity to any of his chil-

dren; and the baronet was apt to think that all *was* done, when they were put where all *might* be done. Feeling herself and her parents, by their birth and rank, entitled to enter into the gaieties and splendour of the richer families in their vicinity, Jane, who had grown up during the temporary eclipse of Sir Edward's fortunes, had occasionally sought that self-consolation so common to people in her situation, which is to be found in reviewing the former grandeur of their house, and had thus contracted a degree of family pride.

If Clara's weaknesses were less striking than those of Jane, it was because she had less imagination; and in ardently loving Francis Ives, she had so long admired a character where so little was to be found that could be censured—that she might be said to have contracted a habit of judging correctly, without being able, at all times, to give a reason for her conduct or opinions.

CHAPTER III.

THE day fixed for one of the stated visits of Mr. Benfield had now arrived, and John, with Emily, who was the old bachelor's favourite niece, went in the baronet's post-chaise to the town of F——, a distance of twenty miles, to meet and convey him the remainder of his journey to the Hall—it being a settled rule with the old gentleman, that his carriage-horses should return to their own stables every night, where he conceived they could alone find that comfort and care, to which their age, and services, gave them a claim. The day was uncommonly pleasant, and the young people in high spirits, with the expectation of meeting their re-

spected relative, whose absence had been prolonged by a severe fit of the gout.

“ Now, Emily,” cried John, as he fixed himself comfortably by the side of his sister, in the chaise, “ let me know, honestly, how you like the Jarvises, and the handsome colonel.”

“ Then, John, honestly, I neither like, nor dislike, the Jarvises, or the handsome colonel, if you must know.”

“ Well, then, there is no great diversity in our sentiments—as Jane would say.”

“ John !”

“ Emily !”

“ I do not like to hear you speak so disrespectfully of our sister, and one, I am sure, you love as tenderly as myself.”

“ I acknowledge my error,” said the brother, taking her hand affectionately, “ and will endeavour to offend no more ; but this Colonel Egerton, sister, he is certainly a gentleman, both by blood and in manners, as Jane”—Emily interrupted him with a laugh at his forgetfulness,

which John took very good-naturedly, as he repeated his observation without alluding to their sister.

“Yes,” said Emily, “he is genteel in his deportment, if that be what you mean; I know nothing of his family.”

“Oh, I have taken a peep into Jane’s Baronetage, and I find him set down there, as Sir Edgar’s heir.”

“There is something about him,” said Emily, musing, “that I do not much admire; he is too easy — there is no nature; I always feel afraid such people will laugh at me as soon as my back is turned, and for those very things they seem most to admire to my face. If I might be allowed to judge, I should say his manner wants one thing, without which no one can be truly agreeable.”

“What’s that?”

“Sincerity.”

“Ah! that’s my great recommendation,” said John, with a laugh; “but I am afraid I shall have to take the poacher

up, with his quails, and his pheasants, indeed."

"You know the colonel explained that to be a mistake."

"What they call, explaining away; but unluckily, I saw the gentleman returning with his gun on his shoulder, and followed by a brace of pointers."

"There's a specimen of the colonel's manners then," said Emily, with a smile; "it will do, until the truth be known."

"And Jane," cried her brother, "when she saw him also, praised his good nature and consideration, in what she was pleased to call, relieving the awkwardness of my remark."

Emily finding her brother disposed to dwell on the foibles of Jane, to which at times he was rather addicted, was silent; and they rode some distance before John — ever as ready to atone as to offend, — again apologised, again promised reformation, and during the remainder of the

ride, only forgot himself twice more, in the same way.

They reached F—— two hours before the lumbering coach of their uncle drove into the yard of the inn, and had sufficient time to refresh their own horses for the journey homeward.

Mr. Benfield was a bachelor of eighty, but retained the personal activity of a man of sixty. He was strongly attached to all the fashions and opinions of his youth, during which, he had sat one session in parliament, and had been a great beau and courtier in the commencement of the reign. A disappointment in an affair of the heart, had driven him into retirement; and for the last fifty years, he had dwelt exclusively, at a seat within forty miles of Moseley Hall—the mistress of which, was the only child of his only brother. In his figure, he was tall and spare; very erect for his years: and he faithfully preserved, in his attire, servants, carriages, and every thing around him, as much of

the fashions of his youth, as circumstances would admit.

Such, then, is a faint outline of the character and appearance of the old man; who, dressed in a cocked hat, bag wig, and sword, took the offered arm of John Moseley to alight from his coach.

“ So,” cried the old gentleman, having made good his footing on the ground, as he stopped short and stared John in the face, “ you have made out to come twenty miles to meet an old cynic, have you, Sir; but I thought I bid you bring Emmy with you.”

John pointed to the window, where his sister stood, anxiously watching her uncle's movements. On catching her eye, he smiled kindly, as he pursued his way into the house, talking to himself.

“ Ay, there she is indeed; I remember now, when I was a youngster, going with my kinsman, old Lord Gosford, to meet his sister, the Lady Juliana, when she first came from school (this was the

lady whose infidelity had driven him from the world); and a beauty she was indeed, something like Emmy there, only she was taller—and her eyes were black—and her hair too, that was black—and she was not so fair as Emmy — and she was fatter — and she stooped a little—very little; oh! they are wonderfully alike though; don't you think they were, nephew?" as he stopped at the door of the room; while John, who in this description could not see a resemblance—existing no where but in the old man's affections—was fain to say, "yes; but they were related, you know, uncle, and that explains the likeness."

"True boy, true," said his uncle, pleased at a reason for a thing he wished, and which flattered his propensities; for he had once before told Emily she put him in mind of his housekeeper—a woman as old as himself, and without a tooth in her head.

On meeting his niece, Mr. Benfield,

—who like many others that feel strongly, wore in common the affectation of indifference and displeasure—yielded to his fondness, and folding her in his arms, kissed her affectionately as a tear glistened in his eye; then pushing her gently from him, he exclaimed, “come, come, Emmy, don’t strangle me, don’t strangle me girl; let me live in peace the little while I have to remain here—so,” seating himself composedly in an arm chair his niece had placed for him, with a cushion, “so, Anne writes me, Sir William Harris has let the Deanery.”

“O yes, uncle,” cried John.

“I’ll thank you, young gentleman,” said Mr. Benfield sternly, “not to interrupt me when I am speaking to a lady; that is, if you please, sir: then Sir William has let the Deanery to a London merchant—a Mr. Jarvis. Now, I knew three people of that name—one was a hackney coachman when I was a member of the parliament of this realm, and drove me often to the house; the other was valet-

de-chambre to my Lord Gosford ; and the third, I take it, is the very man who has become your neighbour. If it be the person I mean, Emmy dear, he is like—like—ay, very like old Peter, my steward.” John, unable to contain his mirth, at this discovery of a likeness between the prototype of Mr. Benfield himself, in leanness of figure, and the jolly rotundity of the merchant, was obliged to leave the room ; while Emily, smiling at the comparison, said, “ you will meet him to-morrow, dear uncle, and then you will be able to judge for yourself.”

“ Yes, yes,” muttered the old man to himself, “ very like old Peter ; as like as two peas ;” and the parallel was by no means so ridiculous as might be supposed.

Mr. Benfield had placed twenty thousand pounds in the hands of a broker, with positive orders for him to pay it over immediately for government stock, bought on his account ; but disregarding this injunction, the broker had managed the

transaction in such a way, as to postpone the payment, until, on his failure, he had given up that, and a much larger sum, to Mr. Jarvis, to satisfy what he called an honorary debt, a short time before his stoppage. It was in elucidating this transaction that Mr. Jarvis had paid Benfield Lodge a visit, and restored the bachelor his property. This act, and the high opinion he entertained of Mrs. Wilson—with his unbounded love for Emily, were amongst the few things which prevented his believing some dreadful judgment was about to visit this world, for its increasing wickedness and follies.

The horses being ready, the old bachelor was placed carefully between his nephew and niece; and in that manner they rode on quietly to the Hall, the dread of accident keeping Mr. Benfield silent the most of the way. On passing, however, a stately castle, about ten miles from the termination of their ride, he began one of his speeches with,

“Emmy dear, does my Lord Bolton come often to see you?”

“Very seldom, sir; his employments keep him much of his time at St. James’s; and then he has an estate in Ireland.”

“I knew his father well—he was distantly connected by marriage with my friend Lord Gosford; you could not remember him, I expect: (John rolled his eyes at this suggestion of his sister’s recollection of a man who had been forty years dead, as his uncle continued :) he always voted with me in the parliament of this realm; he was a thorough honest man; very much such a man to look at as Peter Johnson, my steward: but I am told his son likes the good things of the ministry—well, well—William Pitt was the only minister to my mind. There was the Scotchman they made a Marquess of, I never could endure him—always voted against him.”

“Right or wrong, uncle,” cried John, who loved a little mischief in his heart.

“ No, sir — right, but never wrong. Lord Gosford always voted against him too; and do you think, jackanapes, that my friend the Earl of Gosford and—and —myself were ever wrong? No, sir, men in my day were different creatures from what they are now : we were never wrong, sir; we loved our country, and had no motive for being in the wrong.”

“ How was it with Lord Bute, uncle ?”

“ Lord Bute, sir,” cried the old man with great warmth, “ was the minister, sir —he was the minister; ay, he was the minister, sir, and was paid for what he did.”

“ But Lord Chatham, was he not the minister too ?”

Now, nothing vexed the old gentleman more, than to hear William Pitt called by his tardy honours; and yet, unwilling to give up what he thought his political opinions, he exclaimed, with an unanswerable positiveness of argument, “ Billy Pitt, sir, was the minister, sir; but—but—but—he was *our* minister, sir.”

Emily, hurt at seeing her uncle agitated by such useless disputes, cast a reproachful glance on her brother, as she observed timidly, "that was a glorious administration, sir, I believe."

"Glorious indeed! Emmy dear," said the bachelor, softening with the sound of her voice and the recollections of his younger days, "we beat the French every where—in America—in Germany;—we took—(counting on his fingers)—we took Quebec—yes, Lord Gosford lost a cousin there; and we took all the Canadas; and we took their fleets: there was a young man killed in the battle between Hawke and Conflans, who was much attached to Lady Juliana—poor soul! how she regretted him when dead, though she never could abide him when living—ah! she was a tender-hearted creature!" For Mr. Benfield, like many others, continued to love imaginary qualities in his mistress, long after her heartless coquetry had disgusted him with her person: a kind of

feeling springing from self-love, which finds it necessary to seek consolation in creating beauties, that may justify our follies to ourselves; and which often keeps alive the semblance of the passion, when even hope or real admiration is extinct.

On reaching the Hall, every one was rejoiced to see their really affectionate and worthy relative; and the evening passed in the tranquil enjoyment of those blessings which Providence had profusely scattered around the family of the baronet; but which are often hazarded by a neglect of duty, that springs from too great security, or an indolence, which renders us averse to the precaution necessary to insure their continuance.

CHAPTER IV.

“ You are welcome, Sir Edward,” said the venerable rector, as he took the baronet by the hand ; “ I was fearful a return of your rheumatism would deprive us of this pleasure, and prevent my making you acquainted with the new occupants of the Deanery ; who dine with us to-day, and to whom I have promised, in particular, an introduction to Sir Edward Moseley.”

“ I thank you, my dear doctor,” rejoined the baronet, “ I have not only come myself, but have persuaded Mr. Benfield to make one of the party ; there he comes, leaning on Emily’s arm, and finding fault with Mrs. Wilson’s new fashioned barouche, which he says has given him cold.”

The rector received the unexpected guest with the kindness of his nature, and an inward smile, at the incongruous assemblage he was likely to have around him, by the arrival of the Jarvises, who, at that moment, drove to his door. The introductions between the baronet and the new comers having passed, Miss Jarvis made a prettily worded apology on behalf of the colonel, who was not yet well enough to come out—but whose politeness had insisted on their not remaining at home on his account—when Mr. Benfield, having composedly put on his spectacles, walked deliberately up to where the merchant had seated himself, and having examined him through his glasses to his satisfaction, took them off, and carefully wiping them, began to talk to himself as he put them into his pocket — “No, no; it’s not Jack, the hackney coachman, nor my Lord Gosford’s gentleman, but”—cordially holding out both hands, “it’s the man who saved my twenty thousand pounds.”

Mr. Jarvis, whom a kind of shame had kept silent during this examination, exchanged his greetings sincerely with his old acquaintance, who now took a seat in silence by his side; while his wife, whose face had begun to kindle with indignation at the commencement of the old gentleman's soliloquy, observing, that somehow or other, it had not only terminated without degradation to her spouse, but with something like credit, turned complacently to Mrs. Ives, with an apology for the absence of her son—"I cannot divine, ma'am where he has got to; he is ever keeping us waiting for him;" and addressing Jane, "these military men become so unsettled in their habits, that I often tell Harry he should never quit the camp."

"In Hyde Park, you should add, my dear, for he has never been in any other," bluntly observed her husband. To this speech no reply was made, but it evidently was not relished by the ladies of the

family, who were not a little jealous of the laurels of the only hero their race had ever produced. The arrival, and introduction of the captain himself, changed the discourse, which turned on the comforts of their present residence.

“Pray, my lady,” cried the captain, who had taken a chair familiarly by the side of the baronet’s wife, “why is our house called the Deanery? - I am afraid I shall be taken for a son of the church, when I invite my friends to visit my father at the Deanery.”

“And you may add, at the same time, sir, if you please,” dryly remarked Mr. Jarvis, “that it is occupied by an old man, who has been preaching and lecturing all his life; and like others of the trade, I believe, in vain.”

“You must except our good friend, the doctor here, at least, sir,” said Mrs. Wilson; and then observing her sister to shrink from a familiarity she was unused to, she replied to the captain’s question:

“The father of the present Sir William Harris, held that station in the church; and although the house was his private property, it took its name from that circumstance, and it has been continued ever since.”

“Is it not a droll life Sir William leads,” cried Miss Jarvis, looking at John Moseley, “riding about all summer, from one watering place to another, and letting his house, year after year, in the manner he does?”

“Sir William,” said Dr. Ives gravely, “is devoted to his daughter’s wishes, and since his accession to his title, has come into possession of another residence, in an adjoining county, which, I believe, he retains in his own hands.”

“Are you acquainted with Miss Harris?” continued the lady, addressing herself to Clara; and without waiting for an answer, added, “She is a great belle—all the gentlemen are dying for her.”

“Or her fortune,” said her sister, with

a contemptuous toss of the head; "for my part, I never could see any thing so captivating in her, although so much is said about her at Bath and Brighton."

"You know her then," mildly observed Clara.

"Why, I cannot say—we are exactly acquainted," hesitatingly answered the young lady, and colouring violently as she spoke.

"What do you mean, by exactly acquainted, Sally?" cried her father with a laugh; "did you ever speak to, or were you ever in a room with her in your life, unless it might be at a concert or a ball?"

The mortification of Miss Sarah, was too evident for concealment, and was happily relieved by a summons to dinner.

"Never, my dear child," said Mrs. Wilson to Emily—the aunt being fond of introducing a moral, from the occasional incidents of every-day life—"never subject yourself to a similar mortification, by commenting on the characters of those

you don't know; your ignorance makes you liable to great errors: and if they should happen to be above you in life, it will only excite their contempt, should it reach their ears; while those to whom your remarks are made, will think it envy."

"Truth, is sometimes blundered on," cried John, who held his sister's arm, waiting for his aunt to precede them to the dining room.

The merchant paid too great a compliment to the rector's dinner, to think of renewing so disagreeable a conversation; and as John Moseley and the young clergyman were seated next the two young ladies, they soon forgot what, among themselves, they would call their father's rudeness, in receiving the attentions of remarkably agreeable young men.

"Pray, Mr. Francis, when do you preach for us?" asked Mr. Haughton; "I'm very anxious to hear you hold forth from that pulpit, where I have so often heard your father with pleasure: I doubt not you will

prove orthodox, or you will be the only man, I believe, in the congregation, the rector has left in ignorance of the theory of our religion, at least."

The doctor bowed to the compliment, as he replied to the question for his son; that on the next Sunday, they were to have the pleasure of hearing Frank, who had promised to assist him on that day.

"Any prospect of a living soon?" continued Mr. Haughton, helping himself plentifully to a piece of plumb pudding as he spoke. John Moseley laughed aloud, and Clara blushed to the eyes, while the doctor, turning to Sir Edward, observed, with an air of interest, "Sir Edward, the living of Bolton is vacant, and I should like exceedingly to obtain it for my son. The advowson belongs to the Earl, who will dispose of it only to great interest, I am afraid."

Clara was certainly too busily occupied in picking raisins from her pudding, to hear this remark, but accidentally stole,

from under her long eye-lashes, a timid glance at her father, as he replied :

“ I am sorry, my dear friend, I have not sufficient interest with his lordship to apply on my own account; for he is so seldom here, that we are barely acquainted :” and the good baronet looked really concerned.

“ Clara,” said Francis Ives, in a low and affectionate tone, “ have you read the books I sent you ?” Clara answered him with a smile in the negative, but promised amendment, as soon as she had leisure.

“ Do you ride much on horseback, Mr. Moseley ?” abruptly asked Miss Sarah, turning her back on the young divine, and facing the gentleman she addressed. John, who was now hemmed in between the sisters, replied with a rueful expression, that brought a smile into the face of Emily, who was placed opposite to him—

“ Yes, ma’am, and sometimes I am ridden.”

“ Ridden, sir, what do you mean by that ?”

“Oh! only my aunt there (he whispered) gives me a lecture now and then.”

“Oh ho!” said the lady in the same tone, with a knowing leer, and pointing slyly with her finger at her own father.

“Does it feel good?” said John in the same manner, and with a look of great sympathy: but the lady, who now felt awkwardly, without knowing exactly why, shook her head in silence as she forced a faint laugh.

“Who have we here,” cried Captain Jarvis, as he looked through a window which commanded a view of the approach to the house—“the apothecary and his attendant, judging from their equipage.”

The rector threw an inquiring look on a servant, who told his master they were strangers to him.

“Have them shown up, doctor,” cried the benevolent baronet, who loved to see every one as happy as himself, “and give them some of your excellent pasty, for the credit of your cook, I beg of you;” and

this request being politely seconded by others of the party, the rector bid the servant to show the strangers in.

On opening the parlour door, a gentleman, apparently sixty years of age appeared, leaning on the arm of a youth of five-and-twenty. There was sufficient resemblance between the two, for the most indifferent observer to pronounce them father and son; but the helpless debility, and emaciated figure of the former, was finely contrasted by the vigorous health and manly beauty of the latter, who supported his venerable parent into the room, with a grace and tenderness, that struck most of the beholders with an indescribable sensation of pleasure. The doctor and Mrs. Ives rose from their seats involuntarily, and stood each for a moment, as if lost in an astonishment, that was mingled with grief. Recollecting himself, the rector grasped the extended hand of the senior in both his own, and endeavoured to utter something, but in vain—the tears

followed each other down his cheeks, as he looked on the faded and care-worn figure which stood before him ; while his wife, unable to controul her feelings, sunk back into a chair, and wept aloud.

Throwing open the door of an adjoining room, and retaining the hand of the invalid, the doctor gently led the way, followed by his wife and son ; the former, having recovered from the first burst of her sorrow, and who now, regardless of every thing else, anxiously watched the enfeebled steps of the stranger. On reaching the door, they both turned, and bowed to the company in a manner of so much dignity, mingled with sweetness, that all—not excepting Mr. Benfield, rose from their seats to return the salutation.

On passing from the dining-parlour, the door was closed, leaving the company standing round the table, in mute astonishment and commiseration at the scene they had just witnessed. Not a word had

been spoken, and the rector's family had left them without apology or explanation. Francis, however, soon returned, and was followed in a few minutes by his mother; who, slightly apologising for her absence, turned the discourse on the approaching Sunday, and the intention of her son to preach on that day.

The Moseleys were too well bred to make any inquiries, and the Deanery family appeared afraid. Sir Edward retired at a very early hour, and was followed by the remainder of the party.

"Well," cried Mrs. Jarvis, as they drove from the door, this may be good breeding; but, for my part, I think both the doctor and Mrs. Ives behaved very rude, with their crying and sobbing."

"They are nobody of much consequence," cried her eldest daughter, casting a contemptuous glance on a plain travelling chaise, which stood before the rector's stables.

"'Twas quite sickening," said Miss

Sarah, with a shrug; while her father, turning his eyes on each speaker in succession, very deliberately helped himself to a pinch of snuff—his ordinary resource against a family quarrel. The curiosity of the ladies was, however, more lively than they chose to avow; and Mrs. Jarvis bade her maid go over to the rectory that evening, with her compliments to Mrs. Ives; she had lost a lace-veil, which her maid knew, and thought she might have left it at the Rectory.

“And Jones, when you are there, you can inquire of the servants; mind of the servants—I would not distress Mrs. Ives for the world; how Mr.—Mr.—what’s his name—Lud—I have forgotten his name; just bring me his name too, Jones; and, as it may make some difference in our party, just find out how long they stay; and—and—any other little thing, Jones, which can be of use, you know.”

Off went Jones, and within an hour returned again. With an important look,

she commenced her narrative, the daughters being accidentally present.

“Why, ma’am, I went across the fields, and William was good enough to go with me; so when we got there, I rung, and they showed us into the servants’ room, and I gave my message, and the veil was not there. Lord, ma’am, there’s the veil now, on the back o’ that chair.”

“Very well, very well, Jones, never mind the veil,” cried her impatient mistress.

“So, madam, while they were looking for the veil, I just asked one of the maids what company had arrived, but—(Here Jones looked very suspiciously, and shook her head significantly) — would you think it, ma’am, not a soul of them knew. But, ma’am, there was the doctor and his son, praying and reading with the old gentleman the whole time—and”——

“And what, Jones?”

“Why, ma’am, I expect he has been a great sinner, or he would’nt want so

much praying just as he is about to die."

"Die!" cried all three at once, "will he die?"

"O yes," continued Jones, "they all agree he must die; but this praying so much is just like the criminals; I'm sure no honest person needs so much praying, ma'am."

"No, indeed," said the mother: "no, indeed," responded the daughters, as they retired to their several rooms for the night.

CHAPTER V.

THERE is something in the season of Spring which peculiarly excites the feelings of devotion. The dreariness of winter has passed, and with it the deadened affections of our nature. New life, new vigour, arise within us, as we walk abroad and feel the genial gales of April breathe upon us; and our hopes, and wishes, awakened with the revival of the vegetable world. It is then that the heart, which has been impressed with the goodness of the Creator, feels that goodness brought, as it were, in very contact with our senses. The eye loves to wander over the bountiful provisions Nature is throwing forth, in every direction, for our comfort; and

fixing its gaze on the clouds, which having lost the chilling thinness of winter, roll in rich volumes, amidst the clear and softened fields of azure, so peculiar to the season — leads the mind insensibly, to dwell on the things of another, and a better world. It was on such a day that the inhabitants of B—— thronged towards the village church, for the double purpose of pouring out their thanksgiving, and of hearing the first efforts of their rector's child, in the duties of his sacred calling.

Amongst the crowd whom curiosity or a better feeling had drawn forth, were to be seen the modern equipages of the Jarvises, and the handsome carriages of Sir Edward Moseley and his sister.

All the members of this latter family felt a lively anxiety for the success of the young divine. But knowing, as they well did, the strength of his native talents, the excellency of his education, and the fervour of his piety, it was an anxiety that partook more of hope than of fear. There

was one heart, however, amongst them, palpitating with an emotion that hardly admitted of control, as they approached the sacred edifice, and which had identified itself with the welfare of the rector's son. There never was a softer, truer heart, than that which now almost audibly beat within the bosom of Clara Moseley; and she had given it to the young divine, with all its purity and truth.

The entrance of a congregation into the sanctuary, will at all times furnish, to an attentive observer, food for much useful speculation, if it be chastened with a proper charity for the weaknesses of others; and most people are ignorant of the insight they are giving, into their characters and dispositions, by such an apparently trivial circumstance, as their weekly approach to the tabernacles of the Lord. Christianity, while it chastens and amends the heart, leaves the natural powers unaltered; and it cannot be doubted, that its operation is, or ought to be, proportionate to the abi-

lities and opportunities of the subject of its holy impression — “unto whomsoever much is given, much will be required.” But while we acknowledge, that the thoughts might be better employed, in preparing for those humiliations of the spirit, and thanksgivings of the heart, which are required of all, and are so necessary to all—we must be indulged in a hasty view of some of the personages of our history, as they entered the church of B——.

On the countenance of the baronet were the dignity and composure of a mind at peace with itself, and all mankind. His step was rather more deliberate than common—his eye rested on the pavement—and on turning into his pew, as he prepared to kneel, in the first humble petition of our beautiful service, he raised it towards the altar, with an expression of benevolence and reverence that spoke contentment, not unmixed with faith.

In the demeanour of Lady Moseley, all

was graceful and decent, although nothing could be said to be studied. She followed her husband, with a step of equal deliberation, that was slightly varied by an observance of a manner, which appeared natural to herself, but might have been artificial to another: her cambric handkerchief concealed her face, as she sunk composedly by the side of Sir Edward, in a style which showed, that while she remembered her Maker—she had not entirely forgotten herself.

The walk of Mrs. Wilson was quicker than that of her sister. Her eye directed before her, fixed, as if in settled gaze, on that eternity to which she was approaching. The lines of her contemplative face were unaltered, unless there might be traced a deeper shade of humility than was ordinarily seen on her pale, but expressive countenance. Her petition was long; and on rising from her humble posture, the person was indeed to be seen, but the soul appeared absorbed in con-

templations far beyond the limits of this sphere.

There was a restlessness and varying of colour, in the ordinarily placid Clara, which prevented a display of her usual manner; while Jane walked gracefully, and with a tincture of her mother's form, by her side. She stole one hastily withdrawn glance to the deanery pew, ere she kneeled, and then, on rising, handed her smelling-bottle, affectionately, to her elder sister.

Emily glided behind her companions, with a face beaming with looks of innocence and love. As she sunk in the act of supplication, the rich glow of her healthful cheek lost some of its brilliancy; but, on rising, it beamed with a renewed lustre, that plainly indicated a heart sensibly touched with the sanctity of its situation.

In the composed and sedate manner of Mr. Jarvis, as he steadily pursued his way to the pew of Sir William Harris, you

might have been justified in expecting the entrance of another Sir Edward Moseley, in substance, if not in externals; but his deliberate removal of the flaps of his coat, as he seated himself, when you thought him about to kneel—followed by a pinch of snuff, as he threw his eye around in examination of the building, led you at once to conjecture, that what, at first, you had mistaken for reverence, was the abstraction of some earthly calculation: and that his attendance was in compliance with custom—depending too, not a little, upon the thickness of his cushions, and the room he might find for the disposition of his unwieldy legs.

The ladies of the family followed, in garments studiously selected for the advantageous display of their persons. As they sailed into their seats, where it would seem, the improvidence of Sir William's steward had neglected some important accommodation (for some time was spent in preparation to be seated), the old lady,

whose size and flesh really put kneeling out of the question, bent forward for a moment, at an angle of eighty with the horizon ; while her daughters prettily bowed their heads—with all proper precaution for the safety of their superb millinery.

At length the rector, accompanied by his son, appeared from the vestry. There was a solemn dignity in the manner in which this pious divine entered on the duties of his profession, which struck forcibly on the imaginations of those who witnessed it; and disposed the heart to listen, with reverence and humility, to precepts that flowed from so impressive an exterior. The stillness of expectation pervaded the church ; when the pew opener led the way to the same interesting father and son, whose entrance had interrupted the guests on the preceding day at the rectory. Every eye was turned to the emaciated parent, bending into the grave, and, as it were, kept from it by

the supporting tenderness of his child. Hastily throwing open the door of her pew, Mrs. Ives buried her face in her handkerchief; and her husband had proceeded far in the morning service, before she raised it again to the view of the congregation. In the voice of the rector there was an unusual and tremulous softness. This his hearers attributed to the feelings of a father about to witness the first efforts of an only child in his arduous duties; but it was owing, in reality, to another, and a deeper cause.

Prayers were ended, and the younger Ives ascended the pulpit; for a moment he paused, and, casting one anxious glance at the pew of the baronet, commenced his sermon. He had chosen for his discourse, the necessity of placing our dependence on divine grace for happiness here, or hereafter. After having learnedly, but in the most unaffected manner, displayed the necessity of this dependence, as affording security against the evils of this

life, he proceeded to paint the hope—the resignation—the felicity, of a christian's death-bed.

Warmed by the subject, his animation had given a heightened interest to his language; and at a moment, when all around him were entranced by the eloquence of the youthful divine, a sudden, and deep-drawn sigh, drew every eye to the rector's pew. The younger stranger sat motionless as a statue, holding in his arms the lifeless body of his parent, who had fallen that moment a corpse by his side!!

All was now confusion—the almost insensible young man was relieved from his burthen—and, led by the rector, they left the church.

The congregation dispersed in silence, or assembled in little groups, to converse on the awful event they had witnessed. None knew the deceased; he was the rector's friend, and to his residence the body had been removed.

The young man was evidently his child; but here all information ended. They had arrived in a private chaise, but with post horses, and without attendants.

Their arrival at the parsonage was defiled by the Jarvis ladies, with a few exaggerations, that gave additional interest to the whole event; and which, by creating an interest with those whom gentler feelings might not have restrained from seeking to penetrate the mystery, prevented many distressing questions to the Iveses.

The body left B—— at the close of the week, accompanied by Francis Ives, and the unwearied attention of the interesting son.

The doctor and his wife went into deep mourning; and Clara received a short note from her lover, on the morning of their departure, acquainting her with his intended absence for a month, but throwing no light upon the affair.

The London papers, however, contained the following obituary notice, and which, as it could refer to no other, was universally supposed to allude to the rector's friend.

“Died, suddenly, at B——, on the 20th instant, George Denbigh, Esq. aged 63.”

CHAPTER VI.

DURING a week, the intercourse between Mosely-Hall and the Rectory, had been confined to messages and notes of inquiry after each other's welfare; but the visit of the Moseleys to the Deanery had been returned: and the day after the appearance of the obituary paragraph, they dined by invitation at the Hall.

Colonel Egerton had recovered the use of his leg, and was included in the party. Between this gentleman and Mr. Benfield, there appeared, from the first moment of their introduction, a repugnance, which rather increased than diminished, and which the old gentleman manifested by a demeanour, loaded with the overstrained

ceremony of his day; and in the colonel, only showed itself by avoiding, when possible, all intercourse with the object of his aversion.

Both Sir Edward and Lady Moseley, on the contrary, were not slow in manifesting their favourable impressions in behalf of this gentleman; the latter, in particular, having ascertained to her satisfaction, that he was the undoubted heir to the title, and, most probably, to the estates of his uncle, Sir Edgar Egerton, felt herself strongly disposed to encourage an acquaintance she found so agreeable, and to which she could see no seasonable objection.

Captain Jarvis, who was extremely offensive to her, from his vulgar familiarity, she barely tolerated, from the necessity of being civil, and preserving sociality in the neighbourhood.

She could not, indeed, help being surprised that a gentleman, so polished as the colonel, could find pleasure in an

associate like his friend, or even in the scarcely more softened females of his family; then again, the flattering suggestion would present itself, that possibly he might have seen Emily at Bath, or Jane elsewhere, and have availed himself of the acquaintance of young Jarvis to place himself in their neighbourhood.

Lady Moseley had never been vain, nor interested about the disposal of her own person, previously to her attachment to her husband; but her daughters called forth not a little of her natural pride—we had almost said selfishness.

The attentions of the colonel were of the most polished and insinuating kind; and Mrs. Wilson several times turned away in displeasure at herself, for listening with too much satisfaction to nothings, uttered in an agreeable manner; or, what was worse, false sentiments, supported with the gloss of language and fascinating deportment. The anxiety of this lady on behalf of Emily, kept her ever on the

alert, when chance, or any chain of circumstances, threw her in the way of forming new connexions.

As her charge now approached the period of life, when her sex are apt to make that choice from which there is no retreat, her solicitude to examine the characters of the men who approached her was really painful. The wishes of Lady Moseley disposed her to be easily satisfied, and her mind naturally shrunk from an investigation to which she felt herself unequal; while in Mrs. Wilson that anxious solicitude was the conviction of a sound discretion, matured by long and deep reasoning, acting upon a temper at all times ardent, and a watchfulness eminently calculated to endure to the end.

“Pray, my lady,” cried Mrs. Jarvis, with a look of something like importance, “have you made any discovery about this Mr. Denbigh, who died in the church lately?”

“I did not know, madam,” replied Lady

Moseley, "there was any discovery to be made."

"You know, Lady Moseley," said Colonel Egerton, "that in town, all the little accompaniments of such a melancholy death, would have found their way into the prints; and I suppose it is to that Mrs. Jarvis alludes."

"O yes," cried Mrs. Jarvis, "the colonel is right;" and the colonel was always right with that lady. Lady Moseley bowed with dignity, and the colonel had too much tact to pursue the conversation; but the captain, whom nothing had ever yet abashed, exclaimed, "these Denbighs could not be people of much importance—I have never heard the name before."

"It is the family name of the Duke of Derwent, I believe," dryly remarked Sir Edward.

"Oh, I am sure neither the old man or his son looked much like a duke, or so much even as an officer," cried Mrs.

Jarvis, who thought the last the next dignity in degree below nobility.

“There sat, in the parliament of this realm, when I was a member, a General Denbigh,” said Mr. Benfield, with great deliberation; “he was always on the same side with Lord Gosford and myself. He and his friend, Sir Peter Howell, who was the admiral that took the French squadron, in the glorious administration of Billy Pitt, and afterwards took an Island with this same General Denbigh: ay, the old admiral was a hearty old blade, a good deal such a looking man as my Hector would make.” Hector was his bull-dog.

“Mercy,” whispered John to Clara, “that’s your grandfather that is to be, uncle Benfield speaks of.”

Clara smiled, as she ventured to say, “Sir Peter was Mrs. Ives’s father, Sir.”

“Indeed!” said the old gentleman with a look of surprise, “I never knew that before; I cannot say they resemble each other much.”

“ Pray, uncle, does Frank look much like the family ?” said John, with an air of inflexible gravity.

“ But, Sir,” said Emily with quickness, “ were General Denbigh and Admiral Howell related ?”

“ Not that I ever I knew, Emmy dear,” he replied. “ Sir Frederic Denbigh did not look much like the admiral ; he rather resembled (gathering himself up into an air of stiff formality, and bowing to Colonel Egerton) this gentleman here.”

“ I have not the honour of the connexion,” observed the colonel, as he withdrew behind the chair of Jane.

Mrs. Wilson changed the conversation to a more general one ; but the little that had fallen from Mr. Benfield gave reason for surmising, that a connexion, in some way they were ignorant of, existed between the descendants of the veterans, and which might explain the interest they felt in each other.

During the dinner, Colonel Egerton placed

himself next to Emily ; and Miss Jarvis took the chair on his other side. He spoke of the gay world, of watering places, novels, plays — and still finding his companion reserved, and either unwilling, or unable to talk freely, he tried his favourite sentiments ; he had read poetry, and a remark he made had lighted up a spark of intelligence in the beautiful face of his companion, that for a moment deceived him ; but as he went on, to point out his favourite beauties, it gave place to that settled composure, which at last led him to imagine, that the casket contained no gem equal to the promise of its brilliant exterior.

Pausing after one of his most laboured displays of feeling and imagery, he accidentally caught the eyes of Jane fastened on him, with an expression of no dubious import, and the soldier changed his battery.

In Jane he found a more willing auditor ; poetry was the food on which she lived,

and works of imagination were her greatest delight.

An animated discussion of the merits of their favourite authors now took place ; to renew which, the colonel left the dining-room early, for the society of the ladies ; John, who disliked drinking excessively, was happy in an excuse to attend him.

The younger ladies had clustered together round a window, and even Emily in her heart rejoiced that the gentlemen had come to relieve herself and sisters from the arduous task of entertaining women, who appeared not to possess a single taste or opinion in common with themselves.

“ You were saying, Miss Moseley,” observed the colonel in his most agreeable manner, as he approached them, “ you thought Campbell the most musical poet we have ; I hope you will unite with me in excepting Moore.”

Jane coloured, as with some awkwardness she replied, “ Moore was certainly very poetical.”

“Has Moore written much?” innocently asked Emily.

“Not half so much as he ought,” cried Miss Jarvis. “Oh! I could live on his beautiful lines.” Jane turned away in disgust; and that evening, while alone with Clara, she took a volume of Moore’s songs, and very coolly consigned them to the flames. Her sister naturally asked an explanation of such vengeance.

“Oh!” cried Jane, “I can’t abide the book, since that vulgar Miss Jarvis speaks of it with so much interest. I really believe aunt Wilson is right, in not suffering Emily to read such things.” Jane had often devoured the treacherous lines with ardour, but she now shrunk with fastidious delicacy from the indulgence of a perverted taste, when exposed to her view, coupled with the vulgarity of unblushing audacity.

Colonel Egerton immediately changed the subject to one less objectionable, and spoke of a campaign he had made in

Spain. He possessed the happy faculty of giving an interest to all that he advanced, whether true or not, and as he never contradicted or even opposed, unless to yield gracefully when a lady was his opponent, his conversation insensibly attracted, by putting others in good humour with themselves.

Such a man, aided by the powerful assistants of person, manners, and no inconsiderable colloquial powers, Mrs. Wilson knew to be extremely dangerous in approaching a youthful female heart; and as his visit was to extend to a couple of months, she resolved to reconnoitre the state of her pupil's opinions in relation to their military beaux.

She had taken too much pains in forming the mind of Emily, to apprehend she would fall a victim to the eye; but she also knew, that personal grace sweetened a benevolent expression, or added force even to the oracles of wisdom.

For herself, she laboured somewhat un-

der the disadvantage of what John called a didactic manner ; and which, although she had not the ability, or rather taste, to amend, she had yet the sense to discern.

It was the great error of Mrs. Wilson, to endeavour to convince, where she might have influenced ; but her ardour of temperament, and invincible love of truth, kept her, as it were, tilting with the vices of mankind—and consequently sometimes in unprofitable combat.

With her niece, however, this never could be said to be the case. Emily knew her heart, felt her love, and revered her principles too deeply, to reject an admonition, or disregard a precept, that fell from lips she knew never spoke idly, or without consideration.

John had felt tempted to push the conversation with Miss Jarvis, and he was about to utter something rapturous respecting the melodious poison of Little's poems, as the blue eye of Emily rested on him in the fullness of sisterly affection ;

checking his love of the ridiculous, he quietly yielded to his respect for the innocence of his sisters: and, as if eager to draw the attention of all from the hateful subject, put question after question to Egerton concerning the Spaniards and their customs.

“Did you ever meet Lord Pendennyss in Spain, Colonel Egerton?” inquired Mrs. Wilson, with interest.

“Never, madam,” replied he. “I have much reason to regret, that our service laid in different parts of the country; his lordship was much with the duke, and I made the campaign under Marshal Beresford.”

Emily left the group at the window, and taking a seat on the sofa, by the side of her aunt, insensibly led her to forget the gloomy thoughts which had begun to steal over her; as the colonel, approaching where they sat, continued by asking—

“Are you acquainted with the earl madam?”

“Not in person, but by character,” said Mrs. Wilson, in a melancholy manner.

“His character as a soldier was very high. He had no superior of his years in Spain, I am told.”

No reply was made to this remark, and Emily endeavoured anxiously to draw the mind of her aunt to reflections of a more agreeable nature. The colonel, whose vigilance to please was ever on the alert, kindly aided her, and they soon succeeded.

The merchant withdrew with his family and guest, in proper season; and Mrs. Wilson, heedful of her duty, took the opportunity of a quarter of an hour's privacy in her own dressing-room in the evening, to touch gently on the subject of the gentlemen they had seen that day.

“How are you pleased, Emily, with your new acquaintances?” commenced Mrs. Wilson, with a smile.

“Oh! aunt, don't ask me,” said her niece, laughingly, “as John says, they are *new* indeed.”

“ I am not sorry,” continued the aunt, “ to have you observe more closely than you have been used to, the manners of such women as the Jarvises ; they are too abrupt and unpleasant, to create a dread of imitation ; but the gentlemen are heroes in very different style.”

“ Different from each other, indeed,” cried Emily.

“ Which do you give the preference to, my dear ?”

“ Preference, aunt !” said her niece, with a look of astonishment ; “ preference, is a strong word for either ; but I think the captain the most eligible companion of the two. I do believe you see the worst of him ; and although I acknowledge it to be bad enough, he might amend ; but the colonel” —

“ Go on,” said Mrs. Wilson.

“ Why, every thing about the colonel seems so seated, so ingrafted in his nature, so,—so very self-satisfied, that I am afraid it would be a difficult task to make the first

step in amendment—to convince him of his being in the wrong.”

“ And is he in the wrong ?”

Emily looked up from arranging some laces, with an expression of surprise, as she replied, “ did you not hear him talk of those poems, and attempt to point out several of their beauties ? I thought every thing he uttered was referred to taste, and that not a very natural one ; at least,” she added with a laugh, “ it differed greatly from mine. He seemed to forget there was such a thing as principle ; and then he spoke of some woman to Jane, who left her father for her lover, to take up with poverty and love, with so much admiration of her feelings, in place of condemning her want of filial piety ; I am sure, aunt, if you had heard that, you would not admire him so much.”

“ I do not admire him, child ; I only wish to know your sentiments, and I am happy to find them so correct. It is as you think, Colonel Egerton appears to

refer nothing to principle : even the generous feelings of our nature, I am afraid, are corrupted in him, from too much intercourse with the surface of society. There is by far too much pliability about him for principle of any kind, unless indeed it be a principle to please, no matter how.

“No one, who has deeply seated opinions of right and wrong, will ever abandon them, even in the courtesies of polite intercourse ; they may be silent, but never acquiescent.

“In short, my dear, the dread of offending our Maker, ought to be so superior to that of offending our fellow creatures, that we should endeavour, I believe, to be more unbending to the follies of the world than we are.”

“And yet the colonel is what they call a good companion—I mean a pleasant one.”

“In the ordinary meaning of the words, he is, certainly, my dear ; yet you soon

tire of sentiments which will not stand the test of examination, and of a manner you cannot but see is artificial,—he may do very well for a companion, but very ill for a friend. Colonel Egerton has neither been satisfied to yield to his natural impressions, or to obtain new ones from a proper source; he has copied from bad models, and his work must necessarily be imperfect.”

Kissing her niece, she retired into her own room, with the happy assurance, that she had not laboured in vain; but, with divine aid, had implanted a guide in the bosom of her charge, that could not fail, with ordinary care, to lead her strait through the devious paths of female duties.

CHAPTER VII.

A MONTH now passed in the ordinary avocations and amusements of a country life; during which, both Lady Moseley and Jane manifested a desire to keep up the Deanery acquaintance. This rather surprised Emily, who had ever seen her mother shrink from communications with those whose breeding subjected her own delicacy to the little shocks she could but ill conceal. And in Jane it was yet more inexplicable; for, in a decided way not unusual with her, she had avowed her disgust of the manners of these new associates on their first acquaintance: and yet Jane would now even quit her own society

for that of Miss Jarvis, especially — if Colonel Egerton were of the party.

The innocence of Emily prevented her scrutinizing the motives which could induce such a change in the conduct of her sister; contenting herself with examining her own deportment to find the latent cause, and wherever opportunity offered, of evincing the tenderness of her own affections.

For a short time, the colonel had seemed at a loss where to make his choice; but a few days determined him, and Jane was now evidently the favourite. In the presence of the Jarvis ladies, he was more guarded and general in his attentions; but as John, from a motive of charity, had taken the direction of the captain's sports into his own hands, and they were in the frequent habit of meeting at the Hall, preparatory to their morning excursions, the colonel suddenly became a sportsman. The ladies would often accompany them in their morning rides; and as John would

certainly be a baronet, and the colonel might not—should his uncle marry—he had the comfort of being sometimes ridden, as well as of riding.

One morning, having all prepared for an excursion on horseback, as they stood at the door ready to mount, Francis Ives drove up in his father's gig, and for a moment arrested their progress. Francis was a favourite with the whole Moseley family, and their greetings were warm and sincere. He found they meant to take the Rectory in their ride, and insisted that they should proceed—"Clara would take a seat with him." As he spoke, the cast of his countenance brought the colour into the cheeks of his intended, who suffered herself to be handed into the vacant seat of the gig, and they moved on.

John, who at the bottom was good-natured, and loved both Francis and Clara very sincerely, soon set Captain Jarvis and his sister what he called "scrub racing," and necessity, in some measure, compelled

the equestrians to ride fast, to keep up with the sports. "That will do, that will do," cried John, casting his eye back, and perceiving they had lost sight of the gig, and almost of Colonel Egerton and Jane, "why you ride like a jockey, captain; better than any amateur I have ever seen, unless indeed it be your sister;" and the lady, encouraged by his commendations, whipped on, followed by her brother and sister, at half speed.

"There Emily," said John, as he quietly dropped by her side, "I see no reason you and I should break our necks, to show the blood of our horses. Now do you know, I think we are going to have a wedding in the family soon?" Emily looked at him with amazement, as he went on:

"Frank has got a living; I saw it the moment he drove up. He came in like somebody. Yes, I dare say he has calculated the tythes a dozen times already."

And John was right. The Earl of Bol-

ton had, unsolicited, given him the desired living of his own parish ; and Francis was at that moment, pressing the blushing Clara to fix the day that was to put a period to his long probation in love. Clara, who had no spice of coquetry, promised to be his, as soon as he should be inducted, which was to take place the following week ; and then followed those delightful little arrangements and plans, with which youthful hope is so fond of filling up the void of future life.

“ Doctor,” said John, as he came out of the Rectory to assist Clara from the gig, “ the parson here is a careful driver ; see, he has not turn’d a hair.” He kissed the burning cheek of his sister as she touched the ground, and whispered significantly, “ you need tell me nothing, my dear—I know all—I consent.”

Mrs. Ives folded her future daughter to her bosom, as she crossed the threshold ; and the benevolent smile of the good rector, together with the kind and affectionate

manner of her sisters, assured Clara that the approaching nuptials were anticipated as a matter of course.

Colonel Egerton complimented Francis, on his preferment to the living, with the polish of high breeding, and a strong appearance of interest in what he said ; and Emily thought him at that moment, for the first time, as handsome as he was generally reputed. The ladies undertook to say something civil in their turn, and John put the captain, by a hint, on the same track.

“ You are quite lucky sir,” said the captain, “ in getting so good a living with so little trouble ; and I wish you joy of it with all my heart : Mr. Moseley tells me it is a capital good thing.”

Francis thanked him for his good wishes, and Egerton paid a handsome compliment to the liberality of the earl ; “ he doubted not he found that gratification which always attends a disinterested act ;” and Jane applauded the sentiment with a smile.

The baronet, when on their return he was made acquainted with the situation of affairs, promised Francis that no unnecessary delay should intervene, and the marriage was happily arranged for the following week.

Lady Moseley, when she retired to the drawing-room after dinner with her sister and daughters, commenced a recital of the ceremony, and company to be invited on the occasion.

Etiquette, and the decencies of life, were at once the forte, and the fault of this lady.

She had gone on, to the enumeration of about the fortieth personage in the ceremonial, before Clara found courage to say — “Mr. Ives and myself both wish to be married at the altar, and to proceed to Bolton rectory immediately after the ceremony.”

To this her mother warmly objected; and argument and respectful remonstrance had succeeded each other for some time,

before Clara submitted in silence, but with difficulty restrained her tears.

This appeal to the best feelings of the mother triumphed; and she yielded her love of splendour to her tenderness for her offspring.

Clara, with a delighted heart, kissed, and thanked her, and, accompanied by Emily, left the room.

Jane had risen to follow them, but catching a glimpse of the tilbury of Colonel Egerton, re-seated herself, calmly awaiting his entrance: "he had merely driven over, at the earnest entreaties of the ladies, to beg Miss Jane would accept a seat back with him; they had some little project on foot, and could not proceed without her assistance."

Mrs. Wilson looked gravely at her sister, as she smiled acquiescence in his wishes; and the daughter, who but the minute before had forgotten there was any other person in the world but Clara, flew for her hat and shawl, in order, as she said,

to herself, that the politeness of Colonel Egerton might not keep him in waiting for her.

Lady Moseley resumed her seat by the side of her sister, with an air of great complacency, as, having seen her daughter happily off, she returned from the window.

For some time, each was occupied quietly with her needle, for neither neglected their more useful employments in that way, in compliance with the fashions of the day; when Mrs. Wilson suddenly broke the silence with saying,

“Who is Colonel Egerton?”

Lady Moseley looked up for a moment in amazement, but recollecting herself, answered, “nephew and heir of Sir Edgar Egerton, sister.” This was spoken in a rather positive way, as if it were to be unanswerable; yet as there was nothing harsh in the reply, Mrs. Wilson continued,

“Do you not think him attentive to Jane?” Pleasure sparkled in the yet

brilliant eyes of Lady Moseley, as she exclaimed —

“Do you think so?”

“I do; and you will pardon me if I say, improperly so. I think you were wrong in suffering Jane to go with him this afternoon.”

“Why improperly so, Charlotte; if Colonel Egerton is polite enough to show Jane such attentions, should I not be wrong in rudely rejecting them?”

“The rudeness of refusing a request improper to be granted, is a very venial offence, I believe,” replied Mrs. Wilson, with a smile; “and I confess, I think it improper to allow any attentions to be forced, that may subject us to disagreeable consequences in any way; but the attentions of Colonel Egerton are becoming marked, Anne.”

“Do you for a moment doubt their being honourable, or that he dares to trifle with a daughter of Sir Edward Moseley?”

said the mother, with a shade of indignation.

“I should hope not, certainly,” replied the aunt, “although it may be well to guard against such misfortunes, too; but I am of opinion it is quite as important, to know whether he is worthy to be her husband, as it is if he be serious in his intentions of becoming so.”

“On what points, Charlotte, would you wish to be more assured? You know his birth and probable fortune—you see his manners and disposition; but these latter, are things for Jane to decide upon: *she* is to live with him, and it is proper she should be suited in these respects.”

“I do not deny his fortune or his disposition, but I complain that we give him credit for the last and more important requisites, without evidence of his possessing them. His principles, his habits, his very character, what do we know of them? I say we, for you know, Anne, that your

children are as dear to me, as my own would have been."

"I believe you sincerely," said Lady Moseley; "but these things you mention are points for Jane to decide on; if she be pleased, I have no right to complain. I am determined never to controul the affections of my children."

"Had you said, never to force the affections of your children, you would have said enough, Anne; but, to controul, or rather guide the affections of a child, especially a daughter, is a duty in some cases, as imperious as it would be to avert any other impending calamity. Surely the time to do this, is before the affections of the child are likely to endanger her peace of mind."

"I have seldom seen much good result from this interference of parents," said Lady Moseley, adhering to her opinions.

"True; for, to be of use, it should not be seen, unless in extraordinary cases. You will pardon me, Anne, but I have

often thought parents are generally in extremes ; either determined to make the election for their children, or — leaving them entirely to their own flattered vanity and experience — to govern not only their own lives, but I may say, leave an impression on future generations. And after all, what is this love ? nineteen cases in twenty, of what we call affairs of the heart, would be better termed affairs of the imagination.”

“ And, is there not a great deal of imagination in all love ? ” inquired Lady Moseley, with a smile.

“ Undoubtedly there is some ; but there is one difference, which I take to be this : in affairs of the imagination, the admired object is gifted with all those qualities we esteem, as a matter of course, and there is a certain set of females who are ever ready to bestow this admiration on any applicant for their favours, who may not be strikingly objectionable : the necessity of being courted, makes our sex rather too much disposed to admire improper suitors.”

“But how do you distinguish affairs of the heart, Charlotte?”

“Those in which the heart takes the lead — these generally follow from long intercourse, or the opportunity of judging the real character — and are the only ones that are likely to stand the test of worldly trials.”

“Suppose Emily to be the object of Colonel Egerton’s pursuit, then, sister, in what manner would you proceed, to destroy the influence I acknowledge he is gaining over Jane?”

“I cannot suppose such a case,” said Mrs. Wilson, gravely; and then observing her sister to look, as if requiring an explanation, she continued—

“My attention has been directed to the forming of such principles, and such a taste,—if I may use the expression—under these principles, that I feel no apprehension that Emily will ever allow her affections to be ensnared by a man of the evident opinions and views of Colonel Eger-

ton. I am impressed with a two-fold duty in watching the feelings of my charge; she has so much singleness of heart—such real strength of pure native feeling—that should an improper man gain possession of her affections, the struggle between her duty and her love would be weighty indeed: but should it have proceeded so far as to make it her duty to love an unworthy object, I am sure she would sink under it—while Jane would only awake from a dream, and, for a time, be wretched.”

“I thought you entertained a better opinion of Jane, sister,” said Lady Moseley, reproachfully.

“I think her admirably calculated by nature to make an invaluable wife and mother; but she is so much under the influence of her fancy, that it is seldom she gives her heart an opportunity of displaying its excellencies: and again, she dwells so much upon imaginary perfections, that adulation has become necessary to her. The man who flatters her deli-

cately, will be sure to win her esteem ; and any woman might love the being, possessed of the qualities with which she will not fail to endow him."

" I do not know that I rightly understand how you would avert all these sad consequences of improvident affection ?" said Lady Moseley.

" Prevention is better than cure — I would first implant such opinions as would lessen the danger of intercourse ; and, as for particular attentions from improper objects, it should be my care to prevent them, by prohibiting, or rather impeding, the intimacy which might give rise to them. And, least of all," said Mrs. Wilson, with a friendly smile, as she rose to leave the room, " would I suffer a fear of being impolite—to endanger the happiness of a young woman entrusted to my care."

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANCIS, who laboured with the ardour of a lover, under the influence of newly awakened stimulus, soon completed the necessary arrangements and alterations in his parsonage.

The living was a good one, and as the rector was enabled to add a very handsome annual allowance from the private fortune his wife had brought him — and Sir Edward had twenty thousand pounds in the funds for each of his daughters, the youthful couple had not only a sufficient, but an abundant provision for their station in life; and they entered on their matrimonial duties, with as great a prospect of

happiness as the chances of this world can give to health, affection, and competency.

Their union had been deferred by Dr. Ives until his son was established, with a view to keeping him under his own direction during the critical period of his early initiation in the priesthood; and, as no objection now remained, or rather, the only one he ever felt, was removed, by the proximity of Bolton to his own parish, he united the lovers at the altar of the village church, in the presence of his wife, and Clara's immediate relatives.

On leaving the church, Francis handed his bride into his own carriage, which conveyed them to their new residence, amidst the good wishes of his parishioners, and the prayers of their relatives for their happiness.

Dr. and Mrs. Ives retired to the Rectory, to the sober enjoyment of the felicity of their only child; while the baronet and his lady felt a gloom, that belied all the

wishes of the latter for the establishment of their daughters.

Jane and Emily had acted as bride's-maids to their sister, and as both the former and her mother had insisted that there should be two groom's-men as a counterpoise, John was empowered with a *carte-blanche* to make a provision accordingly.

He at first intimated his intention of calling on Mr. Benfield in that capacity, but finally settled down, to the no small mortification of the before-mentioned ladies, into writing a note to his kinsman, Lord Chatterton, whose residence was then in London.

His Lordship, in reply, after expressing his sincere regret that an accident would prevent his having the pleasure, stated the intention of his mother and two sisters to pay them an early visit of congratulation, as soon as his own health would allow of his attending them. This answer arrived

only the day preceding that fixed for the wedding, and at the very moment they were expecting his lordship in his proper person.

“There,” exclaimed Jane, in a tone of triumph, “I told you, you were silly in sending so far on so sudden an occasion; now, after all, what is to be done—it will be so awkward when Clara’s friends call to see her—Oh! John, John, you are a mar-plot.”

“Jenny, Jenny, you are a make-plot,” said John, as he coolly took up his hat to leave the room.

“Which way, my son?” said the baronet, as he met him on his own entrance.

“To the Deanery, Sir, to try to get Captain Jarvis to act as bride’s-maid—I beg his pardon, groom’s-man, to-morrow—Chatterton has been thrown from a horse, and can’t come.”

“John!”

“Jenny!”

“I am sure,” said Jane, indignation

glowing in her countenance, "that if Captain Jarvis is to be an attendant, Clara must excuse my acting. I do not choose to be associated with Captain Jarvis."

"John," said his mother, with dignity, "your trifling is unseasonable; certainly Colonel Egerton is a more fitting person on every account; and I desire, under present circumstances, you ask the colonel."

"Your ladyship's wishes are orders to me," said John, gaily kissing his hand as he left the room.

The colonel was but too happy, in having it in his power to be of service in any manner, to a gentleman he respected so much as Mr. Francis Ives, but he was the only person present at the ceremony, who did not stand within the bounds of consanguinity, to either of the parties.

He was invited by the baronet to dine at the hall, and notwithstanding the repeated injunctions of Mrs. Jarvis and her daughters, to return to them immediately with an account of the dress of the bride,

and other important items of a similar nature, the colonel accepted the invitation.

On reaching the hall, Emily retired to her own room, and on her entrance at dinner, the paleness of her cheeks and redness of her eyes, afforded sufficient proof that the translation of a companion from her own to another family, was an event, however happy in itself, not unmingled with grief, to those who were losers by the change.

The day, however, passed off tolerably well for those who are expected to be happy, when in their hearts they are really more disposed to weep than to laugh. Jane and the colonel had most of the conversation to themselves during dinner; even the joyous and thoughtless John, wore his gaiety in a less graceful manner than usual, and was observed by his aunt, to look with moistened eyes at the vacant chair a servant had, from habit, placed where Clara had been accustomed to sit.

“This beef is not done, Saunders,”

said the baronet to his butler, "or my appetite is not so good as usual to-day—Colonel Egerton, will you allow me the pleasure of a glass of sherry with you?"

The wine was drank, and the beef succeeded by game; but still Sir Edward could not eat.

"How glad Clara will be to see us all, the day after to-morrow," said Mrs. Wilson; "your new house-keepers delight so in their first efforts in entertaining their friends."

Lady Moseley smiled through her tears, and turning to her husband, said, "we will go early, my dear, that we may see the improvements Francis has been making before we dine;" the baronet nodded assent, but his heart was too full to speak; and apologising to the colonel for his absence, on the plea of some business with his people, left the room.

The attentions of Colonel Egerton to both mother and daughter were of the most delicate kind; he spoke of Clara, as

if his situation, as groom's-man to her husband, entitled him to an interest in her welfare—with John he was kind and sociable, and even Mrs. Wilson acknowledged, after he took his leave, that he possessed a wonderful faculty of making himself agreeable, and began to think that, under all circumstances, he might possibly prove as advantageous a connexion as Jane could expect to form. Had any one proposed him as a husband for Emily, her affection would have quickened her judgment, to a decision, true to the best, the only interest of her charge—the rejection of a man whose principles offered no security for his conduct.

Soon after the baronet left the room, a travelling carriage, with suitable attendants, drove to the door; the sound of the wheels drew most of the company to a window—"a baron's coronet," cried Jane, catching a glimpse of the ornaments of the harness.

“The Chattertons,” echoed her brother, as he left the room to meet them.

The mother of Sir Edward, was a daughter of this family, and sister to the grandfather of the present lord. The connexion had always been kept up with the appearance of cordiality between Sir Edward and his cousin, although their manner of living, and habits in common, were very different.

The baron was a courtier, and a placeman; his estates, which he could not alienate, produced about ten thousand a year, but the income he could, and did spend: and the high perquisites of his situation under government, amounting to as much more, were melted away, year after year, without making that provision for his daughters, which both his duty, and the observance of a solemn promise to his wife's father, required at his hands.

He had been dead about two years, and his son found himself saddled with the

support of an unjointured mother, and unportioned sisters.

Money was not the idol worshipped by the young lord, nor even pleasure; he was affectionate to his surviving parent, and his first act was to settle during his own life, two thousand pounds a year upon her, while he commenced setting aside as much more for each of his sisters annually; this abridged him greatly in his own expenditure, yet as they made but one family, and the dowager was really a *managing* woman in more senses than one—they made a very tolerable figure. The son was anxious to follow the example of Sir Edward Moseley, and give up his town-house, for at least a time; but his mother exclaimed with something like horror at the proposal,

“Why, Chatterton, would you give it up, at the moment it can be of the most use to us?” and she threw a glance at her daughters, that would have discovered her policy to Mrs. Wilson, but was lost on his

lordship; he poor soul, thinking she meant it as convenient to support the interest he had been making for the place held by his father—one of more emolument than service, or even honour.

The competitors for the situation were so equally balanced, that it was kept as it were in abeyance, waiting the arrival of some new comer to the strength of one or other of the claimants. The interest of the peer had began to lose ground at the period we speak of, and his careful mother saw new motives for her activity in providing for her children in the lottery of life.

Mrs. Wilson herself could not be more vigilant in examining the candidates for her nieces' favours, than was the dowager Lady Chatterton for those of her daughters. The task of the former lady was indeed by far the most arduous, as it involved a study of character and development of principle, while that of the latter would have been finished by the develop-

ment of a rent-roll—provided it contained five figures, in the sum total of its amount.

Sir Edward's was known to contain that number, and two of them were not cyphers. Mr. Benfield was rich, and John Moseley a very agreeable young man; weddings are the season of love, thought the prudent dowager, and Grace is extremely pretty.

Chatterton, who never refused his mother any thing in his power to grant, and who was particularly dutiful, when a visit to Moseley Hall was in the question, suffered himself to be persuaded that his shoulder was well, and they left town the day before the wedding, thinking to be in time for the gaieties, if not for the ceremony itself.

There existed but little similarity between the persons and manners of this young nobleman, and the baronet's heir. The beauty of Chatterton was almost feminine; his skin, his colour, his eyes, his teeth, were such as many a belle had sighed

after: and his manners were bashful and retiring—yet an intimacy had commenced between the boys at school, which, ripening into friendship between the young men at college, had been maintained ever since, by a perfect regard for each other's dispositions, and respect for each other's characters. With the baron, John was more sedate than ordinary—with John, Chatterton found unusual animation. But the secret charm, which John held over the young peer, was his profound respect and unvarying affection for his youngest sister Emily: for no dream of future happiness—no vision of dawning wealth—crossed the imagination of Chatterton, in which Emily was not the Fairy to give birth to the one, or the benevolent dispenser of the hoards of the other.

The arrival of this family, gave a happy relief from the oppression which hung on the spirits of the Moseleys; and their reception, was marked with the mild benevolence that belonged to the nature of the

baronet, and that *empressement* of good breeding, which so eminently distinguished the manners of his wife.

The honourable Miss Chattertons were both handsome ; but the younger was, if possible, a softened picture of her brother—there was the same retiring bashfulness, with the same sweetness of temper that distinguished the baron ; and Grace was the peculiar favourite of Emily Moseley.

Nothing of the strained or sentimental nature, which so often characterises what is called female friendship, had crept into the communications between these young women. Emily loved her sisters too well, to go out of her own family for a repository of her griefs, or a partaker in her joys. Had her life been checquered with such passions, her sisters were too near her own age, to suffer her to think of a confidence, in which the holy ties of natural affection did not give a claim to participation.

Mrs. Wilson had found it necessary to give her charge views on many subjects,

widely differing from those which Jane and Clara had been suffered to imbibe; but in no degree had she impaired the obligations of filial piety or family concord. Emily was, if any thing, more respectful to her parents, more affectionate to her friends, than any of her connexions; for in her the warmth of natural feeling was heightened by an unvarying sense of duty.

In Grace Chatterton she found, in many respects, a temper and taste resembling her own; she therefore loved her better than others who had equal claims upon her partiality from ordinary associations, and now received her with particular kindness and affection.

For a short time, the love of heraldry kept Catherine and Jane together; but Jane finding her companion's *gusto* limited chiefly to the charms of a coronet and supporters, abandoned the attempt to form a friendship in despair, and was actually on the look-out for a new candidate for the vacant station, as Colonel Egerton came

into the neighbourhood. A really delicate female mind, shrinks from the exposure of its love to the other sex, and Jane began to be less impatient, to form a connexion, which might either violate the sensibility of her nature, or lead to treachery to her friend.

“ I regret extremely, my lady,” said the dowager, as they entered the drawing-room, “ that the accident which befel Chatterton, should have kept us until too late for the ceremony ; but we made it a point to hasten with our congratulations, as soon as Astley Cooper thought it safe for him to travel.”

“ I feel indebted for your ladyship’s kindness,” replied her smiling hostess ; “ we are always happy to have our friends around us, and none more than yourself and family. We were fortunate, however, in finding a friend to supply your son’s place, that the young people might go to the altar in a proper manner—Lady Chatterton, allow me to present our friend,

Colonel Egerton"—and speaking in a low tone, and with a manner of a little consequence—"heir to Sir Edgar."

The colonel bowed gracefully, and the dowager had dropped a hasty curtsey at the commencement of the speech; but a lower bend followed the closing remark, and a glance of the eye was thrown in quest of her daughters, as if insensibly wishing to bring them to their proper places.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following morning, Emily and Grace declining the invitation to join the colonel and John in their usual rides, walked to the Rectory, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Chatterton.

The ladies felt an irresistible desire to mingle their congratulations to the new married couple, with those most interested in them; and Francis had promised his father to ride over in the course of the day.

Emily longed to inquire after Clara, from whom she appeared already to have been separated a month. Her impatience, as they approached the house, hurried her on before her companions, who waited the

more sober gait of her aunt. She entered the parlour at the Rectory without meeting any one—glowing with the unusual rapidity of her speed—and her hair, released from the confinement of her hat, which, oppressed with the heat, she had thrown down hastily, flowing over her shoulders. In the room there stood a gentleman in deep black, with his back toward the entrance, intent on a book he held in his hand—and she concluded at once that it was Francis.

“Where is dear Clara, Frank?” cried the beautiful girl, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder; the gentleman turned suddenly, and presented to her astonished gaze, the well-remembered countenance of the young man whose parent’s awful death would never be forgotten at B——.

“I thought—I thought, Sir,” said Emily, almost sinking with confusion, “Mr. Francis Ives—”

“Your brother has not yet arrived,

Miss Moseley," replied the stranger, in a voice of peculiar tones, and the manner of a perfect gentleman—"I will acquaint Mrs. Ives with your visit; and bowing, he delicately left the room.

Emily, who felt insensibly relieved by his manner, and the nice allusion to her connexion with Francis, as explaining her familiarity—immediately restored her hair to its proper bounds, and had recovered her composure by the time her aunt and friends joined her—she hastily mentioned the incident, laughing at her precipitation; when Mrs. Ives came into the room.

Chatterton and his sister were both known to her, and both favourites; she was pleased to see them, and after reproaching the brother with compelling her son to ask a favour of a comparative stranger, she smilingly turned to Emily, and said—

"You found the parlour occupied, I believe?"

“ Yes,” said Emily, laughing and blushing, “ I suppose Mr. Denbigh told you of my heedlessness.”

“ He told me of your attention in calling so soon to inquire after Clara, but said nothing more”—and a servant telling her Francis wished to see her, she excused herself, and withdrew.

In returning she met Mr. Denbigh, who made way for her, saying, “ your son has arrived, madam ;” and in an easy, but respectful manner, took his place with the guests.

No introduction passed, nor did any seem necessary ; his misfortunes appeared to have made him acquainted with Mrs. Wilson, and his strikingly ingenuous manner, won insensibly on the confidence of those who heard him. Every thing was natural, yet every thing was softened by education ; and the little party in the rector’s parlour, in fifteen minutes, felt as if they had known him for years.

The doctor and his son now joined them

—Clara was looking forward in delightful expectation of to-morrow, and wished greatly for Emily, as a guest at her new abode. This pleasure Mrs. Wilson promised she should have as soon as they had got over the hurry of their visit. “Our friends,” she added, turning to Grace, “will overlook the nicer punctilios of ceremony, where sisterly regard calls for the discharge of more important duties. Clara needs the society of Emily just now.”

“Certainly,” said Grace, mildly, “I hope no useless ceremony on the part of Emily would prevent her manifesting her natural attachment to her sister—I should feel hurt at her not entertaining a better opinion of us than to suppose so for a moment.”

“This, young ladies, is the real feeling to keep alive esteem,” cried the doctor, gaily; “go on, and say and do nothing that either can disapprove, when tested by the standard of duty, and you need never

be afraid of losing a friend that is worth the keeping."

"The removal of a young woman from her own home to that of her husband, must give birth to many melancholy reflections," observed Denbigh to Francis, with a smile, and the subject was dropped.

It was three o'clock before the carriage of Mrs. Wilson, which had been directed to come for them, arrived at the Rectory; and the time had stolen away insensibly in free and friendly communications between the doctor's guests and his wife; for he himself had returned with his son to dine at Bolton, some time previously. Denbigh had joined modestly, and with what degree of interest he could be supposed to feel, in the occurrences of a circle where he was nearly a stranger.

There was occasionally a slight appearance of embarrassment, in the manner both of himself and Mrs. Ives; which, although observed by Mrs. Wilson, escaped the notice of the rest of the party. For

this she easily accounted by the recollections of his recent loss, and the scene that very room had witnessed between himself and Emily. On the arrival of the carriage, Mrs. Wilson took her leave.

“I like this Mr. Denbigh greatly,” said Lord Chatterton, as they drove from the door; “there is something strikingly pleasing in his manner.”

“Aye, my lord, and in his matter too, judging by the little we have seen of him,” replied Mrs. Wilson.

“Who is he, madam?”

“Why, I rather suppose he is some way related to Mrs. Ives; her staying from Bolton to-day, must be owing to Mr. Denbigh, and as the doctor is gone, he must be just near enough to them, neither to be wholly neglected, or a tax upon their politeness; I rather wonder he did not go with them.”

“I heard him tell Francis,” said Emily, “he could not think of intruding, and

he insisted on Mrs. Ives going, but she had employment to keep her at home."

The carriage soon reached an angle in the road where the highways between Bolton Castle and Moseley Hall intersected each other, and on the estate of the former Mrs. Wilson stopped a moment to inquire after an aged pensioner of her's, who had lately met with a loss in his business, which she was fearful must have distressed him greatly. In crossing a ford, in the little river between his cottage and the market-town, the stream, which had been unexpectedly swollen by heavy rains, had swept away his horse and cart, loaded with the entire produce of his small field — with much difficulty he had saved his own life. Mrs. Wilson had it not until now in her power to inquire personally into the affair, and offer the relief she felt ever ready to bestow on proper objects. Contrary to her expectations, she found Humphreys in high spirits, showing his delighted grandchildren a new cart and horse which stood

at his door, as he pointed out the excellent qualities of both. He ceased at the approach of his benefactress on so many former occasions, and, at her request, gave a particular account of the affair.

“And where did you get the new cart and horse, Humphreys?” inquired Mrs. Wilson, when he had ended.

“Oh, madam, I went up to the castle to see the steward, and Mr. Martin just mentioned my loss to Lord Pendennyss, ma’am, and my lord ordered me this cart, ma’am, and this noble horse, and twenty golden guineas into the bargain, to put me upon my legs again—God bless him for it for ever.”

“It was very kind of his lordship, indeed,” said Mrs. Wilson, thoughtfully, “I did not know he was at the castle.”

“He’s gone, madam; the servants told me, he called to see the earl, on his way to Lonnon, but finding he’d went a few days ago to Ireland, my lord went for Lonnon, without stopping the night even.

Ah! madam," continued the old man, as he stood leaning on his stick, with his hat in his hand, "he's a great blessing to the poor; his servants say he gives thousands every year to the poor who are in want—he is main rich, too, some people say, much richer and more great like than the earl himself. I'm sure I have need to bless him every day of my life."

Mrs. Wilson smiled mournfully, as she wished Humphreys good day, and put up her purse, on finding the old man so well provided for; a display, or competition in charity, never entering into her system of benevolence.

"His lordship is munificent in his bounty," said Emily, as they drove from the door.

"Does it not savour of thoughtlessness, to bestow so much where he can know so little?" Lord Chatterton ventured to inquire.

"He is," replied Mrs. Wilson, "as old Humphrey says, main rich; but the son

of the old man, and father of these children, is a soldier in the —th dragoons, of which the earl is colonel, and that accounts to me for the liberality of the donation," recollecting, with a sigh, the feelings which had drawn herself out of the usual circles of her charities, in the case of the same man.

"Did you ever see the earl, aunt?" enquired Emily, gently.

"Never, my dear; he has been much abroad, but my letters were filled with his praises, and I confess my disappointment is great in not seeing him in this visit to Lord Bolton, who is his relation; but," fixing her eyes thoughtfully on her niece, "we shall meet in London this winter, I trust." As she spoke, a cloud passed over her features, and she continued much absorbed in thought, for the remainder of their ride.

General Wilson had been a cavalry officer, and commanded the regiment now held by Lord Pendennyss.

In an excursion near the British camp, he had been rescued from captivity, if not from death, by the gallant and critical interference of this young nobleman, then commanding a troop in the same corps. He had mentioned the occurrence to his wife in his letters, and from that day, his correspondence was filled with his praises—his bravery—his goodness to the soldiery—and when the General fell, he was supported from the field, and died in the arms of his youthful friend.

A letter announcing his death had been received by his widow from the earl, whose tenderness and affectionate manner in speaking of her husband, had taken a deep hold on her affections.

These circumstances had thrown an interest around him that had made Mrs. Wilson almost entertain the romantic wish that he might be disposed to solicit the hand of her Emily.

Her inquiries into his character had been attended with such results as flattered

her wishes; but the services of the earl, or his private affairs, had never allowed a meeting; and she was now compelled to look forward to what John, laughingly termed, their winter campaign, as the probable period when she might be gratified with the sight of a young man to whom she owed so much, and whose image was connected with some of the most tender and melancholy recollections of her life.

Colonel Egerton, who now appeared almost domesticated in the family, was again of the party at dinner, to the no small satisfaction of the dowager, who, from proper inquiries in the course of the day, had learnt that Sir Edgar's heir was likely to have the necessary number of figures in the sum total of his revenue.

While sitting in the drawing-room that afternoon, she made an attempt to bring her eldest daughter and the Colonel together at chess; a game, the young lady had been required to learn, because it was one

at which a gentleman could be kept longer than any other, without having his attention drawn away by any of those straggling charms, which might be travelling a drawing-room, "seeking whom they may devour."

It was also a game admirably suited to the display of a beautiful hand and arm; but the faculties of the mother had for a long time been on the stretch to devise some way of bringing in the foot also. In vain had her daughter hinted at dancing, an amusement she was passionately fond of, as the proper theatre for this exhibition. The wary mother too well knew the effect of concentrated force to leave it out of the combat. After much *attitudinarian* experiment in her own person, she undertook to instruct Catherine in the manner of sitting; and by twisting and turning, and incessant drilling, she contrived to throw her pretty foot and ankle forward in such a way, that the eye, dropping from the chess-board, should

rest on this beauteous object—thus giving, as it were, a Scylla and Charybdis to her daughter's charms. —

John Moseley was the first on whom she undertook to try the effect of this new evolution; and having comfortably seated the parties—in position—she withdrew to a little distance, to watch the effect.

“Check to your king, Miss Chatterton,” cried John, early in the game—the young lady thrust out her foot—

“Check to your king, Mr. Moseley,” echoed the damsel, in triumph, and John's eyes wandered from hand to foot, and foot to hand.

“Check king and queen, sir,”—

“Check mate.”—

“Did you speak?” said John, and looking up he caught the eye of the dowager fixed on him in triumph—

“Oh ho!” said the young man, internally, “mother Chatterton, are you there,” and coolly taking up his hat he walked off, nor could they ever get him seated again.

“You beat me too easily, Miss Chatter-

ton," he would say, when pressed to play, "before I have time to look up, it's check-mate—excuse me"—and the dowager settled down into a more covert attack, through Grace. But here she had two to contend against—her own forces rebelled; and the war had been protracted to the present hour, with varied success, and no material captures—at least on one side. ;

Colonel Egerton entered the lists in this dangerous recontre with all the indifference of fool-hardiness.

The game was played with tolerable ability on both sides; but no emotion, no absence of mind was betrayed on the part of the gentleman—the lady's feet and hands were in due motion—still the Colonel played as well as usual—he had answers for all Jane's questions, and smiles for his partner. But no check-mate could she obtain, until wilfully throwing away an advantage, he suffered the lady to win the game; and the dowager was satisfied that—nothing could be done with the Colonel.

CHAPTER X.

THE first carriages that rolled over the lawn to Bolton parsonage, on the succeeding day, were those of the baronet and his sister—the latter in advance.

“There, Francis,” cried Emily, as she impatiently waited his removing some slight obstruction to her alighting, “thank you, thank you, that will do,” and in the next moment she was in the extended arms of Clara. After pressing each other to their bosoms for a few moments in silence, Emily looked up, with a tear glistening in her eye, and first noticed the form of Denbigh—modestly withdrawing, as if unwilling to intrude on such pure and domestic feelings as the sisters exposed, unconscious of a witness.

Her aunt and Jane, followed by Miss Chatterton, now entered, and cordial salutes and greetings flowed upon Clara from her various friends.

The baronet's coach had reached the door; in it were himself and wife, Mr. Benfield, and Lady Chatterton — Clara stood in the portico of the building ready to receive them, her face all smiles, and tears and blushes, and her arm locked in that of Emily.

“I wish you joy of your new abode, Mrs. Francis” — Lady Moseley forgot her form, and bursting into tears, pressed her with ardour to her bosom.

“Clara, my love,” said the baronet, hastily wiping his eyes, and succeeding his wife in the embrace of their child — he kissed her, and pressing Francis by the hand, walked into the house in silence.

“Well — well,” cried the dowager, as she saluted her cousin; “all looks comfortable and genteel here, upon my word Mrs. Ives; grapery — hot-houses — every

thing in good order too, and Sir Edward tells me the living is worth a good five hundred a year."

"So, girl, I suppose you expect a kiss," said Mr. Benfield, as he ascended the steps slowly to the entrance — "kissing has gone much out of fashion lately; I remember, on the marriage of my friend, Lord Gosford, in the year fifty-eight, that all the maids and attendants, were properly saluted in order. The lady Juliana was quite young then, not more than fifteen, it was there I got my first salute from her — but so — kiss me," and he continued, as they went into the house, "marrying in that day was a serious business; you might visit a lady a dozen times, before you could get a sight of her naked hand—who's that?" stopping short, and looking earnestly at Denbigh, who now approached them.

"Mr. Denbigh, Sir," said Clara, and turning, she observed to Denbigh, "my uncle, Mr. Benfield."

“Did you ever know, Sir, a gentleman of your name, who sat in the parliament of this realm in the year sixty?” said Mr. Benfield; and then, turning an inquiring look on the figure of the young man, he added, “you don’t look much like him.”

“That is rather before my day, Sir,” said Denbigh, with a smile, respectfully offering to relieve Clara, who supported him on one side, while Emily held his arm on the other. The old gentleman was particularly averse to strangers, and Emily was in terror, lest he should say something rude—but after examining Denbigh again, from head to foot, he took the offered arm, and replied by saying—

“True, true, that was nearly sixty years ago; you can hardly recollect so long—ah! Mr. Denbigh, times are sadly altered since my youth: people who were then glad to ride on a pillion, now drive their coaches; men who thought ale a luxury, now drink their port; aye! and those who went bare-foot, must have their shoes and

stockings too. Luxury, Sir, and the love of ease, will ruin this mighty empire; corruption has taken hold of every thing; the ministry buy the members, the members buy the ministry—every thing is bought and sold; now, Sir, in the parliament in which I had a seat, there was a knot of us, as upright as posts, Sir; my Lord Gosford was one, and General Denbigh was another, although I can't say I always liked his ways; how was he related to you, Sir?"

"He was my grandfather," replied Denbigh, with a smile, and looking at Emily. Had the old man continued his speech an hour longer, Denbigh would not have complained; he had stopped while talking, and thus confronted him with the beautiful figure that supported his left arm. Denbigh had contemplated in admiration, the varying countenance, which now blushed with apprehension, and now smiled in affection, or with an archer expression, as her uncle proceeded in his

harangue on the times. But all felicity in this world has an end as well as misery; Denbigh retained the recollection of that speech, long after Mr. Benfield was comfortably seated in the parlour, though for his life he could not recollect a word he had said.

The Haughtons, the Jarvises, and a few others of their intimate acquaintances, now arrived, and the parsonage had the air of a busy scene. But John, who had undertaken to drive Grace Chatterton in his own phaeton, was yet absent; some little anxiety had begun to be manifested: when he appeared, dashing through the gates at a great rate, and with the skill of a member of the four-in-hand.

Lady Chatterton, who had been seriously uneasy, and was about to speak to her son to go in quest of them, was relieved as they came in sight; her fears now vanished, and so she could only suppose, that a desire to have Grace alone, could keep him so late—whose horses were so evi-

dently fleet—she met them in great spirits, with—

“Upon my word, Mr. Moseley, I began to think you had taken the road to Scotland with my daughter, you staid so long.”

“Your daughter, my Lady Chatterton,” said John, coolly, “would neither go to Scotland with me, or any other man, or I am deceived in her character—Clara, my dear sister, how do you do,” and he saluted the bride with great warmth.

“But what detained you, Moseley?” inquired his mother.

“One of the horses was restive, and broke the harness, and I stopped in the village while it was mended.”

“And how did Grace behave?” asked Emily, laughing.

“Oh, a thousand times better than you would, sister; and as she always does, like an angel,” said John with fervour.

The only point in dispute between Emily and her brother, was her want of faith in his driving; while poor Grace,

naturally timid, and unwilling to oppose—particularly the gentleman who then held the reins—had governed herself sufficiently to be silent and motionless. Indeed, she could hardly have done otherwise had she wished it; and John felt flattered to a degree, that, aided by the merit, the beauty, and the delicacy of the young lady herself, might have led to the very results her mother so anxiously wished to produce.

But managers too often overdo their work. “Grace is a good girl,” said her mother; “and you found her very valiant, Mr. Moseley?”

“Oh, as brave as Cæsar,” answered John, carelessly, and in a way that proved he was ironical.

Grace, whose burning cheeks showed plainly, that praise from John Moseley was an incense too powerful for her resistance, now sunk back behind some of the company, endeavouring to conceal the tears that almost gushed from her eyes.

Denbigh, who had been a silent spectator of the whole scene, remarked, that he had seen an improvement which would obviate the difficulty Mr. Moseley had experienced; John turned to the speaker, and was about to reply—for he had heard of his being at the Rectory the day before—when the tilbury of Colonel Egerton drove to the door, containing himself and his friend the captain.

Although the bride undoubtedly received congratulations on that day, more sincere than what were now offered—none certainly were delivered in a more graceful and insinuating manner than those from Colonel Egerton. He passed round the room, speaking to his acquaintances, until he arrived at the chair of Jane, who was seated next her aunt; here he stopped, and glancing his eye round, and saluting with bows and smiles the remainder of the party, appeared fixed as at the centre of all attraction to him.

“There is a gentleman I have never

seen before," he observed to Mrs. Wilson; casting his eyes on Denbigh, whose back was towards him, in discourse with Mr. Benfield.

"Yes, it is Mr. Denbigh, of whom you heard us speak," replied Mrs. Wilson; and while she spoke, Denbigh faced them.

Egerton startled as he caught a view of his face, and seemed to gaze on the countenance, which was open to his inspection, with an earnestness that showed an interest of some kind, but such as was inexplicable to Mrs. Wilson, the only observer of this singular recognition—for such it evidently was. All was natural, in the colonel; for the moment, his colour sensibly changed, and there was a peculiar expression in his face; it might be fear, it might be horror, it might be strong aversion—it clearly was not regard.

Emily sat by her aunt, and Denbigh approached them, with some cheerful remark; it was impossible for the colonel and him to avoid each other, had they

wished it; and Mrs. Wilson thought she would try the experiment of an introduction—"Colonel Egerton—Mr. Denbigh;" both gentlemen bowed, but nothing striking was seen in the deportment of either, when the colonel, who was not exactly at ease, said hastily,

"Mr. Denbigh is, or has been, in the army, too, I believe."

Denbigh now started in his turn; he cast a look on Egerton of fixed and settled meaning; and said carelessly, but still as if requiring an answer,

"I am, Sir, yet; but do not recollect having the pleasure of seeing Colonel Egerton in the service."

"Your countenance is familiar, Sir," replied the colonel, carelessly, "but at this moment, I cannot tax my memory with the place of our meeting," and he changed the discourse.

It was some time, however, before either gentleman recovered his ease, and many

days elapsed, ere any thing like intercourse passed between them.

The colonel attached himself during this visit to Jane, with occasional notices of the Miss Jarvises, who began to manifest symptoms of uneasiness at the decided preference he showed to a lady they now chose to look upon, in some measure, as a rival.

Mrs. Wilson and her charge were, on the other hand, entertained by the conversation of Chatterton and Denbigh, with occasional sallies from the lively John. There was a something in the person and manner of Denbigh, that insensibly attracted towards him, those whom fortune threw in his way. His face was not strikingly handsome, but it was noble; and when he smiled, or was much animated with any emotion, it did not fail invariably to communicate a spark of his own enthusiasm to the beholder; his figure was faultless—his air and manner, if less easy than

that of Colonel Egerton, was more sincere and ingenuous; his breeding clearly high, and his respect rather bordering on the old school: but in his voice, there existed a charm, which would make him, when he spoke of love that he felt, to a female ear, almost resistless; it was soft, deep, melodious.

“Baronet,” said the rector, with a smile on his son and daughter-in-law, “I love to see my children happy, and Mrs. Ives threatens a divorce, if I go on in the manner I have commenced; she says I desert her for Bolton.”

“Why, doctor, if our wives conspire against us, and prevent our enjoying a comfortable dish of tea with Clara, or a glass of wine with Frank, we must call in the higher authorities as umpires—what say you, sister; is a parent to desert his child in any case?”

“My opinion is,” said Mrs. Wilson, with a smile, yet speaking with emphasis,

“ that a parent is *not* to desert a child, in any case, or in any manner.”

“ Do you hear that, my Lady Moseley,” said the baronet, good humouredly.

“ Do you hear that, my Lady Chatterton,” cried John, who had just taken a seat by Grace, as her mother approached them.

“ I hear it, but do not see the application, Mr. Moseley.”

“ No, my lady? why there is the honourable Miss Chatterton, almost dying to play a game of her favourite chess with Mr. Denbigh; she has beat us all but him, you know.”

And as Denbigh politely offered to meet the challenge, the board was produced; the lady attended, with a view, however, to prevent any of those consequences she was generally fond of seeing result from this amusement.

Every measure taken by this prudent mother, being literally governed by judi-

cious *calculation*—"Well," thought John, as he viewed the players, while listening with pleasure to the opinions of Grace, who had recovered her composure and spirits; "Kate has played *one* game without using her feet."

CHAPTER XI.

TEN days or a fortnight now flew swiftly by, during which, Mrs. Wilson suffered Emily to give Clara a week; having first ascertained that Denbigh was a settled resident at the Rectory, and thereby not likely to be oftener at the house of Francis than at the hall, where he was a frequent and welcome guest, both on his own account, and as a friend of Doctor Ives.

Emily had returned, and brought the bride and groom with her; when, one evening, as they were pleasantly seated at their various amusements, with the ease of old acquaintances, Mr. Haughton entered, at an hour rather unusual for his visits.

Throwing down his hat, after making the usual inquiries, he began,

“ I know, good people, you are all wondering what has brought me out this time of night, but the truth is, Lucy has coaxed her mother to persuade me into a ball, in honour of the times ; so, my lady, I have consented, and my wife and daughter have been buying up all the finery in B——, by the way, I suppose, of anticipating their friends.

There is a regiment of foot come into the barracks, within fifteen miles of us, and to-morrow I must beat up for recruits among the officers—girls are never wanting on such occasions.”

“ Why,” cried the baronet, “ you are growing young again, my friend.”

“ No, Sir Edward, but my daughter is young, and life has so many cares, that I am willing she should get rid of what she can now, at my expense.”

“ Surely you would not wish her to dance them away,” said Mrs. Wilson ;

“such relief, I am afraid, will prove temporary.”

“Do you disapprove of dancing, ma’am?” said Mr. Haughton, who held her opinions in great respect, and some little dread.

“I neither approve nor disapprove of it—jumping up and down is innocent enough in itself, and if it must be done, it is as well it were done gracefully; as for the accompaniments of dancing I say nothing—what do you say, Doctor Ives?”

“To what, my dear madam?”

“To dancing.”

“Oh! let the girls dance, if they enjoy it.”

“I am glad you think so, doctor,” cried Mr. Haughton; “I had thought I recollected your advising your son, never to dance, or play at games of chance.”

“You thought right, my friend,” said the doctor, laying down his newspaper; “I gave that advice to Frank—I do not object to dancing as innocent in itself, and

as elegant exercise, but it is like drinking, generally carried to excess; and as a Christian, I am opposed to all excesses: the music and company lead to intemperance in the recreation, and it often induces neglect of duties — but so may any thing else.”

“I like a game at whist, doctor, greatly,” said Mr. Haughton, “but observing you never play, and recollecting your advice to Mr. Francis, I have forbidden cards when you are my guest.”

“I thank you for the compliment, good sir,” replied the doctor, with a smile; “but I would much rather see you play cards, than hear you talk scandal, as you sometimes do.”

“Scandal,” echoed Mr. Haughton.

“Ay, scandal,” said the doctor, coolly, “such as your own remark, the last time, which was yesterday, I called to see you—that Sir Edward was wrong in letting that poacher off so easily as he did; the baronet, you said, did not shoot himself,

and did not know how to prize game as he ought."

"Scandal, doctor—do you call that scandal; why, I told Sir Edward so himself, two or three times."

"I know you have, and that was rude."

"Rude! I hope, sincerely, Sir Edward has put no such construction on it;" and the baronet smiled kindly, and shook his head.

"Because the baronet chooses to forgive your offences, it does not alter their nature," said the doctor, gravely; "no, you must repent and amend; you impeached his motives for doing a benevolent act, and that I call scandal."

"Why, doctor, I was angry the fellow should be let loose; he is a pest to all the game in the county, and every sportsman will tell you so—here, Mr. Moseley, you know Jackson, the poacher."

"Oh! a poacher is an intolerable wretch," cried Captain Jarvis.

“Oh! a poacher,” cried John, with a droll look at Emily, “hang all poachers.”

“Poacher, or no poacher, does not alter the scandal;” said the doctor; “now let me tell you, good sir, I would rather play fifty games at whist, than make one such speech, unless, indeed, it interfered with my duties.

“Now, sir, with your leave, I’ll explain myself, as to my son.

“There is an artificial levity about dancing, that adds to the dignity of no man; from some it may detract; a clergyman, for instance, is supposed to have other and higher occupations, and it might hurt him in opinion where his influence is necessary, and impair his usefulness; therefore clergymen should not dance.

“In the same way with cards; they are the common instruments of gambling, and a certain degree of odium is attached to them, on that account: women and clergymen must respect the prejudices of

mankind, in some cases, or weaken their influence in society.”

“ I did hope to have the pleasure of your company doctor,” said Mr. Haughton, hesitatingly.

“ And if it will give you pleasure,” said the rector, “ you shall have it, my good friend ; it would be a greater evil to wound the feelings of such a neighbour as Mr. Haughton, than to show my face once at a ball—as innocent as your’s will be ;” and rising, he laid his hand on his shoulder kindly.

“ Both your scandal and rudeness are easily forgiven ; but I wished to show you the common error of the world — that attaches odium to certain things, while it charitably overlooks others of a more heinous nature.”

Mr. Haughton, who at first was a little staggered with the attack of the doctor, had recovered himself, and laying a handful of cards on the table, hoped he should

have the pleasure of seeing them all; the invitation was generally accepted, and the worthy man departed, happy if his friends did but come, and should be pleased.

“Do you dance, Miss Moseley,” inquired Denbigh of Emily, as he sat watching her graceful movements in netting a purse for her father.

“O yes! the doctor said nothing of us girls, you know; I suppose he thinks we have no dignity to lose,” replied Emily, with a playful smile, and stealing a look at the rector.”

“Admonitions are generally thrown away on young ladies, when pleasure is in question,” said the doctor, overhearing her as she intended, and with a look of almost paternal affection.

“I hope you do not seriously disapprove of it, in moderation,” said Mrs. Wilson.

“That depends, madam, greatly upon circumstances; if it is to be made subsidiary to envy, malice, coquetry, vanity, or

any other such little, lady-like accomplishment," replied the doctor, good-humouredly, "it certainly had better be let alone—but in moderation, and with the feelings of my little pet here, I should be cynical, indeed, to object."

Denbigh appeared lost in his own ruminations during this little dialogue; and as the doctor ended, he turned to the captain, who was overlooking a game of chess, between the colonel and Jane, of which the latter had become remarkably fond of late—playing with hands and eyes, instead of feet—and inquired the name of the corps, in barracks at F——.

The ——th foot, Sir," replied the captain, haughtily, who neither respected him, owing to his want of consequence, or loved him, from the manner in which Emily listened to his conversation.

"Will Miss Moseley forgive a bold request I have to urge?" said Denbigh, with hesitation.

Emily looked up from her work in si-

lence, but with some little flutterings at the heart, occasioned by his peculiar manner—"the honour of her hand for the first dance," continued Denbigh, observing her in expectation he would proceed.

"Certainly, Mr. Denbigh," replied Emily laughingly, if you can submit to the degradation."

The London papers being brought in, most of the gentlemen sat down to their perusal.

The colonel, however, replaced the men for a second game, and Denbigh still kept his place beside Mrs. Wilson and her niece.

The manners, the sentiments, the whole exterior of this gentleman, were such as both the taste and judgment must approve; his qualities were those which insensibly gain on the heart, and Mrs. Wilson noticed, with a slight uneasiness, the very evident satisfaction her niece took in his society.

In Dr. Ives she had great confidence, yet Dr. Ives was a friend, and probably judged him partially; again, Dr. Ives was

not to suppose, he was introducing a candidate for the hand of Emily, in every gentleman he brought to the hall.

Mrs. Wilson had seen but too often the ill consequences of trusting to impressions received from inferences of companionship, not to know, that the only safe way is to judge for ourselves.

The opinions of others may be partial, or prejudiced—and many an improper connexion has been formed, by listening to the sentiments of those who speak without interest, and consequently without examination.

She knew, in short, that as our happiness chiefly concerned ourselves, so it was to ourselves only, or to those few, whose interest was equal to our own, we could trust the important inquiries, necessary to form a correct opinion of good or evil in human character.

With Dr. Ives, her communications on subjects of duty were frequent and confident; though she sometimes thought his

benevolence disposed him to be rather too lenient to the faults of mankind.

For his judgment she entertained a profound respect; and if it were not invariably conclusive—it was, at all times, influential on her conduct.

She determined, therefore, to have an early conversation with him on the subject so near her heart, and to be in a great measure regulated by his answers, in the immediate steps to be taken. Every day gave her, what she thought, melancholy proof of the ill consequences of neglecting our duty—in the increasing intimacy of Colonel Egerton with Jane.

“Here, aunt,” said John, as he ran over a paper, “is a paragraph relating to your favourite youth, our trusty and well beloved cousin, the Earl of Pendennyss.”

“Read it,” said Mrs. Wilson, with an interest his name never failed to excite.

“We noticed to day the equipage of the gallant Lord Pendennyss before the gates of Annendale-house, and understand

the noble Earl is last from Bolton castle, Northamptonshire."

"A very important fact," said Captain Jarvis sarcastically; "Colonel Egerton and myself got as far as the village, to pay our respects to him, when we heard he had gone on to town."

"The earl's character, both as a man and a soldier," observed the colonel, "gives him a claim to our attentions, that his rank would not; it was on that account we should have called."

"Brother," said Mrs. Wilson, "you should oblige me greatly, by asking his lordship to waive ceremony; his visits to Bolton castle will probably be frequent, now we have peace; and the owner is so much from home, that we may never see him without some such invitation."

"Do you want him as a husband for Emily?" cried John, as he gaily seated himself by the side of his sister.

Mrs. Wilson smiled at an observation, which reminded her of one of her roman-

tic wishes ; and, as she raised her head to reply, in the same tone, met the eye of Denbigh fixed on her, with an expression that kept her silent.

This is really an incomprehensible young man in some respects, thought the cautious widow, his startling looks on the introduction to the colonel, crossing her mind at the same time ; and observing the doctor opening the door that led to the baronet's library, Mrs. Wilson, who acted generally as soon as she had decided, followed him in silence.

As their conversations were known often to relate to little offices of charity, in which they both delighted, the movement excited no surprise, and she entered the library with the doctor, uninterrupted by any one else.

“ Doctor,” said Mrs. Wilson, impatient to proceed to the point, “ you know my maxim, prevention is better than cure : this young friend of yours is very interesting.”

“Do you feel yourself in danger?” said the rector, smiling.

“Not very imminent,” replied the lady, laughing good-naturedly; and seating herself, she continued, “who is he? and who was his father, if I may ask?”

“George Denbigh, Madam, both father and son,” said the doctor gravely.

“Ah, doctor, I am almost tempted to wish Frank had been a girl; you know what I wish to learn.”

“Put your questions in order, dear Madam,” said the doctor, in a kind manner, “and they shall be answered.”

“His principles?”

“So far as I can learn, they are good—his actions, as far as they have come to my notice, are highly meritorious, and I hope originated in proper motives; I have seen but little of him of late years, however, and on this head, you are nearly as good a judge as myself: his filial piety,” said the doctor, fervently and dashing a tear from his eye, “was lovely.”

“ His temper—disposition.”

“ His temper is under great command; although naturally ardent; his disposition eminently benevolent towards his fellow-creatures.”

“ His connexions.”

“ Suitable,” said the doctor with a smile.

His fortune was of but little moment; Emily would be amply provided for all the customary necessaries of her station; and Mrs. Wilson thanking the divine, returned to the parlour, easy in her mind, and determined to let things take their own course for a time—but in no degree to relax the vigilance of her observation.

On her return to the room, Mrs. Wilson observed Denbigh approach Egerton, and enter into conversation of a general nature; it was the first time any thing more than unavoidable courtesies had passed between them, and the colonel appeared slightly uneasy under his situation; while, on the other hand, his companion showed

an anxiety to be on a more friendly footing than heretofore.

There was something mysterious in the feelings manifested by both these gentlemen, that greatly puzzled the good lady; and from its complexion, she feared one or the other was not entirely free from censure.

It could not have been a quarrel, or their names would have been familiar to each other; they had both served in Spain she knew, and excesses were often committed by gentlemen at a distance from home, which their pride would have prevented where they were anxious to maintain a character. Gambling, and a few other prominent vices, floated through her imagination, until wearied of conjectures where she had no data from which to discover the truth, and supposing after all it might be her imagination only, she turned to more pleasant reflections.

CHAPTER XII.

THE bright eyes of Emily Moseley unconsciously wandered round the brilliant assemblage at Mr. Haughton's, as she took a seat, in search of her partner. The rooms were filled with scarlet coats, and belles from the little town of F——, and if the company was not the most select imaginable, it was disposed to enjoy the passing moment cheerfully, and in lightness of heart; as their good hearted host would say, "to dance away care."

E'er, however, she could reconnoitre the countenances of the beaux, young Jarvis, decked in the full robes of his dignity, as captain in the —— foot, approaching, solicited the honour of her hand.

The colonel had already secured her sister, and it was by the instigation of his friend, that Jarvis had been thus early in his application.

Emily thanked him, and pleaded her engagement; the mortified youth, who had thought dancing with the ladies a favour conferred on them—from the anxiety his sisters always manifested to get partners—stood for a few moments in sullen silence; and then, as if to be revenged on the sex, he determined not to dance the whole evening.

He accordingly withdrew to a room appropriated to the gentlemen, where he found a few of the military beaux, keeping alive the stimulus they had brought with them from the mess-table.

As Clara, prudently deciding to comport herself as a clergyman's wife, had resolved to decline dancing in future, Catherine Chatterton was the lady entitled to open the ball, as superior in years and

rank, to any who were disposed to enjoy the amusement.

The dowager, who in her heart loved to show her airs upon such occasions, had chosen to be later than the rest of the family; and Lucy Haughton had more than once to entreat her father's patience, during the interregnum in their amusements, created by Lady Chatterton's delay: she at length appeared, attended by her son, and followed by her daughters, ornamented in the highest taste of the reigning fashion.

Doctor Ives and his wife, who came late from choice, soon appeared, accompanied by their guest, and the dancing commenced.

Denbigh had thrown aside his black for the evening, and as he approached to claim his promised honour, Emily thought him, if not as handsome, much more interesting than Colonel Egerton, who passed them in leading her sister to the set.

Emily danced beautifully, but perfectly like a lady, as did Jane: but Denbigh, although graceful in his movements, and

in time, knew but little of the art; and but for the assistance of his partner, would have more than once gone wrong in the figure.

As he handed her to a seat, he very gravely asked her opinion of his performance, and she laughingly told him, his movements were but a better sort of march. He was about to reply, when Jarvis approached. By the aid of a pint of wine and his own reflections, this gentleman had wrought himself into something like a passion—recollecting that he saw Denbigh enter, after Emily had declined dancing with himself. Unfortunately there was a gentleman in the corps much addicted to the bottle, and he had fastened on Jarvis, as a man at leisure to keep him company, in his favourite libations,

Wine openeth the heart; and the captain having taken a peep at the dancers, and seen the disposition of affairs, returned to his bottle companion, bursting with the indignity offered to his person: he drop-

ped a hint, and a question or two extorted from him the whole grievance.

There is a certain set of men in every service, who imbibe notions of bloodshed, and indifference to human life, that are revolting to humanity, and too often fatal in their results.

Their morals are never correct, and what little morality they have sits loosely about them.

In their own cases, the appeal to arms is not always so prompt: but in that of a friend, their perceptions of honour are as intuitively keen, as their inflexibility in preserving it from reproach is unbending—and such is the weakness of mankind—such their tenderness on points where the nicer feelings of a soldier are involved, that these machines of custom—these thermometers graduated to the scale of false honour—usurp the place of reason and benevolence, and become, too often, the arbiters of life and death to a whole corps.

Of this class was the confidant to whom Jarvis communicated the occasion of his

disgust, and the consequences may easily be imagined.

As he passed Emily and Denbigh, he threw a look of fierceness at the latter, which he meant as an indication of his hostile intention.

But this was lost on his rival, who, at that moment, was filled with passions of a very different kind from those which Captain Jarvis thought agitated his own bosom—for had not his new friend stimulated him, he would have quietly gone home and gone to sleep.

“Have you ever fought,” said Captain Digby coolly to his companion, as they seated themselves in his father’s parlour, whither they had retired to make arrangements for the following morning.

“Yes,” said Jarvis, with a stupid look, “I fought once with Tom Halliday at school.”

“At school! my dear friend, you commenced young indeed,” said Digby, helping himself to a glass of wine, and how did it end?

“ Oh! Tom got the better, and so I cried enough,” said Jarvis surlily.

“ Enough! I hope you did not flinch,” cried his friend, eyeing him keenly; “ where were you hit?”

“ He hit me all over.”

“ All over — did you use small shot? How did you fight?”

“ With fists,” said Jarvis, yawning; and his companion seeing how the matter was, rung for his servant to put him to bed, remaining himself to finish the bottle.

Soon after Jarvis had given Denbigh the look big with his intended vengeance, Colonel Egerton approached Emily, asking permission to present Sir Herbert Nicholson, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, a gentleman who was ambitious of the honour of her hand for the next dance; Emily gracefully bowed her assent. Soon after, turning her eyes on Denbigh, who had been speaking to her at the moment, she saw him looking intently at the two soldiers, to one of whom he confusedly

said something she could not understand, and then precipitately withdrew.

Both herself and her aunt sought his figure in the gay throng that flitted around them—but he was seen no more that evening.

“Are you acquainted with Mr. Denbigh,” said Emily to her partner, after looking in vain to find his person in the crowd.

“Denbigh! Denbigh! I have known one or two of that name,” replied the gentleman; “in the army there are several.”

“Yes,” said Emily, musing, “he is in the army;” and looking up, she saw her companion reading her countenance with an expression that brought the colour to her cheeks, with a glow that was painful. Sir Herbert smiled, and observed the room was warm—Emily acquiesced in the remark, conscious, for the first time in her life, of a feeling she was ashamed to have scrutinized, and glad of any excuse to hide her confusion.

“ Grace Chatterton is really beautiful to night,” said John Moseley to his sister Clara; “ I have a mind to ask her to dance.”

“ Do, John,” replied his sister, looking with pleasure on her beautiful cousin; who, observing the movements of John, as he drew near to where she sat, moved her face on either side rapidly, in search of some one who was apparently not to be found; the undulations of her bosom perceptibly increased, and John was on the point of speaking to her, as the dowager stepped between them. There is nothing so flattering to the vanity of a man, as the discovery of emotions in a young woman, excited by himself, and which she evidently wishes to conceal—there is nothing so touching—so sure to captivate; or if it seem to be affected—so certain to disgust.

“ Now, Mr. Moseley,” cried the mother, “ you must not ask Grace to dance; she can refuse you nothing, as she has been up the two last figures.”

“Your wishes are irresistible, Lady Chatterton,” said John, as he coolly turned on his heel: and gaining the other side of the room, he turned to reconnoitre the scene. The dowager was fanning herself as violently as if *she* had been up the two last figures, instead of her daughter, while Grace sat with her eyes fastened on the floor, paler than usual—“Grace”—thought the young man, “would be very handsome—very sweet—very, very every thing that is agreeable, if—if it were not for mother Chatterton”—and he led out one of the prettiest girls in the room.

Col. Egerton was peculiarly adapted to the ball-room; he danced gracefully and with spirit; was perfectly at home with all the usages of the best society, and never neglectful of any of those little courtesies which have their charm for the moment; and Jane Moseley, who saw all those she loved around her, apparently as happy as herself, found in her judgment, or the convictions of her principles, no

counterpoise against the weight of such attractions, all centred, as it were, in one effort to please herself;—his flattery was deep—it was respectful—his tastes were her tastes—his opinions her opinions.

On the formation of their acquaintance, they had differed in some trifling point of poetical criticism, and for nearly a month the colonel had maintained his opinion; with a show of firmness; but as opportunities were not wanting for the discussion, he had felt constrained to yield to her better judgment—her purer taste.

The conquest of Colonel Egerton was complete, and Jane, who saw in his attentions the submission of a heart devoted to her service, began to look forward to the moment, with trembling, that was to remove the thin barrier which existed between the adulation of the eyes, and the open confidence of declared love.

Jane Moseley had a heart to love, and love strongly; her danger existed in her imagination; it was brilliant, unchastened

by her judgment, we had almost said, unfettered by her principles;—principles such as are found in every day maxims and rules of conduct, sufficient to restrain her within the bounds of perfect decorum, she was furnished with in abundance; but to that principle which was to teach her submission in opposition to her wishes—that principle that could alone afford her security against the treachery of her own passions, she was a stranger.

The family of Sir Edward were among the first to retire, and as the Chattertons had their own carriage, Mrs. Wilson and her charge returned alone in the coach of the former.

Emily, who had been rather out of spirits during the latter part of the evening, broke the silence by suddenly observing, “Colonel Egerton is, or soon will be, a perfect hero.”

Her aunt, somewhat surprised, both with the abruptness and force of the re-

mark, inquired her meaning—"Oh, Jane will make him one, whether or no."

This was spoken with a show of vexation unusual in her niece; and Mrs. Wilson gravely corrected her for speaking in a disrespectful manner of her sister, one whom neither her years nor situation entitled her, in any measure, to advise or control—there was an impropriety in judging so near and dear a relation harshly, even in thought. Emily pressed the hand of her aunt, as she acknowledged her error; but added, that she felt a momentary irritation at the idea, that a man of Colonel Egerton's character, should gain the command over feelings, such as her sister possessed.

Mrs. Wilson kissed the cheek of her niece, while she inwardly acknowledged the probable truth of the very remark she had thought it her duty to censure.

That the imagination of Jane would supply her lover with those qualities she most honoured herself, she took as a

matter of course; and that, when the veil she had helped to throw before her own eyes, was removed, she would cease to respect, and of course, cease to love him—when too late to remedy the evil—she greatly feared.

But in the approaching fate of Jane, she saw new cause to call forth her own activity, in averting a similar, or what she thought would prove a heavier misfortune, from her own charge.

Emily Moseley had just completed her eighteenth year, and was gifted by nature, with a vivacity and ardency of feeling, that gave a heightened zest to the enjoyments of that happy age. She was artless, but intelligent; cheerful, with a deep conviction of the necessity of piety: and uniform in her practice of all the important duties required by her situation.

The unwearied exertions of her aunt, aided by her own quickness of perception, had made her familiar with the attainments suitable to her sex and years. For music

she had little taste, and the time which would have been thrown away in endeavouring to cultivate a talent she did not possess, was dedicated, under the discreet guidance of her aunt, to works which had a tendency, both to qualify her for the duties of this life, and fit her for that which comes hereafter. It might be said, Emily Moseley had never read a book that contained a sentiment, or inculcated an opinion, improper for her sex, or dangerous to her morals; and it was not difficult for those who knew the fact, to fancy they could perceive the consequences in her guileless countenance and innocent deportment.

Her looks—her thoughts—her actions, wore as much of nature, as the discipline of her well-regulated mind, and softened manners could admit; in person, she was of the middle size, exquisitely formed, graceful and elastic in her step, without the least departure from her natural movements; her eye was a dark blue, with an

expression of joy and intelligence; at times it seemed all soul, and again all heart; her colour rather high, but varying with every emotion of her bosom; her feelings strong, ardent, and devoted to those she loved. Her preceptress had never found it necessary to repeat an admonition of any kind, since her arrival at years to discriminate between the right and the wrong.

“ I wish,” said Doctor Ives to his wife, the evening his son had asked their permission to address Clara, “ Francis had chosen my little Emily.”

“ Clara is a good girl,” replied his wife, “ she is so mild, so affectionate, that I doubt not she will make him happy—Frank might have done worse at the Hall.”

“ For himself, he has done well, I hope,” said the father; “ a young woman of Clara’s heart, may make any man happy; but an union with purity—sense—principles, like those of Emily, would be more—it would be blissful.”

Mrs. Ives smiled at her husband's animation, as she observed, "you remind me more of the romantic youth I once knew, than of the grave divine before me. There is but one man I know, that I could wish, now, to give Emily to; it is Lumley—if Lumley sees her, he will woo her; and, if he woos, he will win her."

"And Lumley I believe to be worthy of her," cried the rector, as he retired for the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE following day brought a large party of the military beaux to the Hall, in acceptance of the baronet's hospitable invitation to dinner. Lady Moseley was delighted; so long as her husband's or her children's interest had demanded a sacrifice of her love of society, it had been made without a sigh, almost without a thought.

The ties of affinity in her were sacred; and to the happiness, the comfort of those in whom she felt an interest, there were few sacrifices of her own wishes she would not cheerfully have made.

It was this very love for her offspring, that made her anxious to dispose of her

daughters in wedlock; her own marriage having been so happy, she naturally concluded it the state most likely to insure the happiness of her children; and with Lady Moseley, as with thousands of others, who, averse or unequal to the labours of investigation, jump to conclusions over the long line of connecting reasons, marriage was marriage, a husband was a husband.

There were, indeed, certain indispensables, without which, the forming a connexion was a thing she considered not within the bounds of nature; there must be fitness in fortune, in condition, in education and manners; there must be no glaring evil, although she did not ask for eminent goodness. A professor of religion herself, had any one told her it was a duty of her calling, to guard against a connexion with any but a christian, for her girls, she would have wondered at the ignorance that would embarrass the married state, with feelings exclusively belonging to the individual; had any one told her it were possi-

ble to give her child to any but a gentleman, she would have wondered at the want of feeling, that could devote the softness of Jane, or Emily, to an association with rudeness or vulgarity. It was the misfortune of Lady Moseley, to limit her views of marriage to the scene of this life, forgetful that every union gives existence to a line of immortal beings, whose future welfare depends greatly on the force of early example or the strength of early impressions.

The necessity for restriction in expenditure had ceased, and the baronet and his wife greatly enjoyed this first opportunity their secluded situation had given them, to draw around their board associates of their own stamp. In Sir Edward, it was pure philanthropy; the same feeling urged him to seek out and relieve distress in humble life;—while in the latter, it was love of station and seemliness—it was becoming the owner of Moseley Hall, and it was what the daughters of the Benfield family had done since the conquest.

“ I am extremely sorry,” said the good baronet at dinner, “ Mr. Denbigh declined our invitation to day ; I hope he will ride over in the evening yet.”

Looks of a singular cast were exchanged between Colonel Egerton and Sir Herbert Nicholson, at the mention of Denbigh's name ; which, as the latter had just asked the favour of taking wine with Mrs. Wilson, did not escape her notice. Emily had innocently mentioned his precipitate retreat the night preceding ; and, when reminded of his engagement to dine with them that very day, and promised an introduction to Sir Herbert Nicholson by John, in her presence, he had suddenly excused himself and withdrawn.

With an indefinite suspicion of something wrong, she ventured to address Sir Herbert—

“ Did you know Mr. Denbigh in Spain ?”

“ I told Miss Emily Moseley, I believe, last evening, that I knew some of the name,” replied the gentleman, evasively ;

and then pausing a moment, he added with great emphasis, "there is a circumstance connected with one of that name, I shall ever remember."

"It was creditable, no doubt, Sir Herbert," cried young Jarvis sarcastically ; but the soldier affecting not to hear the question, asked Jane to take wine with him ; Lord Chatterton, however, putting his knife and fork down gravely, and with a glow of animation, observed with unusual spirit, "I have no doubt it did, Sir;" Jarvis, in his turn, affected not to hear this speech, and nothing further was said, as Sir Edward saw the name of Mr. Denbigh excited a sensation amongst his guests he was unable to account for, and which he soon forgot himself.

After the company had retired, Lord Chatterton, however, related to the astonished and indignant family of the baronet, the substance of the following scene, which he had been a witness to that morning, while on a visit to Denbigh at the Rectory.

Sitting in the parlour *tête-a-tête* over their breakfast, a Captain Digby was announced, and asked in.

“I have the honor of waiting upon you, Mr. Denbigh,” said the soldier, with the stiff formality of a professed duellist, “on behalf of Captain Jarvis, but will postpone my business until you are at leisure,” glancing his eye on Chatterton.

“I know of no business with Captain Jarvis,” said Denbigh, politely handing the stranger a chair, “that Lord Chatterton cannot be privy to; if he will excuse the interruption.” The nobleman bowed, and Captain Digby, a little lowered by the rank of Denbigh’s friend, proceeded in a more easy manner.

“Captain Jarvis has empowered me, Sir, to make any arrangement with yourself or friend, previously to your meeting, which he hopes may be as soon as possible, if convenient to yourself,” replied the soldier coolly.

Denbigh viewed him for a moment with

astonishment, in silence; when recollecting himself, he said mildly, and without the least agitation, "I cannot affect, Sir, not to understand your meaning, but am at a loss to imagine what act of mine can have made Mr. Jarvis wish to make such an appeal."

"Surely Mr. Denbigh cannot think a man of Captain Jarvis's spirit can quietly submit to the indignity put upon him last evening, by your dancing with Miss Moseley, after she had declined the honour to himself," said the captain, with an affectation of an incredulous smile. "My Lord Chatterton and myself can easily settle the preliminaries, as Captain Jarvis is much disposed to consult your wishes, Sir, in this affair."

"If he consults my wishes," said Denbigh, smiling, "he will think no more about it."

"At what time, Sir," asked Digby, "will it be convenient to give him the meeting?" and then, speaking with a kind

of bravado gentlemen of his cast are fond of assuming, "my friend would not hurry any settlement of your affairs."

"I cannot ever give a meeting to Captain Jarvis, with hostile intentions," replied Denbigh, calmly.

"Sir!"

"I decline the combat, Sir," said Denbigh, speaking with firmness.

"Your reasons, Sir, if you please" asked Captain Digby, compressing his lips, and drawing up with an air of personal interest.

"Surely," cried Chatterton, who had with difficulty restrained his feelings, "surely Mr. Denbigh could never so far forget himself, as to expose Miss Moseley by accepting this invitation."

"Your reason, my lord," said Denbigh with interest, "would at all times have its weight; but I wish not to qualify an act of what I conceive to be principle, by any lesser consideration — I cannot meet Captain Jarvis, or any other man, in private combat; there can exist no

necessity for an appeal to arms, in any society where the laws rule, and I am averse to blood-shed."

"Very extraordinary," muttered Captain Digby, somewhat at a loss how to act; but the calm and collected manner of Denbigh prevented a reply; and after declining a cup of tea, a liquor he never drank, he withdrew, saying, he would acquaint his friend with Mr. Denbigh's singular notions.

Captain Digby had left Jarvis at an inn, about half a mile from the Rectory, for the convenience of early information of the result of his conference. The young man had walked up and down the room during Digby's absence, in a train of reflections entirely new to him; he was the only son of his aged father and mother, the protector of his sisters, and he might say, the sole hope of a rising family; and then, possibly, Denbigh might not have meant to offend him—he might even have been engaged before they came to the

house; or if not, it might have been inadvertence on the part of Miss Moseley—that Denbigh would offer some explanation he believed, and he had fully made up his mind to accept it, as his fighting friend entered. “Well,” said Jarvis, in a low tone.

“He says he will not meet you,” dryly exclaimed his friend, throwing himself into a chair, and ordering a glass of brandy and water.

“Not meet me,” cried Jarvis, in surprise; “engaged perhaps.”

“Engaged to his conscience,” exclaimed Digby, with an oath.

“To his conscience! I do not know whether I rightly understand you, Captain Digby,” said Jarvis, catching his breath, and raising his voice a little.

“Then, Captain Jarvis,” said his friend, tossing off his glass, and speaking with great deliberation, “he says that nothing—understand me—nothing will ever make him fight a duel.”

“He will not!” cried Jarvis, in a loud voice.

“No, he will not,” said Digby, handing his glass to a waiter for a fresh supply.

“He shall.”

“I don’t know how you will make him,” said Digby, coolly.

“Make him, I’ll—I’ll post him.”

“Never do that,” said the captain, turning to him, as he leaned his elbows on the table, “it only makes both parties ridiculous; but I’ll tell you what you may do—there’s a Lord Chatterton takes the matter up with warmth; if I were not afraid of his interest hurting my promotion, I should have resented something that fell from him myself—he will fight, I dare say, and I’ll just return and require an explanation of his words on your behalf.”

“No—no,” said Jarvis, rather hastily, “he—he is related to the Moseleys, and I have views there—it might injure.”

“Did you think to forward your views, by making the young lady the subject of

a duel?" asked Captain Digby sarcastically, and eyeing his companion with great contempt.

"Yes, yes," said Jarvis, "it would hurt—my views."

Lord Chatterton, in relating the part of the foregoing circumstances which fell under his observation; did ample justice to the conduct of Denbigh; a degree of liberality which did him no little credit, as he plainly saw that in that gentleman he had, or soon should have, a rival in the dearest wish of his heart; and the smiling approbation with which his cousin Emily rewarded him for his candour, almost sickened him with the apprehension of his being a successful one.

The ladies were not slow in expressing their disgust at the conduct of Jarvis, or backward in their approval of Denbigh's forbearance.

Lady Moseley turned with horror from a picture, in which she could see nothing but murder and bloodshed; but both Mrs.

Wilson and her niece, secretly applauded a sacrifice of worldly feeling on the altar of duty. The former admired the consistent refusal of admitting any collateral inducements, in explanation of his decision; while the latter, at the same time that she saw the action in its true colours and elevated principle, could hardly keep from believing that regard for her feelings had, in a trifling degree, its influence in his declining the meeting.

Mrs. Wilson saw at once what hold such unusual conduct would take on the feelings of her niece, and determined to increase, if possible, the watchfulness she had invariably kept upon all he said or did, in order to ascertain, if possible, the real character of Denbigh—well knowing that the requisites to bring or keep happiness in the married state, were numerous and indispensable; and that the display of a particular excellence, however good in itself, was by no means conclusive as to character.

“Here’s to the health of His Majesty’s gallant——regiment of foot,” cried Captain Digby, in a tone of irony, three quarters drunk, at the mess table, that evening, “and to its champion, Captain Henry Jarvis.” One of the corps was present accidentally as a guest; and the following week the inhabitants of F—— saw the regiment in their barracks marching to slow time after the body of Horace Digby!

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR Edward Moseley had some difficulty in restraining the impetuosity of his son from resenting this impertinent interference of young Jarvis, with the conduct of his favourite sister; indeed, he only yielded from profound respect to his father's commands, aided by his sister's urgent representation of the disagreeable consequences of connecting her name with a quarrel in any manner.

It was seldom that the good baronet felt himself called upon to act so decidedly as on the present occasion.

Addressing the merchant on the subject, he represented in warm, but gentleman-like terms, the consequences which

might have resulted to his own child, from the intemperate act of his son.

In explaining the previous engagement of his daughter to dance with Denbigh, he exculpated Emily entirely from censure, and concluded by hinting the necessity, if the affair was not amicably terminated, of protecting the peace of mind of his daughters against similar exposure in future, by even declining the acquaintance of a neighbour he respected so much as Mr. Jarvis.

The merchant was a man of few words, but great promptitude; he had made his fortune, and more than once saved it, by his decision; and coolly assuring the baronet that he should hear no more of the affair, at least in a disagreeable way, took his hat and walked home.

On arriving at his house, he found the family collected in the parlour, prepared for a morning ride; throwing himself into a chair, he opened with great violence.

“So, Mrs. Jarvis, you would spoil a

very tolerable book-keeper, by wishing to have a soldier in your family—and there stands the puppy who would have blown out the brains of a deserving young man, if the good sense of Mr. Denbigh had had not denied him the opportunity.”

“Mercy!” cried the alarmed matron, on whose imagination floated, with all its horrors, Newgate—near which her early life had been passed, and of whose frequent scenes the contemplation had been her juvenile lessons of morality — “Harry! Harry? would you murder?”

“Murder!” echoed her son, looking askance, as if to see the bailiffs, “no, mother, I wanted nothing but what was fair; Mr. Denbigh would have had an equal chance to have blown out my brains; I am sure every thing would have been fair.”

“Equal chance,” muttered his father, who cooled himself, in some measure, by an extra pinch of snuff, “no, Sir, you have no brains to lose; but I have promised Sir Edward that you shall make proper

apologies to himself, his daughter, and Mr. Denbigh."

This was rather exceeding the truth, but the alderman prided himself on performing more than he promised.

"Apology," exclaimed the captain, "why, Sir, the apology is due to me—ask Colonel Egerton if he ever heard of an apology being made by the challenger."

"No, sure," said the mother, who having now made out the truth of the matter, thought it was likely to be creditable to her child, "Colonel Egerton never heard of such a thing—did you, colonel?"

"Why, madam," said the colonel, hesitatingly, and politely handing the merchant his snuff-box, which, in his agitation, had fallen on the floor, "circumstances sometimes justify a departure from ordinary measures; you are certainly right as a rule; but not knowing the particulars in the present case, it is difficult for me to decide—Miss Jarvis, the tilbury is ready;" and the colonel bowed respectfully to the

merchant, kissed his hand to his wife, and led their daughter to his carriage.

“Do you make the apologies?” asked Mr. Jarvis of his son, as the door closed behind them.

“No, Sir,” replied the captain, sullenly.

“Then you must make your pay answer for the next six months,” cried the father, taking a signed draft on his banker from his pocket, and coolly tearing it into two pieces; he put the name in his mouth, chewing it into a ball.

“Why, alderman,” said his wife, a name she never used, unless she had something to gain from her spouse, who loved to hear the sound of the appellation after he had relinquished the office, “it appears to me, that Harry has shown nothing but a proper spirit—you are unkind—indeed you are.”

“A proper spirit—in what way—do you know any thing of the matter?”

“It is a proper spirit for a soldier to

fight, I suppose," said the wife, a little at a loss to explain.

"Spirit, or no spirit," observed Mr. Jarvis, as he left them, "apology, or ten and sixpence a day."

"Harry," said his mother, holding up her finger in a menacing attitude, "if you do beg his pardon, you are no son of mine."

"No," cried Miss Sarah, "it would be mean."

"Who will pay my debts?" asked the son, looking up at the ceiling.

"Why, I would, my child, if — if — I had not spent my allowance."

"I would," echoed the sister, "but if we go to Bath, you know, I shall want my money."

"Who will pay my debts?" repeated the son.

"Apology, indeed; who is he, that you, a son of Alderman—of—of Mr. Jarvis, of the Deanery, B——, Northamptonshire, should beg his pardon—a vagrant that nobody knows."

“Who will pay my debts?” said the captain, drumming with his foot.

“Why, Harry,” exclaimed the mother, “do you love money better than honour—a soldier’s honour?”

“No mother; but I like good eating and drinking—think, mother, its a cool five hundred.”

“Harry,” cried the mother, in a rage, “you are not fit for a soldier; I wish I were in your place.”

I wish with all my heart you had been for an hour this morning, thought the son.

After arguing for some time longer, they compromised, by agreeing to leave it to the decision of Colonel Egerton, who, the mother did not doubt could applaud her maintaining the Jarvis dignity, a family his interest in whom was but little short of what he felt for his own—so he had told her fifty times.

The captain privately determined to touch the five hundred, let the colonel decide as he would; but the colonel’s deci-

sion happily prevented this disobedience to the commands of one parent, in order to submit to the requisition of the other. The question was put to him by Mrs. Jarvis, on his return from the airing, not doubting a decision to be favourable to her opinion; the colonel and herself, she said, never disagreed; and the lady was right—for wherever his interest made it desirable to convert Mrs. Jarvis to his side of the question, Egerton had a manner of doing it, that never failed to succeed.

“Why, madam,” said he, with one of his most agreeable smiles, “apologies are different things at different times; you are certainly right in your sentiments, as relates to a proper spirit in a soldier; but no one can doubt the spirit of the captain, after the stand he took in the affair; if Mr. Denbigh would not meet him—a very extraordinary measure, indeed, I confess—what can he do more? he cannot make a man fight against his will, you know.”

“True, true,” cried the matron, impa-

tiently, "I do not want him to fight; heaven forbid! but why should he, the challenger, beg pardon? I am sure to have the thing regular — Mr. Denbigh is the one to ask forgiveness." The colonel felt somewhat at a loss how to reply, when Jarvis, in whom the thoughts of his five hundred pounds had worked a mighty revolution, exclaimed —

"You know, mother, I accused him — that is, suspected him of dancing with Miss Moseley against my right to her: now you find that was a mistake, and so I had better act with dignity, and confess my error."

"Oh, by all means, cried the colonel, who saw the danger of an embarrassing rupture between the families otherwise, "delicacy to your sex requires that, ma'am, from your son;" and he accidentally dropped a letter as he spoke.

"From Sir Edgar, colonel?" asked Mrs. Jarvis, as he stooped to pick it up.

"From Sir Edgar, madam, and he begs to be remembered to yourself and family."

Mrs. Jarvis bowed, in what she intended for a graceful bend, and sighed — a casual observer might have thought, with maternal anxiety for the reputation of her child — but it was conjugal regret, that the political obstinacy of the alderman, had prevented his carrying up an address, and thus becoming — Sir Timothy.

Sir Edgar's heir prevailed, and the captain received permission to do — what he had already done.

On leaving the room, after the first discussion, and before the appeal, he had hastened to his father with his concessions. The old gentleman knew too well the influence of five hundred pounds, to doubt their effects in the present instance, and had ordered his carriage for the expedition — it came, and to the hall they proceeded.

On arriving there, the captain, with an air of embarrassment, advanced towards his intended antagonist, and in terms somewhat uncouth, stammered out the required apology. He was then restored to

his former favour — no great distinction — and his visits to the hall permitted — but with a dislike which Emily could never conquer, nor at all times conceal.

Denbigh was standing with a book in his hand, when Jarvis commenced his speech to the baronet and his daughter, and was apparently much engaged with its contents, as the captain blundered through. It was necessary, the captain saw by a glance of his father's eye, to say something to the gentleman, who had delicately withdrawn to a distant window. His speech was made here too, and Mrs. Wilson could not avoid stealing a look at them. Denbigh smiled and bowed in silence. It is enough, thought the widow; the offence was not against him, it was against his Maker; he should not arrogate to himself, in any manner, the right to forgive, or require apologies — the whole is consistent. The subject was never afterwards alluded to; Denbigh appeared to have forgotten

it : and Jane sighed gently, as she hoped the colonel was not a duellist.

Several days passed, before the Deanery ladies could digest the indignity their family had sustained, sufficiently to resume the customary intercourse. But like other grievances, where the passions are chiefly interested, it was in time forgotten, and things put, in some measure, on their former footing. The death of Digby served to increase the horror of the Moseleys, and Jarvis himself felt rather uncomfortable, on more accounts than one, at the fatal termination of this unpleasant business.

Chatterton, who to his friends had not hesitated to avow his attachment to his cousin — but who had never proposed for her, as his present views and fortune were not, in his estimation, sufficient for her proper support — had pushed every interest he possessed, and left no steps untried to which an honourable man might resort for attaining his object. The desire to provide for his sisters, had been backed by

the ardour of a passion that had reached its crisis; and the young peer, who could not, in the present state of things, abandon the field to a rival so formidable as Denbigh, even to further his views to preferment, was waiting in anxious suspense the decision on his application.

A letter from his friend informed him his opponent was likely to succeed; that, in short, all-hopes of his lordship's success had left him — Chatterton was in despair.

On the following day, however, he received a second letter from the same friend, announcing his appointment; after mentioning the fact, he went on to say—“The cause of this sudden revolution in your favour is unknown to me; and unless your lordship has obtained some interest of which I am ignorant, it is one of the most singular instances of ministerial caprice I have ever known.”

Chatterton was as much at a loss as his friend, but it mattered not; he could now offer to Emily — it was a patent office of

large income, and a few years would amply portion his sisters.

That very day he proposed, and was refused.

Emily had a difficult task to avoid self-reproach, in regulating her deportment to the peer. She was fond of Chatterton as a relation — as her brother's friend — as the brother of Grace, and even on his own account; but it was the fondness of a sister.

His manner—his words, which although never addressed to herself, were sometimes overheard unintentionally, and sometimes reached her through her sisters, left her in no doubt of his attachment.

She was grieved at the discovery, and innocently appealed to her aunt for directions how to proceed.

Of his intentions she had no doubt, but at the same time he had not put her in a situation to dispel his hopes; encouragement, in the usual meaning of the term, she gave not to him, nor to any one.

There are no little attentions that lovers are fond of showing to their mistresses, and which mistresses are fond of receiving, that Emily ever permitted to any gentleman — no rides — no walks — no *têtes-à-têtes*; always natural and unaffected, there was a simple dignity about her that forbade the request, almost the thought, in the gentlemen of her acquaintance.

Emily had no amusements, no pleasures of any kind, in which her sisters were not her companions; and if any thing was on the carpet that required an attendant, John was ever ready; he was devoted to her.

The decided preference she gave him over every other man, upon such occasions, flattered his affections; and he would, at any time leave even Grace Chatterton, to attend his sister — all this was without affectation, and generally without notice.

Emily so looked the delicacy and reserve she acted without ostentation, that not even her own sex had affixed to her

conduct the epithet of prudish ; it was difficult, therefore, for her to do any thing which would show Lord Chatterton her disinclination to his suit, without assuming a dislike she did not feel, or giving him slights which neither good breeding nor good nature could justify.

At one time, indeed, she expressed a wish to return to Clara ; but this Mrs. Wilson thought would only protract the evil, and she was compelled to wait his own time.

The peer himself did not rejoice more in his ability to make the offer, than Emily did to have it in her power to decline it ; her rejection was firm and unqualified, but uttered with a grace and tenderness to his feelings, that bound her lover tighter than ever in her chains, and he resolved on immediate flight as his only recourse.

“I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred to Lord Chatterton,” said Denbigh, with great interest, as he reached the spot where the young peer stood leaning his head

against a tree, on his way from the Rectory to the hall.

Chatterton raised his face as he spoke; there were evident traces of tears on it, and Denbigh, shocked, was delicately about to proceed, as the baron caught his arm.

“Mr. Denbigh,” said the young peer, in a voice almost choaked with emotion, “may you never know the pain I have felt this morning — Emily — Emily Moseley — is lost to me — for ever.”

For a moment, the blood rushed to the face of Denbigh, and his eyes flashed with a look that Chatterton could not stand; he turned, as the voice of Denbigh, in those remarkable tones which distinguished it from every other voice he had ever heard, uttered,

“Chatterton, my lord, we are friends, I hope — I wish it from my heart.”

“Go, Mr. Denbigh — go; you were going to Miss Moseley — do not let me detain you.”

“I am going with you, Lord Chatterton, unless you forbid it,” said Denbigh, with emphasis, slipping his arm through that of the peer’s.

For two hours they walked together in the baronet’s park, and when they appeared at dinner, Emily wondered why Mr. Denbigh had taken a seat next her mother, instead of his usual place between herself and aunt.

In the evening he announced his intention of leaving B—— for a short time, with Lord Chatterton; they were going to London together, but he hoped to return within ten days.

This sudden determination caused some surprise, but as the dowager supposed it was to secure the new situation, and the remainder of their friends thought it might be business, it was soon forgotten, though much regretted for the time.

They left the Hall that night proceeding to an inn, from which they could obtain a

chaise and horses; and the following morning, when the baronet's family assembled around their social breakfast, the peer and his companion were many miles on their route to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY Chatterton finding that little was to be expected in her present situation, excepting what she looked forward to from John Moseley's fluctuating admiration of her youngest daughter, determined on accepting an invitation of some standing, to a noblemen's seat about fifty miles from the Hall; and in order to keep things in their proper places, to leave Grace with her friend, who had expressed a wish to that effect. Accordingly, the day succeeding the departure of her son, she proceeded on her expedition, accompanied by Catharine, her willing assistant in matrimonial speculations.

Grace Chatterton was by nature retiring and delicate ; but her feelings were acute, and on the subject of female propriety, sensitive to a degree, that the absence of it in a relation she loved so much as her mother, had possibly in some measure increased.

Her affections were too single in their objects to have left her long in doubt, as to their nature with respect to the baronet's son, and it was one of the most painful orders she had ever received, that compelled her to accept her cousin's invitation—but her mother was peremptory, and Grace was obliged to comply.

Every delicate feeling revolted at the step ; the visit itself had been originally unwished for on her part ; there existed however a reason which had reconciled her to it—the wedding of Clara. But now, to remain after all her family had gone, in the house where resided the man, who had as yet never solicited those affections she had been unable to withhold ; it was

humiliating—it was degrading her in her own esteem, and she could not endure it.

It is said that women are fertile in inventions to promote schemes of personal gratification, vanity, or even mischief; it may be so—but the writer of these pages is a man—one who has seen much of the sex, and he is happy to have an opportunity of paying a tribute to female purity and female truth. That there are hearts so disinterested as to lose the considerations of self, in advancing the happiness of those they love—that there are minds so pure, as to recoil with disgust from the admission of deception, indelicacy, or management—he knows, for he has seen it from long and close examination. And most deeply must he regret, that the very artlessness of those who are most pure in the one sex, should subject them to the suspicions of the grosser materials which compose the other. He believes that innocency, singleness of heart, ardency of feeling, and unalloyed shrinking delicacy

exist in the female bosom, to an extent that but few men are happy enough to discover—and which most men believe incompatible with the frailties of human nature.

Grace Chatterton possessed no small portion of what may almost be called this ethereal spirit; and a visit to Bolton parsonage was immediately proposed by her to Emily.

The latter, too innocent herself to suspect the motives of her cousin, was happy in being allowed to devote to Clara a fortnight, uninterrupted by the noisy round of visiting and congratulations which had attended her first week; and Mrs. Wilson and the two girls left the hall, on the same day with the Dowager Lady Chatterton.

Francis and Clara were delighted to receive them, and they were immediately domesticated in their new abode.

Doctor Ives and his wife who had postponed an annual visit to a relation of the former, on account of the marriage of their son, now availed themselves of the visit of

Clara's friends to fulfil their own engagement.

B—— appeared in some measure deserted, and Egerton had the field almost to himself.

Summer had arrived, and the country bloomed in all its luxuriance of vegetation ; every thing was propitious to the indulgence of the softer passion, and Lady Moseley, though a strict adherent to forms and decorum, admitted the intercourse between Jane and her admirer to be carried to as great lengths as those forms would justify.

Still the colonel was not explicit, and Jane, whose delicacy dreaded the exposure of her feelings that must be involved in his declaration, gave no marked opportunities for the avowal of his passion ; yet they were seldom separate, and both Sir Edward and his wife looked forward to their future union, as a thing not to be doubted.

Lady Moseley had resinged her youngest child so absolutely to the government of

her aunt, that she seldom thought of her future establishment; she had that kind of reposing confidence in Mrs. Wilson's proceedings, which feeble minds ever bestow on those who are much superior to them: and she even approved of a system in many respects, which she could not endeavour to imitate. Her affection for Emily was not, however, to be thought less than what she felt for her other children; she was in fact her favourite, and had the discipline of Mrs. Wilson admitted of so weak an interference, might materially as such have been injured.

John Moseley had succeeded, by long observation, in ascertaining the exact hour of breakfast at the Deanery; and the length of time it took Egerton's horses to go the distance between that house and the Hall.

On the sixth morning after the departure of his aunt, John's bays were in his phaeton; and allowing ten minutes for the mile and a half to the park gates, he had got

happily off his own territories, before he met the tilbury travelling eastward. I am not to know which road the colonel may turn, thought John — and after a few friendly, but rather hasty greetings, the bays were in full trot to Bolton parsonage.

“John,” said Emily, holding out her hand affectionately, and smiling a little archly, as he approached the window where she stood, “you should take a lesson in driving from Frank; you have turned more than one hair, I believe.”

“How is Clara,” cried John, hastily, taking the offered hand, with a kiss, “and aunt Wilson?”

“Both well, brother, and out walking this fine morning.”

“How happens it you are not with them,” inquired the brother, throwing his eyes round the room; “have they left you alone?”

“No, Grace has this moment left the room.”

“Well, Emily,” said John, taking his

seat very composedly, but keeping his eyes on the door, "I have come to dine with you; I thought I owed Clara a visit, and have managed nicely to give the colonel the go-by."

"Clara will be happy to see you, dear John," said Emily, "and so will aunt, and so am I" — as she drew aside his fine hair with her fingers to cool his forehead.

"And why not Grace, too?" asked John, with a look of a little alarm.

"And Grace, too, I expect—but here she is to answer for herself."

Grace said but little on her entrance, but her eyes were brighter than usual, and she looked so contented and happy, that Emily observed to her, in an affectionate manner,

"I knew the Eau-de-Cologne would do your head good."

"Is Miss Chatterton unwell?" said Moseley, with a look of interest.

"A slight head ache," said Grace, faintly, "but I feel better."

“ Want of air and exercise ; my horses are at the door ; the phaeton will hold three easily ; run, sister, for your hats ;” almost pushing Emily out of the room as he spoke. In a few minutes the horses might have been suffering from the air, but surely not for want of exercise.

“ I wish,” cried John, with impatience, when at the distance of a couple of miles from the parsonage, “ that gentleman had driven his gig out of the way.”

There was a small group on one side of the road, consisting of a man, woman, and several children. The owner of the gig had alighted, and was in the act of speaking to them, as the phaeton approached at a great rate.

“ John,” cried Emily, in terror, “ you never can pass—you will upset us.”

“ There is no danger, dear Grace,” said the brother, endeavouring to check his horses ; he succeeded in part, but not so as to prevent his passing at a spot where the road was narrow ; and his wheel striking vio-

lenty against a stone, some of his works gave way; the gentleman immediately hastened to his assistance—it was Denbigh.

“Miss Moseley!” exclaimed he, in a voice of the tenderest interest, “you are nothurt, I hope.”

“No,” said Emily, recovering her breath, “only frightened;” and taking his hand, she sprang from the carriage.

Miss Chatterton found courage to wait quietly for the care of John; his “dear Grace,” had thrilled on her every nerve; and she afterwards often laughed at Emily for her terror when there was so little danger — the horses were not in the least frightened, and after a little patching, John declared all was safe. To ask Emily to enter the carriage again, was to exact no little sacrifice of her feelings to her reason; and she stood in a suspense which too plainly showed that the terror she had been in had not left her.

“If,” said Denbigh, modestly, “Mr. Moseley will take the ladies in my gig, I

will drive the phæton to the hall, as it is rather unsafe for so heavy a load."

"No, no, Denbigh," said John, coolly, "you are not used to such mettled nags as mine—it would be unsafe for you to drive them; if, however, you will be good enough to take Emily into your gig—Grace Chatterton, I am sure, is not afraid to trust my driving, and we all might get back as well as ever."

Grace gave her hand, almost unconsciously, to John, and he handed her into the phæton, as Denbigh stood willing to execute his part of the arrangement, but too diffident to speak.

It was not a moment for affectation, had Emily been capable of it, and blushing with the novelty of her situation, she took her place in the gig.

Denbigh stopped and turned his eyes on the little group with which he had been talking; at that moment they caught the attention of John also, who inquired of Denbigh their situation. Their tale was

piteous — their distress evidently real; the husband had been gardener to a gentleman in a neighbouring county, and he had been lately discharged, to make way, in the difficulty of the times, for a relation of the steward, who was in want of the place, and suddenly thrown on the world with a wife and four children, with but the wages of a week for their support; they had travelled thus far on the way to a neighbouring parish, where he said he had a right to, and must seek, public assistance; their children were crying for hunger, and the mother, who was a nurse, had been unable to walk further than where she sat, but had sunk on the ground overcome with fatigue, and weak from the want of nourishment.

Neither Emily nor Grace could refrain from tears at the recital of their heavy woes; the want of sustenance was something so shocking in itself; and brought, as it were, immediately before their eyes, the appeal was irresistible.

John forgot his bays—forgot even Grace, as he listened to the affecting story related by the woman, who was much revived by some nutriment Denbigh had obtained from a cottage near them, and to which they were about to proceed by his directions, as Moseley interrupted them.

His hand shook—his eyes glistened as he took his purse from his pocket, and gave several guineas from it to the mendicant; Grace thought John had never appeared so handsome as at the moment he handed the money to the gardener; his face glowed with the unusual excitement, and sympathy had lent his manner the only charm it wanted in common—softness.

Denbigh, after waiting patiently until Moseley had bestowed his alms, gravely repeated his directions for their proceeding to the cottage, and the carriages moved on.

Emily during their short ride revolved in her mind the horrid distress she had witnessed; it had taken a strong hold on

on her feelings ; like her brother, she was warm-hearted and compassionate, if we may use the term, to excess, and had she been prepared with the means, the gardener would have reaped a double harvest of donations.

At the moment, she had felt unpleasantly, that Denbigh had been so backward in his liberality—the man had rather sullenly displayed half a crown, as his gift, in contrast with the golden shower of John's generosity ; it had been even somewhat offensive in its exhibition, and urged the delicacy of her brother to a more hasty departure, than under other circumstances he would, just at the moment, have felt disposed to take.

Denbigh, however, had not noticed the indignity, and continued his directions in the same mild and benevolent manner that he had used during the interview.

Half a crown, though, was but little, thought Emily, for a family that was starving ; and unwilling to judge harshly

of one she had begun to value so highly, she came to the painful conclusion, that her companion was less rich than he deserved.

Emily had not yet to learn, that charity was in proportion to the means of the donor, and a gentle wish insensibly stole over her, that Denbigh might in some way, become more richly endowed with the good things of this world.

Until that moment her thoughts had never turned on his temporal condition—she knew he was an officer in the army; but of what rank, or even of what regiment, she was ignorant—he had frequently touched, in his conversations, on the customs of the different countries he had seen; he had served in Italy—in the North of Europe—in the West Indies—in Spain. Of the manners of the people, of their characters in those countries, he spoke not unfrequently, with a degree of intelligence, a liberality, a justness of discrimination, that had charmed his auditors. But on the point of personal

service, he had maintained inflexible silence; and, as it appeared, more particularly regarding that part of his history which related to the Peninsula; from all which, she was inclined to think his rank less conspicuous than his merit; and, possibly, he felt an awkwardness in contrasting it with the more elevated station of Colonel Egerton.

The same idea had struck the whole family, and prevented, from delicacy, inquiries which might be painful. He was so connected with the mournful event of his father's death, that no questions could be put with propriety to the doctor's family. If Francis had been more communicative to Clara, she was too good a wife to mention it, and her own family possessed of too just a sense of propriety, to touch upon points that might bring her conjugal fidelity in question.

Denbigh himself appeared a little abstracted during the ride, but his questions concerning Sir Edward and her friends

were kind and affectionate. As they approached the house, he suffered his horse to walk, and, after some hesitation, took a letter from his pocket, and handing it to Emily, said,

“ I hope Miss Moseley will not think me impertinent, in becoming the bearer of a letter from her cousin, Lord Chatterton; he requested it so earnestly, that I could not refuse taking what I am sensible is a great liberty: for it would be deception, did I affect to be ignorant of his admiration, or her generous treatment of a passion she cannot return—Chatterton,” and he smiled mournfully, “ is yet too true in his devotion, to withhold his commendations.”

Emily blushed painfully, but took the letter, and as Denbigh pursued the topic no further, the little distance they had to go, was rode in silence; on entering the gates, however, he said, inquiringly, and with much interest,

“ I sincerely hope I have not given

offence to your delicacy, Miss Moseley— Lord Chatterton has made me an unwilling confidant—I need not say the secret is sacred, on more accounts than one.”

“ Surely not Mr. Denbigh,” replied Emily, in a low tone, and the gig stopping, she hastened to accept the assistance of her brother in alighting.

“ Well, sister,” cried John, with a laugh, “ Denbigh is a disciple of Frank’s system of horse-flesh — hairs smooth enough here, I see ; Grace and I thought you would never get home.” Now, John fibbed a little, for neither Grace or himself, had thought in the least about them, or any thing else but each other, from the moment they separated until the gig arrived.

Emily made no reply to this speech, and as the gentlemen were engaged in giving directions concerning their horses, she seized the opportunity to read Chatterton’s letter.

“ I avail myself of the return of my

friend Mr. Denbigh to that happy family, from which, reason requires my self-banishment, to assure my amiable cousin of my continued respect for her character, and to convince her of my gratitude for the tenderness she has manifested to feelings she cannot return. I may even venture to tell her what few women would be pleased to hear, but what, I know Emily Moseley too well to doubt, for a moment, will give her unalloyed pleasure—that owing to the kind, the benevolent, the brotherly attentions of my true friend, Mr. Denbigh, I have already gained a peace of mind and resignation, that I once thought was lost to me for ever. Ah! Emily, my beloved cousin, in Denbigh you will find, I doubt not, a mind—principles congenial to your own; it is impossible that he could see you, without wishing to possess such a treasure; and, if I have a wish that is now uppermost in my heart, it is, that you may learn to esteem each other as you ought, and, I doubt not, you will become as happy as

you deserve; what greater earthly blessing can I implore upon you!

CHATTERTON."

Emily, while reading this epistle, felt a confusion but little inferior to what would have oppressed her, had Denbigh himself been at her feet, soliciting that love which Chatterton thought him so worthy of possessing; and when they met, could hardly look in the face a man, who, it would seem, had been so openly selected by another, as the being fittest to be her partner for life.

The unembarrassed and unvaried manner of Denbigh himself, however, soon convinced her that he was entirely ignorant of the contents of the note, and greatly relieved her from the awkwardness his presence had at first occasioned.

Francis soon returned, accompanied by his wife and aunt, overjoyed at finding the guest who had so unexpectedly arrived in his absence. His parents had not yet returned from their visit, and Den-

bigh, of course would remain at his present quarters.

John promised to continue with them for a couple of days; and the matter was soon settled to their perfect satisfaction.

Mrs. Wilson too well knew the great danger of suffering young people to be inmates of the same house, wantonly to incur the penalty; but her visit had nearly expired, and it might give her a better opportunity of judging Denbigh's character. Grace Chatterton, though too delicate to follow herself, was well contented to be followed, especially — when John Moseley was the pursuer.

CHAPTER XVI.

“I AM sorry, aunt, Mr. Denbigh is not rich,” said Emily to Mrs. Wilson, after they had retired in the evening, almost unconscious of what she uttered. The latter looked at her niece in surprise, at the abrupt remark, and one so very different from the ordinary train of Emily’s reflections. Slightly colouring at the channel into which her thoughts had insensibly wandered, she gave her aunt an account of their adventures in the course of the morning’s ride, touching lightly on the difference in amount of the alms of her brother and Mr. Denbigh.

“The bestowal of money is not always an act of charity,” observed Mrs. Wilson,

gravely, and the subject was dropped; though neither ceased to dwell on it in thought, until sleep closed their eyes.

The following day Mrs. Wilson invited Grace and Emily to accompany her in a walk; the gentlemen having preceded them in pursuit of their different amusements. Francis had his regular visits of spiritual consolation; John had gone to the hall for his pointers and fowling piece, the season for woodcocks having arrived; and Denbigh had proceeded, no one knew whither. On gaining the high-road, Mrs. Wilson desired her companions to lead to the cottage, where the family of the mendicant gardener had been lodged. On knocking at the door, they were immediately admitted to an outer room, in which was the wife of the labourer who inhabited the building, engaged in her customary morning employments. They explained the motive of their visit, and were told the family they sought were in an adjoining room, but she rather thought at that mo-

ment engaged with a clergyman, who had called a quarter of an hour before them. "I expect, my lady, its the new rector, who every body says is so good to the poor and needy; but I have not found time yet to go to church to hear his reverence preach, ma'am," curtsying and handing the fresh dusted chairs to her unexpected visitors.

The ladies seated themselves—too delicate to interrupt Francis in his sacred duty, and were silently waiting his appearance; when a voice was distinctly heard through the thin partition, the first note of which undeceived them, as to the person of the gardener's visitor.

"It appears then, Davis, by your own confession," said Denbigh, mildly, but in a tone of reproof, "that your frequent acts of intemperance, have at least afforded ground for the steward in procuring your discharge, if it has not justified him from what was his duty to your common employer.

“It is hard, Sir,” replied the man, sullenly, “to be thrown on the world with a family like mine, to make way for a younger man with but one child.”

“It may be unfortunate for your wife and children,” said Denbigh, “but just, as respects yourself. I have already convinced you, that my interference or reproof, is not an empty one; carry this letter to the person to whom it is directed, and I pledge myself, that you shall have a new trial: and should you conduct yourself soberly, and with propriety, continued and ample support. This second letter will gain your children immediate admission to the school I mentioned; and I now leave you, with an earnest injunction to remember, that habits of intemperance, not only disqualify you from supporting those who have such great claims on your protection, but inevitably lead to a loss of those powers which are necessary to insure your own eternal welfare.”

“May heaven bless your honour,” cried

the woman, with fervour, and evidently in tears, "both for what you have said and what you have done. Thomas only wants to be taken from temptation, to become a sober man again—an honest one he has ever been, I am sure."

"I have selected a place for him," replied Denbigh, "where there is no exposure from improper companions, and every thing now depends upon himself under Providence."

Mrs. Wilson had risen from her chair on the first intimation given by Denbigh of his intention to go, but had paused at the door to listen to this last speech; when beckoning to her companions, she hastily withdrew, having first made a small present to the woman of the cottage, and requested her not to mention their having called.

"What becomes now, of the comparative charity of your brother and Mr. Denbigh, Emily?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as they gained the road, on their return home-

ward. Emily was not accustomed to hear any act of John slightly spoken of, without at least manifesting some emotion, which betrayed her sisterly regard; but on the present occasion she chose to be silent: while Grace, after waiting in expectation that her cousin would speak, ventured to say timidly,

“I am sure, dear madam, Mr. Moseley was very liberal, and the tears were in his eyes, while he gave the money; I was looking directly at him the whole time.”

“John is compassionate by nature,” continued Mrs. Wilson, with an almost imperceptible smile. “I have no doubt his sympathies were warmly enlisted on behalf of this family; and possessing much, he gave liberally. I have no doubt he would have undergone personal privation to have relieved their distress, and endured both pain and labour, with such an excitement before him; but what is that to the charity of Mr. Denbigh?” and she paused.

Grace was unused to contend, and least

of all, with Mrs. Wilson; but unwilling to abandon John to such comparative censure, with increased animation, she said,

“If bestowing freely, and feeling for the distress you relieve, be not commendable, madam, I am sure I am ignorant what is.”

“That compassion for the woes of others is beautiful in itself, and the want of it an invariable evidence of corruption from too much, and ill-governed, intercourse with the world, I am willing to acknowledge, my dear Grace,” said Mrs. Wilson, kindly, “but the relief of misery, where the heart has not undergone this hardening ordeal, is only a relief, to our own feelings—this is compassion. Christian charity is a higher order of duty: it enters into every sensation of the heart—disposes us to judge as well as act, favourably to our fellow creatures—is deeply seated in the sense of our own unworthiness—keeps a single eye in its dispensations of temporal benefits, to the everlasting happiness of the

objects of its bounty—is consistent—well regulated—in short,” and Mrs. Wilson’s pale cheek glowed with an unusual richness of colour, “it is a humble attempt to copy after the heavenly example of our Redeemer, in sacrificing ourselves to the welfare of others, and does, and must proceed from a love of his person, and an obedience to his mandates.”

“And Mr. Denbigh, aunt,” exclaimed Emily, the blood mantling to her cheeks with a sympathetic glow, and losing the consideration of John in the strength of her feelings, “his charity you think to be thus.”

“So far, my child, as we can attribute motives from the complexion of the conduct,” said her aunt, with softened energy, “such appears to have been the charity of Mr. Denbigh.”

Grace was silenced, if not convinced; and the ladies continued their walk, lost in their own reflections, until they reached a bend in the road which would hide the

cottage from their view. Emily involuntarily turned her head as they arrived at this spot, and saw that Denbigh had approached to within a few paces of them. On joining them, he commenced his complimentary address in such a way, as convinced them the cottager had been true to the injunction given her by Mrs. Wilson. No mention was made of the gardener, and Denbigh began a lively description of Italian scenery, of which their present situation reminded him. The discourse was maintained with great interest by himself and Mrs. Wilson, on this subject, for the remainder of their walk.

It was yet early when they reached the parsonage, where they found John, who had driven to the hall to breakfast, already returned; and who instead of pursuing his favourite amusement of shooting, laid down his gun as they entered, observing, "it is rather soon yet for the woodcocks, and I believe I shall listen to your entertaining conversation, ladies, for the re-

mainder of the morning." He threw himself upon a sofa at no great distance from Grace, and in such a position as enabled him, without rudeness, to study the features of her lovely face; while Denbigh read aloud to the ladies, at their request, Campbell's beautiful description of wedded love, in Gertrude of Wyoming.

There was a chastened correctness in the ordinary manner of Denbigh which appeared to result from the influence of his reason, and subjection of the passions, which gave him if any thing, less interest with Emily than had it been marked by an evidence of stronger feeling. But on the present occasion, that objection was removed; his reading was impressive: and he dwelt on those passages which had most pleased himself, with a fervor of eulogy fully equal to her own undisguised sensations.

In the hour occupied in reading this exquisite little poem, and commenting on its sentiments and merits, Denbigh gained

more on her imagination than in all their former intercourse ; his ideas were as pure, as chastened, and almost as vivid as the poet's : and Emily listened to his periods with intense attention, as they flowed from him in language as glowing as his own ideas.

The poem had been first read to her by her brother, and she was surprised to discover how she had overlooked its beauties on that occasion. Even John acknowledged that it certainly appeared a different thing now from what he then thought it ; but Emily had taxed his declamatory power, in the height of the pheasant season : and some how or other, John had now taken a notion that Gertrude was just such a delicate, feminine, warm-hearted domestic girl, as Grace Chatterton.

As Denbigh closed the book, and entered into a general conversation with Clara and her sister, John followed Grace to a window, and, speaking in a tone of unusual softness, he said,

“Do you know, Miss Chatterton, I have accepted your brother’s invitation to go into Suffolk this summer, and that you are to be plagued again with me and my pointers.”

“Plagued, Mr. Moseley,” said Grace, in a voice softer than his own, “I am sure—I am sure, we none of us ever think you, or your dogs a plague.”

“Ah! Grace,” and John was about to become what he had never been before—sentimental—as he saw the carriage of Chatterton, containing the dowager and Catherine, entering the parsonage gates.

Pshaw! *thought* John, there comes mother Chatterton—“Ah! Grace,” said John, “there are your mother and sister returned already.”—“Already!” said the young lady; and, for the first time in her life, she felt rather unlike a dutiful child; at least, five minutes could have made no great difference to her mother, and she should have so liked to hear what it was John Moseley meant to have said: for the

alteration in his manner, convinced her that his first "ah! Grace," was to have been continued in a something different language, from what his second "ah Grace," had ended.

Young Moseley and her daughter standing together at the open window, caught the attention of Lady Chatterton, the moment she got a view of the house; and she entered with a good humour she had not felt since the disappointment of her late expedition on behalf of Catherine.

The gentleman she had determined on for her object in this excursion had been caught up by another rover—acting on her own account, and backed by a little more wit, with a great deal more money, than Kate could be thought to possess. Nothing further in that quarter offering in the way of her occupation, the dowager had turned her horses' heads towards London, that great theatre for the exhibition of talent.

The salutations had hardly passed be-

fore turning to John, she exclaimed, with what she intended for a most motherly smile, "what not shooting this fine day, Mr. Moseley? I thought you never missed a day in the season."

"It is rather early yet, my lady," said John, coolly, somewhat alarmed by the expression of her countenance.

"Oh!" continued her ladyship, in the same strain, "I see how it is, the ladies have too many attractions for so gallant a young man as yourself." Now, as Grace, her own daughter, was the only lady of the party who could reasonably be supposed to have much influence over John's movements—young gentlemen seldom caring so much for their own, as for other people's sisters—this might be fairly set down as a pretty broad hint of the thoughts the dowager entertained of the state of things.

John saw it, and Grace saw it.

The former coolly replied, "why, upon the whole, if your ladyship will excuse the neglect, I will try a shot this fine day;"

and in five minutes, Carlo and Rover were giving loud expressions of delight.

Grace kept her place at the window, from a feeling she could not define, and perhaps was unconscious of, until the gate closed, and the shrubbery hid the sportsman from her sight, and then she withdrew to her room to—weep.

Had Grace Chatterton been a particle less delicate—less retiring—blessed with a managing mother, as she was, John Moseley would not have thought a moment about her; but on every occasion when the dowager made any of her open attacks, Grace discovered so much distress, so much unwillingness to second them, that the suspicion of a confederacy never entered his brain.

It must not be supposed that Lady Chatterton's tactics were limited to the direct and palpable manœuvres we have mentioned; no—these were only the effervescence, the exuberance of her zeal. But as it generally happens, they suffi-

ciently betrayed the ground work of her other machinations.

None of the little artifices of—placing—of leaving alone—of showing similarity of tastes—of compliments to the gentlemen, were neglected.

This latter business she had indeed contrived to get Catherine to take off her hands. Grace could never in her life pay a compliment, unless change of colour, trembling, undulations of the bosom, and such natural movements could be so construed; but she loved dearly to receive them from John Moseley.

“Well, my dear child,” said the mother, as she seated herself by the side of her daughter, who hastily endeavoured to conceal her tears, “when are we to have another wedding? I trust every thing is settled between you and Mr. Moseley by this time.”

“Mother! Mother!” said Grace, nearly convulsed with the bitterness of her regret, “Mother, you will break my heart, indeed

you will ;” and she hid her face in the clothes of the bed by which she sat, and wept with a feeling of despair.

“Tut, my dear,” replied the dowager, not noticing her anguish, or mistaking it for shame, “you young people are fools in these matters, but Sir Edward and myself will arrange every thing as it should be.”

The daughter now looked, and sprang from her seat, her hands clasped together, her eyes fixed almost in horror ; her cheek pale as death ; but the mother had retired, and Grace sank back in her chair with a sensation of disgrace, of despair, which could not have been surpassed, had she really merited the heavy weight of obloquy and shame, she thought about to be heaped upon her.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the succeeding morning, the whole party, with the exception of Denbigh, returned to the Hall.

Nothing had transpired out of the ordinary course of the colonel's assiduities; and Jane, whose sense of propriety forbade the indulgence of tetes-a-tetes, and such little accompaniments of every-day attachments, was rejoiced to see a sister she loved, and the aunt she respected, once more in the bosom of her family.

The dowager impatiently waited an opportunity to effect, what she intended for a master-stroke of policy in the disposal of Grace. Like all other managers, she thought no one equal to herself in devising ways and means, and was unwilling to

leave any thing to nature. Grace had invariably thwarted every scheme, by her sensitive delicacy ; and as Lady Chatterton thought young Moseley really attached to her daughter, she determined, by a bold stroke, to remove the impediments of false shame, and dread of repulse, which she believed alone kept him from avowing his wishes.

Sir Edward spent an hour every morning in his library, overlooking his accounts, and in other necessary employments ; and it was here she determined to have the conference.

“ My Lady Chatterton, you do me honour,” said the baronet, handing her a chair, on her entrance.

“ Upon my word, cousin,” cried the dowager, “ you have a very convenient apartment here,” looking around her in affected admiration of all she saw. The baronet replied, and a short discourse on the arrangements of the whole house, insensibly led to the taste of his mother, the

Hon. Lady Moseley (a Chatterton), until having warmed the feelings of the old gentleman, by some well-timed compliments of that nature, she ventured on the principal object of her visit.

“I am happy to find, baronet, you are so well pleased with the family as to wish to make another selection from it; I sincerely hope it may prove as judicious as the former one.”

Sir Edward was a little at a loss to understand her meaning, although he thought it might allude to his son, who he had for some time suspected of having views on Grace Chatterton. Desirous of knowing if his conjectures were well-founded, and rather pleased to find John had selected a young woman he really loved in his heart, he observed,

“I am not certain that I rightly understand your ladyship.”

“No?” cried the dowager, in well-counterfeited affectation of surprise; “perhaps after all, my maternal anxiety has deceived

me then: Mr. Moseley could hardly have ventured to proceed without your approbation."

"I have ever declined influencing any of my children, Lady Chatterton," said the baronet, "and John is not ignorant of my sentiments; I hope, however, you allude to an attachment to Grace?"

"I did certainly, Sir Edward," said the lady hesitatingly; "I may be deceived, but you must know the feelings of a young woman ought not to be trifled with."

"My son is incapable of trifling, I hope," cried Sir Edward with animation, "and least of all with Grace Chatterton. No, my lady, you are right; if he has made his choice, he should not be ashamed to avow it."

"I would not wish on any account, to hurry matters," said the dowager; "but the report which is abroad, will prevent other young men from putting in their claims, Sir Edward,"—(sighing)—"I have a mother's feelings: if I have been hasty,

your goodness will overlook it," and Lady Chatterton withdrew with her handkerchief at her eyes, to conceal those tears—that did not flow.

Sir Edward thinking all was natural and as it should be, sought an early conference with his son.

"John," said the father, taking his hand kindly, "you have no reason to doubt my affection, or compliance with your wishes; fortune is a thing out of the question with a young man of your expectations;" and Sir Edward in his eagerness to smoothe the way, went on: "you can live here, or occupy my small seat in Wiltshire. I can allow you five thousand a year with much ease to myself. Indeed, your mother and myself would both straighten ourselves, to add to your comforts; but it is unnecessary—we have enough, and you have enough." Sir Edward would in a few minutes have settled every thing to the dowager's perfect satisfaction, had not John interrupted him, by the exclamation

of, "what do you allude to, father?" in a tone of astonishment.

"Allude to," said Sir Edward, simply, "why Grace Chatterton, my son."

"Grace Chatterton, Sir Edward! what have I to do with Grace Chatterton?" asked John, colouring a little.

"Her mother has made me acquainted with your proposals," said the baronet, "and"—

"Proposals!"

"Attentions I ought to have said; and you have no reason to apprehend any thing from me."

"Attentions!" said John haughtily; "I hope Lady Chatterton does not accuse me of improper attentions to her daughter."

"No, not improper, my son," said his father, she is pleased."

"She is," cried John impatiently, "but I am displeased, that she undertakes to put constructions on my acts, that no attentions or words of mine will justify."

It was Sir Edward's turn now to be sur-

prised. He had thought he was doing his son a kindness, when he had only been forwarding the dowager's schemes: but averse to contention, and wondering at his cousin's mistake, which he at once attributed to her anxiety, he told John he was sorry there had been any misapprehension, and left him.

“No, no,” said Moseley internally, as he paced up and down his father's library, “my lady dowager, you are not going to force a wife down my throat. If you do, I am mistaken; and Grace, if Grace”—and John softened, and began to feel a little unhappy, but his anger prevailed.

From the moment Grace Chatterton conceived a dread of her mother's saying any thing to Sir Edward, her whole conduct was altered. She could hardly look any of the family in the face, and her most ardent wish was, that they might depart. John she avoided as she would an adder, although it nearly broke her heart to do so.

Mr. Benfield had staid longer than usual, and now wished to return. John Moseley eagerly seized the opportunity; and the very day after the conversation in the library, he went to Benfield Lodge as a dutiful nephew, to see his venerable uncle safely restored once more to the abode of his ancestors.

Lady Chatterton who now perceived, when too late, that she had overshot her mark, at the same time wondered at such a strange result, from plans so well digested and conducted.

She, however, determined never again to interfere between her daughter and the baronet's heir; concluding, with a nearer approach to the truth than always accompanied her deductions, that neither of them resembled ordinary lovers, in their temperament or opinions.

Perceiving no further use in remaining any longer at the Hall, she took her leave, accompanied by both her daughters, pro-

ceeding to the capital, where she expected to meet her son.

Dr. Ives and his wife returned to the Rectory on the same day, and Denbigh forthwith resumed his abode under their friendly roof: while the intercourse between the rector's family and that of Sir Edward, was renewed, with all its former confidence.

Colonel Egerton also began to speak of his departure, but hinted his intention of visiting L—— at the period of Sir Edward's visit to his uncle, before he proceeded to town for the winter.

L—— was a small village on the coast, within a mile of Benfield Lodge; and from its natural convenience, had been resorted to by the neighbouring gentry, for the benefit of sea bathing. The baronet had promised Mr. Benfield that his visit should be made at an earlier day than usual, in order to gratify Jane with an excursion to Bath, before they went to London, and at which place they were promised by Mrs.

Jarvis the pleasure of her society, and that of her son and daughters.

PRECAUTION is a word of simple meaning in itself, but various are the ways adopted by different individuals in this life to enforce its import; and not a few are the evils against which it must be thought necessary to guard.

To provide in due season against the dangers of want, personal injury, loss of character, and many other such acknowledged misfortunes, has become a kind of instinctive process of our natures.

The few exceptions which exist, only go to prove the rule.

Almost every man has some ruling propensity—to gratify, or to advance which, his ingenuity is ever on the alert. Or it may be, that he has some apprehended evil to avert, which calls forth all his prudence into activity.

Yet how seldom is the faculty of precaution exerted in such manner as to

afford a rational expectation of permanent connubial happiness.

Marriage is called a lottery, and it is thought, that like all other lotteries, there are more blanks than prizes; yet is it not made more precarious than it ought to be, by our neglect of even that ordinary degree of precaution, which we should be ridiculed for omitting in conducting our every day concerns?

Is not the standard by which mankind in general estimate the probability of matrimonial felicity, placed too low?

Ought we not to look more to the possession of principles, than merely to that of wealth?

Or is it justifiable in a christian to commit a child, a daughter, to the keeping of a man who wants the very essential which is held indispensable to the constituting a perfect character?

Most men revolt at religious infidelity in a woman—and, however licentious in

opinion themselves, look at least, for the appearance of religion in their wives.

The education of their children is a serious responsibility; and, although seldom conducted on such rules as will stand the test of reason, is never avowedly disregarded. That their early impressions should be correct—their infant conduct blameless—is the professed wish of even such as indulge in a latitude of conduct wholly irreconcilable with christianity.

And is not the one half of mankind of the male sex?

Are precepts in religion, in morals, only for females?

Are we to reverse the theory of the Mahometans, and though we do not believe it, act as if *men* had no souls?

Is not the example of the father as important to the son, as that of the mother to the daughter?

In short, is there any security against the commission of enormities, but a humble and devout dependance on the assist-

ance of that Almighty Power, which is alone able to hold us up against temptation?

Uniformity of taste—the mutual belief of such feelings—is no doubt necessary to what we call love; but is not taste acquired? Would our daughters admire a handsome deist, if properly impressed with a horror of his doctrines, sooner than they now would a handsome Mahometan? Whilst we should refuse our children to a pious dissenter, we give them to a professing, but not christian member of the establishment, thus making the substance less than the shadow.

Of the various evils to be averted by PRECAUTION, the views of some of our principal characters are at this period of our history greatly diversified.

Mrs. Wilson considers christianity an indispensable requisite in the husband to be *permitted* to her niece, and watches against the *possibility* of any other than a christian gaining the affections of Emily.

Lady Chatterton, viewing the want of an establishment as the one sin not to be forgiven, directs all her energies to prevent this evil; while John Moseley, holding free will to be the birthright of an Englishman, is at the present moment anxiously alive to prevent the dowager's making him the husband of Grace—the thing which of all others he most desires..

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN MOSELEY returned from L—— within the week, and appeared as if his whole delight now consisted in knocking down the inoffensive birds.

His restlessness induced him to make Jarvis his companion; for although he abhorred the captain's style of pursuing the sport, being in his opinion both out of rule and without taste, yet he was a constitutional fidget, and suited his own moving propensities at the moment.

Egerton and Denbigh were both frequently at the Hall, but generally gave their time to the ladies, neither being much inclined to the favourite amusement of John.

Within the park there was a little arbour, which had been for years a retreat from the summer heats to the ladies of the Moseley family. It had been in vogue even in the youthful days of Mrs. Wilson, who loved it with a kind of melancholy pleasure, as the spot where she had first listened to the language of love, from the lips of her late husband.

Into this arbour the ladies had one day retired during the heat of a mid-day sun, with the exception of Lady Moseley, who had her own engagements in the house.

Between Egerton and Denbigh there was maintained a kind of courtly intercourse, which prevented any disagreeable collision from their manifestly mutual dislike.

Mrs. Wilson thought that on the part of Denbigh, it was the forbearance of a principled indulgence to another's weakness; while the colonel's otherwise uniform good-breeding, was hardly able to conceal a something, amounting nearly to

repugnance, with which he admitted the association.

Egerton had taken his seat on the ground near the feet of Jane; and Denbigh had stationed himself on a bench placed without the arbour, but near enough to have the full benefit of shade from the noble oak, whose branches had been so trained as to compose its principal covering.

Accident might have given to each his particular situation; but they were so placed as not to be in sight of each other. The colonel was conveniently situated for handing Jane her scissors, or any other little implement of work that she occasionally dropped—while Denbigh could read every lineament of the animated countenance of Emily as she listened to his description of the curiosities of Egypt, a country in which he had spent a few months when attached to the army in Sicily.

In this position we will leave them, happy in the society of each other, while

we trace the route of John Moseley and his companion, in their pursuit of woodcocks.

“Do you know, Moseley,” said Jarvis, who began to think he was a favourite with John, “that I have taken it into my head, this Mr. Denbigh was very happy to plead his morals for not meeting me; he is a soldier, but I cannot find out what battles he has been in.”

“Captain Jarvis,” said John coolly, “the less you say about that business the better; call in Rover.” Now another of Jarvis’s recommendations was a pair of lungs that might have been heard half a mile with great ease on a still morning.

“Why,” said Jarvis rather humbly, “I am sensible, Mr. Moseley, I was very wrong as regards your sister; but don’t you think it a little odd in a soldier not to fight when properly called upon.”

“I suppose Mr. Denbigh did not think himself properly called upon,” said John; “or perhaps he had heard what a great shot you were.”

Six months before his appearance in B——, Captain Jarvis, who had been a clerk in the counting-house of Jarvis, Baxter, and Co. had never held fire-arms of any kind in his hand, with the exception of an old blunderbuss, which had for years been a kind of sentinel over the iron chest.

On mounting the cockade, he had taken up shooting as a martial exercise, inasmuch as the burning of gunpowder was an attendant of the recreation.

He had never killed but one bird in his life, and that was an owl, of whom he took the advantage of day-light and his stocking feet, to knock off a tree in the Deanery grounds very early after his arrival.

In his essays with John, he sometimes pulled the trigger at the same moment with his companion; and as the bird generally fell, he had certainly an equal claim to the honour. He was fond of warring with crows, and birds of the larger sort, and invariably went provided with small

balls fitted to the bore of his fowling piece for such accidental rencontres.

He had another habit, which was not a little annoying to John, and who had several times tried in vain to break him of it, that of shooting at marks. If birds were not plenty, he would throw up a chip, and sometimes his hat, by the way of shooting on the wing.

As the day was excessively hot, and the game kept close, John felt willing to return from such unprofitable labour. The captain now commenced his chip firing, which in a few minutes was succeeded by his hat.

“ See, Moseley, see, I have hit the band,” cried the captain, delighted to find he had at last wounded his old antagonist; “ I dont think you can beat that yourself.”

“ I am not sure that I can,” said John, slipping a handful of gravel into the muzzle of his piece silyly, “ but I can do as you did, try.”

“ Do,” cried the captain, pleased to get

his companion down to his own level of amusement, "are you ready?"

"Yes, throw."

Jarvis threw, and John fired; the hat fairly bounced—"Have I hit it?" asked John coolly, while reloading the barrel he had discharged.

"Hit it?" said the captain, looking ruefully at his hat, "it looks like a cullender; but Moseley, your gun don't scatter well; here must have been a dozen shot have gone through in one place."

"It does look rather like a cullender," said John, as he inspected the state of his companion's beaver, "and by the *size* of some of the holes, one that has been a good deal used."

The reports of the fowling pieces announced to the party in the harbour the return of the sportsmen; it being an invariable practice with John Moseley, to discharge his gun before he came in; and Jarvis had imitated him, from a wish to be, what he called, in rule.

“ Mr. Denbigh,” said John archly, as he put down his gun, “ Captain Jarvis has got the better of his hat at last.”

Denbigh smiled without speaking ; and the captain, unwilling to have any thing to say to a gentleman to whom he had been obliged to apologize for his five hundred pounds, went into the harbour to show the mangled condition of his skull-cap to the colonel, on whose sympathies he felt a kind of claim, being of the same corps.

John complaining of thirst, now went to a little run of water, but a short distance from them, in order to satisfy it.

The interruption of Jarvis happened to be particularly unseasonable. Jane was relating to the colonel in a manner peculiar to herself, and in which was mingled that undefinable exchange of looks so delightful to lovers, some incident of early life, that greatly interested him — and knowing the captain’s foible, he pointed with his finger, as he said,

“ There is one of your old enemies, a hawk.”

Jarvis threw down his hat, and ran with boyish eagerness to drive away the intruder.

In his haste, he caught up the gun of John Moseley, and loading it rapidly, threw in a ball from his usual stock; but whether it was that the hawk saw and knew him, or whether it saw something else it liked better, it made a dart for the baronet's poultry yard at no great distance, and was out of sight in a minute.

Seeing that his mark had vanished, the captain laid the piece where he had found it, and recovering his old train of ideas, picked up his hat again.

“ John,” said Emily, as she approached him affectionately, “ you were too warm to drink.”

“ Stand off, sister,” cried John playfully, having taken up his gun from against the body of tree, and dropping it towards her—

Jarvis had endeavoured to make an appeal to the commiseration of Emily, in favour of his neglected beaver, and was within a few feet of them ; at this moment, recoiling from the muzzle of the gun, he exclaimed, " it is loaded."

" Hold," cried Denbigh, in a voice of horror, as he sprang between John and his sister — both were too late ; the piece was discharged. Denbigh, turning to Emily, smiled mournfully ; and gazing for a moment at her, with an expression of tenderness, of pleasure, of sorrow, so blended, that she retained the recollection of it for life—fell at her feet.

The gun dropped from the nerveless grasp of young Moseley—Emily sunk in insensibility by the side of her preserver—and Mrs. Wilson and Jane stood speechless and aghast.

The colonel alone retained presence of mind. He sprang to examine Denbigh.

His recollection was perfect : his eyes were open, and fixed with intense observa-

tion on the inanimate body which laid by his side.

“Leave me, Colonel Egerton,” said he, speaking with difficulty, and pointing in the direction of the little run of water, “assist Miss Moseley—your hat—your hat will answer.”

Egerton flew to the stream, and returning immediately with water, by the help of her sister and Mrs. Wilson, soon restored Emily to life.

The ladies and John had now begun to act. The tenderest assiduities of Jane were devoted to her sister, while Mrs. Wilson, observing her niece to be uninjured but by the shock, assisted John in supporting the wounded man.

He spoke, requesting to be carried to the house; and Jarvis was despatched for help; within half an hour Denbigh was placed on a couch in the mansion of Sir Edward, and quietly waiting for that professional aid, which alone could decide on his probable fate.

The group assembled in the room, were waiting in fearful expectation the arrival of surgeons, in pursuit of whom messengers had been sent, both to the barracks in F—— and to the town itself.

Sir Edward sat by the sufferer, holding one hand in his own, and turning his tearful eyes alternately in mute gratitude on that daughter who had been thus rescued from death, and on the countenance of him, who, by bravely interposing his bosom to the blow, had incurred in his own person, the imminent danger of a similar fate.

Emily was with her father, as with the rest of his family, a decided favourite; and no reward could have been sufficient, no gratitude sufficiently strong, in the estimation of the baronet, to compensate the preserver of such a child. She sat between her mother and Jane, with a hand held by each, pale and oppressed with a load of gratitude, of thanksgiving, of woe, that almost bowed her to the earth.

Lady Moseley and Jane were both sen-

sibly touched with the deliverance of Emily, and manifested the interest they took in her by the tenderest caresses, while Mrs. Wilson sat calmly collected within herself, occasionally giving those few directions which were necessary under the circumstances, and offering up her silent petitions in behalf of the sufferer.

John had taken horse immediately for F——, and Jarvis had volunteered to go to the Rectory and Bolton.

Denbigh inquired frequently and with much anxiety for Dr. Ives; but the rector was absent from home on a visit to a sick parishioner, and it was late in the evening before he arrived.

Within three hours of the accident, however, Dr. Black, the surgeon of the ——th, reached the Hall, and immediately proceeded to the examination of the wound. The ball had penetrated the right breast, and lodged in the body; it was extracted with very little difficulty, and his attendant acquainted the anxious

friends of Denbigh, that the heart had certainly, and the lungs he hoped, escaped uninjured; the ball was a very small one, and the danger to be apprehended was from fever: he had taken the usual precautions against it, and should it not set in with a violence greater than he apprehended at present, the patient might be abroad within the month; “but,” continued the surgeon with the habitual coolness of his profession, “the gentleman has had a narrow chance in the passage of the ball itself; half an inch more would have settled his account with this world.”

This information greatly relieved the family, and orders were given to preserve a silence in the house that might favour the patient’s disposition to quiet, or, if possible, sleep.

Dr. Ives now reached the Hall. Mrs. Wilson had never seen the rector in the agitation, or want of self-command he manifested as she met him at the entrance of the house—“Is he alive?—is there

hope? — where is George?” — cried the doctor as he caught the extended hand of Mrs. Wilson; she briefly acquainted him with the surgeon’s report, and the reasonable ground there was to expect that Denbigh would survive the injury.

“May God be praised,” said the rector, in a suppressed voice, and he hastily withdrew into a parlour. Mrs. Wilson followed him slowly and in silence, but was checked on her opening the door, with the sight of the rector on his knees, and the big tear stealing down his venerable cheeks in quick succession. “Surely,” thought the widow, as she drew back unnoticed, “a youth capable of exciting such affection in a man like Dr. Ives, as he now manifests, cannot be an unworthy one.”

Denbigh, hearing of the arrival of his friend, desired to see him alone: their conference was short, and the rector returned from it with increased hopes of the favourable termination of this dreadful accident. He immediately left the hall for his own

house, with a promise of returning early on the following morning.

During the night, however, the symptoms became unfavourable; before the return of Dr. Ives, Denbigh was in a state of delirium from the height of his fever, and the apprehensions of his friends returned with additional force.

“What—what, my good sir, do you think of him?” said the baronet to the family physician, with an emotion that the danger of his dearest child would not have exceeded, and within hearing of most of his children, who were collected in the anti-chamber of Denbigh’s room. “It is impossible to say, Sir Edward,” replied the physician, “at present he refuses all medicine; and unless this fever abates, his recovery is doubtful.”

During this conference, Emily stood motionless, pale as death, and with her hands clasped together; betraying by the workings of her fingers in a kind of

convulsive motion, the intensity of her feelings

She had seen the medicine prepared, which it was so essential Denbigh should take, and it now stood rejected on a table in view through the open door of his room—almost breathless she glided to where it was put, and taking it in her hand, she approached the bed, by which sat John alone, listening with a feeling of despair to the wanderings of the sick man; Emily hesitated once or twice, as she drew near to Denbigh: her face had lost the paleness of anxiety, and glowed with some other emotion.

“Mr. Denbigh—dear Denbigh,” said Emily, with energy, and unconsciously dropping her voice into the softest notes of persuasion; “will you refuse me?—me, Emily Moseley, whose life you have saved?” and she offered him the salutary draught.

“Emily Moseley!” repeated Denbigh, after her, and in those tones so remarkable

in his natural voice, "is she safe? I thought she was killed—dead;" and then, as if recollecting somewhat, he gazed intently on her countenance—his eye became less fiery—his muscles relaxed—he smiled, and, without further opposition, took the medicine from her hand.

He still wandered in his language, but the physician availing himself of Emily's influence over Denbigh, had succeeded in administering another draught, and the fever having abated, before morning he was in a profound sleep.

During the whole day it had been found necessary to keep Emily by the side of his bed; and at times it was no trifling tax on her feelings to remain there; he spoke of her by name in the tenderest manner, although incoherently, and in terms that restored to the blanched cheeks of the distressed girl, more than the richness of their native colour.

His thoughts were not confined to Emily, however; he talked of his father

—of his mother, and frequently spoke of his poor deserted Marian. On the latter name he dwelt in language of the warmest affection—condemned his own desertion of her—and, taking Emily for her, would beg her forgiveness—tell her, her sufferings had been enough, and that he would return, and never leave her again.

At such moments, his nurse would again show, by the paleness of her cheeks, her anxiety for his health, and then, as he addressed her by her proper appellation, all her emotions appeared absorbed in a sense of the shame with which his praises overwhelmed her.

As with the decrease of fever he became more placid Mrs. Wilson succeeded Emily in the charge of the patient; and she retired to seek the repose she so greatly needed.

On the second morning after the accident, he dropped into a deep sleep, from which he awoke perfectly refreshed and collected in his mind. The fever had left

him, and his attendants pronounced, with the usual caution to prevent a relapse, his recovery certain.

To have announced intelligence more grateful to every member of the Moseley family, were impossible; even Jane had lost sight of her own lover, from sympathy in the fate of a man she supposed to be her sister's.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE recovery of Denbigh was as rapid as the most sanguine expectation of his friends could justify; and in ten days from the accident, he left his bed, and could sit for an hour or two at a time in his dressing-room, where Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by Jane or Emily, would read to him; and it was remarked by Sir Edward's game-keeper, that the woodcocks had become so tame, during the time Mr. Moseley was shut up in attendance on his friend, that Captain Jarvis was at last seen to bring one home.

As Jarvis felt something like a consciousness, that but for his folly, the disaster would not have happened; and also

something very like shame for the manner in which he had shrunk from the danger Denbigh had encountered, he pretended a recal to his regiment then on duty near London, as an excuse for leaving the Deanery. He went off as he came—in the colonel's tilbury, accompanied by his friend, and his pointers. John, who saw them pass from the windows of Denbigh's dressing-room, fervently prayed that he might never come back again—the chip-shooting poacher.

Colonel Egerton had taken leave of Jane the evening preceding, with warm protestations, that he should look forward to the moment of their meeting at L——, whither he intended repairing, as soon as the corps he belonged to had gone through its annual review, with intense anxiety.

During the uncertainty of Denbigh's fate, Jane had so implicitly yielded to the dictates of natural feeling, that she had not thought much of her lover, or indeed any thing but her rescued sister and her

preserver ; but now that the former was pronounced in safety, and the latter, by the very re-action of her grief, was, if possible, happier than ever, Jane dwelt in melancholy sadness on the perfections of the man who had taken with him the best affections (as she thought) of her heart.

With him, all was perfect ; his morals, his manners, were unexceptionable ; his tenderness of disposition manifest—they had wept together over the distresses of more than one fictitious heroine ; his temper, how amiable ! he was never angry—she had never seen it ; his opinions—his tastes, how correct ! they were her own ; his form, his face, how agreeable—her eyes had seen, and her heart acknowledged it ; besides, his eyes confessed the power of her own charms ; he was brave, for he was a soldier—in short, as Emily had predicted, he was a hero—for he was Colonel Egerton.

Had Jane been possessed of a less pru-

rient fancy, she might have been at some loss to identify all these good properties with her hero; or had she possessed a matured and well regulated judgment to have controlled that fancy, they might possibly have assumed a different appearance.

No explanation had taken place between them, Jane knew, however, both by her own feelings, and the legends of love, from its earliest days, that the moment of parting was generally a crisis in affairs of the heart; and with a backwardness, occasioned by her modesty, had avoided, rather than sought an opportunity to favour the colonel's wishes.

Egerton had not indeed been over anxious to come to the point, and every thing was left as heretofore—neither, however, appeared to doubt in the least the state of the other's affections; and there might be said to exist between them, one of those engagements, by implication, from which it would have been a breach of faith to

have receded, but which, like all other bargains loosely made, are sometimes violated—if convenient.

Man is a creature as experience has sufficiently proved, whom it is necessary to keep in his proper place in society, by wholesome restrictions; and we have often thought it a matter of regret, that some well-defined regulations have not been laid down as an incumbent duty in proceeding on his road to the temple of Hymen.

That it is ungenerous, ignoble, almost unprecedented, to doubt the faith, the constancy, of a male paragon we know; yet, somehow, as the news-papers occasionally give us a sample of such infidelity—we cannot but wish, that either the watchfulness of the parent, or a sense of self-preservation in the daughter, should induce an adherence to those old conventional forms of courtship, which require a man to speak so as to be understood, and a woman to answer in such manner as to be irrecoverably pledged.

There was a little parlour in the house of Sir Edward Moseley—the privileged retreat of none but the members of his own family. It was here that the ladies were accustomed to withdraw into the bosom of domestic quietude, when occasional visitors had disturbed their ordinary intercourse: and many had been the hasty and unreserved communications it had witnessed from the sisters, in their stolen flights from the gayer scenes of the principal apartments.

It might be said to be sacred to the pious feelings of the domestic affections. Sir Edward would retire to it when fatigued with his occupations, certain of finding some one he loved, and to whom he might unbend his mind, and withdraw from the graver cares of life.

Lady Moseley, even in the proudest hours of her reviving splendour, seldom passed the door without looking in, with a smile, on the faces she might find there; it was, in fact, the room in the large man-

sion of the baronet, expressly devoted, by long usage and common consent, to the purest feelings of human nature.

Into this apartment being the one nearest to his chamber, Denbigh had gained admission, and although its proximity was obviously connected with convenience as requiring the least effort, his reception in this family sanctuary resulted perhaps from some undefinable feeling of the Moseleys, which had begun to connect him with themselves—partly from his winning manners, and partly by a sense of the important obligation under which he had laid them.

One sultry day, Denbigh, accompanied by John, had sought this retreat, expecting to meet his sisters, who they found, however, on inquiry, had walked to the arbour. After remaining by themselves sometime, John was called away to attend to a pointer that had been taken sick, and Denbigh, throwing a handkerchief over his head, quietly composed himself on one

of the comfortable sofas of the room, with a disposition to sleep.

Before he had entirely lost his consciousness, a light step moving near him, caught his ear; believing it to be a servant unwilling to disturb him, he disregarded it, until the quick, but stifled breathing, of some one nearer to him than before, roused his curiosity. He, however, commanded himself, sufficiently to remain quiet; the blind of a window near him was now carefully closed; a screen drawn from a corner, and placed so as sensibly to destroy the slight draught of air in which he had laid himself as a relief from the excessive heat; and other arrangements were made, but with a care to avoid disturbing him, that rendered them hardly audible—presently the step approached him again, the breathing though gentle, was quicker, the handkerchief moved—but the hand was withdrawn, hastily, as if afraid of itself—another effort was successful, and Denbigh through his dark eye-

lashes, stole a glance on the figure of Emily, as she stood over him in the fullness of her charms, and with a face, in which glowed an emotion of interest he had never witnessed before — it undoubtedly was *gratitude*.

For a moment she gazed on him, her colour increasing in richness.

His hand was carelessly thrown over an arm of the sofa; she stooped towards it with her face gently, but with an air of modesty that shone in her very figure—Denbigh felt the warmth of her breath, but her lips did not touch it.

Had Denbigh been inclined to judge the actions of Emily Moseley harshly, it were impossible to mistake the movement for any thing but the impulse of natural feeling—there was a pledge of innocence, of modesty in her countenance, that would have prevented misconstruction; and he continued quietly awaiting the result of the preparations on her little mahogany secretary.

Mrs. Wilson entertained a great abhorrence of what is commonly called accomplishments in a woman; she knew that too much of that precious time, which could never be recalled, was thrown away in endeavouring to acquire a smattering in what, if known, probably could never be of use to the party, and what can never be well known but to a few, whom nature, and laborious practice, have enabled to excel. But as she had at an early age shewn a taste for painting, and a vivid perception of the beauties of nature, her inclination had been indulged; and Emily Moseley sketched with great neatness and accuracy, and with much rapidity.

It would not have been surprising, had the indulgence of his admiration betrayed Denbigh, whose features she was now studying.

She had entered the room from her walk, warm and careless; her hair, than which none was more beautiful, had strayed on her shoulders, freed from the con-

finement of the comb, and a lock was finely contrasted with the rich colour of her cheek, that almost burnt with the exercise and the excitement—her dress, white as the first snow of the winter; her looks, as she now turned them on the face of the sleeper, and now betrayed by their animation the success of her attempt, formed a picture in itself, that Denbigh might have been content to gaze on for ever.

Her back was to a window, that threw its strong light on the paper; the figures on which were reflected, as she occasionally held it up to study its effect, from a mirror, so fixed that Denbigh caught a view of her subject—he knew it at a glance—the arbour—the gun—himself, all were there; it appeared to have been drawn before—it must have been, from its perfect state, and Emily had seized a favourable moment to complete his resemblance.

Her touches were light and finishing, and as the picture was frequently held up

for consideration, he had some time allowed for studying it. His own resemblance was strong; his eyes were turned on herself, to whom he thought she had not quite done justice—but the man who held the gun, bore no likeness to John Moseley, except in dress.

A slight movement of the muscles of the sleeper's mouth, might have betrayed his consciousness, had not Emily been too intent on the picture, as she turned it in such a way, that a strong light fell on the recoiling figure of Captain Jarvis—the resemblance was wonderful — Denbigh thought he should have known it, had he seen it in the academy itself.

The noise of some one approaching she closed the port-folio—it was only a servant; yet Emily did not resume her pencil. Denbigh watched her motions, as she put the picture carefully in a private drawer of the secretary—re-opened the blind, replaced the screen, and laid the handkerchief the last thing, on his face,

with a movement almost imperceptible to himself.

“It is later than I thought it,” said Denbigh, looking at his watch, “I owe an apology, Miss Moseley, for making so free with your parlour; but I was too lazy to move.”

“Apology! Mr. Denbigh,” cried Emily, her colour varying with every word she spoke, and trembling, at what she thought the nearness of detection, “you have no apology to make for your present debility; and surely—surely, least of all to me.”

“I understand from Mr. Moseley,” continued Denbigh, with a smile, “that our obligation is at least mutual; to your perseverance and care, Miss Moseley, after the physicians had given me up, I believe I am, under Providence; indebted for my recovery.”

Emily was not vain, and least of all addicted to a display of any of her acquirements; very few even of her friends knew she ever took a pencil in her hand; yet

did she now unaccountably throw open her port-folio, and offer its contents to the examination of her companion; it was done almost instantaneously, and with great freedom, though not without certain flushings of the face, and heavings of the bosom, that would have eclipsed Grace Chatterton in her happiest moments of natural flattery.

Whatever might have been the wishes of Mr. Denbigh, to pursue a subject which had begun to grow extremely interesting, both from its import, and the feelings of the parties, it would have been rude to decline viewing the contents of a lady's port-folio.

The drawings were, many of them, interesting, and the exhibiter of them now appeared as anxious to remove them in haste, as she had but the moment before been to direct his attention to her performances.

Denbigh would have given much to have dared to ask for the paper so care-

fully secreted in the private drawer; but neither the agency which he had himself personally in the scene, nor delicacy to his companion's evident wish for concealment, would allow of the request.

“Doctor Ives! how happy I am to see you,” said Emily, hastily closing her portfolio, and before Denbigh had gone half through its contents, “you have become almost a stranger, since Clara has left us.”

“No, no, my little friend, never a stranger, I hope, at Moseley Hall,” cried the doctor, pleasantly; “George, I am happy to see you look so well—you have even a colour—there is a letter for you from Marian.”

Denbigh took the letter eagerly, and retired to a window to peruse it—his hand shook as he broke the seal, and his interest in the writer or its contents, could not have escaped the notice of any observer, however indifferent.

“Now, Miss Emily, if you will have

the goodness to order me a glass of wine and water, after my ride, believe me, you will do a very charitable act," said the doctor, as he took his seat on the sofa. Emily was standing by the little table, deeply musing on the qualities of her portfolio; for her eyes were fixed on its outside intently, as if she expected to see its contents through the leather covering.

"Miss Emily Moseley," continued the doctor, gravely, "am I to die of thirst this warm day?"

"Do you wish any thing, Doctor Ives," said Emily, as he passed her in order to ring the bell.

"Only a servant to get me some wine and water."

"Why did you not ask me, my dear sir," said Emily, as she threw open a celloret, and handed what he wanted.

"There, my dear, there is a great plenty," said the doctor, with an arch expression, "I really thought I had asked

you thrice—but I believe you were studying something in that port-folio.” Emily, blushing, endeavoured to laugh at her own absence of mind—but she would have given the world to know who Marian was.

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