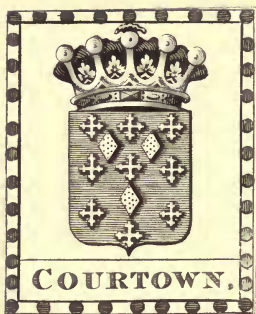




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PRECAUTION,

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. III.

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PRECAUTION.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHING material occurred after the departure of Lady Laura, for a fortnight;—the Moseleys entering soberly into the amusements of the place.

Derwent and Chatterton became more pointed every day in their attentions—the one to Emily, and the other to Lady Harriet—when the dowager received a pressing intreaty from Catherine to hasten to her at Lisbon, where her husband, after much doubt and indecision, had taken up his residence.

Lady Herrieffield stated generally, in her letter, that she was miserable, and without the support of her mother could not exist under her present grievances—but the cause of those grievances, or the grounds of her misery, she left unexplained.

Lady Chatterton, who was not deficient in maternal regard, promptly determined to proceed to Portugal in the next packet. John felt inclined for a little excursion with his bride, and out of compassion to the baron, who was in a dilemma between his duty and his love—for Lady Harriet about that time was particularly attractive—offered his services.

Chatterton allowed himself to be persuaded by the good-natured John, that her ladyship could safely cross the ocean, under his protection; and accordingly, after making the requisite preparations, the dowager, John, Grace, and Jane, commenced their journey to Falmouth.

Jane had offered to accompany Grace, as a companion in her return (it being ex-

pected Lady Chatterton would remain on the Continent with her daughter), and her parents appreciating her motives, permitted the excursion, with a hope that it might attract her thoughts from past events.

Although Grace shed a few tears at parting with Emily and her friends, it was impossible for Mrs. Moseley to be long unhappy, with the face of John smiling by her side; and, pursuing their route, they in due season, reached the port of embarkation.

The following morning, the packet got under weigh, and a favourable breeze soon wafted them out of sight of their native shores. The ladies were for some days too much indisposed to appear on the deck; but the weather being calm, and the sea smooth, Grace and Jane at length ventured out of the state room, which they shared between them, to respire the fresh air above.

There were but few passengers, and

those chiefly ladies — the wives of officers on foreign stations, on their way to join their husbands. As these ladies had been accustomed to moving in the world, their ease, and disposition to accommodate, soon removed the awkwardness of a first meeting, and our voyagers begun to be at home in their novel situation.

While Grace stood leaning on the arm of her husband, and clinging to his support—both from her affections and dread of the motion of the vessel—Jane had ventured, with one of the ladies, to attempt a walk round the deck of the ship. Unaccustomed to such uncertain foothold, the walkers had been prevented falling, by the kind interposition of a gentleman, who, for the first time, had shown himself among them, at that moment. The accident, and their situation, led to a conversation which was renewed at different times during their passage, and in some measure created an intimacy between our party and the stranger. He was addressed, by the com-

mander of the vessel as Mr. Harland; and Lady Chatterton exercising her ingenuity in the investigation of his history, and destination in his present journey—soon made the following discovery:

The Rev. and Hon. Mr. Harland—who was the younger son of an Irish earl, and had embraced the sacred profession—held a valuable living in the gift of his father's family; his father was yet alive, and then at Lisbon with his mother and sister, in attendance on his elder brother, who had been sent there in a deep decline, by the physicians, some months before. It had been the wish of his parents to have taken all their children with them; but a sense of duty had kept the young divine in the exercise of his office until a request from his dying brother, and the directions of his father, had induced him to hasten thither, to witness the decease of the one, and afford all the solace within his power to the others.

The discovery of the rank of this acci-

dental acquaintance, with the apparent certainty of his inheriting a peerage, in no degree impaired his consequence in the eyes of the dowager; while his visible anxiety and depressed spirits—unaffected piety, and disinterested hopes for his brother's recovery, elevated him no less in the opinions of her companions.

There was, at the moment, a kind of sympathy between Harland and Jane, notwithstanding the melancholy which gave rise to it proceeded from such very different causes; and as the lady, although with diminished bloom, retained all her personal charms, rather heightened than otherwise, by the softness of low spirits—the young clergyman sometimes relieved his apprehensions of his brother's death, by admitting the image of Jane in his moments of solitary reflection.

Their voyage was tedious, and long before it terminated the dowager had intimated to Grace the probability of Jane's becoming, at some future day, a countess.

Grace sincerely hoped, that whatever she became, she would be as happy as she thought all allied to John deserved to be.

They entered the bay of Lisbon early in the morning; and, as the ship had been expected for some days, a boat came alongside with a note for Mr. Harland before they had anchored: it apprised him of the death of his brother. The young man threw himself precipitately into it, and was soon employed in one of the loveliest offices of his vocation — that of healing the wounds of the afflicted.

Lady Herrieffield received her mother with a sort of sullen satisfaction; and her companions, with an awkwardness she could but ill conceal. It required no great observation in the travellers to discover, that their arrival was wholly unexpected by the viscount — to whom it was doubtful if it were not equally disagreeable. Indeed, one day's residence under his roof convinced them all, that no great degree of domestic felicity had ever prevailed in that dwelling.

From the moment Lord Herrielfield became suspicious that he had been a dupe to the management of Kate and her mother, he viewed every act of his wife with an eye of prejudice. With his knowledge of human nature, it was easy to detect the selfishness and worldly-mindedness of his wife; for as these were faults she was unconscious of possessing, so she was unguarded in her exposure of them. Her matrimonial designs having ended with marriage, she might, with her disposition — had the viscount treated her with any of the courtesies due to her sex and station — have been contented in the enjoyment of rank and possession of wealth : but, unhappily, their private hours were incessantly embittered with the overflowings of her husband's resentment, at having been deceived in his judgment of the female sex.

There is no point upon which men are more tender than their privilege of suiting themselves with a partner for life, although many of both sexes are influenced, in this

important selection, more by the wishes and whims of others, than we generally suspect—yet while they imagine, that what is the result of contrivance and management, must be the election of free will, and taste—so long as they are ignorant—they are contented. But Lord Herrieffield wanted the bliss of ignorance; and with his contempt of his wife, was mingled, anger at his own want of foresight.

Few people can tamely submit to self reproach; and as the cause of his irritated state of mind, was both present, and completely within his power, the viscount seemed determined to leave her no cause for exultation in the success of her plans. He was jealous of her, from temperament—from bad association—and want of confidence in the principles of his wife: and the freedom of foreign manners had a tendency to exacerbate this baneful passion in an unusual degree.

It was thus—abridged in her pleasures—reproached with motives she was incapable

of harbouring — and disappointed in all those enjoyments, which her mother had ever led her to suppose the invariable accompaniments of married life—where proper attention had been paid to the necessary qualifications of riches and rank — that Kate had written to the dowager, with the hope that her presence might restrain, or her advice teach her successfully to oppose, the unfeeling conduct of the viscount.

As Lady Chatterton had never inculcated her favourite systems in her daughter, so much by precept as the force of example in her own person—and indirect eulogiums on certain people who were endowed with the qualities and blessings she most admired — so, on the present occasion, Catherine did not unburthen herself to her mother in explicit terms, but by a regular gradation of complaints. Aiming more at the world than her husband — she soon let the knowing dowager see their application, and thus completely rent the veil from her domestic grievances.

The presence of John and Grace, with their example, for a short time, awed the peer into a suppression of his disgust.— but the ice once broken — their presence soon ceased to affect either the frequency or the severity of his remarks, when under its influence.

From such exhibitions of matrimonial discord, Grace shrunk timidly, into the retirement of her room ; and Jane, with dignity, would follow her example : while John submitted to be present, though with a spirit barely curbed within the bounds of prudence, and at times sought in the company of his wife and sister, relief from the irritation of his feelings.

John had never admired, or even respected Catherine, who was wholly defective in those very qualities for which he chiefly loved her sister ; yet, as she was a woman, and one now nearly connected with him — he found it impossible to remain a quiet spectator of the unmanly treatment she often received from her husband : he

therefore made preparations for his return to England by the first packet, abridging his intended residence at Lisbon more than a month.

Lady Chatterton exerted all her power to heal the breach between Kate and her husband, but this far exceeded her abilities ; it was too late to implant such principles in her daughter, as by a course of self-denial and submission, might have won the love of the viscount—had the mother even been acquainted with them herself. Having induced her child to marry — for precedence, and a jointure — she once more set to work to unravel her labours, by bringing about a decent separation — such as might secure to her daughter the possession of wealth — without forfeiting the esteem of the world.

The latter, though certainly a somewhat difficult undertaking, was greatly lessened — by the assistance of the former.

John was determined to embrace the opportunity his stay afforded, to examine

the environs of the city; and in one of their daily rides, they met their fellow traveller, Mr. now Lord Harland. He was rejoiced to meet them again, and hearing of their intended departure, informed them of his being about to return to England, in the same vessel — his parents and sister contemplating passing the winter in Portugal.

The intercourse between the two families was kept up; with a show of civilities between the noblemen, and much real goodwill on the part of the juniors of the circle, until the day arrived for the sailing of the packet.

Lady Chatterton was left with Catherine, as yet unable to attempt her schemes with prudence — it being viewed by the world as an offence against society of greater turpitude to separate, than to join together, our children in the bands of wedlock.

The confinement of a vessel is always propitious to that intimacy which leads to

attachments. The necessity of being agreeable is a check upon the captious, while the desire to lessen the dulness of the scene, is a stimulus even to the lively.

Neither the noble divine nor Jane could properly be ranked in either class — yet the effect was the same; the nobleman was much enamoured, and Jane unconsciously gratified. Love, it is true, had never entered her thoughts, in its direct, and unequivocal form — but admiration is so consolatory to those labouring under self condemnation, and flattery of a certain kind, so very soothing to all, that it is not to be wondered she should listen with increasing pleasure, to the interesting conversation of Harland on all occasions, but more particularly, as often happened, when exclusively addressed to herself.

Grace had, of late, reflected more seriously on the subject of her eternal welfare, than she had been accustomed in the house of her mother; and the example of Emily, with the precepts of Mrs. Wilson,

had not been thrown away upon her. It is a singular fact, that more women feel a disposition to religion soon after marriage, than at any other period of life. Whether it be, that having attained the most important station this life affords the sex, they are more willing to turn their thoughts to a provision for the next; or whether it be owing to any other cause, Mrs. Moseley was included in the number — she became sensibly touched with her situation.

Harland was both devout and able, as well as anxious, to instruct; and one of the party, at least, had cause to rejoice in the journey, for the remainder of her days. But, precisely as Grace increased in her own faith, so did her anxiety after the welfare of her husband receive fresh excitement — and John, for the first time, became the cause of sorrow to his affectionate companion.

The deep interest Harland took in the opening conviction of Mrs. Moseley, did not so entirely engross his thoughts as to

prevent the too frequent contemplation of the charms of her friend, for his own peace of mind — and by the time the vessel had reached Falmouth, he had determined to make a tender of his hand, and title, to the acceptance of Miss Moseley.

Jane did not love Egerton — she despised him ; but the time had been, when all her romantic feelings — every thought of her brilliant imagination — had been filled with his image : and she felt it a species of indelicacy to admit the impression of another so soon, or even at all.

These objections might, in time, have been surmounted, as her affections became more and more enlisted on behalf of Harland, had she admitted his addresses — but one impediment she considered an insuperable obstacle to her union with any man.

She had communicated her passion to its object — there had been the confidence of approved love, and she had now no heart for Harland — but one, that had avowedly been a slave to another. To conceal this

from him would be unjust, and irreconcilable with good faith—to confess it, humiliating — and without the pale of probability. It was the misfortune of Jane to keep the world too constantly before her, and lose sight too much, of our really depraved nature, to admit the idea of humbling herself so low, in the opinion of a fellow-creature.

A refusal of Harland's offer was the consequence — although she had begun to feel an esteem for him, that might, no doubt, have given rise to an attachment, in time, far stronger and more deeply seated than her fancy for Colonel Egerton.

If the horror of imposing on the credulity of Harland, a wounded heart, were creditable to Jane, and showed an elevation of character, that under proper guidance might have placed her in the first ranks of her sex; the pride which condemned her to a station for which nature did not design her, was irreconcilable with

the humility, a view of her condition could not fail to produce. Thus the second sad consequence of the indulgent weakness of her parents, was, confirming their child in passions directly at variance with the first duty of a christian.

We have so little right to value ourselves on any thing, that we think pride a sentiment of very doubtful service, and certainly, unable to attain any useful result which will not equally flow from good principles.

Harland was disappointed and grieved, but prudently judging, that occupation and absence would remove painful recollections, they parted at Falmouth, and our travellers proceeded on their journey for B—, whither, during their absence, Sir Edward's family had returned to spend a month, before they removed to town for the remainder of the winter.

The meeting of the two parties was warm and tender, and as Jane had many things to recount, and John as many to

laugh at, their arrival threw a gaiety round Moseley Hall to which it had for months been a stranger.

One of the first resolutions of Grace, after her return, was to enter strictly into the exercise of all those duties, and ordinances, required by her church, and the present state of her mind — and from the hands of Dr. Ives she received her first communion at the altar.

As the season was now advanced, and the fashionable world had been some time assembled in the metropolis, the baronet commenced his arrangements for taking possession of his town-house, after an interval of nineteen years. John proceeded to the capital first, and the necessary domestics procured — furniture supplied — and other arrangements, usual to the appearance of a wealthy family in the world, completed; he returned with the information that all was ready for their triumphal entrance.

Sir Edward, feeling that a separation for

so long a time, and at such an unusual distance, in the very advanced age of Mr. Benfield, would be improper, paid him a visit, with the design of persuading him to make one of his family, for the next four months. Emily was his companion, and their solicitations were happily crowned with a success they had not anticipated — for, averse to a privation of Peter's society, the honest steward was included in the party.

“Nephew,” said Mr. Benfield, beginning to waver in his objections to the undertaking, “there are instances of gentlemen, not in parliament, going to town in the winter, I know—you are one yourself, and old Sir John Cowel, who never could get in, although he run for every city in the kingdom, never missed his winter in Soho. Yes, yes—the thing is admissible—but had I known your wishes before, I would certainly have kept my borough, for the appearance of the thing—besides,” continued the old man, shaking his head,

“his Majesty’s ministers require the aid of some more experienced members in these critical times—what should an old man like me do in the city, unless, to aid his country with his advice?”

“Make his friends happy with his company, dear uncle,” said Emily, taking his hand between both her own, and smiling affectionately on the old gentleman, as she spoke.

“Ah! Emmy dear?”—cried Mr. Benfield, looking on her with melancholy pleasure:—“You are not to be resisted—just such another as the sister of my old friend Lord Gosford. She could always coax me out of any thing. I remember, now, I heard the Earl tell her once, he could not afford to buy a pair of diamond earrings; and she looked so—only looked—did not speak! Emmy!—that I bought them, with intent to present them to her myself.”

“And did she take them! uncle?” said his niece, in a little surprise.

“ Oh yes! When I told him if she did not, I would throw them in the river, as no one else should wear what had been intended for her—poor soul! how delicate and unwilling she was. I had to convince her they cost three hundred pounds, before she would listen to it, and then she thought it such a pity to throw away a thing of so much value. It would have been wicked, you know, Emmy dear. And she was much opposed to wickedness and sin, in any shape.”

“ She must have been a very unexceptionable character, indeed,” cried the baronet, with a smile, as he proceeded to make the necessary orders for their journey. But we must resume our narrative with the party we left at Bath.

CHAPTER II.

THE letters of Lady Laura informed her friends, that herself and Col. Denbigh, had decided to remain with his uncle, until his recovery was perfect, and then proceed to Denbigh Castle, to meet the Duke and his sister, during the approaching holidays.

Emily was much relieved by this procrastination of an interview which she would gladly have avoided for ever; and her aunt sincerely rejoiced that her niece was allowed more time to eradicate impressions, which she saw, with pain, her charge had yet to struggle with, to overcome.

There were so many points to admire in the character of Denbigh—his friends spoke of him with such decided partiality—Dr. Ives, in his frequent letters, alluded to him with so much affection—that Emily had frequently detected herself in weighing the testimony of his guilt, and indulging the possibility, that circumstances had deceived them all, in their judgment of his conduct. Then his marriage would cross her mind, and, with the conviction of the impropriety of admitting him to her thoughts at all, would come the collective mass of testimony, which had accumulated against him.

Derwent, however, served greatly to keep alive the recollections of his person, and, as Lady Harriet seemed to live only in the society of the Moseleys, not a day passed without giving the Duke some opportunity of indirectly preferring his suit.

Emily not only appeared, but in fact was, unconscious of his admiration, and

entered into their amusements with a satisfaction which took its rise in the belief, that the unfortunate attachment her cousin Chatterton had once professed for herself, was forgotten in the more certain enjoyments of a successful love.

Lady Harriet was a woman of very different manners, and character, from Emily Moseley; yet, had she, in a great measure, erased the impressions made by the beauty of his kinswoman from the bosom of the Baron.

Chatterton, under the depression of his first disappointment, it will be remembered, had left B—— in company with Mr. Denbigh.

The interest of the Duke had been unaccountably exerted, to procure him the place he had so long solicited in vain, and gratitude required his early acknowledgments for the favour.

His manner, so very different from a successful applicant for a valuable office, had struck both Derwent and his sister as

singular. Before, however, a week's intercourse had passed between them, his own frankness, had made them acquainted with the cause, and a double wish prevailed in the bosom of Lady Harriet—to know the woman who could resist the beauty of Chatterton, and to relieve him from the weight imposed on his spirits, by disappointed affection.

The manners of Lady Harriet Denbigh, though not in the least forward or masculine, had the freedom of high rank and condition, with all the ease of fashionable life.

Mrs. Wilson had indeed noticed, in her conduct to Chatterton, a something exceeding the interest of ordinary communications in their situation, which might possibly have been attributed to feeling more than manner. It is certain, one of the surest methods to drive Emily from his thoughts, was to dwell on the perfections of some other lady; and Lady Harriet was so constantly before him in his

visit into Westmoreland—so soothing—so evidently pleased with his presence, that the Baron made rapid advances in attaining his object.

He had alluded, in his letter to Emily, to the obligation he was under to the services of Denbigh, in erasing his unfortunate partiality for her—but what those services were, we are unable to say, unless the usual arguments of the plainest dictates of good sense, on such occasions, enforced in the singularly insinuating and kind manner which distinguished that gentleman.

In fact, Lord Chatterton was not formed by nature to love long, deprived of hope—or to resist long, the flattery of a preference from such a woman as Harriet Denbigh.

On the other hand, Derwent was warm in his encomiums on Emily, to all but herself; and Mrs. Wilson had again thought it prudent, to examine into the state of her feelings, in order to discover if there was danger of his unremitting efforts

to please, drawing Emily into a connection, which neither her religion or her prudence could wholly approve.

Derwent was a man of the world—but a Christian only in name; and the cautious widow determined to withdraw in season, should she find grounds for her apprehensions to rest upon.

It was about ten days after the departure of the Dowager and her companions, that Lady Harriet exclaimed, in one of her morning visits:—“Lady Moseley! I have now hopes of presenting to you soon, the most polished nobleman in the kingdom?”

“As a husband! Lady Harriet?” inquired the other, with a smile.

“Oh no!—only a cousin!—a second cousin! madam!” replied Lady Harriet, blushing a little, and looking a little in the opposite direction to the one Chatterton was placed in.

“But his name?—You forget our curiosity!—What is his name?” cried

Mrs. Wilson; entering into the trifling for the moment.

“Pendennyss, to be sure, my dear madam;—who else can I mean,” said Lady Harriet, recovering her self-possession.

“And you expect the Earl at Bath,” said Mrs. Wilson, eagerly.

“He has given us hopes—and Derwent has written to him to-day, pressing the journey,” was the answer.

“You will be disappointed—I am afraid, sister,” said the Duke. “Pendennyss has become so fond of Wales of late, that it is difficult to get him out of it.”

“But,” said Mrs. Wilson, “he will take his seat in parliament during the winter, my Lord?”

“I hope he will, madam; though Lord Eltringham holds his proxies in my absence, in all important questions before the house.”

“Your Grace will attend, I trust,” said Sir Edward. “The pleasure of your com-

pany is amongst my expected enjoyments in town."

"You are very good, Sir Edward;" replied the Duke, looking at Emily. "It will somewhat depend on circumstances, I believe."

Lady Harriet smiled, and the speech seemed understood by all, but the lady most concerned in it, as Mrs. Wilson proceeded:—

"Lord Pendennyss is an universal favourite"—"and deservedly so," cried the Duke. "He has set an example to the nobility, which few are capable of imitating. An only son, with an immense estate,—he has devoted himself to the profession of a soldier, and gained a brilliant reputation in the world; nor has he neglected any of his private duties, as a man.—"

"Or a Christian, I hope," said Mrs. Wilson, delighted with the praises of the earl.

"Nor of a Christian, I think," con-

tinued the duke; “he appears consistent, humble, and sincere; three requisites, I believe, for his profession.”

“Does not your grace know?” said Emily, with a benevolent smile—Derwent coloured slightly as he answered.

“Not so well as I ought; but,” lowering his voice for her ear alone, he added, “under proper instruction, I think I might learn.”

“Then I would recommend that book to you, my lord,” rejoined Emily, with a blush—pointing to a pocket-bible which lay near her—and still ignorant of the allusion he meant to convey.

“May I ask the honour of an audience of Miss Moseley,” said Derwent, in the same low tone, “whenever her leisure will admit of her granting the favour.”

Emily was surprised; but from the previous conversation, and the current of her thoughts at the moment, supposing his communication had some reference to

the subject before them, she rose from her chair, and unobtrusively, but certainly with an air of perfect innocence and composure, went into the adjoining room, the door of which was open very near them.

CHAPTER III.

CAROLINE Harris had abandoned all ideas of a coronet, with the departure of the Marquess of Eltringham and his sisters for their own seat; and, as a final effort of her fading charms, had begun to calculate the capabilities of Captain Jarvis, who had at this time honoured Bath with his company.

The lady it is true would have greatly preferred her father's neighbour, but that was an irretrievable step — he had retired disgusted with her haughty dismissal of his hopes, and was a man who, although he greatly admired her fortune, was not to be recalled by any beck or smile which might grow out of her caprice.

Lady Jarvis had, indeed, rather magnified the personal qualifications of her son, but the disposition they had manifested, to devote some of their surplus wealth, to the purchasing a title, had great weight; for Miss Harris would cheerfully, at any time, have sacrificed one half her own fortune to be called my lady. Jarvis would make but a shabby looking lord 'tis true, but then what a lord's wife would she not make herself: — His father was a merchant, to be sure, but then merchants were always immensely rich, and a few thousand pounds, properly applied, might make the merchant's son a baron — she therefore resolved to inquire, the first opportunity, into the condition of the sinking fund of his plebeianism — and had serious thoughts of contributing her mite towards the advancement of the desired object, should she find it within the bounds of probable success. An occasion soon offered, by the invitation of the Captain, to accompany

him, in an excursion in the tilbury of his brother-in-law.

In this ride they passed the equipages of Lady Harriet and Mrs. Wilson. In passing the latter, Jarvis bowed — for he had renewed his acquaintance, at the rooms, without daring to visit at the lodgings of Sir Edward — and Miss Harris had taken notice of both parties as they dashed by them.

“ You know the Moseleys, Caroline ? ” said Jarvis, which the freedom of her own, and his manners, had established between them,

“ Yes, ” replied the lady, drawing her head back from a view of the carriages, “ what fine arms those of the Duke’s are — and the coronet, it is so noble — so rich — I am sure if I were a man, ” laying great emphasis on the word — “ I would be a Lord. ”

“ If you could, you mean, ” cried the Captain, with a laugh.

“ Could — why money will buy a title,

you know — only most people are fonder of their cash than honour.”

“That’s right,” said the unreflecting Captain, “money is the thing after all — now what do you suppose our last mess-bill came to?”

“Oh don’t talk of eating and drinking,” cried Miss Harris, in affected aversion, “it is beneath the consideration of nobility.”

“Then any one may be a Lord for me,” said Jarvis, drily, “if they are not to eat and drink — why what do we live for, but such sort of things.”

“A soldier lives to fight, and gain honour and distinction”—for his wife—Miss Caroline would have added, had she spoken all she thought.

“A poor way that, of spending a man’s time,” said the Captain, “now there is a Captain Jones in our regiment, they say, loves fighting as much as eating; but if he does, he is a blood-thirsty fellow.”

“You know how intimate I am with

your dear mother," continued the lady, bent on her principal object, "she has made me acquainted with her greatest wish."

"Her greatest wish!" cried the Captain, in astonishment, "why what can that be — a new coach and horses?"

"No, I mean one much dearer to us — I should say, her — than any such trifles; she has told me of the *plan*."

"Plan," said Jarvis, still in wonder, "what plan?"

"About the fund for the peerage, you know — of course the thing is sacred with me — as, indeed, I am equally interested with you all, in its success."

Jarvis eyed her with a knowing look, and as she concluded, rolling his eyes in an expression of significance, he said —

"What, serve Sir William some such way, eh?"

"I will assist a little, if it be necessary, Henry," said the lady, tenderly, "although my mite cannot amount to a great deal."

During this speech, the Captain was wondering what she could mean, but, having a suspicion—from something which had fallen from his mother, of this lady being intended for him as a wife—that she might be as great a dupe as the former, he was therefore resolved to know the whole, and act accordingly.

“I think it might be made to do,” he replied, evasively, to discover the extent of his companion’s information.

“Do,” cried Miss Harris, with fervour, “it cannot fail—how much do you suppose will be wanting to buy a barony, for instance?”

“Hem!” said Jarvis, “you mean more than we have already?”

“Certainly.”

“Why, about a thousand pounds, I think, will do it, with what we have,” said Jarvis, affecting to calculate.

“Is that all,” cried the delighted Caroline, and the Captain grew in an instant, in her estimation, three inches higher—

quite noble in his air, and, in short, very tolerably handsome.

From that moment, Miss Harris, in her own mind, had fixed the fate of Captain Jarvis; determining to be his wife, whenever — she could persuade him to offer himself — a thing she had no doubt of accomplishing with comparative ease.

Not so the Captain—like all weak men, there was nothing he stood more in terror of than ridicule; he had heard the manœuvres of Miss Harris laughed at by many of the young men in Bath, and was by no means disposed to add himself to the food for mirth to these wags; indeed, he had cultivated her acquaintance, with a kind of bravado to some of his bottle companions, of his ability to oppose all her arts, when most exposed to them — for, it is one of the greatest difficulties, to the success of this description of ladies, that their characters soon become suspected, and do them infinitely more injury, than all their

skill in the art, does them good in their vocation.

With these views in the respective champions, the campaign opened, and the lady on her return, acquainted his mother, with the situation of the privy purse, that was to promote her darling child to the enviable distinction of the peerage,

Lady Jarvis was for purchasing a baronetcy with what they had, under the impression, that when ready for another promotion, they would only have to pay "the difference," as they did in the army when he received his captaincy. As, however, the son was opposed to any arrangement that might make the producing the few hundred pounds he had obtained from his mother's folly, necessary—she was obliged to postpone the wished-for day, until their united efforts could compass the means of effecting it. As an earnest, however, of her spirit in the cause, she gave him a fifty pound note, which she had that morning obtained from her husband — and which

the Captain lost at one throw of the dice, to his brother-in-law, the same evening.

During the preceding events, Egerton had either studiously avoided all collision with the Moseleys, or his engagements confined him to such very different scenes, that they never met.

The Baronet had felt his presence a reproach, and Lady Moseley, rejoiced that Egerton yet possessed sufficient shame to keep him from insulting her with his company.

It was a month after the departure of Lady Chatterton, that Sir Edward had returned to B——, as related in the preceding chapter — and the arrangements for the London winter were commenced.

The day preceding their leaving Bath, the engagement of Chatterton with Lady Harriet was made public amongst their mutual friends — and an intimation given that their nuptials would be celebrated, before the family of the Duke left his seat for the capital.

Something of the pleasure, she had for a long time been a stranger to, was felt by Emily Moseley, as the well-remembered tower of the village church of B—— struck her sight, on their return from their protracted excursion in pursuit of pleasure.

More than four months had elapsed, since they had commenced their travels, and in that period, what change of sentiments had she not witnessed in others — of opinions of mankind in general, and of one individual in particular, had she not experienced in her own person !

The benevolent smiles, the respectful salutations they received, in passing the little group of houses — which clustered round the church, had obtained the name of “The Village” — conveyed a sensation of delight, that can only be felt by the deserving and virtuous — and the smiling faces, in many instances glistening with tears, which met them at the Hall, gave

ample testimony to the worth, of both the master and his servants.

Francis and Clara were in waiting to receive them, and a very few minutes elapsed, before the rector and Mrs. Ives, having heard they had passed, drove in also.

In saluting the different members of the family, Mrs. Wilson noticed the startled look of the Doctor, as the change in Emily's appearance first met his eyes. Her bloom, if not gone, was greatly diminished, and it was only when under the excitement of strong emotions, that her face possessed that character of joy and feeling, which had so eminently distinguished it, before her late journey.

"Where did you last see my friend George?" said the Doctor to Mrs. Wilson, in the course of the first afternoon, as he took a seat by her side, apart from the rest of the family.

"At L——," said Mrs. Wilson, gravely, in reply.

“L——,” cried the doctor, in evident amazement — “Was he not at Bath, then, during their stay there?”

“No — I understand he was in attendance on some sick relative, which detained him from his friends there,” said Mrs. Wilson, wondering why the Doctor chose to introduce, so delicate a topic between them. Of his guilt in relation to Mrs. Fitzgerald, he was doubtless ignorant, but surely not of his marriage.

“It is now sometime since I heard from him,” continued the Doctor, regarding Mrs. Wilson expressively, but to which the lady only replied with a gentle inclination of the body — and the rector, after pausing a moment, continued :

“You will not think me impertinent, if I am bold enough to ask, has George ever expressed a wish to become connected with your niece, by other ties than those of friendship?”

“He did,” answered the widow, after a little hesitation.”

“ He did, and —”

“ Was refused,” continued Mrs. Wilson, with a slight feeling for the dignity of her sex, which for a moment, caused her to lose sight of justice to Denbigh.

Dr. Ives was silent — but manifested, by his dejected countenance, the interest he had taken in this anticipated connexion — and as Mrs. Wilson had spoken with ill-concealed reluctance on the subject at all; the Rector did not attempt a renewal of the disagreeable topic: though she saw for some time afterwards; whenever the baronet or his wife mentioned the name of Denbigh; the eyes of the rector were turned on them with intense interest.

CHAPTER IV.

“**STEVENSON** has returned, and I certainly must hear from **Harriet**,” exclaimed the sister of **Pendennyss**, with great animation, as she stood at a window, watching the return of a servant, from the neighbouring post-office.

“I am afraid,” rejoined the Earl, who was seated by the breakfast-table, waiting the leisure of the lady to give him his dish of tea—“you find **Wales** very dull, sister. I sincerely hope both **Derwent** and **Harriet** will remember their promise—of visiting us this month.”

The lady slowly took her seat at the table, engrossed in her own reflections, as the man entered with his budget of news ;

and having deposited sundry papers and letters, respectfully withdrew. The Earl glanced his eye over the directions of the epistles, and turning to the servants, said, "Answer the bell, when called." Three or four liveried footmen deposited their silver salvers, and the peer was left with his sister.

"Here is one from the Duke to me, and one for your ladyship from his sister," said the brother, smiling; "I propose that they be read aloud, for our mutual advantage;" in which the lady, whose curiosity to hear the contents of Derwent's letter, greatly exceeded his interest in that of the sister, cheerfully acquiescing, her brother first broke the seal of his, and read aloud its contents, as follows:—

"Notwithstanding my promise of seeing you this month in Caernarvonshire, I remain here yet—my dear Pendennyss—unable to tear myself from the attractions I have found in this city; although the pleasure of their contemplation, has been

purchased, at the expence of mortified feelings, and unrequited affections. It is a truth—difficult, perhaps, of belief—that this mercenary age has produced a female, disengaged, young, and by no means very rich, who has refused a jointure of six thousand a year, with the privilege of walking at a coronation, within a dozen of royalty itself.”

Here the accidental falling of a cup from the hands of the fair listener, caused some little interruption to the reader; but as the lady, with a good deal of trepidation, and many blushes, hastily apologised for the confusion her awkwardness had made, the Earl continued:—“ I could almost worship her independence; for I know the wishes of both her parents were for my success. I confess to you freely, that my vanity has been greatly hurt, for I really thought myself agreeable to her; she certainly listened to my conversation, and admitted my approaches, with more satisfaction than those of any the other men

men around her, and when I ventured to hint this circumstance, as some justification for my presumption, she frankly acknowledged the truth of my impression, but without explaining the reasons for her conduct, deeply regretted the construction I had been led to place upon the circumstance. Yes, my lord, I felt it necessary to apologise to Emily Moseley, for my presumption in aspiring to the honour of possessing so much loveliness and virtue. The accidental advantages of rank and wealth, lose all their importance, when opposed to her delicacy, ingenuousness, and unaffected principles.

“ I have heard it intimated lately, that George Denbigh was, in some way or other, once instrumental in saving her life, and that to her gratitude and my resemblance of the colonel, am I indebted for that consideration with Miss Moseley, which, although it has been the means of buoying me up with false hopes, I can never regret, from the pleasure her society

has afforded me. I have remarked, that on mention of his name, she has shewn unusual emotion. Denbigh is, however, now a husband, and myself rejected—the field is therefore fairly open to your lordship. You will enter on your enterprise with great advantage, having the same flattering resemblance: and, if any thing, the voice—which I am told is our greatest recommendation with the ladies—in greater perfection than either George or your humble servant.”

Here the reader stopped of his own accord, and was so intently absorbed in his meditations, that the almost breathless curiosity of his sister, was obliged to find relief by desiring him to proceed; roused by the sound of her voice, the earl changing colour sensibly, continued:

“But to be serious, on a subject of great importance to my future life—for I sometimes think her negative has made Denbigh a duke—the lovely girl did not appear happy at the time of our interview,

nor do I think enjoys at any time, the spirits nature has evidently given her. Harriet is nearly as great an admirer of Miss Moseley, and takes her refusal to heart as much as myself—she even attempted to intercede with her, on my behalf. But the charming girl, though mild, grateful, and delicate, was firm and unequivocal—leaving no ground for the remotest expectation of success, from perseverance on my part.

“As Harriet had received an intimation, that both Miss Moseley and her aunt, entertained extremely rigid notions on the score of religion, she took occasion to introduce the subject in her conference with the former, and was told in reply, ‘that other considerations would have determined her to decline the honour I intended her; but, under any circumstances, a more intimate knowledge of my principles would be necessary, before she could entertain a thought of accepting my hand, or indeed that of any other man.’ Think of that—

Pendennyss. The principles of a Duke!—now a dukedom and forty thousand a year, would furnish a character with most people for a Nero.

“ I trust the important object I have had in view here, is a sufficient excuse for my breach of promise; and I am serious when I wish you, unless the pretty Spaniard has, as I sometimes suspect, taken you captive—to see, and endeavour to bring me, in some degree, connected with the charming family of Sir Edward Moseley.

“ The aunt, Mrs. Wilson, often speaks of you with the greatest interest; and from some cause or other, is strongly enlisted in your favour. Miss Moseley hears your name mentioned with evident pleasure. *Your* religion or principles cannot be doubted. You can offer larger settlements—as honourable, if not so exalted a title—a far more illustrious name, purchased by your own services—and per-

sonal merit, greatly exceeding the pretensions of your assured friend and relative,
DERWENT."

Both brother, and sister were occupied with their own reflections for several minutes after this letter was ended; and silence first was broken by the latter saying, with a low tone, to her brother—

"You must endeavour to become acquainted with Mrs. Wilson; she is, I know, very anxious to see you, and your friendship for the General requires it of you."

"I owe General Wilson much," replied the brother, in a melancholy voice; "and when we go to Annerdale-House, I wish you to make the acquaintance with the ladies of the Moseley family, should they be in town this winter—but you have the letter of Harriet to read yet." After first hastily running over its contents, the lady commenced the fulfilment of her part of the agreement.

“ Frederic has been so much engrossed of late with his own affairs, that he has forgotten there is such a creature in existence as his sister, or, indeed, any one else, but a Miss Emily Moseley, and consequently I have been unable to fulfil my promise of a visit, for want of a proper escort to see me into Wales, and—and—perhaps some other considerations not worth mentioning in a letter, which I know you will read to the earl.

“ Yes, my dear cousin, Frederic Denbigh has supplicated the daughter of a country baronet, to become a duchess; and hear it, ye marriage-seeking nymphs and marriage-making dames, has supplicated in vain!

“ I confess to you, when the thing was first in agitation, my aristocratic blood roused itself a little at the anticipated connexion; but finding, on examination, Sir Edward to be of no doubtful lineage, that the blood of the Chattertons runs in his veins, and the young lady—every thing that I

could wish in a sister—my proud scruples soon disappeared with the folly that engendered them.

“ There was no necessity for alarm, the lady decidedly refusing the honour offered her by Derwent; and what makes the matter worse, she rejected also the solicitations of his sister.

“ I have fifty times been surprised at myself, for my condescension, and to this moment am at a loss to know, whether it was to the lady's worth — the hope of my brother's happiness — or the Chatterton blood — that I finally yielded.

“ Heigho! this Chatterton, is certainly much too handsome for a man ; but I forget, you have never seen him.”

Here an arch smile stole over the features of the listener, as his sister continued:

“ To return to my narration—I had half a mind to send for a Miss Harris, who is here, to learn the most approved fashion of a lady's preferring a suit, but as fame said she was just now practising on a cer-

tain hero — yclep'd Captain Jarvis, heir to Sir Timo of that name — it struck me her system might be rather too abrupt: so I was fain to adopt the best plan — that of trusting to nature and my own feelings for words.

“Nobility is certainly a very pretty thing — for those who have it — but I would defy the old Margravine of ——, to keep up the semblance of superiority with Emily Moseley. She is so very natural — so very beautiful — and withal at times a little arch, that one is afraid to set up any other distinctions, than such as can be fairly supported.

“I commenced with hoping that her determination to reject the hand of Frederic was not irrevocable. Yes, I called him Frederic, what I never did out of my own family before in my life. There was an evident tremor in the voice of Miss Moseley, as she replied, ‘I now perceive, when too late, that my indiscretion has given reason to my friends to think, that I

have entertained opinions of his Grace, and thoughts for the future. I entreat you to believe me, Lady Harriet, I am innocent—indeed — indeed, of any thing more than as an agreeable acquaintance I have never allowed myself to think of your brother—and from my soul I believe her. We continued our conversation for half an hour longer — and such was the ingenuousness — delicacy — and high religious feeling, displayed by the charming girl, that if I entered the room with a spark of regret, at being compelled to solicit for my brother's passion — I left it with a stronger feeling that my efforts had been unsuccessful. Yes! thou peerless sister of the more peerless Pendennyss! I once thought of your ladyship as a wife for Derwent—”

Here a glass of water was necessary, to enable the reader to clear her voice.

“But I now openly avow — neither your birth — your hundred thousand pounds — or your merit — would put you on a footing, in my estimation, with Emily.

You may form some idea of her power to captivate, and of her indifference to her conquests — when I mention that she once refused — but, I forget, you don't know him; and therefore cannot be a judge.

It is finally decided, that we shortly go into Westmoreland, and next week, the Moseleys return to Northamptonshire — I don't know when I shall be able to visit you, and think I may *now* safely invite you to Denbigh Castle, although a month ago I might have hesitated — love to the Earl, and kind assurances to yourself, of unalterable regard.

“HARRIET DENBIGH.

“P. S. I believe I forgot to mention, that Mrs. Moseley — a sister of Lord Chatterton — is gone to Portugal, and that the Baron himself is to go into the country, with us—there is, I suppose, a fellow-feeling between *them* just now — though I do not think Chatterton looks so very miserable as he might.—Adieu.”

On the ending of this second epistle, the same silence, which had succeeded the reading of the first, prevailed, until the lady, with an arch expression, interrupted it by saying,

“Harriet will, I think, soon grace the peerage.”

“And happily, I trust,” replied the brother.

“Do you know Lord Chatterton?”

“I do; he is very amiable, and admirably calculated to contrast in point of character with the lively gaiety of Harriet Denbigh.”

“You believe in loving our opposites, I see,” rejoined the lady; and then affectionately stretching out her hand to him, she added, “but Pendennyss, you must give me for a sister, one as nearly like yourself as possible.”

“That might please your affections,” answered the Earl, with a smile, “but how would it comport with my tastes — will you suffer me to describe the kind of man

you are to select for your future lord — unless you have decided the point already.”

The lady coloured violently, and appearing anxious to change the subject, tumbled over two or three unopened letters on the table, as she cried eagerly,

“Here is one from the Donna Julia.” The Earl instantly broke the seal, and read aloud — no secrets existing between them in relation to their mutual friend.

“ My Lord,

“ I hasten to write, what I know will give you pleasure to hear, concerning my future prospects in life. My uncle, General M‘Carthy, has written me the cheerful tidings that my father has consented to receive his only child, without any other sacrifice, than a condition, of attending the public service of the Catholic Church — requiring no professions on my side, nor even an understanding, that I am conforming to its peculiar tenets.

This may be, in some measure, irksome at times, and, possibly, distressing — but the worship of God with a proper humiliation of spirit, I have learnt to consider as a privilege to us here — and I owe a duty to my earthly father, of penitence and care, in his later years, that will justify this measure in the eyes of my heavenly one. I have, therefore, acquainted my uncle in reply, that I hold myself in instant readiness to attend the Condé's summons ; and thought it a debt due to your care and friendship, to apprise your lordship of my approaching departure from this country. In truth, I have great reason for believing, that your kind and unremitted efforts to attain my wishes have already prepared you to expect this result.

“ I feel that it will be impossible to quit England without seeing yourself and sister — personally to thank you both for the many — very many favours, you have been the agents of conferring on me. The cruel suggestions, so dreaded, and which it ap-

pears, had reached the ears of my friends in Spain, have prevented my troubling your lordship, of late, with my concerns, unnecessarily. The kind consideration of a friend to your character — Mrs. Wilson, has removed the necessity of my inexperience applying for your advice.

“That lady and her charming niece, Miss Emily Moseley, have been, next to yourselves, the greatest solace I have had in my exile — and, united, you will ever be remembered in my prayers.

I will merely mention here — deferring the explanation until I see you in London — that I have been visited by the wretch, from whom you delivered me in Portugal; and the means of ascertaining his name have fallen into my hands. You will be the best judge of the proper steps to be taken — but I wish, by all means, something may be done, to prevent his attempting to see me in Spain; for should it be discovered to my relations there, it would cer-

tainly terminate in his death, and, possibly, my disgrace.

Wishing you, and your kind sister, all possible happiness, I remain your lordship's grateful, and obliged friend,

“ JULIA FITZGERALD.”

“ Oh!” cried the sister, concluding the letter, “ we must certainly see her before she goes — what a wretch that persecutor of her must be — how persevering in his villainy !”

“ He does exceed my ideas of effrontery,” said the earl, in great warmth — “ but he may offend too far; the laws shall interpose their power to defeat his schemes, should he ever repeat them.”

“ He attempted to take your life, brother,” said the lady, shuddering — “ if I remember the tale aright.”

“ Why, I have endeavoured to free him from that imputation,” rejoined the brother, musing — “ he certainly fired a pistol, but it hit my horse at such a distance from

myself, that I believe his object was to disable me from pursuit, and not murder. His escape has astonished me; he must have fled by himself into the woods, as Harmer was but at a short distance behind me, admirably mounted, on one of my chargers, and the escort was up, and in full pursuit, within ten minutes; after all, it may be for the best that he was not taken, for I am persuaded the dragoons would have sabred him on the spot—and he may have parents of respectability, or a wife to kill, by the knowledge of his misconduct.”

“This Emily Moseley must be a faultless being,” cried his sister, as she run over the contents of Julia’s letter to herself—“three different letters and each one containing her praises!”

The earl made no reply, but opening the duke’s letter again, appeared to be closely studying its contents. His colour slightly changed as he dwelt on the sense of its passages, and, turning to his sister,

he enquired with a smile, "if she had a mind to try the air of Westmoreland, for a couple of weeks or a month."

"As you say, my Lord" — replied the lady, with cheeks of scarlet.

"Then I say, we will go. I wish much to see Derwent, and I somehow think, there will be a wedding during our visit." He rang the bell, and the almost untasted breakfast was removed in a few minutes. A servant announced his horse in readiness. The earl wished his sister a friendly good morning, and proceeded to the door, where was standing one of the noble black horses before mentioned, held by a groom, and the military-looking attendant, ready mounted, on the other.

Throwing himself into the saddle, the young peer rode gracefully from the door, followed by no one but his attendant horseman. During this ride, the master suffered his steed to take whatever course most pleased himself; and his follower looked up with surprise more than once,

to see the careless manner in which the Earl of Pendennyss — confessedly one of the best horsemen in Spain — managed the noble animal he rode. Having, however, got without the gates of his own park, and into the vicinity of numerous cottages and farm houses, the master recovered his recollection, and the man ceased to wonder.

For three hours, the equestrians pursued their course through the beautiful vale, which opened gracefully, opposite one of the fronts of the castle ; and if faces of smiling welcome — enquiries after his own and his sister's welfare, evidently springing from the heart — or the most familiar but respectful representations of their own prosperity or misfortunes, gave any testimony of the feelings entertained by the tenantry of this noble estate for their landlord — the situation of the young nobleman might be justly considered one to be envied.

As the hour for dinner approached, they

turned the heads of their horses towards home ; and on entering the park, removed from the scene of industry and activity without, the Earl relapsed into his fit of musing. But a short distance from the house he suddenly called, " Harmer ;" — the man throwing his spurs into the sides of his horse — in an instant was by the side of his master, " You must prepare to go to Spain, when required, in attendance on Mrs. Fitzgerald."

The man received his order, with the indifference of one used to adventures and movements, and having laconically signified his assent, drew his horse back again, into his station in the rear.

CHAPTER V.

THE day succeeding that of the arrival of the Moseleys, at the seat of their ancestors, Mrs. Wilson observed Emily silently putting on her pelisse, and walking out, unattended by a domestic, or any of the family. There was a peculiar melancholy in her air and manner, that inclined the cautious aunt to suspect her charge was bent on the indulgence of some ill-judged weakness; more particularly, as she took the direction of the arbour—a theatre where Denbigh had been so conspicuous an actor. Hastily throwing a cloak over her shoulders, Mrs. Wilson followed Emily, with the double purpose of ascertaining her views, and, if necessary, interposing

her authority against the repetition of similar excursions.

As Emily approached the arbour—whither, in truth, she had directed her steps—its faded vegetation and chilling aspect, so different from the verdure and luxuriance in which she last saw it, came over her heart as a symbol of her own blighted prospects and deadened affections. The recollections of Denbigh's conduct on that spot—his general benevolence and assiduity to please, herself in particular, being forcibly recalled to her mind at the instant—forgetful of her object in visiting the arbour, Emily yielded for the moment to her sensibilities, and sunk on the seat weeping as if her heart would break.

She had not time to dry her eyes, and collect her scattered thoughts under the alarm of approaching footsteps, before Mrs. Wilson entered the arbour. Eyeing her niece for a moment, with a sternness

unusual for the one to assume or the other to receive—she said :

“ It is a solemn obligation we owe our religion and ourselves, to endeavour to suppress such passions as are incompatible with our professions. And there is no weakness greater, than blindly adhering to the wrong, when we are convinced of our error—it is as fatal to good morals, as it is unjust to ourselves, to persevere, from selfish motives, in believing those innocent, whom evidence has convicted as guilty. Many a weak woman has sealed her own misery, by such wilful obstinacy, aided by the unpardonable vanity, of believing herself able to control a man, whom the laws of God could not restrain.”

“ Oh, dear madam, speak not so unkindly to me,” sobbed the weeping girl, “ I—I am guilty of no such weakness, I assure you; and looking up with an air of profound resignation and piety, she continued: “ Here, on this spot, where he saved my life, I was about to offer up my

prayers for his conviction of the error of his ways, and the pardon of his too—too heavy transgressions.”

Mrs. Wilson, softened almost to tears, viewed her for a moment with a mixture of delight at her pious fervor, and of pity for the frailties of nature, which bound her so closely in the bonds of feeling. In a milder tone she continued—

“ I believe you, my dear. I am certain, although you may have loved Denbigh much, you love your Maker and his ordinances more; and I have no apprehensions, that were he a disengaged man, and you alone in the world, unsupported by any thing but your sense of duty—you would ever so far forget yourself, as to become his wife. But does not your religion—does not your own usefulness in society, require you wholly to free your heart from the power of a man who has so unworthily usurped a dominion over it?”

To this Emily replied in a hardly audi-

ble voice: "Certainly—and I pray constantly for it."

"It is well, my love," said the aunt, soothingly; "you cannot fail with such means, and your own exertions, finally to prevail over your own worst enemies—your passions. The task our sex has to sustain is, at the best, an arduous one; but so much the greater is our credit—if we do it well."

"Oh! how is an unguided girl ever to judge rightly in her choice, if," cried Emily, clasping her hands with energy—and she would have said—"one like Denbigh in appearance be so vile." But shame kept her silent.

"Few men can support such a veil of hypocrisy, as that with which I sometimes think Denbigh must deceive even himself."—"His case is an extraordinary exception to a very sacred rule—"That the tree is known by its fruits," replied her aunt. "There is no safer way of judging of characters, which your opportunities

will not admit of more closely investigating, than by examining into, and duly appreciating, early impressions. The man or woman, who has constantly witnessed the practice of piety, from infancy to the noon of life, will seldom so far abandon the recollection of virtue, as to be guilty of great enormities. Even divine truth has promised, that his blessings or his curses shall extend to many generations. It is true, that with our most guarded prudence, we may be deceived." Mrs. Wilson, pausing, sighed heavily, as her own case, connected with the loves of Denbigh and her niece, occurred strongly to her mind: "yet," she continued, "we may lessen the danger much, by guarding against it; and it seems to me, only what self-preservation requires in a young woman. But for a religious parent to neglect it, is the wilful abandonment of a most solemn duty."

As Mrs. Wilson concluded, her niece, who had recovered the command of her

feelings, pressed her hand in silence to her lips, and shewed a disposition to retire from a spot which recalled too many recollections of a man whose image it was her imperious duty to banish, on every consideration of propriety or religion.

Their walk into the house was silent—and their thoughts were withdrawn from this unpleaaant topic, by finding a letter from Julia, announcing her intended departure from England, and her wish of taking leave of them in London, before she sailed. As she had mentioned the probable day of that event, both the ladies were delighted to find that it was subsequent to the time, fixed by Sir Edward, for their own visit to the capital.

Had Jane, instead of Emily, been the one who suffered through the agency of Mrs. Fitzgerald — however innocently on the part of that lady — her violent and undisciplined passions, would have either blindly united the innocent with the guilty, in her resentment, or, if a

sense of justice had vindicated the lady in her judgment, yet her pride and ill-guided delicacy would have felt her name a reproach, that would have forbidden the resumption of any intercourse.

Not so with her sister. The sufferings of Mrs. Fitzgerald had taken strong hold on her youthful feelings, and a similarity of opinions and practices, on the great object of their lives, had brought them together in a manner which no misconduct in a third person could weaken. The recollection of Denbigh was, indeed, too intimately blended with the fate of Mrs. Fitzgerald. But Emily sought support against her feelings from a quarter that required rather an investigation of them, than a desire to *drown* care, with thought.

She never indulged in romantic reflections, in which the image of Denbigh was associated. This she had hardly done in her happiest moments; and his marriage, if nothing else had interfered, now absolutely forbade it. But although a Chris-

tian, and a humble and devout one, Emily Moseley was a woman, and had loved ardently—confiding, and gratefully. Marriage is the business of life with most of her sex.—next to the preparation for a better with all—and it cannot be supposed that a first passion, in a bosom like that of our heroine, was to be erased, and leave no vestiges of its existence.

Her partiality to the society of Derwent—her meditations, in which she sometimes detected herself drawing a picture of what Denbigh might have been, had early care been taken to impress him with his situation in this world—and from which she generally retired to her closet and her knees, were the remains of feeling, too strong and too pure to be eradicated in a moment.

The arrival of John, with Grace and Jane, enlivened not only the family, but the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Haughton and his numerous friends pouring in on the young couple with their congratulations.

A few days before they commenced their journey to the capital, John laughingly remarked to his uncle, that “although he himself greatly admired the taste of Mr. Peter Johnson in dress, yet he doubted whether the present style of fashions would not be scandalized, in the metropolis, by the appearance of the honest steward.”

John had, in fact, noticed in their former visit to London, a mob of mischievous boys eyeing Peter with gestures and other indications of rebellious movements, which threatened the old man’s ease with violent disturbance; and from which he had retreated by taking a coach, and now made the suggestion from pure good-nature.

They were at dinner, as Moseley made the remark, and the steward, in his place, at the sideboard. Drawing near at the mention of his name — after casting a look over his figure to see if all was decent — Peter respectfully broke silence, in reply, determined to defend his own cause.

“Why! Mr. John! — Mr. John Mose-

ley! if I might judge—for an elderly man—and a serving man—,” said the steward, bowing humbly, “I am no disparagement to my friends, or even my honoured master.”

Johnson’s vindication of his wardrobe, drew the eyes of the family upon him, and an involuntary smile passed from one to the other, as they admired his starched figure and drab frock, or rather doublet, with sleeves and skirts. And Sir Edward, being of the same opinion with his son, observed—

“I do think with John, uncle Benfield, there might be an improvement in the dress of your steward, without much trouble to the ingenuity of his tailor.”

“Sir Edward Moseley — honourable sir,” said the steward, beginning to grow alarmed for the fate of his old companions; “If I may be so bold — you, young gentlemen, may like your gay clothes, but as for me and his honour, we are used to such as we wear, and what we are used to, we

love." The old man spoke with great earnestness, and drew the particular attention of his master, to a review of his attire. After reflecting, in his own mind, that no gentleman in the house had been attended by any servitor in such a garb, Mr. Benfield thought it time to give his sentiments on the subject.

"Why, I remember that my Lord Gosford's gentleman, never wore a livery, nor can I say that he dressed exactly after the manner of Johnson. Every member had his body servant, and they were not unfrequently taken for their masters. Lady Juliana, too, she had, after the death of her nephew, one or two attendants out of livery, and in a different fashion from your attire. Peter, I think with John Moseley there; we must alter you a little, for the sake of appearance."

"Your honour?"—stammered out Peter, in increased terror, seeing the way his master was inclining; "for Mr. John Moseley, and Sir Edward, and youngerly

gentlemen like, — dress may do. Now, your honour, if—” and Peter, turning to Grace, bowed nearly to the floor; — “I had such a sweet — most beautiful young lady, to smile on me, I might wish to change; but, sir, my day has gone by,” and Peter sighed as the recollection of Patty Steele, and his youthful love, floated across his brain. Grace blushed, and thanked him for the compliment, as she gave her opinion, that his gallantry deserved a better costume.

“Peter,” said his master decisively, “I think Mrs. Moseley is right. If I should call on the Viscountess (the Lady Juliana, who yet survived, an ancient dowager of seventy) I shall want your attendance, and, in your present garb, you cannot fail to shock her delicate feelings. You remind me now, I think every time I look at you, of old Harry, the Earl’s gamekeeper; one of the most cruel men I ever knew.”

This decided the matter. Peter well knew that his master’s antipathy to old

Harry arose from his having pursued a poacher one day, in place of helping the lady Juliana over a stile, in a flight from a bull, that was playing his gambols in the same field. Not for the world would the faithful steward retain even a feature, if it brought unpleasant recollections to his kind master; however, he at one time thought of restricting the innovations on his wardrobe to a change of his nether garment; as, after a great deal of study, he could only make out the resemblance between himself and the obnoxious game-keeper to consist in the leather breeches.

But fearful that some points might have escaped his memory in forty years, he quietly acquiesced in all John's alterations, and appeared at his station, three days afterwards, newly decked from head to foot, in a more modern suit of snuff-colour.

The change once made, Peter admired himself in a glass greatly, and thought, that could he have had the taste of Mr.

John Moseley, in his youth, to direct his toilet, the hard heart of Patty would not always have continued so obdurate.

Sir Edward wished to collect his neighbours round him once more, before he left them for another four months; and accordingly the Rector and his wife — Francis and Clara — the Haughtons, with a few others, dined at the Hall, by invitation, the last day of their stay in Northamptonshire. The gentlemen had left the table after dinner to join the ladies, as Grace entered the drawing-room, with a face covered with smiles, and beaming with pleasure.

“ You look like the bearer of good news, Mrs. Moseley,” said the Rector, catching a glimpse of her countenance as she passed.

“ Good — I sincerely hope and believe,” replied Grace. “ My letters from my brother announce his marriage to have taken place last week, and give us hopes

of seeing them all in town within the month."

"Married," exclaimed Mr. Haughton, casting his eyes unconsciously on Emily, "my Lord Chatterton married — may I ask the name of the bride.

"To Lady Harriet Denbigh — and at Denbigh Castle, in Westmoreland — but very privately, as you may suppose, from seeing Moseley and myself here," answered Grace with cheeks yet glowing with surprise and pleasure at the intelligence.

"Lady Harriet Denbigh?" echoed Mr. Haughton, "what! a kinswoman of our old friend?—*your* friend?—Miss Emily," the recollection of the service he had performed her at the arbour, fresh in his memory. Emily commanded herself sufficiently to reply: "Brother's children, I believe, sir."

"But a *lady* — how came she my lady," continued the good man, anxious to know the whole, and ignorant of any reasons for

delicacy, where so great a favourite as Denbigh was in the question.

“ She is a daughter of the late Duke of Derwent,” said Mrs. Moseley, as willing as himself to talk of her new sister.

“ How happens it that the death of old Mr. Denbigh, was announced, as plain George Denbigh, Esq. if he was the brother of a Duke,” said Jane, forgetting, for a moment, the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Ives, in her yet, surviving passion for genealogy, “ should he not have been called Lord George, or honourable ?”

This was the first time any allusion had been made to the sudden death in the church by any of the Moseleys, in the hearing of the rector’s family ; and the speaker sat in breathless terror at her own inadvertency. Dr. Ives, observing a profound silence to prevail as soon as Jane had ended, answered mildly, but in a way to prevent any further comments —

“ The late Duke succeeding a cousin-german in his title, was the reason, I pre-

sume. But, Emily, I am to hear from you, by letter, I hope, after you enter into the gaieties of the metropolis?" This Emily cheerfully promised, and the conversation took another turn.

Mrs. Wilson had carefully avoided all communication with the rector concerning his youthful friend, and the Doctor appeared unwilling to commence any thing which might lead to his name being mentioned.

He is disappointed in him as well as ourselves, thought the widow, and it must be unpleasant to him to have his image recalled. He saw his attentions to Emily, and he knows of his marriage to Lady Laura, of course—and he loves us all, and Emily in particular, too well, not to feel hurt by his conduct.

"Sir Edward!" cried Mr. Haughton, with a laugh — "Barons are likely to be plenty. Have you heard how near we were to having one in the neighbourhood

lately" — and as Sir Edward answered in the negative, his neighbour continued —

“ Why, no less a man than Captain Jarvis promoted to the coronet.

“ Captain Jarvis !” exclaimed five or six at once — “ explain yourself Mr. Haughton.”

“ My near neighbour, young Walker has been to Bath on an unusual business — his health — and, for the benefit of the country, has brought back a pretty piece of scandal, with some surprising news.

It seems that Lady Jarvis, as I am told she is since she left here, wished to have her hopeful heir made a Lord, and that the two united for some six months, in forming a kind of savings' bank between themselves, to enable them at some future day to bribe the minister, to honour the peerage with such a prodigy.

After a while, the daughter of our late acquaintance, Sir William Harris, became an accessory to the plot, and a contributor too, to the tune of a couple of hundred

pounds. Some circumstances, however, at length made this latter lady suspicious, and she wished to audit the books. The Captain prevaricated — the lady remonstrated — until the gentleman, with more truth than manners, told her she was a fool — the money he had expended, or lost at dice; and that he did not think the ministers quite so silly as to make him a lord — or himself, as to make her his wife — so the whole thing exploded.”

John listened to the story with delight, but little short of what he had felt when Grace owned her love; and anxious to know all, inquired —

“But, is it true? — how was it found out?”

“Oh, the lady complained of part — and the Captain tells all, to get the laugh on his side; so that Walker says, the former is the derision, and the latter the contempt, of all Bath?”

“Poor Sir William,” said the Baronet, with feeling; “he is much to be pitied.”

“ I am afraid he has nothing to blame but his own weak indulgence,” remarked the Rector.

“ But you don't know the worst of it,” cried Mr. Haughton. “ *We* poor people are made to suffer — Lady Jarvis wept, and fretted Sir Timo — out of his lease, which has been given up, and a new house is to be taken in another part of the kingdom, where neither Miss Harris or the story is known.”

“ Then Sir William has a new tenant to procure,” said Lady Moseley, not in the least regretting the loss of the old one.

“ No ! my Lady !” continued Mr. Haughton with a smile. “ Walker is, you know, an attorney, and does some business, occasionally, for Sir William. When Jarvis gave up the lease, the Baronet, who finds himself a little short of money, offered the Deanery for sale, it being a useless place to him ; and the very next day, while Walker was with Sir William, a gentleman called, and, without higgling,

agreed to pay down at once his thirty thousand pounds for it."

"And who is he?" inquired Lady Moseley, eagerly.

"The Earl of Pendennyss."

"Lord Pendennyss!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, in rapture.

"Pendennyss!" said the Rector, eyeing the aunt and Emily with a smile.

"Pendennyss!" echoed all in the room, in amazement.

"Yes," said Mr. Haughton, "it is now the property of the Earl, who says he has bought it for his sister."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. Wilson found time the ensuing day to ascertain, before they left the hall, the truth of the tale related by Mr. Haughton.

The Deanery had certainly changed its master, and a new steward had already arrived, to take possession in the name of his lord.

What could induce Pendennyss to make this purchase, she was entirely at a loss to conceive; most probably some arrangement between himself and Lord Bolton; but whatever might be his motive, it in some measure insured his becoming for a season their neighbour; and Mrs. Wilson

felt a degree of pleasure at the circumstance to which she had been a stranger for a long time. This pleasure was greatly heightened as she dwelt on the lovely face of her companion, who occupied the other seat in her travelling chaise.

The road to London led by the gates of the Deanery, and near them they passed a servant in the livery, she thought, of those she had once seen following the equipage of the Earl; anxious to know any thing which might hasten her acquaintance with this long-admired nobleman, Mrs. Wilson stopped her carriage, as she inquired,

“Pray, sir, whom do you serve?”

“My Lord Pendennyss, ma’am,” replied the man, respectfully taking off his hat.

“The Earl is not here?” asked Mrs. Wilson with interest.

“Oh no, madam; I am here in waiting on his steward. My Lord is in Westmoreland, with his Grace, and Colonel Denbigh, and the ladies.”

“Does he remain there long?” continued the anxious widow, desirous of knowing all she could learn.

“I believe not, madam; most of our people have gone to Annerdale-House, and my Lord is expected in town, with the Duke and the Colonel.”

As the servant was an elderly man, who appeared to understand the movements of his master so well, Mrs. Wilson was put in unusual spirits by this prospect of a speedy termination to her anxiety for a meeting with Pendennyss.

“Annerdale-House is the Earl’s town residence?” enquired Emily with a feeling for her aunt’s partiality.

“Yes; he got the fortune of the last Duke of that title, but how I do not exactly know. I believe, however, through his mother. General Wilson did not know his family: indeed, Pendennyss bore a second title during his life-time; but did you observe how very civil his servant was as

well as the one John spoke to before — a sure sign their master is a gentleman.”

Emily smiled as she witnessed the strong partialities of her aunt in his favour, and replied,

“ Your handsome chaise and attendants will draw respect from most men in his situation, dear aunt, be their masters as they may.”

The expected pleasure of meeting the Earl was a topic frequently touched upon between her aunt and Emily during their journey. The former, beginning to entertain hopes, she would have laughed at herself for, could they have been laid fairly before her ; and the latter entertaining a profound respect for his character, but chiefly governed by a wish to gratify her aunt.

On the third day they reached the baronet's handsome house in St. James's square, and found, that the forethought of John, had provided every thing for them in the best and most comfortable manner

It was the first visit of both Jane and Emily to the metropolis ; and, under the protection of their almost equally curious mother, and escorted by John, they wisely determined to visit the curiosities, while their leisure yet admitted of the opportunity. For the first two weeks, their time had been chiefly employed in the indulgence of this unfashionable and vulgar propensity ; which, if it had no other tendency, served greatly to draw the thoughts of both the young women from the recollection of the few last months.

While her sister and nieces were thus employed in amusing themselves, Mrs. Wilson, assisted by Grace, was occupied in getting things in preparation to do credit to the baronet's hospitality.

The second week after their arrival, Mrs. Moseley was delighted by seeing advance upon her unexpectedly, through the door of the breakfast-parlour, her brother, with his bride leaning on his arm. After the most sincere greetings and congratula-

tions, Lady Chatterton cried out gaily, "you see, my dear Lady Moseley, I am determined to banish ceremony between us, and so instead of sending you a card, have come myself, to notify you of my arrival. Chatterton would not suffer me even to swallow my breakfast, he was so impatient to show me off."

"You are placing things exactly on the footing I wish to see ourselves with all our connexions," replied Lady Moseley, kindly; "but what have you done with the Duke, is he in your train?"

"Oh! he is gone to Canterbury with George Denbigh, madam," cried the lady, shaking her head reproachfully, though affectionately, at Emily; "his grace dislikes London just now excessively, he says, and the Colonel being obliged to leave his wife on regimental business, Derwent was good enough to keep him company during his exile."

"And Lady Laura, do we see her?" enquired Lady Moseley.

“ She came with us—Pendennyss and his sister follow immediately ; so, my dear madam, the dramatis personæ will soon all be upon the stage.”

“ Cards and visits now began to accumulate on the Moseleys, and their time no longer admitted of that unfettered disposal of it, which they had enjoyed at their entrance on the scene.

Mrs. Wilson, for herself and charge, had adopted a rule for the government of their manner of living, which was consistent with her duties and profession.

They mixed in general society sparingly, and with great moderation ; above all, they rigidly adhered to their obedience to the injunction, which commanded them to keep the sabbath-day holy—a duty of no trifling difficulty to perform in fashionable society, in the metropolis, or indeed any other place, where the influence of fashion has supplanted the laws of God.

Mrs. Wilson was not a bigot ; but she

knew and performed her duty rigidly. It was a pleasure to her to do so. It would have been misery to have done otherwise. In the singleness of heart, and deep piety of her niece, she had a willing pupil to her system of morals, and a rigid follower of her religious practices. As they both knew that the temptation to go astray was greater in town than in the country, they kept a strict guard over their tendency to err, and in watchfulness found their greatest security.

John Moseley, next to his friends, loved his bays: indeed if the aggregate of his affections for these fine animals had been put in the opposite scale against Lady Herrieffield, we strongly suspect that that of the horses would have preponderated.

One Sunday, soon after the family had been domesticated, John, who had soberly attended morning-service with the ladies, came into a little room, where the more reflecting part of the family were

assembled, occupied with their books, in search of his wife.

Grace, as we have already mentioned, had become a real member of that church in which she had been educated, and entered, under the direction of Dr. Ives and Mrs. Wilson, upon a strict observance of its wholesome ordinances.

Grace certainly was piously inclined, if not devout. Her feelings on the subject of religion had been sensibly awakened during their voyage to Lisbon; and at the present period Mrs. Moseley was as sincerely disposed to perform her duty as her powers admitted. To the request of her husband, that she would take a seat in his phaeton, while he drove her round the park once or twice, Grace gave a mild refusal by saying, "it is Sunday, my dear Moseley."

"Do you think I don't know that," cried John, gaily, "there will be every body there; and, the better day—the better deed." Now Moseley, if he had been asked

to apply this speech to the case before them, would have frankly owned his inability, but his wife did not make the trial—she was contented with saying, as she laid down her book, to look on a face she so tenderly loved,

“ Ah! Moseley, you should set a better example to those below you in life.”

“ I wish to set an example,” returned her husband with an affectionate smile, “ to all above as well as below me—to find out the path to happiness, by exhibiting to the world a model of a wife in yourself, dear Grace.”

As this was uttered with a sincerity which distinguished the manner of Moseley, his wife was more pleased with the compliment than she would have been willing to own; and John spoke no more than he thought, for a desire to show his handsome wife was a ruling passion for a moment.

The husband was too pressing, and the wife too fond, not to yield the point; and

Grace took her seat in the carriage with a kind of half-formed resolution, to improve the opportunity, by a discourse on serious subjects—a resolution which terminated as all others do, in which one duty is postponed in order to discharge another of inferior magnitude—it was forgotten.

The experiment of Grace, to leave her own serious occupations, in the hope by joining in the gaiety of another, of bringing him to her own state of mind, ended in becoming a convert to his feelings, in place of his entering into hers.

Mrs. Wilson had listened with interest to the efforts of John, to prevail on his wife to take the ride, and on her leaving the room to comply, she observed to Emily, with whom she now remained alone :—

“ Here is one consequence of a difference in religious views between man and wife, my child. John, in place of supporting Grace in the discharge of her

duties, has been the actual cause of her going astray."

Emily felt the force of her aunt's remark, and saw its justice—yet her love for the offender induced her to say—

"John will not lead her openly astray from her path—for he has a respect for religion, and this offence is not unpardonable." "Assuredly not," replied Mrs. Wilson, "and to infinite mercy, it is hard to say what is—but it is directly in the face of an express ordinance of the Lord—it is even throwing off the *appearance* of keeping the Sabbath Day holy—much less observing the substance of the commandment—and as to John's respect for holy things—in this instance it was injurious to his wife. Had he been an open deist, she would have shrunk from the act in his company, suspicious of its sinfulness. Either John must become a Christian, or I am afraid Grace will fall from her undertaking." Mrs. Wilson shook her head mournfully, as she con-

cluded, while Emily offered up a silent petition, that the first might speedily be the case.

Lady Laura had been early in her visit to the Moseleys; and as it now appeared that Denbigh had both a town residence and a seat in parliament, it seemed next to impossible to avoid meeting him, or to return the pressing attentions of his wife, by distant civilities; for such a course of conduct might prove eventually prejudicial to themselves, by exciting a suspicion, that resentment at his not choosing a partner from amongst them governed the conduct of the Moseleys, towards a man, to whom they were under such a heavy obligation.

Had Sir Edward known as much as his sister and daughter, he would probably have discountenanced the acquaintance altogether. But in the ignorance of the rest of their friends, Mrs. Wilson and Emily had not only the assiduities of Lady Laura, but the wishes of their own

family to contend against, and consequently submitted to the association with a reluctance that was, indeed, in some measure counteracted by their regard for Lady Laura, and compassion for her abused confidence.

A distant connection of Lady Moseley had managed to collect in her house a few hundred nominal friends; and as she had been particularly attentive in calling personally on her venerable relative Mr. Benfield, soon after his arrival in town, out of respect to her father's cousin, or perhaps mindful of his approaching end, and remembering there were such things as codicils to wills; the old man, flattered by her notice, and even yet too gallant to reject the favour of a lady, consented to accompany the remainder of the family on the occasion.

Most of their acquaintances were there; Lady Moseley soon found herself engaged in a party at quadrille, and the young people were occupied by the amusements usual in

such scenes. Emily feeling but little desire to enter into the gaiety of general conversation with a host of gentlemen, who had collected round her aunt and sisters, had offered her arm to Mr. Benfield, on seeing him manifest a disposition to take a closer view of the company.

They had wandered from room to room, unconscious of the observation attracted in such a scene, by the sight of a man in the costume of Mr. Benfield, leaning on the arm of so young and lovely a woman as his niece—and many an exclamation of surprise, ridicule, admiration, and wonder, had been heard, unnoticed by the pair; until, finding the crowd rather inconvenient to her companion, Emily gently drew him into one of the apartments, where the card-tables, and the general absence of beauty, had made room less difficult to be found.

“ Ah! Emmy, dear,” said the old gentleman, wiping his face, from the heat of the rooms, “ times are much changed, I

see, since my youth—then you would see no such throngs assembled in so small a space—gentlemen shoving ladies—and yes, Emmy—” continued her uncle, in a lower tone, as if afraid of uttering something dangerous to be heard, “the ladies, themselves, shouldering the men. I remember, at a drum given by Lady Gosford—that, although I may, without vanity, say, I was one of the gallantest men in the rooms, I came in contact with but one of the ladies during the whole evening, excepting handing the Lady Juliana to a chair once—and that,” said her uncle, stopping short, and lowering his voice to a whisper, “was occasioned by a mischance in the old duchess in rising from her seat, where she had taken too much strong waters, as she was, at times, a little troubled with a pain in the chest.”

Emily smiled at the casualty of her grace, and they proceeded slowly through the range of tables, until their passage was stopped by a party at whist, which

by its incongruous mixture of ages, and character in the players, forcibly attracted her attention.

The party was composed of a young man of five or six and twenty, who threw down his cards in careless indifference of the game, and heedlessly played with the guineas which were either laid on the side of the table as markers, or the fruits of a former victory; or, by stealing hasty and repeated glances through the vista of the tables, into the gayer scenes of the adjoining rooms — proved he was in duress, and waited nothing but opportunity to make his escape from the tedium of cards and ugliness, to the life of conversation and beauty.

His partner was a woman of doubtful age — in her countenance indicating, that the uncertainty was likely to continue, until the record of the tomb-stone should divulge to the world the so long contested fact — her eye, also wandered at times to the gayer scene, but with an expression of

ensoriousness, mingled with her longings ; nor did she neglect the progress of the game so frequently as her more heedless partner. A cast of her eye, thrown often on the golden pair which was placed between herself and her neighbour on her right, marked the importance of the *corner* — the precision of that neighbour, having regarded as necessary — an exhibition of the prize — either for quickening the intellect, or, possibly, as a means to remedy the defects of — bad memories.

Her neighbour on the right, was a man of sixty, and his vestments announced him servant of the sanctuary, whose intentness on the game, proceeded — from his habits of reflection ; — his smile at success, — from charity to his neighbour ; his frown in adversity — from displeasure at the triumph of the wicked ; for such, in his heart, he had set down Miss Wigram to be : and his unconquerable gravity in the employment — from a profound regard to the dignity of his holy office.

The fourth performer in this trial of memories, was an ancient lady, gaily dressed, and intently eager on the game. Between her and the young man, was a large pile of guineas, which appeared to be her exclusive property, as she repeatedly, during the play, tendered one as a challenge on the event of a hand or a trick; and from the inadvertance of her antagonist, she seldom failed to add his mite, as a contribution to accumulate the pile.

“Two double and the rub, my dear doctor,” exclaimed the senior lady in triumph — “Sir William, you owe me ten” — the money was paid as easily as it had been won, and the dowager proceeded to settle some bets with her female antagonist.

“Two more, I fancy, ma’am,” said she, scanning closely the contribution of the maiden.

“I believe it is right, my lady,” was the answer, with a look, that said pretty plainly, that, or nothing.

“ I beg pardon, my dear, here are but four — and you remember — two on the corner, and four on the points — Doctor, I will trouble you for a couple of guineas from Miss Wigram’s store by you — I am in haste to get to the countess’s route.”

The doctor was coolly helping himself from the said store, under the watchful eyes of its owner, and secretly exulting in his own judgment in requiring the stakes — as the maiden replied in great warmth, “ your ladyship forgets the two you lost me at Mrs. Howard’s.”

“ It must be a mistake, my dear, I always pay as I lose,” cried the dowager, with great spirit, stretching over the table, and coolly helping herself to the disputed money.

Mr. Benfield and Emily had stood silent spectators of the whole scene, the latter in astonishment to meet such manners, in that society, and the former under feelings it were more than difficult to describe, for, in the face of the dowager,

which was inflamed, partly from passion, but more from high-living, he recognised the remains of his — Lady Juliana — now the Viscountess Dowager Haverford !

“Emmy, dear,” said the old man, with a heavy drawn sigh, as if awaking from a long and troubled dream, “we will go” — the phantom of forty years had vanished before the truth ; and the fancies of retirement — simplicity — and a diseased imagination — yielded to the influence of life and common sense.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH Harriet, now closely connected with them by marriage as well as by regard, the Baronet's family maintained a most friendly intercourse, and Mrs. Wilson, and Emily — a prodigious favourite with her new cousin — had consented to pass a day soberly with her, during an excursion, of her husband to Windsor, on business connected with his official station. They accordingly drove round to an early breakfast; and Chatterton politely, regretting his loss, and thanking them for their consideration of his wife, made his bow.

Lady Harriet Denbigh had brought the Baron a substantial addition to his fortune; and as his sisters were both provided for by

ample settlements, the pecuniary distress which had existed a twelve-month before had been entirely removed. His income was now large, and his expenditure moderate, though adequate to the keeping up an establishment proportioned to the rank of both husband and wife.

“Mrs. Wilson,” said their hostess, twirling her cup, as her eyes followed the retreating figure of her husband to the door, “I am about to take up the trade of Miss Harris, and become a match-maker.”

“Not on your own behalf so soon, surely,” rejoined the widow, returning her animated smile.

“Oh no, my fortune is made for life, or not at all,” continued the other gaily, “but in behalf of our little friend Emily here.”

“Me,” exclaimed Emily, starting from a reverie, in which the prospect of happiness to Lady Laura, was the subject, “you are very good Harriet, and for whom does your consideration intend me?” she added with a faint smile.

“Who? why who is good enough for you, but my cousin Pendennys. Ah!” she cried, laughingly, as she caught Emily by the hand, “Derwent and myself have both settled the matter long since, and I know you will yield when you come to know him.”

“The Duke!” cried the other with a surprise and innocence, that immediately brought a blush of the brightest vermillion into her face, as she caught the expression of her companion.

“Yes, the Duke,” said Lady Chatterton, “you may think it odd for a discarded lover to dispose of his mistress so soon in this way, but both our hearts are set upon it. The earl arrived last night, and this day himself and his sister dine with us in a sober way: now, my dear madam,” turning to Mrs. Wilson “have I not prepared an agreeable surprise for you?”

“Surprise indeed,” said the widow, excessively gratified at the probable termina-

tion to her anxieties for this meeting, "but where are they from?"

"From Northamptonshire, where the earl has already purchased a residence, I understand, in your neighbourhood too; so, you perceive, *he* at least begins to think of the thing."

"A certain evidence, truly," cried Emily, "his having purchased the house. But was he without a residence, that he bought the Deanery?"

"Oh no! he has a palace in town, and three seats in the country — though none in Northamptonshire, but this," said the lady, with a laugh. "To own the truth, he did offer to let George Denbigh have it for the next summer, but the colonel chose to be nearer Eltringham; and I take it, that was only a *ruse* in the earl to cloak his own designs. You may depend upon it we sounded your praises to him incessantly in Westmoreland."

"And is Colonel Denbigh in town?" said Mrs. Wilson, stealing an anxious

glance towards her niece, who, in spite of all her efforts, sensibly changed colour.

“Oh yes! and Laura as happy — as happy — as myself,” said Lady Chatterton, with a glow on her cheeks, as she attended to the request of her housekeeper, and left the room.

While her guests sat in silence, occupied with their own reflections, they heard a summons at the house door; it was opened, and footsteps approached the door of their own room. It was pushed partly open, as a voice on the other side said, speaking to a servant without,

“Very well. Do not disturb your lady. I am in no haste.”

At the sound of its well known tones, the ladies almost sprang from their seats — here could be no resemblance, and a moment removed their doubts. The speaker entered. It was Denbigh.

He stood for a moment, fixed as a statue. It was evident the surprise was mutual. His face was pale as death, as his eye first met

the countenances of the occupants of the room, and then instantly suffused as with a glow of fire. Approaching them, he paid his compliments, with great earnestness, and in a voice in which his softest tones predominated.

“ I am happy — very happy, to be so fortunate, in again meeting with such friends, and so unexpectedly,” — he continued, after his inquiries concerning the Baronet’s family were ended.

Mrs. Wilson bowed in silence to his compliment, and Emily, pale as himself had been the moment before, sat with her eyes fixed on the carpet, without daring to trust her voice with an attempt to speak.

After struggling with his mortified feelings a moment, Denbigh rose from the chair he had taken, and drawing near the sofa on which the ladies were placed, exclaimed with fervour,

“ Tell me, dear madam — lovely — too lovely Miss Moseley, has one act of folly — of wickedness if you please — lost me

your good opinion for ever? Derwent had given me hopes that you yet retained some esteem for my character, lowered as I acknowledge it to be in my own estimation.’

“The Duke of Derwent? Mr. Denhigh!”

“Do not—do not use a name, dear madam, almost hateful to me,” cried he, in a tone of despair.

“If,” said Mrs. Wilson, gravely, “you have made your own name disreputable, I can only regret it, but”—

“Call me by my title—oh! do not remind me of my folly—I cannot bear it—and from you,” interrupting her, hastily.

“Your title!” exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, with wonder—and Emily turned on him a face, in which the flashes of colour were as quick, and almost as vivid, as the glow of lightning, while he caught their astonishment in equal surprise.

“How is this; some dreadful mistake of which I am yet in ignorance,”—taking the unresisting hand of Mrs. Wilson, and

pressing it with warmth between his own, as he added, "do not leave me in suspense."

"For the sake of truth—for my sake—for the sake of this suffering innocent, say, in sincerity, who, and what you are!" said Mrs. Wilson, in a solemn voice, and gazing on him in dread of his reply.

Still retaining her hand, he dropped on his knee before her, as he answered,

"I am the pupil — the child of your late husband — the companion of his dangers — sharer of his joys and griefs — and would I could add, the friend of his widow. I am the Earl of Pendennyss."

Mrs. Wilson's head dropped on the shoulder of the kneeling youth — her arms were thrown in fervour around his neck, and she burst into a flood of tears: for a moment, both were absorbed in their own feelings, but a cry from Pendennyss aroused the aunt to the situation of her niece.

Emily had fallen back senseless on the sofa which supported her.

An hour elapsed, before her engagements admitted of the return of Lady Chatterton to the breakfast-parlour, where she was surprised to find the breakfast equipage yet standing, and her cousin, the earl. Looking from one to the other, in surprise, the lady exclaimed,

“Very sociable, upon my word; how long has your lordship honoured my house with your presence, and have you taken the liberty to introduce yourself to Mrs. Wilson and Miss Moseley?”

“Sociability and ease are the fashion of the day.—I have been here an hour, my dear coz, and have taken the liberty of *introducing myself* to Mrs. Wilson and Miss Moseley,” replied the earl, gravely, although a smile of great meaning lighted his handsome features, as he uttered the latter part of the sentence, which was returned by Emily with a look of archness and pleasure, that would have graced her happiest moments of youthful joy.

There was such an interchange of looks,

and so visible an alteration in the appearance of her guests, as could not fail to attract the notice of Lady Chatterton; after listening to the conversation for some time in silence, and wondering what could have wrought so sudden a change below stairs, she broke forth with saying,

“ Upon my word, you are an incomprehensible party to me—I left you ladies alone, and find a beau with you. I left you grave — if not melancholy — and find you all life and gaiety. I find you with a stranger, and you talk with him about walks and rides, and scenes and acquaintances; will *you*, madam, or *you*, my lord, be so kind as to explain these seeming inconsistencies?”

“ No,” cried the earl, gaily, “ to punish your curiosity, I will keep you in ignorance; but Marian is in waiting for me at your neighbour Mrs. Wilmot’s, and I must hasten to her — you will see us both by five,” and rising from his seat he took the offered hand of Mrs. Wilson, and

pressed it to his lips : to Emily he also extended his hand, and received her's in return, though with a face suffused with the colour of the rose. Pendennyss held it to his heart for a moment with fervour, and kissing it, precipitately left the room to hide his emotions. Emily concealed her face with her hands, and dissolving in tears, sought the retirement of an adjoining apartment.

These unaccountable movements filled Lady Chatterton with an amazement, that would have been too painful for further endurance ; and Mrs. Wilson, feeling that concealment with so near a connection would have been impossible, if not unnecessary, entered into a brief explanation of the earl's masquerade — although ignorant herself of its cause, or the means of supporting it — and his present relation with her niece.

“ I declare it is provoking,” cried Lady Chatterton gaily, but with a tear in her eye, “ to have such ingenious plans as Der-

went and I had made, all lost from the want of necessity of putting them in force. Your demure niece has deceived us all handsomely; and my rigid cousin too—I will rate him soundly for his deception.”

I believe he already repents sincerely of having practised it,” said Mrs. Wilson, with a smile, “and is sufficiently punished for his error by its consequence—a life of misery to a lover, for four months, is a serious penalty.”

“Yet,” said the other archly in reply, “I am afraid his punishment was not confined to himself alone; he has made others suffer from his misconduct. Oh! I will rate him famously, depend upon it I will.”

If any thing, the interest felt by Lady Chatterton for her friend, was increased by this discovery of the affections of Pendenyss, and a few hours were passed by the three, in, we will not say sober delight, for transport would be a better word. Lady Chatterton declared she would rather see Emily the wife of the earl than of her bro-

ther, for *he* alone was good enough for her — and Mrs. Wilson felt an exhilaration of spirits in this completion of her most sanguine wishes, that neither her years, her philosophy, nor even her religion, could entirely restrain: the face of Emily was a continued blush, her eye sparkled with the lustre of renewed hope, and her bosom heaved with the purest emotions of happiness.

At the appointed hour, the rattling of wheels announced the approach of the earl and his sister.

Pendennyss entered the room with a young woman of great personal beauty, and extremely feminine manners, leaning on his arm. He first introduced her to Mrs. Wilson as his sister, Lady Marian Denbigh, who received her with a frank cordiality that made them instantly acquainted. Emily, although confiding in the fullest manner, in the truth and worth of her lover, had felt an inexplicable sen-

sation of pleasure, as she had heard the earl speak of his sister by the name of Marian — love is such an unquiet, and generally such a monopolizing passion, that few avoid unnecessary uneasiness while under its influence, unless so situated as to enjoy a mutual confidence.

As this once so formidable Marian approached to salute her, Emily rose, with a face illumined with pleasure, to receive her extended hand. Marian viewed her for a moment intently, and folding her arms around her, whispered softly, as she pressed her to her heart, “my sister, my only sister.”

Our heroine was affected to tears, and Pendennyss gently separating the two he loved best in the world — they soon regained their calmness.

Lady Marian was extremely like her brother, and had a family resemblance to her cousin Harriet, but her manners were softer and more retiring, and she had a

slight tinge of settled melancholy. When her brother spoke, she was generally silent, not in fear, but in love — she evidently regarded him amongst the first of human beings, and her affection was amply returned.

Both the aunt and niece studied the manners of the earl closely, and found some shades of distinction between what he was, and what he had been. He was now the perfect man of the world, without having lost the frank sincerity, which irresistibly caused you to believe all he said.

Had Pendennyss once told Mrs. Wilson with his natural air and manner, “I am innocent,” she would have believed him, and an earlier investigation would have saved them months of misery — but the consciousness of his deception had oppressed him with the curse of the wicked — a guilty conscience; and imagining her displeasure to arise from a detection of his real name by the possession of his pocket

book — his sense of right would not allow him to urge his defence.

He had lost that air of embarrassment and alarm, which had so often startled the aunt, even in her hours of greatest confidence, and which had originated in the awkwardness of disguise. But he retained his softness—his respect—his modest diffidence — though now somewhat corrected by his further experience and acquaintance with mankind.

Mrs. Wilson thought these trifling alterations in manner were great improvements ; but it required some days, and a few tender speeches, to reconcile Emily to any change in the appearance of the earl, from what she had so fondly admired in Denbigh.

Lady Marian had ordered her carriage early, not having anticipated the pleasure she had found, and was engaged to accompany her cousin, Lady Laura, to a fashionable route that evening. Unwilling to be

torn from his newly found friends, the earl proposed that the three ladies should accompany his sister to Annerdale House, and then accept himself as an escort to their own residence. To this Harriet assented, and leaving a message for Chatterton, they entered the carriage of Marian, and Pendennyss mounting the dickey, they drove off.

Annerdale House was amongst the best residences in London. It had been erected in the preceding century, and Emily for a moment felt, as she passed through the splendid apartments, as if it almost threw a chill round her domestic affections; but the figure of Pendennyss by her side, reconciled her mind with a magnificence to which it was hitherto unacquainted — he looked the lord indeed, but with so much modesty and softness, and so much attention to herself, that before she left the house, Emily began to think it very possible to enjoy happiness even in the lap of splendour.

The names of Colonel Denbigh and Lady Laura, were soon announced, and this formidable gentleman made his appearance — he resembled Pendennyss more than the Duke even, and appeared about the same age.

Mrs. Wilson soon saw she had no ground for pitying Lady Laura in the manner she had done since their acquaintance. The colonel was a polished, elegant man, of evident good sense, and knowledge of the world — and apparently devoted to his wife. He was called George frequently by all his relatives, and, not unfrequently, he used the same term himself, in addressing the earl.

Something being said of a much admired bust — the doors of a large library were opened, to view it. Emily was running over the backs of a case of books, until her eye rested on one; and half smiling and blushing, she turned to Pendennyss, who watched her every movement, as she said, playfully: — “Pity me, my lord, and lend

me this volume.”—“What is it you would read,” he asked, as he bowed his cheerful assent. But Emily hid the book in her handkerchief. Pendennyss noticing an unwillingness, though an extremely playful one, to let him into the secret, examined the case, and perceiving her motive, smiled, as he took down another volume, and said —

“I am not an Irish, but an English peer, Emily. You have the wrong volume.” Emily laughed, as with deeper blushes, she found her wishes detected—while the earl, opening the volume he held—the first of Debrett’s Peerage; pointed, with his finger, to the article concerning his own family, and said to Mrs. Wilson, who had joined them at the instant —

“To-morrow, dear madam, I shall beg your attention to a melancholy tale, and which may, in some degree, extenuate my offence in assuming, or rather maintaining,

an accidental disguise." As he ended, he turned to the company, to draw their attention, while Emily and her aunt examined the paragraph. It was as follows :—

“ George Denbigh — Earl of Pendennyss — and Baron Lumley, of Lumley Castle — Baron Pendennyss, Beaumaris, and Fitzwalter ; born —, of —, in the year — ; a bachelor.”

The list of Earls and Barons occupied several pages, but the closing article was as follows :—

“ George, the 21st Earl, succeeded his mother Marian, late Countess of Pendennyss in her own right, being born of her marriage with George Denbigh, Esq. a cousin-german to Frederic, the 9th Duke of Derwent.”

“ Heir apparent. The title being to heirs general, will descend to his lordship’s sister, Lady Marian Denbigh, should the present earl die without lawful issue.”

Much of the mystery of our tale being

explained in the foregoing paragraphs, we may therefore be allowed to relate in our own language, what Pendennyss communicated to his friends at different times, and in a manner suitable to the subject and his situation.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was at the close of that unhappy contest, which deprived this country of the wealthiest and most populous of her transatlantic colonies, that a fleet of ships was returning, from a long course of service amongst the islands of the new world, to seek, for their battered hulks, and war-worn crews, the repairs and the comforts of England and of home.

The cry of "Land!" — to the mariner the most endearing of all sounds — had drawn together, as it were, instinctively, on the forecastle of the flag-ship of the squadron, a group of sailors who gazed with varied emotions at the land which gave them birth — but with one common

feeling of joy — at once more beholding the shores of Old England.

The water, curling from the bows in increasing waves, and growing murmurs, cheered the heart of the veteran tar, at their quickening progress, as he cast his experienced eye in silence on the swelling sails, to see if nothing more could be done to shorten the distance between him and his country.

All eyes were fixed on the land of their birth, and hundreds of hearts beat, with the awakening delights of domestic love and renewed affections; but no tongue broke the disciplined silence of the ship, into sounds that overcame the propitious ripple of the water, through which she smoothly glided with a steady course.

On the summit of the towering mast, floated a small Blue Flag — the symbol of Command — and beneath it, on the quarter-deck — resigned by all of inferior rank — paced to and fro, with measured step, a man, whose square-built form, and

weather-beaten features, were alike indicative of bodily vigour, and arduous lengthened service.

As at each turn of the deck he faced the land of his nativity, a lurking smile came over his sunburnt countenance, while at a glance he viewed the progress of the far-stretched squadron under his command, and with which he now victoriously returned to his native country.

Near him stood an officer, clothed in an uniform, differing from all around him. His figure was small — his eye restless, quick, piercing—and bent on those shores to which he was unwillingly advancing.

The anxiety and mortification depicted in his look, evidently announced him as the late commander of those vessels, which, by the display of double flags, manifested, to the eye of a seaman, a recent change of masters.

Occasionally, the conqueror would stop, and by some well intended, but uncouth civility, endeavour to assuage the feelings

of his guest. These attentions were received with the courtesy of the most punctilious etiquette, but, at the same time, with a restraint that showed them to be unwelcome.

It was, perhaps, the most unfortunate moment that had occurred, during the two months of their association, for an exchange of their better feelings. The honest heart of the English tar, dilated with ill-concealed delight, at his approach to the termination of labours performed with credit and honour — and his smiles and good humour, though proceeding partly from the feelings of a father and a friend, were daggers to the heart of his discomfited rival.

A third personage now appearing from the cabin of the vessel, approached the spot where the adverse admirals were, at the moment, engaged in one of these constrained and ceremonious conversations.

The appearance and dress of this gentleman, differed widely from the others.

He was a soldier, and clearly of high rank — tall, graceful, and dignified. His carefully dressed hair concealed the ravages of time ; and, on the quarter-deck of a first-rate, his attire and manners were suited to a field-day in the park.

“ I really insist, Monsieur,” cried the admiral, good naturedly, “ that you shall take part of my chaise to London ; you are a stranger to the country, and it will help to keep up your spirits by the way.”

“ You are very good, Monsieur Howell,” replied the Frenchman, with a polite bow, and forced smile ; misconstruing this ill-judged benevolence of the admiral, into a wish for his person to grace a triumph — “ but I have accepted the offer Monsieur le General Denbigh was so good as to make me.”

“ The compte is engaged to me, Howell,” said the general, with a courtly smile, “ and, indeed, you must leave the ship to night, or as soon as we anchor — but I shall take day-light, and to-morrow.”

“ Well — well — Denbigh,” exclaimed the other, rubbing his hands with pleasure, as he viewed the increasing power of the wind, “ only make yourselves happy, and I am contented.”

A few hours yet intervened, before they reached the bay of Plymouth ; and at the table, after their dinner, were seated the general and English admiral. The compte, under the pretence of preparing his things for a removal, had retired to his apartment for the concealment of his feelings ; — and the captain of the ship was above, superintending the approach of the vessel to the anchoring ground. Two or three unfinished decanters of wine yet remained, but as the healths of all the branches of the House of Brunswick had been propitiated from their contents, with a polite remembrance of Louis the XVI. and Marie Antoinette, from General Denbigh — neither of the superiors were much inclined for action.

“ Is the Thunderer in her station ?” said

the admiral, to his signal lieutenant, who at that moment came below with a report.

“ Yes, sir, and has answered,” — was the reply.

“ Very well — make the signal to prepare to anchor.”

“ Ay — ay, sir.”

“ And here, Bennet,” to the retiring lieutenant — “ call the transports all in shore of us.”

“ Three hundred and eighty-four, sir,” said the officer, looking at his signal-book. — the admiral cast his eye at the book, and nodded his assent.

“ And let the Mermaid — Flora — Weasel — Bruiser, and all the sloops, lie well off, until we have landed the soldiers; the pilot says the channel is full of luggers, and Jonathan is grown very saucy.”

The lieutenant made a complying bow, and was retiring to execute these orders, as Admiral Howell, taking up a decanter — cried stoutly — “ Here, Bennet — I

forgot — take a glass of wine — drink success to ourselves, and defeat to the French all over the world.”

The general pointed significantly to the adjoining cabin of the French admiral, as he pressed his hand on his lips for silence.

“ Oh !” cried Admiral Howell, recollecting himself ; and continued in a whisper, “ but you can drink it in your heart.”

The signal-officer nodded, and drank the liquor ; as he smacked his lips on mounting deck, he thought to himself, these nabobs drink famous good wine.

Although the feelings of General Denbigh were under much more command, and disciplined obedience than those of his friend, yet was he unusually elated with his return to his home, and expected honours. If the admiral had captured a fleet, he had taken an island ; — and hand in hand they had co-operated in unusual harmony, through the difficulties of an arduous campaign.

This, unhappily at that time, somewhat

singular—cordial co-operation of the services — was attributable to the personal friendship of the commanders. From their youth they had been companions, and although of very different characters and habits, chance had cemented their intimacy in more advanced life, and they had been associated together in service while in subordinate stations. The now general and admiral, in command of an army and a fleet, had once before returned together to England, as colonel, and captain of a frigate.

The great family influence of the soldier, with the known circumstances of their harmony, had procured them their present commands, and home, with its comforts and rewards, was close before them. Pouring out a glass of Madeira, the General, who always calculated what he said, exclaimed,

“ Peter — we have been friends from boys.”

“ To be sure we have,” said the Admi-

ral, looking up in a little surprise, at this unexpected commencement—"and it will not be my fault if we do not die such, Frederic."

Dying was a subject in which the general, although of conspicuous courage in the field, did not greatly delight; and he proceeded to his more important purpose—

"I could never find, although I have looked over our family tree so often, that we are in any manner related, Howell."

"I believe it is too late to mend that matter now," said the Admiral, musing.

"Why no—hem—I think not, Howell,—take a glass of this Burgundy." The Admiral shook his head with a stubborn resolution to taste nothing French—but helped himself to a bumper of Madeira, as he replied,

"I should like to know how you can bring it about at this time a-day, Denbigh."

"How much money will you be able to

give that girl of yours, Peter?" said his friend, evading the point.

"Forty thousand down, my good fellow, and as much more when I die," cried the open-hearted sailor, with a nod of exultation.

"George, my youngest son, will not be rich—but Francis will be a duke, and have a noble estate—yet" said the General, meditating—"he is so unhappy in his disposition and uncouth in his manners, I cannot think of offering him to your daughter as a husband."

"Isabel shall marry a good-natured man, like myself, or not at all," said the Admiral, positively, but not in the least suspecting the drift of his friend—who was influenced by any thing but a regard to the lady's happiness.

Francis, his first-born, was, in truth, as he had described—but his governing wish was to provide for his favourite George. Dukes could never want wives—

but unportioned Captains in the Guards might.

“George is one of the best tempers in the world,” said his father, with strong feeling, “and the delight of all. I could wish he had been the heir to the family honours.”

“*That* it is certainly too late to help,” cried the Admiral, wondering if the ingenuity of his friend could devise a remedy for this evil too.

“Yes, too late, indeed,” said the other, with a heavy sigh—“but, Howell, what say you to matching Isabel with my favourite George.”

“Denbigh,” cried the sailor, eyeing him keenly, “Isabel is my only child—and a dutiful, good girl—one that will obey orders, if she breaks owners, as we sailors say. Now I did think of marrying her to a seaman, when a proper man came athwart my course; yet, your son is a soldier, and that is next to being in the navy. If-so-be you had made him come

aboard me when I wanted you to let him, there would have been no objection at all. However, when occasion offers, I will overhaul the lad; and, if I find him staunch, he may turn in with Bell, and welcome."

This was uttered in perfect simplicity, and without intention of giving offence; and partook partly of the nature of a soliloquy — so the General, greatly encouraged, was about to proceed to push the point, as a gun was fired from their own ship.

"There's some of those lubberly transports won't mind our signals — they have had these soldiers so long on board, they get as clumsy as the red-coats themselves," muttered the Admiral, as he hastened on deck to enforce his commands.

A shot or two, sent significantly, in the direction of the wanderers, but so as not to hit them, restored order; and within an hour, forty ships of war, and an hundred

transports, were disposed in the best manner, for convenience and safety.

On their presentation to their sovereign, both veterans were embellished with the ribbon of the Bath, and as their exploits filled the mouths of the news-mongers, and columns of the public prints of the day — the new Knights began to think, seriously, of building a monument to their victories in an union between their children. The admiral, however, determined to do nothing with his eyes shut, and required a survey.

“Where is the boy who is to be a Duke?” exclaimed he, one day, when his friend had introduced the point with a view to a final arrangement. “Bell has good blood in her veins — is a tight built little vessel — clean heel’d and trim, and would make as good a Duchess as the best of them; so, Denbigh, I will begin by taking a survey of the senior” — to this the General had no objection, as he well knew, Francis would be wide of pleasing the

taste of an open-hearted, plain man, like the sailor — they met accordingly, for what the general facetiously called their review, and the admiral, innocently termed, his survey — at the house of the former, and the young gentlemen were submitted to his inspection.

Francis Denbigh was about four-and-twenty, of a feeble body, and face marked with the small-pox approaching to deformity; his eye was brilliant and piercing, but unsettled, and, at times, wild — his manner awkward, constrained, and timid. There would seem indeed, occasionally an intelligence and animation which lighted his countenance into a gleam of sunshine, that caused you to overlook the lesser accompaniments of complexion and features, in the expression—but these flashes were transient, and invariably vanished, whenever his father spoke, or in any manner mingled in his pursuits.

An observer close, as Mrs. Wilson would have said—the feelings of the father and

son, were not such as ought to exist between parent and child.

But the admiral, who regarded model and rigging a good deal, satisfied himself with muttering, as he turned his eyes on the junior.

“ He may do for a duke—but I would not have him for a cockswain.”

George was a year younger than Francis; in form, stature, and personal grace, the counterpart of his father: his eye was less keen, but more attractive, than that of his brother—his air open, polished, and manly.

“ Ah!” thought the sailor, as he ended his satisfactory survey of the youth—“ what a thousand pities Denbigh did not send him to sea.”

The thing was soon settled and George was to be the happy man; Sir Peter concluded to dine with his friend, in order to arrange and settle preliminaries over their bottle, by themselves—the young men and

their mother being engaged to their uncle the Duke.

“ Well, Denbigh,” cried the admiral, as the last servant withdrew, “ when do you mean to have the young couple spliced ?”

“ Why,” replied the wary soldier, who knew he could not calculate on obedience to his mandates, with so great certainty as his friend — “ the better way is to bring the young people together, in order that they may become acquainted, you know.”

“ Acquainted — together — ” cried his companion, in a little surprise, “ what better way is there to bring them together, than to have them up before a priest—or to make them acquainted, than by letting them swing in the same hammock ?”

“ It might answer the end, indeed,” said the General, with a smile, “ but, somehow or other, it is always the best method to bring young folks together, to

let them have their own way in the affair—for a time.”

“Own way!” rejoined Sir Peter, bluntly, “did you ever find it answer, to let a woman have her own way, Sir Frederic?”

“Not common women, certainly, my good friend,” said the general, “but such a girl as my intended daughter is an exception.”

“I don’t know,” cried the sailor, “Bell is a good girl, but she has her quirks and whims, like all the sex.”

“You have had no trouble with her as yet, I believe, Howell,” said Sir Frederic, cavalierly, throwing an inquiring glance on his friend.

“No, not yet—nor do I think she will ever dare to mutiny—but there has been one wishing to take her in tow already, since we got in.”

“How!” said the other, in alarm—“who—what is he—some officer in the navy, I suppose.”

“No, he was a kind of a chaplain—one Parson Ives—a good sort of a youth enough, and a prodigious favourite with my sister, Lady Hawker.”

“Well, what did you answer, Peter?” cried his companion, in increasing uneasiness, “did you put him off?”

“Off! to be sure I did. Do you think I wanted a barber’s clerk for a son-in-law? No — no — Denbigh, a soldier is bad enough, without having a parson.”

The general compressed his lips at this direct attack on a profession he thought most honourable of any in the world, in some resentment—but remembering the eighty thousand pounds, and accustomed to the ways of the other, he curbed his temper, and inquired—

“But Miss Howell—your daughter—how does she stand affected to this said priest?”

“How?—why—how?—Why, I never asked her.”

“Did not?”

“No—never asked. She is my daughter, you know, and bound to obey my orders, and I did not choose she should marry a parson. But, once for all, when is the wedding to be?”

General Denbigh had indulged his younger son too blindly and too fondly to expect that implicit obedience on which the admiral calculated to a certainty, and with every prospect of not being disappointed, from his daughter.

Isabel Howell was pretty, mild, timid, and unused to oppose any of her father's commands — but George Denbigh was haughty, positive, and self-willed — and unless the affair could be so managed as to make him a willing assistant in the courtship, his father knew it might be abandoned at once.

He thought he might be led, but not driven; and relying on his own powers for managing, the general saw his only safety in executing the scheme, was in post-

poning his advances for a regular siege to the lady's heart.

Sir Peter swore and chafed at this circumlocution. The thing could be done as well in a week as in a year; and the veterans, who had, for a miracle, agreed in their rival stations, and in doubtful moments of success, were now near splitting—on the point of marrying a girl of nineteen.

As Sir Peter both loved his friend, and had taken a prodigious fancy to the youth, he was fain to submit to a short probation.

“You are always for going a round-about way to do a thing,” said the admiral, as he yielded the point. “Now, when you took that battery, had you gone up in front, as I advised you, you would have taken it in ten minutes, instead of five hours.”—“Yes” said the other, with a friendly shake of the hand, at parting, “and lost fifty men in place of one, by that rashness.”

CHAPTER IX.

The Hon. General Denbigh was the youngest of three sons. His seniors, Francis and George, were yet bachelors. The death of a cousin had made Francis a duke while but a child, and both he and his favourite brother, George, had decided on lives of ease and inactivity.

“When I die, brother,” the duke would say, “you will succeed me, and Frederic can provide future heirs to the title,”

This arrangement had been closely adhered to, and the brothers had attained the ages of fifty-five and fifty-six, without changing their condition. In the meantime, Frederic had married a young wo-

man of rank and fortune, and the fruits of their union were the two young candidates for the hand of Isabel Howell.

Francis Denbigh, the eldest son of the general, was naturally diffident, and had the additional misfortune to be the reverse of captivating in his external appearance. That dreadful disorder, the small-pox—the virulence of which was augmented by the ignorance of his medical attendants, had left him indelibly marked by its ravages. His brother happily escaped without any vestiges of the complaint; and his spotless skin, and fine open countenance, met the gaze of his mother, as contrasted with the disfigured lineaments of his elder brother. This circumstance is calculated to excite one of two feelings in the breast of the beholder, pity or disgust; and, unhappily for Francis, maternal tenderness proved unable to counteract the latter sensation. George, therefore, became a favourite, and Francis a neutral. The effect

was now easy to discover—it was rapid as it was permanent.

The feelings of Francis were sensitive to an extreme. He had more quickness, more sensibility, more real talent, than George; and all these made him perceive, and most acutely feel, the partiality of his mother, to his own prejudice.

As yet, the engagements and duties of the general had precluded him from observing his children and their improvements; but, at the ages of eleven and twelve, the feelings of a father began to pride themselves in the possession of his sons.

On his return from a foreign station, after an absence of two years, his children were brought from school to meet him. Francis had improved in stature, but not in beauty—George had flourished in both. The natural diffidence of the former was increased, by perceiving himself no favourite; and the effect was evinced in his manners, which were by no

means engaging. He met his father with doubts as to his impressing him favourably; and he saw with anguish, that the embrace received by his brother far exceeded in warmth what had been bestowed on himself.

“Lady Margaret,” said the general to his wife, as his eyes followed the retiring boys from the dinner table, “it is a thousand pities George is not the elder. *He* would have graced a dukedom or a throne. Frank is only fit for a parson.”

This ill-judged speech was uttered sufficiently loud to be overheard by both the sons; and in the younger it produced a transient glow of gratification. His father—his dear father, had thought him fit to be a king; and his father must be a judge, whispered his native vanity; nor did, at the moment, his brother’s rights present themselves to his recollection. George loved his brother too well, too sincerely, to have intentionally injured him even in thought; and so far as concerned Francis,

his vanity was as blameless as it was natural.

The effect produced on the mind of Francis was of a very different description. His pride was mortified, his delicacy alarmed, and his already morbid sensibility wounded to such an extent, as to make him entertain the romantic notion of withdrawing from the world, and of yielding a birthright to one who had been declared more deserving of it than himself.

From this period might be dated the opinion of Francis, which never afterwards left him, that he was doing injustice to another, and that other a brother whom he ardently loved, by continuing to exist. Had he met with fondness in his parents, or sociability in his playfellows, these fancies would have left him as he grew into life. But the affections of his parents being fixed on his more promising brother; and his own manners daily increasing in their repulsive traits, drove his companions to

the society of others, more congenial to their own buoyancy and joy.

Had Francis Denbigh, at this age, been fortunately aided by a guardian of sufficient penetration to discover his real character, and competent to direct his attention to the great and prominent duties of his rank in life, he might have become an ornament to his name and country, and a useful member of society. But no such guide existed. In his peculiar situation, his natural guardians were his worst enemies; and the boys left school for college four years afterwards, each advanced in their respective properties of attraction and repulsion.

Irreligion is hardly a worse evil in a family than favouritism. When once allowed to exist, acknowledged in the breast of the parent, though hid apparently from all other eyes, its evil consequences soon become manifest—the effect is produced—and we look in vain for the cause. The awakened sympathies of reciprocal ca-

resses and fondness, are mistaken for uncommon feelings, and the forbidding aspect of deadened affection is miscalled native insensibility.

The evil is thus naturally increased until manners are formed, and characters created, that must descend, with their possessors to the tomb.

In the peculiar formation of the mind of Francis Denbigh, the evil was doubly injurious. His feelings required sympathy and softness, when they met with only coldness and disgust. George alone was an exception to the rule. *He* did love his brother; but even *his* gaiety and spirits soon tired of that brother's uniform dullness and morbid sensibility.

The only refuge Francis found in his mental solitude, amidst the hundreds of the university, was in his muse and powers of melody. The voice peculiar to his family has been frequently mentioned in these pages. And if, as Lady Laura had intimated, there had ever been a syren in the

race, it was a male one. He wrote prettily, and would sing these efforts of his muse, to music of his own, that often drew crowds round his windows, in the stillness of the night, to listen to sounds, as melodious as they were mournful. His poetical efforts partook of the distinctive character of the man, and were melancholy — wild — and sometimes pious.

George was always amongst the most admiring of his brother's auditors, and would feel a painful yearning of his heart towards him at such moments. But George was too young, and too heedless, to supply the place of a monitor, or a guide to Francis, so as to divert his thoughts into a less melancholy train. This was the *duty* of his parents, and should have been their *task*. But the world — his rising honours — and his professional engagements, occupied the time of his father; while fashion, parties, and pleasure, absorbed that of his mother. When they did think of their children, it was chiefly of George — the painful image

of Francis, was but seldom admitted to disturb their serenity.

George Denbigh was open-hearted, confiding, and a favourite. The first taxed his generosity — the second subjected him to fraud — and the third supplied him with means. But these means sometimes failed. The fortune of the General, though handsome, was not more than competent to the support of his style of living. He expected to be a duke himself one day, and was anxious to maintain an appearance now, that would not disgrace his future elevation. A system of strict but liberal economy had been adopted with reference to his sons. They had, for the sake of appearance, a stated and equal allowance for each.

The duke had offered to educate the heir under his own eye. But to this Lady Margaret had raised some ingenious objection, and one that seemed to herself and the world, as honourable to her natural

feeling, but had the offer been made for George, every objection would have yielded to her ardent desire of advancing his interests, or gratifying his propensities. Such decisions are by no means uncommon ; for parents having once decided on the merits and abilities of their children, frequently decline the interference of third persons, lest the improvement of their denounced offspring should bring their own judgment into question, if not convey an indirect censure on their justice.

The heedless profusion of George, had reduced his purse to a state of emptiness. His last guinea was gone, and two months must elapse before the next quarter. George had played and been cheated. He had ventured to apply to his mother for small sums, when his dress or some trifling indulgence required an advance ; and always with success. But here were sixty guineas gone at a blow — and his pride — his candour, forbade his concealing the

manner of his loss, if he made the application. This was dreadful — his own conscience reproached him — and he had too often witnessed the violence of his mother's resentment against Francis, for faults which appeared to him very trivial, not to stand in the utmost dread of her more just displeasure on the present occasion.

Entering the apartment of his brother, in this disturbed condition, George threw himself into a chair, and with his face concealed between his hands, sat brooding over his forlorn situation.

“George!” said his brother, soothingly, “you are distressed at something? — can I relieve you in any way?”

“Oh! no — no — no — Frank; it is entirely out of your power.”

“Perhaps not, my dear brother,” — continued the other, endeavouring to draw his hand into his own.

“Entirely! — entirely!” said George. And then, springing up in despair, he ex-

claimed, "But I must live — I cannot die."

"Live!—die!"—cried Francis, recoiling in horror. "What do you mean by such language. Tell me, George, am I not your brother?—Your only brother and best friend?"

Francis felt he had none, if George was not that friend, and his face grew pale with emotion, as the tears flowed rapidly down his cheeks.

George was unable to resist such an appeal. He caught his brother's hand, and confessed his losses and his wants.

Francis mused some little time over his narration, ere he broke silence with —

"It was all you had?"

"The last shilling," cried George, striking his head with his hand.

"And how much will you require to make out the quarter?"

"Oh I must have at least fifty guineas, or how can I live at all?"—George's ideas of life were ever connected with its enjoy-

ment. — His brother appeared struggling with himself, and then turning to the other, continued,

“But surely, under present circumstances you could make less do.”

“Less, never — hardly that” — interrupted George vehemently; “If Lady Margaret did not enclose me a note now and then, how could we get along at all — don’t you find it so yourself, brother?”

“I don’t know,” said Francis, turning pale —

“Don’t know,” cried George, catching a view of his altered countenance — “you get the money though.”

“I do not remember it,” said the other, sighing heavily.

“Francis,” cried George, comprehending the truth, “you shall share every shilling I receive in future — you shall — indeed you shall.”

“Well then,” rejoined Francis with a smile, “it is a bargain, and you will re-

ceive from me a supply in your present necessities."

Without waiting for an answer, Francis withdrew into an inner apartment, and brought out the sum required for his brother's subsistence for two months—George remonstrated — but Francis was positive ; he had been saving, and his stock was ample for his simple habits without it.

" Besides, you forget we are partners, and in the end I shall be a gainer." George yielded to his own wants and his brother's entreaties, although he gave him credit for the disinterestedness of the act. Several weeks passed over without any further allusion to this disagreeable subject — which had at least the favourable result of making George more guarded and a better student in future.

The brothers, from this period, advanced gradually in the acquirement of those distinctive qualities which were to mark the future men — George daily improving in grace and attraction — Francis in an equal

ratio, receding from those very attainments, which it was only his too great desire to possess.

In the education of his sons, General Denbigh had preserved the appearance of impartiality; his allowance to each was the same, they were at the same college, they had been at the same school — and if Frank did not improve as much as his younger brother, it was his own obstinacy and stupidity — surely not want of opportunity or favour.

Such, then, were the artificial and accidental causes which kept a noble, a proud, an acute but diseased mind much below another in acquirements, every way its inferior, excepting in the happy circumstance of wanting those very excellencies, the excess and indiscreet management of which proved the ruin, instead of the blessing of their possessor.

The duke, occasionally rousing himself from his lethargy, would complain to the father, that the heir of his honours

was far inferior to his younger brother in acquirements, and remonstrated against the course which produced such an unfortunate inequality. On these occasions a superficial statement of his system, from the general, met the objection: they cost the same money, and he was sure he not only wished, but did, every thing an indulgent parent could do, to render Francis worthy of his future honours.

Another evil of the admission of feelings of partiality, in the favour of one child, to the prejudice of another, is that the malady is contagious, as well as lasting: it exists without our own knowledge, and it seldom fails by its influence to affect those around us.

The uncle soon learnt to distinguish George as the hope of the family, yet Francis must be the heir both of its honours and its wealth.

The duke and his brother were not much habituated to action, scarcely to reflection—but if any thing could rouse them to either,

it was the reputation of the house of Denbigh. Their ideas of reputation, it is true, were of their own forming, but constant dropping wears away the stone.

Even habits so long and confirmed as those which marked their character, were at length unsettled by incessant broodings on the character of their heir.

Matrimony became daily less formidable in their eyes, and the irretrievable importance of the step alone held them in suspense.

The hour at length drew near when George expected a supply from the ill-judged generosity of his mother; it came, and with a heart beating with pleasure, the youth flew to the room of Francis with a determination to force upon him the whole of his twenty pounds.

On throwing open his door, he saw his brother evidently striving to conceal something behind some books. It was at the hour of breakfast, and George had intended for a novelty to share his brother's morn-

ing repast. They always met at dinner, but their other meals were made in their own rooms. George looked in vain for the usual equipage of the table.

The truth began to dawn upon him, he threw aside the books, and a crust of bread and glass of water met his eye — it now flashed upon him in all its force.

“Francis, my brother, to what has my extravagance reduced you,” exclaimed the contrite George, with a heart nearly ready to burst with emotion. Francis endeavoured to explain, but a sacred regard to truth held them tongue-tied, until dropping his head on the shoulder of George, he sobbed out — “It is a trifle, nothing, to what I would do for you, my brother.”

George felt all the horrors of remorse, and, too generous longer to conceal his error, he wrote a circumstantial account of the whole transaction to Lady Margaret.

Francis for a few days was a new being — he had acted nobly, his conscience ap-

proved of his motives, and his delicate concealment of them ; he in fact began to think there were within himself the seeds of usefulness, as his brother, who from this moment began to understand his character better, attached himself more closely to him as a companion.

The eye of Francis now met that of George with the look of acknowledged affection, his mind became less moody, and his face was sometimes embellished with a smile.

The reply of their mother to George's communication threw a damp on the revived hopes of Francis, and drove him back into himself, with tenfold humility.

“I am shocked, my son, to find you have lowered yourself, and forgot the family you belong to, so much as to frequent those gambling houses, which ought not to be suffered in the neighbourhood of the universities ; when at a proper age and in proper company, your occasional indulgence at cards I could not object to, as both

your father and myself sometimes resort to it as an amusement, but never in low company: the consequence of your mingling in such society is, that you are cheated, and such will always be your lot, unless you confine yourself to associates more becoming your rank and illustrious name.

“As to Francis, I see every reason to condemn the course he has taken. He should, being the senior by a year, have taken the means to prevent your falling into such company; and he ought to have acquainted me immediately with your loss, in place of wounding your pride, by subjecting you to the mortification of receiving a pecuniary obligation from one so little older than yourself, and exposing his own health by a diet on bread and water, as you wrote me, for a whole month. Both the General and myself are seriously displeased with him, and think of separating you, as you thus connive at each others’ follies.”

George was too indignant to conceal this letter, and the reflections of Francis on it were dreadful.

For a moment he actually meditated suicide, that he might thus remove the impediment created by his own existence, to the advancement of his more favoured brother; and had not George been more attentive and affectionate than formerly, he might finally have resorted to that desperate expedient.

From college the young men went, one into the army, and the other to the mansion of his uncle. George became an elegant — gay — open-hearted — admired — captain in the guards; and Francis stalked through the halls of his ancestors, their acknowledged future Lord, but a misanthrope — hateful to himself, and disagreeable to all around him.

This picture may be highly wrought; but the condition of Francis, exacerbated by the peculiar tone of his morbid state

of mind may be viewed as an awful illustration of the misery entailed by parental favouritism, the sad consequences of which, in a greater or less degree, never fail to give sorrow and penitence to the bosom of the parents.

CHAPTER X.

No inconsiderable share of management had been necessary to make the admiral auxiliary to the indirect plan proposed by his friend, to bring George and Isabel together. This point being, however, at last effected, the general directed his whole movements to the impression to be made on the heart of the young gentleman.

Sir Frederic Denbigh had similar ideas of the virtues of management as were entertained by the Dowager, Lady Chatterton — but understood human nature better.

Like a prudent officer, his attacks were all masked, and he seldom failed of success.

The young couple were thrown in each other's way—and as Isabel was extremely attractive, sensible, and modest, somewhat the opposite to himself in ardour of temperament and vivacity, it could not be supposed that the association was maintained by the youth with perfect impunity. Within two months, he fancied himself desperately in love with Isabel Howell; and in truth he had some reason for that supposition.

The general, who noticed every movement of his son with a wary and watchful eye, occasionally added fuel to the flame; by drawing his attention to projects of matrimony in other quarters, until George began to think he was soon to undergo the trial of his constancy—and, in consequence, armed himself with a double portion of admiration for his Isabel, to enable him to endure the persecution.

The admiral several times endangered the success of the whole enterprise, by his volunteer encouragements of the young

man's hopes, which escaped producing an opposite effect to what they were intended for, only by being mistaken for the overflowings of good nature and friendship.

After suffering his son to get, as he thought, sufficiently entangled in the snares of Cupid, Sir Frederic determined to open a fire from one of his masked batteries, rightly judging that it would bring on a general engagement. They were sitting at table after dinner, by themselves, as the general took the advantage of the name of Miss Howell being accidentally mentioned, to say—

“By-the-by, George, my friend the admiral said something yesterday on the subject of your being so much with his daughter. I wish you to be cautious not to give the old sailor offence in any way, as he is my particular friend.”

“He need be under no violent apprehensions,” cried George, in reply, colouring highly with shame and pride, “I am

sure a Denbigh is no unworthy match for a daughter of Sir Peter Howell.

“Oh! to be sure not, boy—we are as old a house as there is in the kingdom, and as noble too; but the admiral has queer notions, and perhaps has some cub of a sailor in his eye for a son-in-law. Be prudent, boy—be prudent, is all I ask of you.” And the general, satisfied with the effect he had produced, carelessly arose from his seat, and joined Lady Margaret in her drawing-room.

George remained for several minutes musing on his father's singular request, and the admiral's caution — when he sprang from his seat, caught up his hat and sword, and in ten minutes rung at Sir Peter's door, in Grosvenor Square.

He was admitted; and, on ascending to the drawing-room, met the admiral on his way out. Nothing was farther from the thoughts of the veteran, than a finesse like the general's; and delighted to see George on the battle-ground, he pointed signi-

ficantly, with his finger over his shoulder, towards the door of the room where Isabel was sitting, exclaiming, with a good-natured smile—

“ There she is, my hearty—lay her alongside, and hang me if she don't strike. I say, George, faint heart never won fair lady; remember that, my boy—no, nor a French ship.”

George would have been at some loss to have reconciled this speech to his father's caution, if time had been allowed him to think at all; but as the door was open, he entered, and found Isabel endeavouring to hide her tears.

The admiral, dissatisfied from the beginning with the tardy method of dispatching things, had thought he might be of use in breaking the ice for George, by trumpeting his praises, on divers occasions, to his daughter. Under all circumstances, he thought she might be learning to love the man, as he was to be her husband; and speeches like the following had been

frequent of late, from the parent to the child: "There's that youngster, George Denbigh, now, Bell, is he not a fine-looking lad?—then, I know he is brave. His father before him was good stuff, and a true Englishman. What a proper husband he would make for a young woman, he loves his king and country so. None of your new-fangled notions about religion and government—but a sober, religious churchman; that is, as much so, girl, as you can expect in the guards. No Methodist, to be sure. It's a great pity he was not sent to sea—don't you think so? but cheer up, girl, one of these days he may be taking a liking to you yet."

Isabel, whose fears taught her the meaning of these eloquent praises of Captain Denbigh, listened to these harangues in silence, and often meditated on their import by herself, in tears.

George approached the sofa on which the lady was seated, before she had time

to conceal the traces of her sorrow, and in a voice softened by emotion, took her hand gently, as he said—

What can have occasioned this distress to Miss Howell? If any thing in my power to remove, or a life devoted to her service, can mitigate her grief, she has only to command my cheerful obedience.” “The trifling causes of sorrow in a young woman,” replied Isabel, endeavouring to smile, “will hardly require such serious services to remove them.”

But the lady was extremely interesting at the moment. George was goaded by his father’s caution, and urged on by his own feelings, with great sincerity, and certainly much eloquence, proffered his love and hand to the acceptance of his mistress.

Isabel heard him in painful silence. She respected him, and dreaded his power over her father; but unwilling to abandon hopes to which she yet clung, as to her spring of existence, she at once deter-

mined to throw herself on the generosity of her lover.

During the late absence of her father, Isabel had formed an attachment for a young clergyman, a younger son of a baronet—the present Dr. Ives; their inclination had been mutual, and as Lady Hawker, with whom Isabel had been left since her mother's death, knew her brother to be perfectly indifferent to money, she could see no possible objection to its indulgence.

On his return, Ives had made proposals, as has been related; which, although warmly backed by the recommendations of the aunt, had been rejected; and as the concurrence of Isabel had not been urged by her clerical lover, the admiral supposed, that by his refusal he had only fulfilled his engagement to the general, without in any manner affecting the happiness of his daughter. But the feelings which prompted the request, still remained in full force with the lovers; and Isabel now,

with many blushes, after much hesitation, made George fully acquainted with the state of her heart, giving him at the same time to understand, that he was the only obstacle to her happiness.

It will not be supposed that George heard her without pain, and even mortification. The struggle with self love was severe, but his better feelings prevailed, and he assured the anxious Isabel, that from his importunities she had nothing to apprehend in future. The grateful girl overwhelmed him with her thanks, and George had to fly—ere he repented of his own generosity.

Miss Howell intimated, in the course of her narrative, that a better understanding existed between their parents than the caution of the général had discovered to his unsuspecting child; and George was determined to know the worst at once.

At supper, therefore, he mentioned, as if in remembrance of his father's injunction, that he had been to take his leave of Miss Howell, since he found his visits gave

uneasiness to her friends. "On the whole," he added, endeavouring to yawn carelessly, "I believe I shall visit there no more."

"Nay—nay—" returned Sir Fredric, a little displeased at his son's indifference, "I meant no such thing; neither the admiral or myself have the least objection to your visiting in moderation; indeed, you may marry the girl, with all our hearts, if you can agree."

"But we can't agree, I take it," said George, looking up at the wall.

"Why not—what hinders?" cried his father, hastily.

"Only—only I don't like her," said the son, tossing off a glass of wine, which nearly strangled him.

"You don't," cried the general, with great warmth, thrown off his guard by this unexpected declaration, "and may I presume to ask the reason why you do not like Miss Howell, sir?"

"Oh? you know one never pretends to

give a reason for this sort of feeling, my dear sir," said George, coolly.

"Then," cried his father, with increasing heat, "you must allow me to say, my dear sir, that the sooner you get rid of this sort of feeling the better. I choose you shall not only like, but love Miss Howell; and this I have promised to her father."

"I thought," said the youth drily, "that the admiral was displeased with my coming to his house so much—or did I not understand you this morning?"

"I know nothing of his displeasure, and care less," rejoined his father. "He has agreed that Isabel shall be your wife, and I have passed my word to the engagement; and if, sir, you wish to be considered as my son, you will prepare to comply."

George was expecting to discover some management on the part of his father, but by no means so settled an arrangement, and his anger was in proportion to the deception.

To annoy Isabel farther, was out of the

question—to betray her—base ;—and the next morning he sought an audience with the duke. To him he mentioned his wish for actual service, but hinted that the maternal fondness of Lady Margaret was averse to his seeking it. This was true—and George now pressed his uncle to assist him in effecting an exchange.

The boroughs of the Duke of Derwent were represented by loyal members of parliament—his two brothers being cotemporary with Mr. Benfield in that honour. And a request from a man who sent six members to the Commons, besides a seat in the Lords in his own person, must be listened to.

Within the week, George ceased to be a captain in the guards, and became lieutenant-colonel of a regiment, under orders for America.

Sir Frederic soon became sensible of the error his warmth had led him into, and endeavoured, by soothing and indulgence, to gain the ground he had so un-

guardedly lost. But terrible was his anger, and bitter his denunciations, when his son acquainted him with his approaching embarkation with his new regiment for America. They quarrelled—and as the favourite child had never, until now, been thwarted, or spoken harshly to, they parted in mutual disgust. With his mother George was more tender; and as Lady Margaret had never thought the match, such as the descendant of two lines of dukes was entitled to form, she almost pardoned the offence in the cause.

“What’s this I see here!” cried Sir Peter Howell, as he ran over a morning paper at the breakfast table: “Capt. Denbigh, late of the guards, has been promoted to the lieut.-colonelcy of the — foot, and sails to-morrow to join that regiment, now on its way to America.”

“It’s a lie! Bell!—its all a lie! not but what he ought to be there, too; serving his king and country, but he never would serve you so.”

“Me!” said Isabel, with a heart throbbing with the contending feelings of admiration for George’s generosity, and delight at her own deliverance, “What have I to do with the movements of Mr. Denbigh?”

“What?” cried her father in astonishment! “an’t you to be his wife, an’t it all agreed upon—that is, between Sir Frederic and me, which is the same thing you know?” Here he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the general, who had just learnt the departure of his son, and hastened, with the double purpose of breaking the intelligence to his friend, and making his own peace; and Isabel left the room.

“See here, Denbigh,” exclaimed the admiral abruptly, pointing to the paragraph, “what do you say to that?”

“Too true—too true, my dear friend,” replied the general, shaking his head mournfully.

“Hark ye, Sir Frederic Denbigh,” cried the admiral fiercely; “did you not say

your son George was to marry my daughter?"

"I certainly did, Peter," said the other mildly, "and am sorry to say, that in defiance of my intreaties and commands, he has deserted his home, and, in consequence, I have discarded him for ever."

"Now, Denbigh," said the admiral, a good deal mollified by this declaration:—"have I not always told you, that in the army you know nothing of discipline. Why, sir, if he was a son of mine, he should marry blind-folded, if I chose to order it. I wish now, Bell had an offer, and dared to refuse it."

"There is the barber's clerk, you know," said the general, a good deal irritated by the contemptuous manner of his friend.

"And what of that, Sir Frederic, said the sailor sternly, "if I choose her to marry a quill-driver, she shall comply."

"Ah! my good friend," said the general, willing to drop the disagreeable subject, "I am afraid we shall both find it more

difficult to control the affections of our children, than we at first imagined."

"You do, General Denbigh?" said the admiral, with a curl of contempt on his lip, and ringing the bell violently, he bid the servant send his young lady to him. On the appearance of Isabel, her father inquired with an air of settled meaning, where young Mr. Ives resided. It was only in the next street, and a messenger was sent to him, with Sir Peter Howell's compliments, and a request to see him without a moment's delay.

"We'll see, we'll see, my old friend, who keeps the best discipline," muttered the admiral, as he paced up and down the room, in eager expectation of the return of his messenger.

The wondering general gazed on his friend, to see if he was in his senses. He knew he was quick to decide, and excessively obstinate; but he did not think him so crazy, as to throw away his daughter in a fit of spleen. It never occurred to Sir

Frederic, that the engagement with himself, was an act of equal injustice and folly, although it was done with more form and deliberation ; which, to the eye of sober reason, would rather make the matter worse. Isabel sat in trembling suspense of the issue of the scene, and Ives in a few minutes made his appearance in no small alarm.

On entering, the admiral addressed him abruptly, by inquiring if he still wished to marry that girl, pointing to his daughter : the reply was an eager affirmative. Sir Peter beckoned to Isabel, who approached covered with blushes ; and her father placing her hand in that of her lover — with an air of great solemnity gave them his blessing. The young people withdrew to another room, at Sir Peter's request, as he turned to his friend, delighted with his own decision and authority, and exclaiming,

“ There, Frederic Denbigh, that is what I call being minded. ”

The general had penetration enough to see that the result was agreeable to both the young people, a thing he had apprehended before; and being glad to get rid of the affair in any way that did not involve him in a quarrel with his old comrade, gravely congratulated the admiral on his good fortune, and retired.

“Yes, yes,” said Sir Peter to himself, as he paced up and down his room, “Denbigh is mortified enough, with his joy, and felicity, and grand children. I never had any opinion of their manner of discipline at all—too much bowing and scraping—I’m sorry though he is a priest; not but what a priest may be as good a man as another—but let him behave ever so well, he can only get to be a bishop at the most. Heaven forbid he should ever get to be a Pope—after all his boys may be admirals if they behave themselves,” and he went to seek his daughter, having in imagination manned her nursery with admirals in embryo by the half dozen.

Sir Peter Howell survived the marriage of his daughter only eighteen months; yet that gave him sufficient time to become attached to his invaluable son-in-law. Mr. Ives insensibly led the admiral, during his long indisposition, to a more correct view of sacred things, than he had been wont to indulge; and the old man breathed his last, blessing both his children for their kindness, and with a humble hope of future happiness.

Some time before his death, Isabel, whose conscience had always reproached her with the deception practised on her father, and the banishment of George from his country and home; threw herself at the feet of Sir Peter, and acknowledged her transgression,

The admiral heard her in astonishment, but not in anger—his opinions of life had sensibly changed, and his great cause of satisfaction with his new son, removed all motives of regret for any thing but the fate of poor George. With the noble for-

bearance and tenderness of the young man to his daughter, the hardy veteran was sensibly touched; and his intreaties with Sir Frederic, made his peace with a father, already longing for the return of his only hope.

The admiral left Colonel Denbigh his blessing, and his favourite pistols, as a remembrance of his esteem; but did not live to see the re-union with his family.

George, deprived of hope, and in the midst of novelty, had soon learnt to forget a passion which he could no longer entertain. In two years from his departure, he returned to England, glowing with health, and improved in person and manners, by a more extensive knowledge of the world.

CHAPTER XI.

DURING the time occupied by the preceding events, Francis had continued a gloomy inmate of his uncle's house. The Duke and his brother George were too indolent, and inactive in their minds, to pierce the cloud which mortification and deadened affections had thrown around the real character of their nephew; and although he was tolerated as the heir, he was but little loved as a man.

In losing his brother, Francis lost the only human being with whom he possessed any common sympathy; and he daily drew more and more into himself, in gloomy meditation, on his forlorn situation, in the midst of wealth and expected

honours. The attentions he received, were paid to his rank; and Francis had penetration enough to perceive it. His visits to his parents were visits of ceremony, and in time all parties came to look to their termination with pleasure, as the discontinuance of heartless, and forced civilities.

Affection even in the young man, could not endure, repulsed as were his feelings, for ever; and in the course of three years, if his attachment was not wholly alienated from his parents, his ardor had much abated.

It is a dreadful truth, that the bonds of natural affection can be broken by injustice and contumely; and it is yet more to be deplored, that where, from such causes, we loosen the ties that habit and education have drawn around us, a re-action in our feelings commences—we seldom cease to love, but we begin to hate. Against such awful consequences, it is one of the most solemn duties of the parent to provide in season; and what surer safeguard is there,

than to inculcate those feelings which teach the mind to love God, and in so doing induce love to the whole human family.

Sir Frederic and Lady Margaret attended their church regularly—repeated the responses with much decency—toasted the church after the king — even appeared at the altar of their God—and continued sinners.

From such sowings, no good fruit could be expected to flourish: yet Francis was not without his hours of devotion; but his religion was, like himself, reserved—superstitious—ascetic and gloomy. He never entered into social worship: if he prayed, it was with an ill-concealed wish, to end this life of care. If he returned thanks, it was with a bitterness that mocked the throne before which he was prostrate. Such pictures are revolting; but their originals have existed, and yet continue to exist; for what enormity is

there of which human frailty, unaided by divine assistance, may not be guilty?

Francis received an invitation to visit a maternal uncle, at his seat in the country, about the time of the expected return of George from America; and, in compliance with the wishes of his uncles, he accepted it.

The house was thronged with visitors, many of whom were ladies. To these, the arrival of the unmarried heir of the house of Derwent, was a subject of no light interest: his character had, however, preceded him, and a few days of his awkward, and, as they conceived, sullen deportment, drove them back to their former beaux, with the exception of one fair; and she was not only amongst the fairest of the throng, but decidedly of the highest pretensions, on the score of birth and fortune.

Marian Lumley, was the only surviving child of the last Duke of Annerdale, with

whom had expired the highest honours of his house. But the earldom of Penden-nyss, with numerous ancient baronies, were titles in fee; and together with his princely estates, had descended to his daughter, as heir-general to the family. A peeress in her own right, with an income far exceeding her utmost power of expenditure, the lovely Countess of Penden-nyss, was a prize aimed at by all the young nobles of the empire.

Educated in the midst of flatterers and dependants, she had become haughty, vain, and supercilious; still she was lovely—and no one knew better how to practise the most winning arts of her sex, when caprice or interest prompted her to the trial.

The uncle of Francis was her guardian and relative; and through his advice, she had rejected, at the age of twenty, numerous suitors for her hand. Her eyes were fixed on the ducal coronet; and unfortunately for Francis Denbigh, he was at this

time, the only man in the kingdom, of a proper age who could elevate her to that enviable distinction; and, in fact, an indirect measure of her own, had been the means of his invitation to the country.

Like the rest of her young companions, Marian was greatly disappointed on the view of her intended captive, and for a day or two, with them, she abandoned him to his melancholy and himself.

But ambition was her idol; and to its powerful rival, love, she was yet a stranger. After a few struggles with her inclinations, the consideration, that their united fortunes and family alliances, would make one of the wealthiest and most powerful houses in the kingdom, prevailed.

Such an early sacrifice of the inclinations in a woman of her beauty, youth, fortune, and accomplishments, may excite surprise—but where the mind is left uncultivated by the hand of care—the soul untouched by the love of goodness, the human heart seldom fails to set up an idol of its own to

worship. And, in the Countess of Pendennyss, it was pride.

The remainder of the ladies, from ceasing to wonder at the manners of Francis, had made them the subject of their mirth; and, nettled at his apparent indifference to their society, which they erroneously attributed to a sense of his own importance, they overstepped the bounds of good-breeding, in manifesting their displeasure.

“ Mr. Denbigh,” cried one of the most thoughtless and pretty of the gay tribe, to him one day, as Francis sat in a corner abstracted from the scene around him, “ when do you mean to favour the world with your brilliant ideas in the shape of a book ?”

“ Oh! no doubt, soon,” said a second, “ and I expect they will be homilies, or another volume of the Whole Duty of Man.”

“ Rather,” cried a third, with bitter irony, “ another canto to the Rape of the

Lock—his ideas are so vivid and full of imagery.”

“ Or, what do you think,” said a fourth, speaking in a voice of harmony, and tone of the most soothing tenderness, “ of pity and compassion, for the follies of those inferior minds, who cannot enjoy the reflections of a good sense and modesty, peculiarly his own.”

This might also be irony—and Francis thought it so: but the tones were so soft and conciliating, that with a face pallid with emotion, he ventured to look up, and met the eye of Marian, fixed on him with an expression that changed his death-like hue into the colour of vermilion.

He thought of this speech—he reasoned on it—he dreamt of it; but for the looks which accompanied it, like the rest of the party, he would have thought it the cruellest cut of them all. But that look—those eyes—that voice—what a commentary on her language did they not afford.

Francis was not left long in suspense; the next morning a ride was proposed, which included all but himself in its arrangements. He was either too reserved, or too proud, to offer services which were not required, by even a hint that they would be agreeable.

Several gentlemen had contended for honour of driving the Countess, in her beautiful phaeton. They grew earnest in their claims—one had been promised by its mistress, with an opportunity of trying the ease of the carriage—another, with the excellent training of her horses; in short, each had some particular claim to the distinction, which was urged with a warmth and pertinacity proportionate to the value of the prize to be obtained. Marian heard the several claimants with an ease and indifference natural to her situation, and ended the dispute by saying—

“Gentlemen, as I have made so many promises, from the dread of giving offence, I must throw myself on the mercy of

Mr. Denbigh, who alone, with the best claims, from his modesty, does not urge them; to you, then," continued she, approaching him with the whip which was to be delivered to the victor, " I adjudge the prize, if you will condescend to accept it." This was uttered with one of her most attractive smiles, and Francis received the whip with an emotion that he with difficulty could controul.

The gentlemen were glad to have the contest decided, by adjudging the prize to one so little dangerous, and the ladies sneered at her choice, as they proceeded in their ride.

There was something so soothing in the manners of Lady Pendennyss — she listened to the little he said, with such a respectful attention — was so anxious to have him give his opinions, that the unction of flattery, thus sweetly applied, and for the first time, could not fail of its wonted effects.

The communications thus opened were

continued—it was so easy to be attentive, by being simply polite, to one unused to notice of any kind, that Marian found the fate of the young man in her hands, almost as soon as she attempted to controul it.

A new existence opened upon Francis, as day after day she insensibly led him to a display of powers which hitherto he was unconscious of possessing. His self-respect began to increase—his limited pleasures to multiply, and he could now look around him with a sense of participation in the delights of life, as he perceived himself of consequence to this much-admired woman.

Trifling incidents, managed on her part with consummate art, had led him to the daring inference, that he was not entirely indifferent to her; and Francis returned the incipient affection of his mistress, with a feeling but little removed from adoration. Week flew after week, and still he lingered at the residence of his kinsman, unable to tear himself from the

society of one, become so estimable, and yet afraid to take a step, which might involve him in disgrace or ridicule.

The condescension of the Countess increased, and she had indirectly given him the most flattering assurances of success, when George just arrived from America, having first paid his duty to his reconciled parents, and the happy couple of his generosity; flew to the arms of his brother in Suffolk.

Francis was overjoyed to see George, and George delighted with the visible improvement of his brother. Still Francis was far, very far behind his junior brother in the graces of mind and person. Few men in England were more adapted by nature and education for female society than Colonel Denbigh was, at this period.

Marian witnessed all his attractions, and deeply felt their influence—for the first time she felt the emotions of the passion, and after having sported in the gay world, and trifled with the feelings of others for

a course of years, the Countess in her turn became an unwilling victim to its power. George met her flame with corresponding ardor, and the struggle between ambition and love became severe: the brothers unconsciously were rivals.

Had George for a moment suspected the situation of the feelings of Francis, his very superiority in the contest, would have taxed his generosity to a retreat from the unnatural rivalry. Had the elder conjectured the views of his brother, he would have abandoned his dearest hopes, in despair of their success; he had so long been accustomed to consider George as his superior in every thing, that a competition with him would have appeared desperate.

Marian contrived to keep alive the hopes of both, undecided herself which to choose, and perhaps ready to yield to the first applicant. A sudden event, however, removed all doubt, and decided the fate of the three.

The Duke of Derwent and his bache-

lor brother, became so dissatisfied with the character of their future heir, that they as coolly set about providing themselves with wives, as they performed any other ordinary transaction of life. They married cousins, and on the same day; the choice of the ladies was assigned between them by lots, and if his Grace got the prettier, his brother certainly got the richest: under the circumstances, a very tolerable distribution of fortune's favours.

These double marriages dissolved the charm of Francis, and Lady Pendennyss determined to consult her wishes—a little pointed encouragement brought out the declaration of George, and he was accepted.

Francis, who had never communicated his feelings to any one but the lady, and that only indirectly, was crushed by the blow—he continued in public until the day of their union—was present, composed, and silent—but it was the silence of a mountain whose volcanic contents

had not reached the surface. The same day he disappeared, and every inquiry proved fruitless, search was baffled, and for seven years it was not known what had become of the general's eldest son!

George, on marrying, resigned his commission, at the earnest entreaties of his wife, and retired to one of her seats, to the enjoyment of ease and domestic love. The countess was enthusiastically attached to him, and as there no longer existed any motive for the indulgence of her coquetry, her character became gradually improved, by the contemplation of the excellent qualities of her generous husband.

A lurking suspicion of the cause of Francis's sudden disappearance, rendered her, at times, uneasy; but Marian was too much beloved, too happy, in the enjoyment of honours and abundant wealth, to be greatly affected by compunctions of conscience. It is in our hours of pain and privation that we begin to feel its sting; if we are prosperous, we fancy we reap

the fruits of our merit—but if we are unfortunate, the voice of truth seldom fails to remind us that we are deserving of our fate. A blessed provision of Providence, that often makes the saddest hours of our earthly career, the morn of day, that is to endure for ever !

General Denbigh and Lady Margaret both died within five years of the marriage of their favourite child, although both lived to see their descendant, in the person of the infant Lord Lumley.

The Duke, and his brother George, were each blessed with offspring, and in these several descendants, of the different branches of the family of Denbigh, may be seen the different personages of our history. On the birth of her youngest child, the lady Marian, the Countess of Pendennyss, sustained a shock in her health from which she never wholly recovered ; she became nervous, and lost much of her energy, of both mind and body ; her husband was her solace—his

tenderness remained undiminished, his attentions increased.

As the fortune of Ives and his Isabel had put the necessity of a living out of the question, and as no cure offered for his acceptance, he was happy to avail himself of an offer to become domestic chaplain to his now intimate friend, Mr. Denbigh. For the first six years they were inmates of Pendennyss Castle; the rector of the parish was infirm, and averse to a regular assistant; but the unobtrusive services of Mr. Ives, were not less welcome to the pastor than to his parishoners.

Employed in the duties which of right fell to the incumbent, and entrusted with the spiritual guardianship of the dependants of the castle, our young clergyman had ample occupation for his time, if not an adequate theatre for his usefulness. Isabel and himself remained the year round in Wales, and the first dawns of education received by Lord Lumley, were those which he acquired conjointly

with Francis from the care of the latter's father. They formed, with the interval of the time spent by Mr. Denbigh and Lady Pendennyss, in town in winter, but one family.

To Mr. Denbigh, the attachment of the grateful Ives was as strong as it was lasting. Mrs. Ives never ceased to consider him as the self-devoted victim to her happiness, although a far more brilliant lot had awaited him by the change.

The birth of Lady Marian had already, in its consequences, begun to throw a dark shade round the domestic comforts of Denbigh, who was now to sustain another misfortune in a separation from his friends.

Mr. now Dr. Ives, had always intended, whenever the opportunity was afforded him, to enter into the fullest functions of his ministry, as a matter of duty—such an opportunity now offered at B——, of which the Doctor became rector about the period that Sir Edward had entered on the possession of his paternal estate.

Denbigh tried every inducement within his power to retain the doctor in his own society ; if as many thousands, as his living would give him hundreds, could have effected it, they had been at his service ; but Denbigh understood the character of the divine too well, to offer such an inducement ; he, however, urged the claims of friendship to the utmost, but without success. The Doctor acknowledged the hold both himself and family had gained upon his affections, but he added—

“ Consider, my dear Mr. Denbigh, what we should have thought, of one of the earlier followers of our Saviour, who from motives of convenience or worldly mindedness, could have deserted his sacred calling : although the changes in the times, may have rendered the modes of conducting them differently, the duties remain the same. The minister of our holy religion who has once obeyed the call of his divine Master, must allow nothing but uncontrollable necessity, to turn him from the path

he has entered on ; and should he so far forget himself, I greatly fear he would plead, when too late to remedy the evil, his worldly duties, his cares, or even his misfortunes, in vain. Solemn and arduous are his obligations to labour, but when faithfully he has discharged these duties—oh ! how glorious must be his reward.”

Before such opinions of duty, every opposition must fall, and the Doctor entered into the cure of his parish, without further remonstrance, though not without unceasing regret on the part of his friend. Their intercourse was, however, strictly maintained by letter, and they also frequently met at Lumley Castle, a seat of the Countess, within two days' ride of the Doctor's parish, until her increasing indisposition rendered her journeying impossible ; then, indeed, the Doctor extended his rides into Wales, but with longer intervals between his visits, though with the happiest effects to the objects of his journey.

Mr. Denbigh, worn down with watching

and blasted hopes, became, under the direction of the spiritual counsel of the rector of B——, an humble, sincere, and pious Christian; although the spring of his sorrows bowed him down in years to the grave, he sunk into it with the hope of a joyful resurrection.

CHAPTER XII.

It has been already mentioned, that the health of Lady Pendennyss suffered a severe shock, in giving birth to a daughter—change of scene was prescribed as a remedy for her disorder, and Denbigh and his wife were on their return from a fruitless excursion amongst the northern lakes, in pursuit of health and amusement, as they were compelled to seek shelter from the fury of a sudden tempest in the first building that offered ; it was a farmhouse of the better sort ; and the attendants, carriages, and appearance of their guests, caused no little confusion to its simple inmates—a fire was lighted in the best par-

lour, and every effort made by the inhabitants to contribute to the comforts of the travellers.

The Countess and her husband were sitting, in that kind of listless melancholy, which had been too much the companion of their later hours, when in the interval of the storm, a male voice in an adjoining room commenced singing the following ballad. The notes were low—monotous, but unusually sweet, and the enunciation so distinct, as to render every syllable intelligible :

Oh! I have liv'd, in endless pain,
 And I have liv'd, alas! in vain,
 For none regard my woe—
 No Father's care, convey'd the truth,
 No Mother's fondness, bless'd my youth,
 Ah! joys too great to know—

And Marian's love, and Marian's pride,
 Have crush'd the heart that would have died,
 To save my Marian's tears—
 A Brother's hand has struck the blow,
 Oh! may that Brother never know,
 Such madly sorrowing years.

But hush my griefs—and hush my song,
I've mourn'd in vain—I've mourn'd too long,
 When none have come to soothe—
And dark's the path that lies before,
And dark have been the days of yore,
 And all was dark in youth.

The females employed around the person of their comfortless mistress—the valet of Denbigh engaged in arranging a dry coat for his master—all suspended their employments to listen in breathless silence, to the mournful melody of the song.

But Denbigh himself had started from his seat, as the first notes struck his ear, and continued until the voice ceased, gazing in vacant horror, in the direction of the sounds. A door opened from the parlour to the room of the musician—he rushed through it, and there—in a kind of shed to the building, which hardly sheltered him from the fury of the tempest—clad in garments of the extremest poverty—with an eye roving in madness, and a body rocking to and fro, from mental

inquietude, he beheld, seated on a stone, the remains of his long lost brother, Francis!

The language of the song was too plain to be misunderstood. The truth glared around George, with a violence that dazzled his brain—but he saw it all—he felt it all—and, rushing to the feet of his brother, he exclaimed, in horror, pressing his hands between his own :

“ Francis—my own brother—do you not know me ?”

The maniac regarded him with a vacant gaze, but the voice and the person, recalled the compositions of his more reasonable moments to his recollection — pushing back the hair of George, so as to expose his fine forehead to his view, he contemplated him for a few moments, and then continued to sing, in a voice rendered still sweeter than before by his faint impressions :

His raven locks, that richly curl'd,

His eye, that proud defiance hurl'd,

Have stole my Marian's love !

Had I been blest by nature's grace,
With such a form, with such a face,
 Could I so treach'rous prove?

And what is man—and what is care—
That he should let such passions tear
 The bases of the soul?
Oh! you should do as I have done—
And having pleasure's summit won,
 Each bursting sob controul.

On ending the last stanza, the maniac released his brother, and broke into the wildest laugh of madness.

“Francis!—Oh! Francis, my brother”—cried George, in bitterness of sorrow—a piercing shriek drew his eye to the door he had passed through—on its threshold lay the senseless body of his wife—the distracted husband forgot every thing, in the situation of his Marian—and, raising her in his arms, he exclaimed,

“Marian—my Marian, revive—look up—know me.”

Francis had followed him, and now stood by his side—gazing intently on the

lifeless body—his looks became more soft—his eye glanced less wildly—he cried,

“Marian—*My* Marian too.”

There was a mighty effort—nature could endure no more—a blood-vessel burst, and he fell at the feet of George—they flew to his assistance—he was dead!

For seventeen years, Lady Pendennyss survived the shock; but having reached her own abode, she never, during that long period, left her room.

Doctor Ives and his wife were made acquainted with the real cause of the grief of their friend—but the truth went no further.

Denbigh was the guardian of his three young cousins—the Duke, his sister, and young George Denbigh; these, with his son Lord Lumley, and daughter Lady Marian, were removed from the melancholy of the Castle, to scenes better adapted to their opening prospects in life. Lumley was fond of the society of his father, who finding him endowed with mental qualities

beyond his years—the care of the parent was directed to the most important duty of that sacred office ; and when he yielded to his wishes to go into the army—he knew that although a youth of only sixteen, he was possessed of principles and self-denial, that would become a man of five-and-twenty.

General Wilson completed the work his father had begun ; and Lord Lumley formed a singular exception to the character of his companions.

At the close of the Spanish war, he returned home, and was just in time to receive the parting breath of his mother.

A few days before her death, the Countess requested that her children might be made acquainted with her history and misconduct, placing in the hands of her son a letter, with directions for him to open it after her decease. It was addressed to both her children, and after recapitulating, generally, the principal events of her life, continued :

“ Thus, my children, you perceive the

consequences of indulgence and hardness of heart, which made me insensible to the sufferings of others, and regardless of the plainest dictates of justice—self was my idol—the love of admiration, which was natural to me, was increased by the flatterers who surrounded me—and had the laws of our country suffered royalty to descend in marriage to a grade in life below their own, your uncle would have escaped the fangs of my baneful coquetry.

“ Oh! Marian, my child, never descend so low as to practice those arts, which have degraded your unhappy mother—I would impress on you, as a memorial of my parting affection, these simple truths—that coquetry stands next to the want of chastity, in the scale of female vices—it is, in fact, a kind of mental prostitution—it is ruinous to all that delicacy of feeling, which gives added lustre to female charms—it is almost destructive of modesty itself.

A woman who has been addicted to its

practice, may strive long, and vainly, to regain that singleness of heart, which can bind her up so closely in her husband and children, as to make her a good wife, or a good mother; and if it should have degenerated into habit, may lead to the awful result of infidelity to her marriage vow.

“It is in vain for a coquette to pretend to religion—its practice involves hypocrisy, falsehood, and deception—every thing that is mean—every thing that is debasing—in short, as it is grounded on selfishness and pride, where it has once possessed the mind, it will only yield to the truth-displaying banners of the cross.

“This, and this only, can remove the evil; for without it, she whom the charms of youth and beauty have enabled successfully to act the coquette, will descend into the vale of life, altered, it is true, but not amended—as she will find the world, with its allurements, cling around her parting years, in vain regrets for days that are

flown, and mercenary views for her descendants.

“Heaven bless you, my children—console and esteem your inestimable father, while he yet remains with you; and place your reliance on that Heavenly Parent, who will never desert those, who seek him in sincerity and love.—Your dying mother,
M. PENDENNYSS.”

This letter, evidently written under the excitement of deep remorse, made a powerful impression on both her children; in Lady Marian it was pity, regret, and abhorrence of the fault, which had been the principal cause of the wreck of her mother's peace of mind; but in her brother, now Earl of Pendennyss, these feelings were united with a jealous dread of his own probable lot, in the chances of matrimony.

His uncle had been the supposed heir to a more elevated title than his own, but he was now the actual possessor of ás honour-

able a name, and a much larger fortune. The great wealth of his maternal grandfather, and the considerable estate of his own father, would soon be centered in himself; and if a woman so amiable, and so faultless, as affection had taught him to believe his mother to be, could yield, in her situation, to the lure of worldly honours—had he not great reason to dread, that a hand might at some day be bestowed upon himself, when the heart would point out an other destination, if the real wishes of its owner were consulted.

Pendennyss was modest by nature, and humble from principle, though by no means distrustful; yet the shock occasioned by the discovery of his mother's fault—the gloom of her death, and his father's declining health, sometimes led him into a train of reflections, which at others he would fervently have deprecated.

A short time after the decease of the Countess, Mr. Denbigh, finding his constitution rapidly sinking under the wast-

ing of a decline, resolved to finish his days in the abode of his Christian friend Doctor Ives. For several years they had not met ; increasing duties and infirmities on both sides having suspended their visits.

Leaving his Castle in Wales, accompanied by both his children, he reached Lumley Castle by easy stages, but greatly exhausted ; here he took a solemn and final leave of Marian, unwilling that she should so soon witness the death of another parent, and dismissing his son's equipage and attendants, a short day's ride from B——, they proceeded alone to the Rectory.

A letter had been forwarded, acquainting the Doctor of his approaching visit, and wishing it to be perfectly private, but not alluding to its object, and fixing the day, a week later than the one on which they had arrived ; this he had altered, on perceiving the torch of life more rapidly approaching the socket, than he had at first supposed.

Their unexpected appearance and reception are known. Denbigh's death and the departure of his son followed. Francis was his companion to the tomb of his ancestors in Westmoreland.

The Earl had a shrinking delicacy under the knowledge of his family history, that made him anxious to draw all eyes from the contemplation of his mother's conduct — how far the knowledge of it had extended in society, he could not know, but he wished it buried with her in the tomb.

The peculiar manner of his father's death would attract notice, and might excite attention to the real causes of his disorder; they were as yet unknown, and he wished the doctor's family to let them remain so. It was impossible that the death of a man of Mr. Denbigh's rank should be unnoticed in the prints, and the care of Francis dictated the simple truth, without comment, as it appeared: what was more natural than that the son of *Mr. Denbigh*, should also be *Mr. Denbigh*.

In the presence of the rector's family, no allusions were made to their friends, and the villagers and the neighbourhood spoke of them as old and young Mr. Denbigh.

The name of Lord Lumley, now Earl of Pendennyss, was known to the whole British nation; but the long retirement of his father and mother, had driven them almost from recollection. Even Mrs. Wilson supposed her favourite hero a Lumley. Pendennyss Castle had been for centuries the proud residence of that family; and the change of name in its possessor, was forgotten with the circumstances that led to it. When, therefore, Emily met the Earl so unexpectedly the second time at the Rectory, she, of course, with all her companions, spoke of him as Mr. Denbigh.

Pendennyss had called in, expecting to meet his kinsman, Lord Bolton; but, finding him absent, could not resist his desire to visit the Rectory—accordingly he

sent his carriage and servants on to London, leaving them at a convenient spot, and arrived on foot at the house of Dr. Ives.

From the same motives which had influenced him before—a wish to indulge, undisturbed by useless ceremony, his melancholy reflections—he requested that his name might not be mentioned.

This was an easy task ; both Doctor and Mrs. Ives had called him when a child, George or Lumley, and were unused to his new appellation, of Pendennyss ; indeed, it rather recalled painful recollections to them all.

It will be remembered that circumstances precluded the necessity of introduction to Mrs. Wilson and her party ; and the difficulty in that instance was therefore easily surmounted.

The Earl had often heard Emily Moseley spoken of by his friends, and in their letters they frequently mentioned her name, as connected with their pleasures

and employments, always with an affection, thought by Pendennyss to exceed that which they expressed even for their son's wife; and Mrs. Ives, the evening before, to remove unpleasant thoughts, had given him a lively description of her person and character.

The Earl's curiosity had been not a little excited to see this paragon of female beauty and virtue; and, contrary to what in such cases frequently happens, he was agreeably disappointed by the examination. He wished to know more, and made interest with the doctor, to assist him in continuing the character of an incognito.

To this the Doctor objected on the ground of principle, and the Earl desisted; but the beauty of Emily, aided by her character, had made an expression not to be easily shaken off, and Pendennyss returned to the charge.

His former jealousies were awakened in proportion to his admiration, and after some time, he threw himself on the mercy

of the divine, by declaring his new motive, but without mentioning its origin. The doctor pitying him—for he penetrated his feelings thoroughly—consented to keep silent, but laughingly declared, it was bad enough for a divine, to be accessory to, much less aiding in deception; and that he knew if Emily and Mrs. Wilson should discover the imposition, he would lose ground in their favour.

“Surely, George,” said the doctor, with a laugh, “you don’t mean to marry the young lady as Mr. Denbigh?”

“Oh no! it is too soon to think of marrying her at all,” replied the Earl, with a smile, “but—somehow—I should like to see, what my reception in the world will be, as plain Mr. Denbigh—unprovided for and unknown.”

“No doubt, my Lord,” said the rector, archly, “in proportion to your merits, very unfavourably indeed; but then your humility will be finely exalted, by the occasional

praises I have heard Mrs. Wilson lavish on your proper character, of late."

"I am much indebted to her partiality," continued the Earl, mournfully; then throwing off his gloomy thoughts, he added; "I wonder, my dear doctor, your goodness did not set her right in the latter particular."

"Why she has hardly given me an opportunity—delicacy and my own feelings, have kept me very silent on the subject of your family to any of that connexion; they think, I believe, that I was a rector in Wales, instead of your father's chaplain, and somehow," continued the doctor, smiling on his wife, "the association with your parents, was so connected in my mind with my most romantic feelings; that, although I have delighted in it—I have seldom alluded to it in conversation at all. Mrs. Wilson has never spoken of you but twice in my hearing, and that since she has expected to meet you—your name has un-

doubtedly recalled the remembrance of her husband.”

“ I have many—many reasons to remember the General with gratitude,” cried the Earl, with fervour—“ but, doctor, do not forget my incognito ; only call me George, I ask no more.”

The plan of Pendennyss was put in execution — day after day he lingered in Northamptonshire, until his principles and character had grown upon the esteem of the Moseleys, in the manner we have mentioned.

His frequent embarrassments were from the dread and shame of a detection—with Sir Hubert Nicholson, he had a narrow escape ; and Mrs. Fitzgerald and Lord Henry Stapleton he of course avoided : for having gone so far, he was determined to persevere to the end.

Egerton he thought knew him, and he disliked his character and manners.

When Chatterton appeared most attentive to Emily, the candour and good opi-

nion of the young nobleman made the Earl acquainted with his wishes and his situation. Pendennyss was too generous not to meet his rival on fair grounds. His cousin, the Duke, was requested to use their influence secretly, for the desired appointment of the Baron—the result is known, and Pendennyss trusted his secret to Chatterton; he took him to London, gave him in charge to Derwent, and returned to prosecute his own suit. His note from Bolton Castle was a *ruse*, to conceal his character, as he knew the departure of the baronet's family to an hour, and had so timed his visit to the Earl, as not to come in collision with the Moseleys.

“Indeed, my Lord,” cried the Doctor to him one day, “your scheme goes on swimmingly, and I am only afraid when your mistress discovers the imposition, you will find your rank producing a different effect, from what you may have anticipated.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUT Dr. Ives was mistaken; had he seen the sparkling eyes, and glowing cheeks of Miss Moseley — the smile of satisfaction and happiness, which played on the usually thoughtful face of Mrs. Wilson, when the earl handed them into his own carriage, as they left his house, on the evening of the discovery — the doctor would have gladly acknowledged the failure of his prognostic. In truth, there was no possible event that, under the circumstances, could have given both the aunt and niece such heartfelt pleasure as the knowledge that Denbigh and the earl were the same person.

Pendennyss stood holding the door of

the carriage in his hand, irresolute how to act, when Mrs. Wilson said,

“Surely, my lord, you sup with us.”

“A thousand thanks, my dear madam, for the privilege,” cried the earl, as he sprang into the coach—the door was closed, and they drove off.

“After the explanation of this morning, my lord,” said Mrs. Wilson, willing to remove all doubts between him and Emily, and perhaps anxious to satisfy her own curiosity, “it will be fastidious to conceal our desire to know more of your movements. How came your pocket-book in the possession of Mrs. Fitzgerald?”

“Mrs. Fitzgerald!” cried Pendennyss, in astonishment, “I lost the book in one of the rooms of the Lodge, and supposed it had fallen into your hands, and betrayed my disguise, by Emily’s rejection of me and your own altered eye. Was I mistaken then in both?”

Mrs. Wilson, now, for the first time, explained their real grounds of refusing

his offer, which, in the morning, she had but cursorily mentioned, as owing to a misapprehension of his just character, and recounted the manner of the books falling into the hands of Mrs. Fitzgerald.

The earl listened with amazement, and after musing with himself, exclaimed, "I remember taking it from my pocket, to show Colonel Egerton some singular plants I had gathered, and think I first missed it, when returning to the place in which I had then laid it—it was gone: in some of the side-pockets were letters from Marian, addressed to me, properly; and I naturally thought they had met your eye."

Mrs. Wilson and Emily immediately concluded Egerton to be the real villain, who had caused both themselves and Mrs. Fitzgerald so much uneasiness, and the former mentioned her suspicions to the earl.

"Nothing more probable, dear madam," cried he, "and this explains to me his startling looks when we first met, and

evident dislike to my society, for he must have seen my person, though the carriage hid *him* from my sight."

That Egerton was the wretch, and that through his agency, the pocket-book had been left at the cottage, they all now agreed, and turned to more pleasant subjects.

"Master!—here—Master," said Peter Johnson, as he stood at a window of Mr. Benfield's room, stirring some gruel for the old gentleman's supper, and stretching his neck, and straining his eyes, to distinguish by the light of the lamps—"I do think there is Mr. Denbigh, handing Miss Emmy from a coach, covered with gold, and two footmen, all dizened with pride like."

The spoon fell from the hands of Mr. Benfield—he rose briskly from his seat, and adjusting his dress, took the arm of the steward, as he proceeded to the drawing-room. While these several movements were in operation, which consumed

some time, the old bachelor relieved the tedium of Peter's impatience, by the following speech :

“ Mr. Denbigh! — what, back? — I thought he never could let that rascal John shoot him, and forsake Emmy after all (here the old gentleman suddenly recollected Denbigh's marriage); but now Peter, it can do no good either. I remember, that when my friend, the Earl of Gosford—(and again he was checked by the image of the card-table, and the Viscountess) “ but Peter,” said he with great warmth, “ we can go down and see him though.”

“ Mr. Denbigh!” exclaimed Sir Edward, in astonishment, as he saw the companion of his sister and child, enter the drawing-room, “ you are welcome once more to your old friends; your sudden retreat from us, gave us much pain, but we suppose Lady Laura had too many attractions, to allow us to keep you any longer in Norfolk.”

The good baronet sighed, as he held out his hand to the man he had once hoped to receive as a son.

“Neither Lady Laura, nor any other lady, my dear Sir Edward,” cried the earl, as he took the baronet’s hand, “drove me from you, but the frowns of your own fair daughter; and here she is, ready to acknowledge her offence—and, I hope, atone for it.”

John, who knew of the refusal of his sister, and was not a little displeased with the cavalier treatment he had received at Denbigh’s hands, felt indignant at such improper levity, as he thought he now exhibited, being a married man, and approached with—

“Your servant, Mr. Denbigh—I hope my Lady Laura is well.”

Pendennyss understood his look, and replied, very gravely, “Your servant, Mr. John Moseley—my Lady Laura is, or certainly ought to be, very well, as she

has this moment gone to a route, accompanied by her husband."

The quick eye of John glanced from the earl—to his aunt—to Emily; a lurking smile was on all their features—the heightened colour of his sister—the flashing eyes of the young man—the face of his aunt—all told him, something uncommon was about to be explained; and, yielding to his feelings, he caught the hand, Pendennyss extended to him, as he exclaimed,

"Denbigh, I see—I feel—there is some unaccountable mistake—we are—"

"Brothers!" said the earl, emphatically. "Sir Edward—dear Lady Moseley, I throw myself on your mercy—I am an impostor—when your hospitality received me into your house, it is true, you admitted George Denbigh, but he is better known as the Earl of Pendennyss."

"The Earl of Pendennyss!" exclaimed Lady Moseley, in a glow of delight,

seeing at once through a deception, which promised both happiness and rank to her child; “is it possible, my dear Charlotte, that this should be your unknown friend.”—

“The very same, Anne,” replied the smiling widow; “and guilty of a folly, which at all events removes the distance between us a little, by showing that he is subject to the failings of mortality. But the masquerade is ended, and I hope you and Edward will not only treat him as an earl, but receive him as a son.”

“Most willingly—most willingly,” cried the baronet, with great energy; “be he prince—peer—or beggar—he is the preserver of my child, and as such, he is always welcome.”

The door now slowly opening, the venerable bachelor appeared on its threshold.

Pendennyss, who had never forgotten the good will manifested to him by Mr. Benfield, met him with a look of pleasure

as he expressed his happiness at seeing him again, and in London.

“I never have forgotten your goodness in sending honest Peter, such a distance from home, or the object of his visit. I now regret that a feeling of shame occasioned my answering your kindness so laconically ;” turning to Mrs. Wilson, he added, “for a time, I knew not how to write a letter even—afraid to sign my proper appellation, and ashamed to use my adopted one.”

“Mr. Denbigh, I am happy to see you. I did send Peter, it is true, to London, on a message to you—but it is all over now,”—and the old man sighed—“Peter, however, escaped the snares of this wicked place ; and if you are happy, I am content. I remember when the Earl of—”

“Pendennyss !” exclaimed the other, “imposed on the hospitality of a worthy man, under an assumed appellation, in order to pry into the character of a lovely female, who was only too good for him,

and who now is willing to forget his follies, and make him, not only the happiest of men, but the nephew of Mr. Benfield."

During this speech, the countenance of Mr. Benfield had manifested evident emotion—he looked from one to another, until he saw Mrs. Wilson smiling near him. Pointing to the earl with his finger, he stood unable to speak, while she answered simply,

"Lord Pendennyss."

"And Emmy dear—will you—will you marry him?" said Mr. Benfield, struggling to suppress his feelings, to give utterance.

Emily felt for her uncle, and blushing deeply, with great frankness, put her hand into that of the earl, who pressed it with rapture again and again to his lips.

Mr. Benfield sunk into a chair, and with a heart softened by his emotions, burst into tears. "Peter," he cried, struggling with his feelings, "I am now ready to depart in peace—I shall see my darling

Emmy happy, and to her care I shall commit you.”

Emily, deeply affected, threw herself into his arms in a torrent of tears.

Jane felt no emotion of envy for her sister's happiness; on the contrary, she rejoiced in common with the rest of their friends in her brightening prospects, and they took their seats at the supper table, as happy a group, as was contained in the wide circle of the metropolis; a few more particulars served to explain the mystery sufficiently, until a more fitting opportunity made them acquainted with the whole of the earl's proceedings.

“My Lord Pendennyss,” said Sir Edward, pouring out a glass of wine, and passing the decanter to his neighbour: “I drink your health—and happiness to yourself and my darling child.”

The toast was drank by all the family, and the earl replied to them with thanks and smiles, while Emily could only notice them, with tears and blushes.

But this was an opportunity not to be lost by the honest steward, who, from affection and long services, had been indulged in familiarities, exceeding those permitted to any other of his master's establishment. He very deliberately helped himself to a glass of wine, and drawing near the seat of the bride-elect, with a humble reverence, commenced his speech as follows :

“ My dear Miss Emmy : Here's hoping you'll live to be a comfort to your honoured father, and your honoured mother, and my dear honoured master, and yourself, and Madam Wilson.” The steward paused to clear his voice, and cast his eye round the table to collect the names ; “ and Mr. John Moseley, and sweet Mrs. Moseley, and pretty Miss Jane,” (Peter had lived too long in the world to compliment one handsome woman in the presence of another, without qualifying his speech a little,) and Mr. Lord Denbigh—earl like, as they say he now is, and”—

Peter stopped a moment to deliberate, and then making another reverence, he put the glass to his lips; but before he had got half through its contents, recollected himself, and replenishing it to the brim, with a smile, acknowledging his forgetfulness, continued, "and the Rev. Mr. Francis Ives, and the Rev. Mrs. Francis Ives." Here the unrestrained laugh of John interrupted him; and considering with himself that he had included the whole family, he finished his bumper. Whether it was pleasure at his eloquence, in venturing on so long a speech, or the unusual allowance, that affected the steward, he was evidently much satisfied with himself, and stepped back, behind his master's chair, in great good humour.

Emily, as she thanked him, noticed with grateful satisfaction, a tear in the eye of the old man, as he concluded his oration, that would have excused a thousand breaches of fastidious ceremony. But Pendennyss rose from his seat, and took

him kindly by the hand, as he returned his own thanks for his good wishes.

“I owe you much good will, Mr. Johnson, for your two journies in my behalf, and trust I never shall forget the manner in which you executed your last mission, in particular. We are friends, I trust, for life.”

“Thank you — thank your honour’s lordship,” said the steward, almost unable to utter; “I hope you may live long, to make dear little Miss Emmy as happy — as I know she ought to be.”

“But really, my lord,” said John, observing that the steward’s affection for his sister, had affected her to tears, “it was a singular circumstance, the meeting of the four passengers of the stage, so soon at your hotel?” and Moseley explained his meaning to the rest of the company.

“Not so much so as you imagine,” said the earl in reply; “yourself and Johnson were in quest of me; Lord Henry Stapleton was under an engagement to meet me

that evening at the hotel, as we were both going to his sister's wedding—I having arranged the thing with him, by letters, previously;—and the General, M^cCarthy, was also in search of me, on business relating to his niece, the Donna Julia. He had been to Annerdale House, and, through my servants, heard I was at an hotel. It was the first interview between us, and not quite so amicable an one as he has since paid me in Wales. In my service in Spain, I saw the condé, but not the general. The letter he gave me was from the Spanish ambassador, claiming a right to require Mrs. Fitzgerald from our government, and deprecating my using any influence to counteract his exertions”—

“Which you refused,” said Emily, eagerly.

“Not refused,” answered the Earl, smiling at her warmth, at the same time he admired her friendly zeal, “for it was unnecessary—there is no such power vested in the ministry; but I explicitly

told the general, I would oppose any violent measures to restore her to her country and a convent. From the courts I apprehend nothing for my fair friend."

"Your honour—my Lord," said Peter, who had been listening with great attention, "if I may presume, just to ask two questions, without offence."

"Say on, my good friend," said Penednyss, with an encouraging smile.

"Only," continued the steward—hemming, to give proper utterance to his thoughts—"I wish to know, whether you staid in that same street, after you left the hotel—for Mr. John Moseley and I had a slight difference in opinion about it."

The Earl smiled, as he caught the arch expression of John, and replied—

"I believe I owe you an apology, Moseley, for my cavalier treatment—but guilt makes us all cowards. I found you were ignorant of my incognito, and I was equally ashamed to continue it, or become the relater of my own folly. Indeed," he

continued, smiling on Emily as he spoke, "I thought your sister had pronounced the opinions of all reflecting people on my conduct. I went out of town, Johnson, at day-break. What is your other query?"

"Why, my lord," said Peter, a little disappointed at finding his first surmise untrue, "that outlandish tongue, your honour used"—

"Was Spanish," cried the Earl.

"And not Greek, Peter," said his master, gravely. "I thought, from the words you endeavoured to repeat to me, you had made a mistake. You need not be disconcerted, however, for I know several members of the parliament of this realm, who could not talk the Greek language—that is, fluently. So it can be no disgrace, to a serving man to be ignorant of it."

Somewhat consoled to find himself no worse off than the representatives of his country, Peter resumed his station in silence, when the carriages began to an-

nounce the conclusion of the opera. The Earl took his leave, and the party broke up.

The thanksgivings of Emily that night, 'ere she laid her head on her pillow, were the purest offering of mortal innocence. The prospect before her was unsullied by a cloud, and she poured out her heart in the fullest confidence of pious love and heartfelt gratitude.

As early on the succeeding morning as good-breeding would allow, and much earlier than the hour sanctioned by fashion, the Earl and Lady Marian stopped in the carriage of the latter, at the door of Sir Edward Moseley. Their reception was the most flattering that could be offered to people of their characters; sincere—cordial—and, with a trifling exception in Lady Moseley, unfettered with any of the useless ceremonies of high life.

Emily felt herself drawn to her new acquaintance, with a fondness, which doubtless grew out of her situation with

the brother, but which soon found reasons enough in the soft, lady-like, and sincere manners of Lady Marian, to justify her attachment on her own account.

There was a very handsome suite of drawing-rooms in Sir Edward's house, and the doors communicating, were carelessly open. Curiosity to view the furniture, or some such trifling reason, induced the Earl to find his way into the one adjoining that in which the family were seated.

It might unquestionably be the dread of losing himself in a strange house, that induced him to whisper a request to the blushing Emily, to be his companion; and it could have been nothing but a knowledge that a vacant room was more easily viewed, than one filled with company, that prevented any one from following them. John smiled archly at Grace, doubtless in approbation of the comfortable time his friend was likely to enjoy, in

his musings on the taste of their mother. [How the door became shut, we have ever been at a loss to imagine.]

The company without were too good natured and too well satisfied with each other to miss the absentees, until the figure of the Earl appeared at the re-opened door, beckoning, with a face of rapture, to Lady Moseley and Mrs. Wilson. Sir Edward next disappeared—then Jane—then Grace—then Marian; until John began to think a *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Benfield, was to be his morning's amusement.

The lovely countenance of his wife, however, soon relieved his ennui, and John's curiosity was gratified by an order to prepare for his sister's wedding the following week.

During this interview Emily might have blushed more than common—it is certain she did not smile less; and the Earl, Lady Marian assured Sir Edward, was so very different a creature from what he had been, that she could hardly think

it was the same sombre gentleman, with whom she had passed the last few months, in Wales and Westmoreland.

A messenger was despatched for Dr. Ives, and their friends at B——, to be present at the approaching nuptials; and Lady Moseley now found an opportunity of indulging her taste for splendour, on this joyful occasion.

Money being wholly out of present consideration; Mr. Benfield absolutely repined in reflecting that the wealth of the Earl should have deprived him of the power to contribute, in any manner, to the comfort of his Emmy.

A fifteenth codicil was, however, framed by the conjoint ingenuity of Peter and his master, which, if it did not contain the name of George Denbigh, expressed that of his expected second son, Roderic Benfield Denbigh, to the qualifying circumstance of twenty thousand pounds, as a bribe for the name.

“ And a very pretty child, I dare say it

will be," said the steward, as he placed the paper in its repository. "I don't know I ever saw, your honour, a couple, that I thought would make a handsomer pair, like—except"—and Peter's mind dwelt on his own youthful form, coupled with the smiling graces of Patty Steele.

"Yes! they are as handsome as they are good!" replied his master. "I remember now—when our speaker took his third wife, the world said—they were as pretty a couple as there was at court. But my Emmy and the Earl will be a much finer pair. Oh!—Peter Johnson—they are young—and rich—and beloved—but, after all, it avails but little, if they be not good."

"Good!" cried the steward in astonishment; "they are as good as angels."

The master's ideas of human excellence had suffered a heavy blow, in the view of his Viscountess—but he answered mildly, "as good as mankind can well be."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE warm weather had now commenced, and Sir Edward, unwilling to be shut up in London, at a time when the revival of vegetation gave the country a new interest, and accustomed, for many years of his life, to devote a morning hour to his garden, had taken a furnished cottage residence near town, for occasional retirement, until after the birthday: thither, then, Pendennyss took his bride from the altar, and a few days were passed by the new married pair, in this little elysium.

Doctor Ives, accompanied by Francis, Clara, and their mother, had obeyed the summons, with an alacrity proportioned

to the joy they had felt on receiving it, and the former had the happiness of uniting the virtuous pair. It would have been easy to procure a special licence, but neither Emily nor the Earl felt a wish to utter their vows in any other spot than at the altar, and in the house of their Maker.

If there was one heart that felt the least emotion of regret or uneasiness it was that of Lady Moseley, who little relished the retirement of the cottage, on so joyful an occasion—but Pendennyss silenced her objections, by good-humouredly replying—

“ Providence has been so kind in giving me castles and seats, that you ought to allow me, my dear Lady Moseley, the only opportunity, I shall probably ever have, of enjoying love in a cottage.”

A few days, however, dispelled the uneasiness of the good lady, who had the felicity, within the week, of seeing her daughter established as the mistress of Annerdale House.

On the morning of their return to this

noble mansion, the Earl presented himself in St. James's-square, with the intelligence of their arrival, and smiling, as he bowed to Mrs. Wilson, continued — “and to escort you, dear madam, to your new abode.”

Mrs. Wilson, who started with surprise and her heart beating quick with emotion, required an explanation of his words.

“Surely, dearest Mrs. Wilson—more than aunt—my mother—you cannot mean, after having trained my Emily through infancy to maturity in the paths of duty, to desert her in the moment of her greatest trial. I am the pupil of your husband,” he continued, taking her hands in his own with reverence and affection, “we are the children of your joint care—and one home, as there is but one heart, must, in future, contain us.”

Mrs. Wilson, in secret, had wished, but hardly dared to hope for this invitation—it was now urged from the right quarter, and in a manner that was as sincere as it

was gratifying—unable to conceal her tears, the good widow pressed the hand of Pendennyss to her lips, as she murmured out her thanks, and her acceptance. Sir Edward, who was not altogether unprepared to lose his sister, as an inmate, but unwilling to relinquish the pleasure of her society, strongly urged her making a common residence between the two families.

“Pendennyss has spoken truth, my dear brother, replied she, recovering her voice, “Emily is the child of my care, and my love—the two beings I love best in this world, are now united—but,” added she, pressing Lady Moseley to her bosom, “my heart is large enough for you all; you are of my blood, and my gratitude for your affection is boundless. There shall be but one large family of us, and although our duties may separate us for a time, we shall, I trust, ever meet in tenderness and love—but with George and Emily I will take up my abode.”

“ I hope your house in Northamptonshire is not always to be vacant,” said Lady Moseley to the Earl, anxiously.

“ I have no house there, my dear Madam,” he replied ; “ when I first thought myself about to succeed in my suit, I directed a lawyer at Bath, where Sir William Harris resided most of his time, to endeavour to purchase the Deanery, whenever a good opportunity offered ;—in my discomfiture,” he added, smiling, “ I forgot to countermand the order, and he purchased it immediately on its being advertised ;—for a short time it was an incumbrance to me — but it is now applied to its original purpose—It is the sole property of the Countess of Pendennyss, and I doubt not you will see it often, and, I trust, agreeably tenanted.”

This intelligence gave great satisfaction to his friends, and the expected summer, restored to even Jane, a gleam of her former pleasure.

If there be bliss in this life, approach-

ing in any degree to the happiness of the blessed, it is the fruition of long and ardent love, where youth—innocence—piety—and family concord, smile upon the union. All these were united in the case of the new-married pair.

But perfect happiness cannot in this world long exist without alloy, and the fortitude of Emily was now fated to sustain the shock of Buonaparte's sudden reappearance in France—an event which shook all Europe to its remotest extremities.

From the moment that this intelligence reached the Earl—he saw his own course decided—his regiment was the pride of the army, and that it would be ordered to join the Duke, he could not entertain a doubt.

Emily was therefore, in some degree, prepared for the blow—and many days had not elapsed when the corps was under orders for embarkation on foreign service.

The sound of the bugle, broke on the

stillness of the morning, in the little village in which was situated the cottage tenanted by Sir Edward Moseley—almost concealed by the shrubbery which surrounded its piazza, stood the forms of the Countess of Pendennyss, and her sister Lady Marian, watching eagerly the appearance of the troops, whose approach, was thus announced.

The carriage of the ladies was in waiting at a short distance, and the pale face, but composed resignation of its mistress—strongly indicated the struggle between conflicting duties.

File, after file, of heavy horse, passed in all the pomp of military splendour, and the wistful gaze of the two females had sought in vain for the well-known—much-loved countenance, of their leader—he at length approached them, their forms met his eye—and in an instant, Emily was pressed to the bosom of her husband.

“It is the doom of a soldier,” said the earl, dashing a tear from his eye; “I had

hoped the peace of the world would not again have been disturbed, and that ambition might have yielded a long respite to our sanguinary profession ; but, cheer up, my love—hope for the best — your trust is not in the things of this life, and your happiness is independent of the power of man.”

“ Ah ! Pendennyss—my husband,” sobbed Emily, sinking on his bosom, “ take with you my prayers—my love—every thing that can console you—every thing that may profit you—I will not tell you to be careful of your life—that your duty teaches you—as a soldier, expose it—as a husband, guard it—and return to me as you leave me—a lover—the dearest of men, and a Christian.”

Unwilling to prolong the pain of parting, the Earl gave his wife a last embrace, held Marian affectionately to his bosom, and mounting his horse, was quickly out of sight.

Within a few days of the departure of

Pendennyss—Chatterton was surprised by the entrance of his mother and Catherine. His reception of them, was respectful as a son, and his wife exerted herself to treat with kindness connexions she could not love, to give pleasure to the husband she adored. Their tale was soon told—Lord and Lady Herrieffield were separated; and the dowager, alive to the dangers of a young woman in Catherine's situation—without one single principle, on which to rest the assurance of future blameless conduct—had brought her to England, intending that she should reside under her own protection.

There was nothing in his wife to answer the expectations with which Lord Herrieffield married—she had beauty, but with that, he was already sated. Her simplicity and unsuspecting behaviour, which had at first charmed him, were succeeded by the knowing conduct of a determined votary of fashion, and a decided woman of the world.

It had never struck the Viscount, as impossible, that an artless and innocent girl should fall in love with his faded bilious face—but the moment Catherine betrayed the arts of a manager, he saw at once the artifice that had been practised upon himself, and from that moment he ceased to love her.

Men are for a season flattered by the notice of a woman, who has been unsought, but in time, that never fails to injure her in the opinion of the other sex. Without a single feeling in common, without a regard to any thing but self, in either husband or wife, it could not but happen that a separation must follow, or their days be spent in wrangling and perpetual misery.

Catherine left her husband willingly—her husband more willingly got rid of her,

During all these movements, the dowager had a difficult game to play—it was unbecoming to encourage strife, and to suppress it was contrary to her views—she

therefore moralized with the peer, and frowned upon her daughter.

The viscount listened to her truisms, with the attention of a boy, when told by a drunken father, how wicked it is to love liquor—and regarded them about as much; while Kate, mistress, at all events, of two thousand a year—cared as little for her mother's frowns as for her smiles—receiving both with equal indifference.

A few days after the ladies had left Lisbon, the viscount proceeded to Italy, accompanied by the repudiated wife of a British naval officer; and if Kate preserved her innocence, it resulted rather from her mother's present vigilance, than from her previous caution.

The presence of Mrs. Wilson was a source of real consolation to Emily in the absence of her husband; and as their continuance in town had now no further object—the Countess declining to be presented in the absence of the Earl the

whole family decided to return into Northamptonshire.

The deanery had been furnished on the marriage of Pendenyss; and its mistress now hastened to take possession of her new dwelling. The amusement and occupation of this removal—the planning of little improvements — and the various duties of her new character, prevented Emily from a too powerful and incessant contemplation of her husband.

She sought out amongst the first objects of her bounty, the venerable peasant, whose loss had been supplied by Pendenyss on his first visit to B——, after the death of his father.

In this instance there might be less discrimination than generally accompanied her benevolence; but it was associated with the image of her husband, and excited no surprise in Mrs. Wilson, although it did in Marian, to see her sister, driving two or three times a week, to relieve the

necessities of a man, who appeared to be in want of nothing.

Sir Edward again in the midst of those he loved, his hospitable board was once more surrounded with the faces of his friends and neighbours. The good-natured Mr. Haughton was always a welcome guest at the hall, and soon after their return met the collected family of the baronet, at a dinner given by the latter to some of his most intimate neighbours—

“My Lady Pendennyss,” cried Mr. Haughton, in the course of the afternoon, “I have news from the Earl, which I know it will do your heart good to hear.”

Emily’s countenance beamed with pleasure at the mention of her husband, although she internally questioned the probability of Mr. Haughton’s knowing any thing respecting his movements, of which her daily letters did not apprise her.

“Will you favour me with the particulars of your intelligence, Sir?” said the Countess.

“ He has arrived safe with his regiment near Brussels ; I heard it from a neighbour’s son who saw him enter the house occupied by Wellington in that city, while he was standing in the crowd without, waiting to get a peep at the duke.”

“ Oh !” said Mrs. Wilson with a laugh, “ Emily knew that ten days ago ; could your friend tell us any thing of Bonaparte ? We are much interested in his movements just now.”

Mr. Haughton, a good deal mortified to find his news stale, mused a moment, as if in doubt to proceed or not ; but liking of all things to act the part of a newspaper, he continued—

“ Nothing more than you see in the prints ; but I suppose your ladyship has heard about Captain Jarvis too ?

“ Why, no,” said Emily, laughing, “ the movements of Captain Jarvis are not quite so interesting to me, as those of Lord Pendenness—has the duke made him an aide-de-camp ?”

“ Oh ! no,” cried the other, exulting in his success in having something new, “ as soon as he heard of the return of Boney, —he threw up his commission and got married.”

“ Married !” cried John, “ not to Miss Harris surely.”

“ No, to a silly girl he met in Cornwall, who was fool enough to be caught with his gold lace. He married one day, and the next, told his disconsolate wife, and panic-struck mother, that the honour of the Jarvises must sleep, until the supporters of the name became sufficiently numerous to risk losing them, in the field of battle.”

“ And how did Mrs. Jarvis and Timo’s lady relish the news ?” inquired John, expecting something ridiculous.

“ Not at all,” rejoined Mr. Haughton ; “ the former sobbed, and said, she had only married him for his bravery and red coat, and the *lady* exclaimed against the destruction of his budding honours.”

“How did it terminate?” asked Mrs. Wilson.

Why, it seems while they were quarrelling about it, the war-office cut the matter short by accepting his resignation. I suppose the commander-in-chief had learnt his character; but the matter was warmly contested—they even drove the captain to declare his principles.”

“And what kind of ones might they have been, Haughton?” said Sir Edward, dryly.

“Republican.”

“Republican!” exclaimed two or three in surprise.

“Yes, liberty and equality, he contended, were his idols, and he could not find it in his heart to fight against Bonaparte.”

“A somewhat singular conclusion,” said Mr. Benfield, musing. “I remember, when I sat in the House, there was a party who were fond of the cry of this said liberty; but when they got the power, they did not seem to me to suffer people

to go more at large than they went before—but I suppose they were diffident of telling the world their minds, after they were put in such responsible stations—for fear of the effect of example.”

“Many people like liberty as servants, but not as masters, uncle,” cried John, with a sneer.

“Capt. Jarvis, it seems, liked it as a preserver against danger,” continued Mr. Haughton; “to avoid ridicule in his new neighbourhood, he has consented to his father’s wishes, and turned merchant in the city again.”

“Where I sincerely hope he will remain,” cried John, who, since the accident of the harbour, could scarcely tolerate the mention of his name.

“Amen!” said Emily, in an undertone, heard only by her smiling brother.

“But Sir Timo—what has become of Sir Timo—the good, honest merchant?” asked John.

“He has dropt the title, insists on being

called plain Mr. Jarvis, and lives entirely in Cornwall. His hopeful son-in-law, has gone with his regiment to Flanders, and Lady Egerton, being unable to live without her father's assistance, is obliged to hide her consequence in the west also."

The subject now became disagreeable to Lady Moseley, and was changed.

The misfortune of such conversations, which unavoidably occurred, was, that they made Jane more reserved and dissatisfied than ever.

The letters from the Continent now teemed with dreadful note of preparation for the approaching contest; on the issue of which hung not only the fate of thousands of individuals, but of adverse princes, and mighty empires. In this confusion of interests, and jarring of passions—there were offered prayers, almost hourly, for the safety of Pendennyss, which were as pure and ardent as the love which prompted them.

CHAPTER XV.

NAPOLEON had already commenced those daring and rapid movements, which for a time threw the peace of the world into the scale of fortune, and held the fate of Europe in suspense.

As the —th Dragoons wheeled into a field already deluged with English blood, on the heights of Quatre Bras, the eye of its gallant Colonel saw a friendly battalion sinking beneath a heavy charge of the enemy's cuirassiers.

The word was passed — the column opens—the sounds of the quavering bugle were for a moment heard over the roar of the cannon and the shouts of the combatants; the charge, sweeping like a whirl-

wind, fell heavy on those treacherous Frenchmen, who to day had sworn fidelity to Louis, and to-morrow intended lifting their hands in allegiance to his rival.

“In mercy spare my life,” cried an officer, dreadfully wounded, who stood shrinking from the impending blow of an enraged Frenchman—an English officer dashing at the cuirassier, with one blow severed his arm from the body—

“Thank God,” sighed the wounded man, as he sunk beneath the horse’s feet.

His rescuer threw himself from the saddle to his assistance, and raising the fallen man, inquired into his wounds—it was Pendennyss—it was Egerton. The wounded baronet groaned aloud, as he saw the face of him who had averted the fatal blow—but it was not the hour for explanation.

Sir Henry was carried off to the rear, and the Earl re-mounted. The scattered troops rallying at the sound of the trumpet—again and again—led on by their daunt-

less Colonel, were seen in the thickest of the battle—their sabres drenched in blood—their voices hoarse with shouts of victory.

The interval between the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, was a trying moment to the discipline and courage of the British army. The Prussians discomfited on their flank, had been compelled to retire, and in full front was an enemy, brave, skilful, and victorious—led by the great captain of the age. The cautious commander of the British, fell back to the field of Waterloo—the theatre on which was now about to be decided that mighty contest which for more than a quarter of a century had convulsed the civilized portion of the globe.

On those heights—the future grave of thousands—the mighty struggle was to terminate.

During this solemn pause, the mind of Pendennyss dwelt on the affection, the innocence, the beauty, and the worth of his Emily, until the curdling blood, as he

contemplated her fate in the event of his falling, warned him to quit the gloomy subject, for the consolations of that religion which only could yield him the solace his wounded feelings required. In his former campaigns, the Earl, deeply sensible of the awful change from life to death, had ever kept in view the preparations necessary to meet it with hope and joy; but the world clung round him now, in the best affections of his nature—and it was only as he could picture the happy re-union with his Emily in a future life, that he could look on a separation in this without despair.

The nearness of the enemy admitted not of relaxation in the strictest watch at every point of the British lines; and the comfortless night of the seventeenth was passed by the Earl, and his Lieutenant-colonel, George Denbigh, on the same cloak, under the canopy of Heaven.

“As the opening cannon announced the approaching conflict, Pendennyss,

mounting his charger, gave a last thought on his distant wife; with a mighty struggle he tore her as it were from his bosom, and from that moment devoted himself to his country and his duty.

Who has not heard of the events of that fearful day, on which the fate of Europe hung as it were suspended in a scale? On one side supported by the efforts of desperate resolution, directed by consummate art; and on the other defended, by a discipline and enduring courage, without example.

On the night of the eighteenth of June, Pendennyss threw himself from his horse, on having, by orders, resigned the pursuit to the fresher battalions of the Prussians—with that languor which follows great excitement—thankful that the bloody work was at length ended. The image of his Emily broke over the sterner feelings excited by the battle; and he again breathed freely, in the consciousness of the happiness which would await his return.

“ I am sent for the Colonel of the —th Dragoons,” said a courier in broken English to a soldier, near where the Earl lay on the ground, waiting the preparations of his attendants—“ have I found the right regiment, my friend ?”

“ To be sure you have,” answered the man, without looking up from his toil on his favourite animal, “ you might have tracked us by the dead Frenchmen, I should think. So you want my Lord, my lad, do you? do we move again to-night?” suspending his labour for a moment in expectation of a reply.

“ Not to my knowledge,” rejoined the courier, “ my message is to your Colonel, from a dying man; will you point out his station ?” The message was soon delivered, and Pendennyss immediately prepared to obey its summons. Preceded by the messenger, and followed by Harmer, the Earl retraced his steps, over that ground on which he had but a few hours before

been engaged, in the deadly strife of man to man, hand to hand.

How different is the contemplation of a field of battle, during and after the conflict. The excitement—suspended success—shouts, uproar, and confusion of the former, prevent any contemplation of the minute parts, of this confused mass of movements, charges and retreats; or if a brilliant advance is made, a masterly retreat effected, the imagination is dazzled by the splendour and glory of the act, without resting for a moment on the sacrifice of human existence with which it is purchased.

A field of battle ground, over which the whirlwind of the combat has passed, presents a different sight—it offers the very consummation of human misery.

There may be, occasionally, an individual, who from station, distempered mind, or the encouragement of chimerical ideas of glory, quits the theatre of life with at least the appearance of pleasure in

his triumphs; if such in reality there be, if this rapture of departing glory be any thing more than the deception of a dis-tempered excitement, the subject of its exhibition is to be greatly pitied.

To the Christian, dying in peace with God and man, can it alone be ceded in the eye of reason, to pour out existence, with a smile on his quivering lip.

And the warrior, who falls in the very arms of victory, after passing a life devoted to the world; even if he see kingdoms hang suspended on his success, may smile indeed — may utter sentiments of loyalty and zeal—may be the admiration of the world—and rush to an existence of misery, which knows no termination.

Christianity alone can make us good soldiers in any cause, for he who knows how to live, is always the least afraid to die.

Pendennyss and his companions, pushing their way over the ground occupied before the battle by the enemy, descended

into, and through that little valley, in which yet lay in undistinguished confusion, masses of the dead and dying of either side; and again over the ridge, on which could be marked the situation of those gallant squares, which had so long resisted the efforts of cavalry and artillery, by the groups of bodies, fallen where they had bravely stood, until even the callous Harmer, sickened with the sight of a waste of life, he had but a few hours before exultingly contributed to increase.

The most pathetic appeals to their feelings as they rode through the field had been made, and their progress much retarded, by their attempts to contribute to the ease of the wounded, or relieve the dying; but as the guide constantly urged their speed as the only means of securing the object of their ride, these halts were, though reluctantly, abandoned.

It was ten o'clock before they reached the farm-house where lay, in the midst of

hundreds of his countrymen, the former lover of Jane.

As the subject of his confession must be anticipated by the reader, we will give a short relation of his life, and those acts which more materially affect our history.

Henry Egerton had been turned early on the world, like hundreds of his countrymen, without any principle to counteract the tendency of infidelity, or to resist the temptations of life. His father held a situation under government, and was devoted to the diplomatic line. His mother was a woman of fashion who lived—for effect, and idle competition with her sisters in weakness and folly. All he learnt in his father's house, was selfishness, from the example of the one, and a love of high life and its extravagance, from the other, of his parents.

He entered the army young—from choice. The splendour and reputation of the service, caught his fancy; and both

by pride and constitution he was indifferent to personal danger. Yet he loved London and its amusements better than glory; and the money of his uncle, Sir Edgar, whose heir he was reputed to be, had raised him to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, ere he had spent an hour in the field.

Egerton had some abilities, and much ardour of temperament. His talents from indulgence and example, degenerated into mere acquirement of the art of pleasing in mixed society; and the ardency of his nature, from want of employment, had exhausted itself at the card-table. The very excitability of genius is dangerous to an idle man. It prompts to mischief, if it be not employed in good.

The association between the vices is intimate—but there really appears to be a kind of modesty in sin, that makes it ashamed of good company. If we are unable to reconcile a favourite propensity with our principles, we are apt to abandon that unpleasant restraint on our actions,

rather than admit the incongruous mixture—and freed entirely from the fetters of morals, what is there which our vices will not prompt us to commit? Egerton, like thousands of others, went on from step to step in the abandonment of virtue, until he found himself in the world, free to follow every inclination, so long as he violated none of the decencies of life—and this violation consisted only in detection—what was hidden did no harm.

When in Spain, on service in his first campaign, being accidentally, as has been mentioned, thrown in the way of the Donna Julia, he brought her off the ground, under the influence of natural sympathy and national feeling—a kind of merit that makes vice only more dangerous, by making it sometimes amiable. Her beauty, her defenceless situation, and his own passions, quickly decided him to tempt her ruin.

His figure, manners, and propensities had made him an adept in seduction, and

nothing was farther from his thoughts than the commission of any crime, but such as a gentleman might be guilty of (in his opinion) with impunity.

It is, however, the misfortune of sin, that from being our slave it becomes a tyrant, and Egerton attempted, what in other countries, and where the laws ruled, might have cost him his life.

The conjecture of Pendennyss was true — Egerton had seen the face of the officer who interposed between him and his villainous attempt, but was himself hid from view—he aimed not at his life, but sought his own escape; and happily his first shot succeeded, for the earl would have been sacrificed, to preserve the character of a man of honour: though no one was more regardless of the estimation he was held in by the virtuous, than Colonel Egerton.

In pursuance of his plans on Mrs. Fitzgerald, the colonel had sedulously avoided communicating to any one the secret of his having a female under his protection.

When about to leave the peninsula to return home, he remained until a movement of the troops to a distant part of the country enabled him to make his attempt, without incurring their ridicule; and finding himself obliged to abandon his vehicle, for a refuge in the woods, the fear of detection made him alter his course, and under the pretence of wishing to be in a battle about to be fought, he secretly rejoined the army, and the gallantry of Colonel Egerton was mentioned in the next dispatches.

Sir Herbert Nicholson commanded the advanced guard, at which the earl arrived with the Donna Julia, and like every other brave man (unless guilty himself) was indignant at the villainy of the fugitive. The confusion of the times, and the enormities daily committed in the theatre of the war, prevented any close inquiries into the subject, and circumstances had so enveloped Egerton in mystery, that nothing but an interview with the lady herself was likely to expose him.

With Sir Herbert Nicholson he had been in habits of intimacy, and on that gentleman's alluding, in a conversation in the barracks at F—— to the lady, brought into his quarters before Lisbon, he accidentally omitted mentioning the name of her rescuer. Egerton had never before heard the transaction spoken of, and as he had of course never mentioned the subject himself, was ignorant of the person who had frustrated his views, as well as of the fate of Donna Julia; which, indeed, he thought it probable had not much improved by a change of guardians.

In coming into Northamptonshire he had several views. He wanted a temporary retreat from his creditors. Jarvis had an infantine fondness for play, with inadequate skill; and the fortunes of the young ladies, in his necessities, was becoming of importance.

But the daughters of Sir Edward Moseley were more suited to his taste, and their portions were as ample as the others: he

had become in some degree attached to Jane, and as her imprudent parents, satisfied with his possessing the exterior and requisite recommendations of a gentleman, admitted his visits freely, he determined to make her his wife.

When he met Denbigh the first time, he saw chance had thrown him in the way of a man who might hold his character in his power; he had never seen Pendenyss, and it will be remembered, was ignorant of the name of Julia's friend. He now learnt for the first time, that it was Denbigh.

Uneasy at he knew not what, fearful of exposure, though he knew not how, when Sir Herbert alluded to the occurrence—with a view to rebut the charge, if Denbigh should choose to make one; he pretended to know the occurrence, and under the promise of secrecy, mentioned that the name of the officer was Denbigh.

He had noticed Denbigh avoiding Sir Herbert at the ball, and judging others

from himself, imputed it to an anxiety to avoid any allusion to the lady he had brought into the other's quarters.

He was in hopes that if Denbigh was not as guilty as himself, he was sufficiently so, to wish to keep the transaction from the eyes of Emily: but the sudden departure of Sir Herbert removed the danger of a collision—and believing at last they were to be brothers-in-law, and mistaking the earl for his cousin, whose name he bore, Egerton became reconciled to the association.

It was in their occasional interchange of civilities that Pendennyss placed his pocket-book upon a table, while he exhibited the plants to the colonel; the figure of Emily passing the window, drew him from the room, and Egerton having ended his examination, observing the book, put it in his own pocket, intending to return it to its owner when they next met.

The situation, name, and history of Mrs. Fitzgerald were never mentioned by the

Moseleys in public ; but Jane, in the confidence of her affections, had told her lover who the inmate of the cottage was ; the idea of her being placed there by Denbigh, immediately occurred to him, and although he was surprised at the audacity of the thing, he was determined to profit by the occasion.

To pay this visit, he staid away from the excursion on the water, as Pendennyss did to avoid his friend, Lord Henry Stapleton.

An excuse of business which served for his apology, kept the colonel from seeing Denbigh to return the book, until after his visit to the cottage—his rhapsody of love, and offers to desert his intended wife, were nothing but common place talk ; and his presumption in alluding to his situation with Miss Moseley, proceeded from his impressions as to Julia's real character. In this struggle for the bell, the pocket-book of Denbigh accidentally fell from his coat—and the retreat of the colonel

was too precipitate to enable him to recover it.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was too much alarmed to distinguish nicely, and Egerton proceeded to the ball-room with the indifference of a hardened offender. When the arrival of Miss Jarvis, to whom he had committed himself, prompted him to a speedy declaration, and the unlucky conversation of Mr. Holt brought about a probable detection of his gaming propensities, the colonel determined to extricate himself at once from his awkward situation and his debts, by a coup-de-main — he eloped with Miss Jarvis.

What particulars of the foregoing narrative were comprehended in the dying confession of Egerton to the man he had lately discovered to be the Earl of Pendennyss, the reader can easily imagine.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE harvest had been gathered, and the beautiful vales of Pendennyss, were shooting forth a second crop of verdure.

The husbandman was turning his prudent forethought to the expectations of the coming year, while the castle itself exhibited to the gaze of the wondering peasant, a sight of cheerfulness and animation, which had not been seen there since the days of the good duke. Its numerous windows were opened to the light of the sun — its halls teemed with the happy faces of its inmates. Servants, in various liveries, were seen gliding through its magnificent apartments, and multiplied passages. Horses, grooms, and carriages,

with varied costume and different armorial bearings, crowded its spacious stables and offices. Every thing spoke society—splendour—and activity without. Every thing denoted order—propriety—abundance and happiness within.

In a long range of spacious apartments, were grouped in the pursuit of their morning employments, or in arranging their duties and pleasures of the day, the guests and owners of the princely abode.

In one room was John Moseley, carefully examining the properties of some flints, submitted to his examination by his attending servant; while Grace, sitting by his side, playfully snatching the stones from his hand, as she cries half reproachfully—half tenderly—

“ You must not devote yourself to your gun so incessantly, Moseley; it is cruel to kill inoffensive birds for your amusement only.”

“ Ask Emily’s cook, and Mr. Haughton’s appetite,” said John, coolly, extend-

ing his hand towards her for the flint—
“whether no one is gratified but myself:
I tell you, Grace, I seldom fire in vain.”

“That only makes the matter worse—
the slaughter you commit is dreadful,”
rejoined his wife, still refusing to return
her prize.

“Oh!” cried John, with a laugh, “the
ci-devant Captain Jarvis is a sportsman to
your mind. He would shoot a month
without moving a feather—he was a
great friend to,” continued he, throwing
an arch look to his solitary sister, who
sat on a sofa at a distance perusing a
book, “Jane’s feathered songsters.”

“But now, Moseley,” said Grace, yield-
ing the flints, but gently retaining the
hand that took them; “Pendennyss and
Chatterton intend driving their wives, like
good husbands, to see the beautiful water-
fall in the mountains; and what am I to
do this long tedious morning?”

John stole an inquiring glance, to see if
his wife was very anxious to join the

party—cast one look of regret on a beautiful agate he had selected, and inquired:—

“ You don’t wish to ride very much, Mrs. Moseley ?”

“ Indeed—indeed, I do,” said the other, eagerly, “ if”—

“ If what ?”

“ You will drive me ?” continued she, with a cheek slightly tinged with an unusual vermilion.

“ Well then,” answered John, with deliberation, and regarding his wife with great affection, “ I will go—on one condition.”

“ Name it ?” cried Grace, with still increasing colour, from the glow of hope.

“ That you will not expose your health again, in going to the church on a Sunday, if it rains.”

“ The carriage is so close, Moseley,” answered Grace, with a paler cheek than before, and eyes fixed on the carpet, “ it is impossible I can take cold—you see the Earl, and Countess, and aunt Wilson,

never miss public worship, when possibly within their power."

"The Earl goes with his wife; but what becomes of poor me at such times," said John, taking her hand kindly. "I like to hear a good sermon—but not in bad weather. You must consent to oblige me, who only live in your presence."

Grace smiled faintly, as John, pursuing the point, said—"But what do you say to my condition?"

"Well, then, if you wish it," replied Grace, without the look of gaiety, her hopes had first inspired: "I will not go if it rains."

John ordered his phaeton, and his wife went to her room to prepare for the ride, and regret her own irresolution.

In the recess of a window, in which bloomed a profusion of exotics, stood the figure of Lady Marian Denbigh, playing with a half-blown rose of the richest colour; and before her stood leaning against

the angle of the wall, her kinsman, the Duke of Derwent.

“ You heard the plan at the breakfast table,” said his Grace, “ to visit the little falls in the hills. But I suppose you have seen them too often to undergo the fatigue for the pleasure ?”

“ Oh no,” rejoined the lady, with a smile, “ I love that ride dearly, and should wish to accompany the Countess in her first visit to it. I had half a mind to ask George to take me in his phaeton with them.”

“ My curricule would be honoured with the presence of Lady Marian Denbigh,” cried the Duke, with animation, “ if she would accept me for her knight on the occasion.”

Marian bowed her assent, in evident satisfaction at the arrangement, as the Duke proceeded—

“ But if you take me as your knight, I should wear your ladyship’s colours ;” and

he held out his hand towards the budding rose. Lady Marian hesitated a moment—looked out at the prospect—up at the wall—turned, and wondered where her brother was; and still finding the hand of the Duke extended, as his eye rested on her in admiration—she gave him the boon, with a cheek that vied with the richest tints of the flower. They separated to prepare, and on their return from the ride, the Duke seemed uncommonly gay and amusing, and though silent with her tongue, her eyes danced in every direction, but towards her cousin.

“Really, my dear Lady Moseley,” said the dowager, as seated by the side of her companion, her eyes roved over the magnificence within, and widely extended domains without—“Emily is well established, indeed—better even than my Grace.”

“Grace has an affectionate husband,” replied the other, gravely, “and one that I hope will make her happy.”

“Oh! no doubt happy?” said Lady

Chatterton, hastily : “ but they say Emily has a jointure of twelve thousand a year—by-the-bye,” she added, in a low tone, though no one was near enough to hear what she said, “ could not the Earl have settled Lumley Castle on her, instead of the Deanery ? ”

“ Upon my word I never think of such gloomy subjects, as provisions for widowhood,” cried Lady Moseley—but, with a brightening look, “ you have been in Annerdale House—is it not a princely mansion ? ”

“ Princely, indeed,” rejoined the dowager, with a sigh : “ don’t the Earl intend increasing the rents of this estate, as the leases fall in—I am told they are very low now ? ”

“ I believe not,” said the other. “ He has enough, and is willing others should prosper—but there is Clara, with her little boy—is he not a lovely child,” cried the grandmother, with a look of delight, as she rose to take the infant in her arms.

“ Oh! excessively beautiful!” said the dowager, looking the other way, and observing Catherine making a movement towards Lord Henry Stapleton — she called to her, “ Lady Herrieffield, come this way, my dear—I wish you here.”

Kate obeyed with a sullen pout of her pretty lip, and entered into some idle discussion about a cap, though her eyes wandered round the rooms in listless vacancy.

The dowager had the curse of bad impressions in youth to contend against, and laboured infinitely harder now to make her daughter act right, than formerly she had ever done to make her act wrong.

“ Here! uncle Benfield,” cried Emily, with a face glowing with health and animation, as she approached his seat with a glass in her hands. “ Here is the negus you wished; I have made it myself, and you must praise it of course.”

“ Oh! my dear Lady Pendennyss,” said the old gentleman, rising politely from his

seat to receive his beverage; “you are putting yourself to a great deal of trouble for an old bachelor, like me—too much indeed—too much.”

“Old bachelors are sometimes more esteemed than young ones,” cried the Earl, gaily, as he joined them in time to hear this speech to his wife. “Here is my friend, Mr. Peter Johnson; who knows when we may dance at his wedding?”

“My Lord—and my Lady—and my honoured master,” said Peter, gravely in reply, and bowing respectfully where he stood, with a salver to take his master’s glass—“I am past the age to think of a wife; I am seventy-three, come next lammamas—counting by the old style.”

“What do you intend to do with your three hundred a year,” said Emily, with a smile, “unless you bestow it on some good woman, for making the evening of your life comfortable?”

“My Lady—hem—my Lady,” said the steward, blushing; “I had a little

thought, with your kind ladyship's consent, as I have no relations, chick or child, in the world, what to do with it."

"I should be happy to hear your plan," said the Countess, observing the steward anxious to communicate something.

"Why, my Lady, if my Lord and my honoured master's agreeable, I did think of putting another codicil to master's will, in order to dispose of it."

"Your master's will," said the Earl, laughing; "why not your own, my good Peter?"

"My honoured Lord," said the steward, with great humility, "it don't become a poor serving man like me to make a will."

"But how will you prove it," said the Earl, kindly, willing to convince him of his error; "you must be both dead to prove it."

"Our wills," said Peter, gulping his words, "will be proved on the same day." His master looked round at him with great affection, and both the Earl and

Emily were too much struck with his attachment to say any thing.

Peter had, however, the subject too much at heart to abandon it, just as he had broke the ice. He anxiously wished the Countess's consent to the scheme, for he would not affront her even after he was dead.

“My Lady,” said Johnson, eagerly, “my plan is—if my honoured master's agreeable—to make a codicil, and give my mite to a little—Lady Emily Denbigh.”

“Oh! Peter, you and uncle Benfield are both too good,” cried Emily, laughing and blushing, as she hastened to Clara and her mother.

“Thank you—thank you,” cried the delighted Earl, following his wife with his eyes, and shaking the steward cordially by the hand—“and if no better expedient be adopted by us, you have full permission to do as you please with your money”—and the husband joined his guests.

“Peter,” said his master to him, in a

low tone, "you should never speak of such things prematurely—now I remember, when the Earl of Pendennyss, my nephew, was first presented to me, I was struck with the delicacy and propriety of his demeanour—and the Lady Pendennyss, my niece too—you never see anything forward or — Ah! Emmy, dear," said the old man tenderly, interrupting himself, "you are too good—to remember your old uncle," taking one of the fine peaches she handed him from a plate.

"My Lord," said Mr Haughton to the Earl, "Mrs. Ives and myself have had a contest about the comforts of matrimony—she insists she may be quite as happy at Bolton Parsonage, as in this noble castle, and with this rich prospect in view."

"I hope," said Francis, "you are not teaching my wife to be discontented with her humble lot—if so, both her's and your visit will be an unhappy one."

"It would be no easy task, if our good friend intended any such thing, by his

jest,” said Clara, smiling; “I know my true interests, I trust, too well, to wish to change my fortune.”

“You are right,” said Pendennyss; “it is wonderful how little our happiness depends on our temporal condition. When here, or at Lumley Castle, surrounded by my tenantry, there are, I confess, moments of weakness, in which the loss of my wealth or rank, would be greatly missed—but when on service—subjected to great privations, and surrounded by men superior to me in military rank, and who say unto me,—go, and I go—come, and I come—I find my enjoyments intrinsically the same.”

“That,” said Francis, “may be owing to your Lordship’s tempered feelings—which have taught you to look beyond this world for your pleasures and consolation.”

“It has doubtless an effect,” said the earl, “but there is no truth of which I am more fully persuaded, than that our hap-

piness here does not depend upon our lot in life, so we are not suffering for necessities—even changes bring less real misery than they are supposed to do.”

“Doubtless;” cried Mr. Haughton, “under the circumstances, I would not wish to change, even with your Lordship, unless, indeed,” he continued, with a smile, and bow to the Countess, “it were the temptation of your lovely wife.”

“You are quite polite,” said Emily, laughing, “but I have no desire to deprive Mrs. Haughton of a companion with whom she has made out so well these twenty years past.”

“*Thirty*, my lady, if you please.”

“And thirty more, I hope,” continued Emily, as a servant announced the several carriages at the door. The younger part of the company now hastened to their different engagements, Chatterton handing Harriet; John, Grace; and Pendennyss, Emily, into their respective carriages; the Duke and Lady Marian following, but at

some little distance from the rest of the party.

As the Earl drove from the door, the Countess looked up to a window; at which were standing her aunt and Doctor Ives; and kissed her hand to them, with a face, in which glowed the mingled expressions of innocence, love, and joy.

Before leaving the Park, the party passed Sir Edward, with his wife leaning on one arm, and Jane on the other—pursuing their daily walk—The Baronet followed the carriages with his eyes, and exchanged looks of the fondest love with his children, as they drove slowly and respectfully by him, and if the glance which followed on Jane, did not speak equal pleasure — it surely denoted its due proportion of paternal love.

“ You have much reason to congratulate yourself, on the happy termination of your labours,” said the Doctor, with a smile, to the widow; “ Emily is placed, so far as human foresight can judge, in the

happiest of all stations that a female can be in—the wife of a pious husband—beloved, and deserving of it.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Wilson, drawing back from following the phaeton with her eyes, “they are as happy as this world will admit, and, what is better, they are at once prepared to meet any reverse of fortune which may occur—and discharge those duties on which they have entered—I do not think,” continued she, musing, “that Pendennyss can ever doubt the affections of such a woman as Emily.”

“I should think not,” said the doctor, with a smile, “but what can excite such a thought in your breast, and one so much to the prejudice of George?”

“The only unpleasant thing, I have ever observed in him,” said Mrs. Wilson, gravely, “is the suspicion which induced him to adopt the disguise with which he entered our family.”

“He did not adopt it, madam—chance, and circumstances drew it around him ac-

cidentally — and when you consider the peculiar state of his mind from the discovery of his mother's misconduct — his own great wealth and rank — it is not surprising that he should yield to a deception, rather harmless than injurious."

"Dr. Ives," said Mrs. Wilson, "is not wont to defend deceit."

"Nor do I now, madam," replied the doctor, with a smile, "I acknowledge the offence of George — myself, wife, and son — I remonstrated at the time upon principle — I said the end would not justify the means — that a departure from ordinary rules of propriety, was at all times dangerous, and seldom practised with impunity."

"And you failed to convince your hearers," cried Mrs. Wilson, gaily; "a novelty in your case, my good rector."

"I thank you for your compliment," said the doctor, "I did convince them as to the truth of the principle, but the Earl contended that his case might make an innocent exception — he had the vanity to

think, I believe, that by concealing his real name, he injured himself more than any one else, and got rid of the charge in some such way—he is, however, thoroughly convinced of the truth of the position by practice—his sufferings, growing out of the mistake of his real character, and which could not have happened had he appeared in proper person—were greater than he is free to acknowledge.”

“If they study the fate of the Donna Julia, and his own weakness,” said the widow, “they will have a salutary moral always at hand, to teach them the importance of two cardinal virtues at least—obedience and truth.”

“Julia has suffered much,” replied the doctor, “and although she has returned to her father, the consequences of her imprudence are likely to continue. When the bonds of mutual confidence and respect are once broken—they may be partially restored; but never with a warmth and reliance, such as previously existed—

To return, however, to yourself—do you not feel a sensation of delight at the prosperous termination of your exertions in behalf of Emily?”

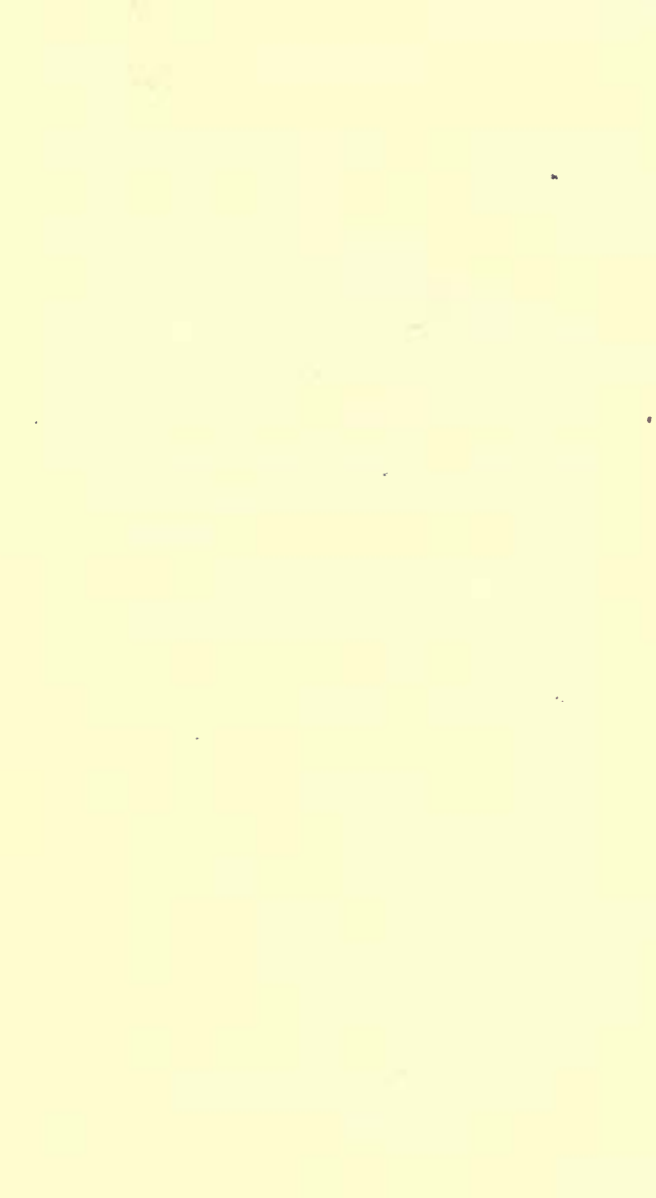
“It is certainly pleasant to think we have discharged our duties—that task is much easier than we are apt to suppose,” said Mrs. Wilson.

“It is but to establish the foundation on such a basis that it shall be able to sustain the superstructure—I have endeavoured to form in her such a taste and principles, that she should not be apt to admire an improper suitor—and I have laboured to discharge the continuous and progressive duties of life, in such a manner and with such a faith, as will, under the providence of God, terminate in happiness far exceeding any thing she now enjoys. In all these, by the blessing of Heaven, I have succeeded—and had occasion offered, I would have assisted her inexperience through the more delicate decisions of her

sex—though in no instance would I have attempted to control them.”

“ You are right, my dear madam,” said the doctor, taking her kindly by the hand, “ and had I daughter, I would follow a similar course. Give her delicacy—religion, and a just taste, aided by the unseen influence of a prudent parent’s care—the chances of woman for happiness would be much greater than they are—and I am entirely of your opinion—“ That prevention is at all times better than cure.”

THE END.





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