

Empire Review 1827
THE MORLANDS.

TALES

537

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
SIMPLE AND SURPRISING.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar.

HOR.

My scenes, though feign'd, from real life I draw.

—— *ex fumo dare lucem*

Cogitat, ut speciosa debinc miracula promat.

HOR.

Forth from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,

And pours his specious miracles to sight.

FRANCIS.

By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

VOL. IV.

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MORLAND.

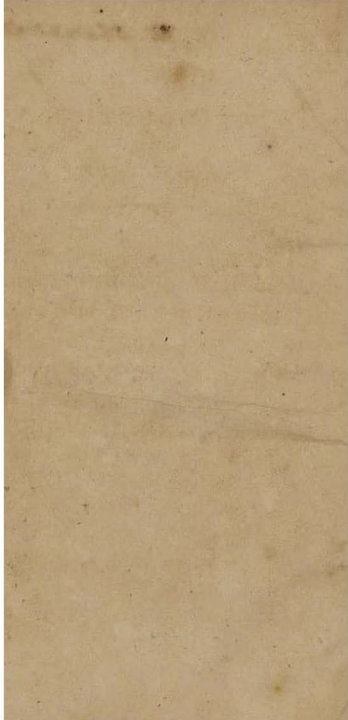
THE SECOND TALE.

——— ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

HOR.

Forth from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to fight.

FRANCIS,



INTRODUCTION
TO THE
SECOND TALE.

THE author having finished the perusal of his novel, received some compliments from his friend.

FRIEND.

I see that the characters you have drawn are such as human nature offers to the pencil, and I am inclined to believe that most of the events are rather facts that occur to your memory than inventions of your imagination. I own that the piety and morals you have put together

A 3 are

are very edifying ; but ninety in a hundred will think your story deficient in seasoning. We want surprise excited, inconsistencies reconciled, and apparent impossibilities explained into obvious results.

AUTHOR.

I thank you for the ten you have given me in a hundred, their opinion is dearer to me than that of the other ninety, whom I have no ambition to amuse with a series of riddles ; for such must be the romance you recommend : so now for *your* MORLAND. I trust he is marvelously marvellous, to serve for a companion by contrast, as some connoisseurs match storms with calms.

FRIEND.

FRIEND (*producing his manuscript*).

Here it is. Your piece will undergo all the severity of criticism, while mine will be considered as an amusing bagatelle, and be spared.

AUTHOR.

Nothing more likely : begin.

FRIEND.

You remember *that your first chapter was the starting point for us both. We suppose our Morlands the same person at the time he leaves Reading for Devonshire, only I have chosen to take the story into my own hand, that is to say, to use the third person instead of the first: in every other respect I copied your begin-

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ning exactly. I find we were both of opinion that he should be sent into a Baronet's family: there, however, all similarity ceases. I need not read the first chapter to you, I shall therefore begin with the second.

MORLAND.

CHAP. II*.

IT is much easier to flatter oneself with resolutions of philosophising, than to put in practice the maxims of philosophy. Neither the mind nor person of Morland was of that strong masculine nature that seems formed to withstand the attacks of adversity. With books in his hands he was very magnanimous, but

* Should the reader's memory want refreshing, it may be easily done by turning to the first chapter in the first volume.

left to himself, he was the veriest child in nature, with much sensibility and more credulity. As to his person, he was of the middle size, easy and light; his features, perhaps a little too regular, and certainly too delicate for those of a man, were set off by a fine skin, and the most beautiful teeth and hair. On his arrival at Holcomb, the vicar received him kindly, but not with the distinction due to a gentleman, and the poor fellow spent a miserable fortnight at a paltry lodging in Exeter, before Mr. Whitaker had it in his power to fix him.

At the end of that time a young man who waited on a lady in the neighbourhood of Holcomb, suddenly
eloped

eloped with an heiress, and afforded the opportunity for Morland's succeeding to his place, which his patron immediately obtained for him, and had the goodness to go himself to the baronet's seat, on the day appointed for Morland's first appearance there, for the purpose of presenting and recommending him.

It will be proper here to give some account of the family into which Morland was to be received. Sir Robert Wallingford, of Cray-hill, was one of the richest baronets in England, about five-and-forty years old, and equally free from vice and virtue. He gave his money so willingly, that it was easy to see he would have been a generous man if

he had not been born a rich one ; but having been surrounded in his youth by flatterers and sharpers, his knowledge of mankind being gained only from them, he was convinced that men did not deserve beneficence on principle, and he might therefore be said rather to part with his money than to bestow it. He had too little resource in himself, and was too dependent upon others to be a misanthropist ; and he mixed in society without enjoying it. With the gentlemen in his neighbourhood he exchanged dinners, but he never pushed the bottle, and he bore the fatigue of hunting, because they did. At races no one seemed more delighted, or more eager ; he laid large bets, but always covered them by hedging.

ing. When in London, he frequented the fashionable coffee-houses in the day-time, but without eating or drinking: at night he was seen wherever there was gaming and routs, seemingly very much interested in every thing, yet always without being really so. In public places he mixed with the people to make himself popular, and ogled all the pretty girls he met at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, in order to be thought a libertine. He appeared at court to be taken for a man of quality, and pushed himself in among the nobility, courting their familiarity, in hopes of being looked upon, in time, as one of them: but he was the only person who forgot the date of his creation.

creation. In the House of Commons he always voted with the ministry, of whomever composed. Such was Sir Robert's public character. In private, he was of easy manners, and, allowing for some fits of passion, good to his family. Governed by the pride of property, he valued every thing that belonged to him at double its worth. A horse bought for thirty guineas was estimated at sixty, after it had been a week in his stable. This pride extended to his estates, his family, his servants: Lady Wallingford alone, of all that belonged to him, received no colouring from it. Of her he always spoke impartially, and he lived with her on terms of cold civility.

Her

Her ladyship, younger by some years than her husband, had become equally self-important. When young she was carried to Paris, where she was tired to death; every thing appeared to her insipid, and detestable: but, on her return, she wearied all her acquaintance in town and country, with the delightful things she had seen in France. In her youth her person had been good; she still supported her pretensions to beauty, piqued herself on wit, and strove to attract attention by every means in her power; in which she succeeded in some degree by the unaccountable whim of making every thing about her in London appear like the country, and by displaying in the country the forms of the

the town. She was of course a mighty housewife in London, was inexhaustible on rural subjects, and perpetually boasting of the delights of a country life. On the contrary at Cray-Hill, her whole conversation was of court, and town anecdotes, the theatres, fashionable people, and favourite novels. She treated the country gentlemen as idiots and brutes, and received their wives and daughters with overstrained politeness mixed with a studied and insulting inattention. In other respects Lady Wallingford was as well to live with as Sir Robert.

Matilda Wallingford, their only child, destined by her ambitious parents

rents to an alliance in the highest ranks of the nobility, united with a great share of beauty a mild and feeling heart, and a happy disposition. Her education had been neglected, as it was not in the nature of the Baronet or of his Lady to give a just and steady attention to it: they were both of them deficient in capacity, and, to a certain degree, in tenderness. Matilda's great merit, in her father's eyes, was that of being his daughter; while Lady Wallingford thought her too handsome to be shown in London, and, at the same time, was certain that country circles afforded no company proper to form her manners: she consequently left her much to herself, and was not at all solicitous to see her acquiring in the world, talents and ideas.

But

But the lovely girl, now in her seventeenth year, whose reason opened of itself, in the kind of solitude in which she was kept, neglected nothing that could advance the education which seemed to be refused her. She had, unnoticed, made a considerable progress in music, by the instructions of an Italian musician, whom her mother, through whim and fashion, had retained in the house; and she had learned French from a Frenchwoman who had long waited on Lady Wallingford.

Such was the family: Cray-hill, the seat where they chiefly resided, was six miles from Holcomb. The vicar was there before Morland, and no wonder, for the former rode and the latter walked. The poor fel-

fellow, appearing as a servant, was accordingly examined from head to foot, and questioned on his abilities; circumstances too unimportant to be detailed. If any thing gave a novelty to so common an occurrence, it was Morland's extreme embarrassment and confusion. The present moment and his future prospects were equally humiliating. Unable to answer the questions put to him by Sir Robert and Lady Wallingford, he looked up to the vicar as if to beg assistance, and the worthy Mr. Whitaker undertook the task, and made amends for his silence, while he, standing like a criminal, on whom sentence was going to be passed, trembled lest he should be rejected, and yet dreaded to be accepted.

ed. The graces, however abashed, are still the graces. A blush tinged his face and animated his countenance. With downcast eyes, his arms hanging loosely, and his body awry, he had a noble air, and appeared well made in every point of view: nay, he could not be awkward in any attitude, and his very silence bespoke intelligence.

The lady rung for her maid, whose name was Justine, and ordered her to give him the livery to try on. He followed with a melancholy aspect. The clothes were new and becoming, and happened to fit him exactly. Having dressed himself he returned for the approbation of his lady, who was very well pleased,
and

and ordered her maid to go with him, and give him his instructions, a commission which Justine undertook with an appearance of the greatest satisfaction.



CHAP. III.

JUSTINE led, and Morland followed, to the store-room. “*Allons !* Edward,” said she to him, calling him by the name which he was to reply to in future, “my lady likes you ; and it is not every body that pleases her, I assure you : *voilà vos affaires en bon train* ; you may look upon yourself as a lucky fellow. Will you eat a bit of bread and cheese for your luncheon ? we have some excellent beer. I’ll go for a tankard for you, myself.” Saying which she took up a silver mug and tripped away with a smile

a smile and a coupee, leaving the cheese and a loaf before Morland. When she returned, she found him not eating, but weeping. "Tears! Edward!" cried she; "I hope they are tears of joy. Come, eat. Do dry your eyes—you have a nice pair, of your own. I really don't think I have seen such since the day I left Paris. Pray eat."

Morland suffered himself to be persuaded by Justine, who expressed her pleasure. "Now I begin to be satisfied with you," said she, "you are yourself again. Come, take a draught of the beer—I hope we shall be friends. I have already some little right to your friendship, for my lady always consults me before she

determines on any thing. It will be your own fault if you don't get more and more in favour. I'll tell you how to manage. You will want my assistance, Edward. It requires experience and management to make one's way in a house like this, where there are so many people, such a spirit of contradiction, such idiots and brutes. Why, my lady has three other men besides you; but that is so much the better for you, as you will have more time to yourself: indeed you have little enough to do; only to keep my lady's apartments in order; the most of the work belongs to the other men: you are in fact merely a kind of page, more for show than use." Morland turned up his eyes. "*Dieu!* how bright they

they are!" cried she, smiling; "they will perceive a great many women about the house, but those eyes are formed to distinguish; you will not be able to endure the vulgar creatures. As for the men you must bear with them; but don't get drunk with them, I charge you. *Allons!* take another draught, and then we'll go and see what's to be done in my lady's rooms. But what's the matter? You don't speak—Are you not pleased?"—"O yes, mademoiselle, I am indeed," replied Morland with a sigh, and breaking a silence he was more disposed to keep. "You will be still more so," replied she, "at least I hope so: let us mind our hits. To-night, in three words I will let you into the character of the master and mistress of

the family, and into that of every body in the house. Attend to me, and if you go wrong you won't have to complain of Justine's advice."

Morland had fallen into good hands. Mademoiselle Justine was susceptible, and her heart was agitated by a new and lively emotion, but far from opposing, she completely yielded herself to it.

Several days passed without any interesting occurrence. Justine observed Morland's extreme reserve, and the unhappy look which he had not been able to throw off, and suspecting that he had something on his mind, gently reproached him at times for his want of confidence. Morland

land scrupulously performed all the business allotted him, after which he usually retired to his chamber. He did not affect avoiding his new acquaintance, but he never sought her. Justine modestly complained of it. "What do you do in your room?" said she to him; "solitude is fit for people that are as well hid as seen; but look there, Edward, look in that glass, do you see any reason there for hiding yourself?"

"I do not hide myself," replied he, "I like to be employed: I read."—"You read! Oh, if you but knew French," said Justine.—"I do a little," replied Morland. "You do!" exclaimed she, "how charming! I will be your French mistress, and



and make you perfect in the language. I'll teach you a French song directly." Saying which she sung a verse of a popular air, and Morland, pleased with the melody, yielded to his musical inclination and sung the second: the words he pronounced ill, but his voice was mellow and in tune. It turned poor Justine's head. "Oh!" cried she, in raptures, "we will often sing together, I'll teach you as many as you like. Mademoiselle Wallingford might have improved herself with me; we were going on very well, but an Italian fellow, who came here last year, quite turned her head. She is incessantly squalling the vile ditties he taught her. That thing," continued she, pointing to a case in the
cor-

corner of the hall, "contains an old instrument that he brought here; it *was* a forte-piano." — "A piano!" exclaimed Morland, delighted; "is the key with it?" — "O yes," replied Justine, "the key is with it; but it is all to pieces. As long as it could sound, Mademoiselle Wallingford was eternally thrumming accompaniments to her Italian airs. I teach her French, from which the piano diverted her attention, and as I have a sincere affection for her, I silenced the accomplice of her lost time. By the by, Edward, I think you are not disagreeable to Mademoiselle. I took notice that she kept her eyes upon you, not only condescendingly, but kindly." Morland looked down, blushed, and changed the conversation.

tion. "Pray," said he, "are Sir Robert and Lady Wallingford satisfied with me?"—"My Lady," replied Justine, "likes whomever and whatever I like: it is I that regulate her taste, just as I fashion her caps. As to the baronet, if you are but tolerable, it is enough that you have been in his service a week, he would not exchange you for one of the king's pages."

While Justine was talking Morland examined the piano, and handled the instrument and the key as if he knew what he was about. "*Comment!*" said she, "can you play on the forte-piano?"—"A little," replied Morland, "and if I might use this, I would try to put it to rights."

"Take

“ Take it into your room,” said she,
“ I know a number of songs, and I
will teach them to you.”

Having made himself master of the piano, Morland went to Exeter, and got all that was necessary to put it into order, which was soon done, and Mademoiselle Justine was more than once under the necessity of listening to it through the key-hole, for he generally locked his door.

In spite of all this coldness, she was not to be repulsed. The heart she proposed for a conquest was new to the world, and had by a strict education been diverted from all notions of gallantry ; yet it discovered some

little friendship for her, some confidence, and if it seemed rather cold to her it was ice itself to all others. Many a fine castle in the air has been built on flighter foundations; besides, Lady Wallingford was generous, Mademoiselle had made the most of her place, and put by something handsome, so that there was nothing to prevent her looking forward to a marriage, and settling as a milliner in London; and if the thoughts of such a settlement with a handsome husband was delightful to the imagination which they filled, there was no doubt but that a young man reduced to the sad necessity of wearing a livery must be equally flattered with such a prospect.

Justine,

Justine, it was true, was five-and-thirty years old, but her complexion had preserved much of its bloom; her countenance was expressive, her person good, and her manners, naturally easy, appeared still more so by the contrast of those of the English women in her situation of life: the more she considered herself, the more certain was she, that she was a dangerous being; but neither her advances nor her charms had any effect on the heart of Morland. An unfortunate circumstance had thrown him into a servile state, but in that state his soul retained its pride. He aspired above it; a serious engagement with a lady's maid would have fixed him in it for life, and as for any other connexion his education

and his principles opposed it. Perhaps a passion more noble but less suited to his situation had already taken root in his heart. He every day saw the lovely Matilda during the hours appointed for the repasts of the day, and could not but do justice to the affecting, simple graces that animated all she did and said. If his eyes met hers, the effect was like a flash of lightning; and he instantly looked down, with confused sensations, the nature of which his want of experience prevented his detecting. Naturally prudent as he was, had he been aware of it he would have shuddered at his folly, and avoided his danger by flight, but it was his fate not to be sensible of it till too late, till his
poize

poize was lost, and his reason entirely subdued.

Meanwhile the first symptoms of his malady began to act powerfully on his mind. The pleasure of seeing Matilda every day made him forget the humiliation of his situation, and endeared to him those moments that, when his business was over, he could devote to solitude. Shut up alone in his room, she became, without his perceiving it, the object of his reveries, the spring of all his actions. At first he had taken pleasure in lively airs, and preferred harmony to expression; he now began to delight in tender and pathetic strains, and Mademoiselle Justine had the mortification to see him through

the key-hole dying away in extasies, as he played the Italian airs she detested so much.

She now lost all patience, and by insisting, and making a noise, she obliged Morland to open his door. "Why, Edward!" said she, "you are driving yourself mad: I don't wonder you are so thoughtful and melancholy; you will throw yourself into a consumption. Devil take all the Italians! they have driven gaiety out of Europe, and have contributed more to fixing the spleen in England, than newspapers, fogs, coal-fires, punch, and dram-drinking. If I have made you hate French airs, play Scotch jigs: but if you persist in dying over these ridiculous ditties,

ties, I will take off your lock, and break the piano in such a manner, that not all your ingenuity shall be able to repair it."

The sight and reproaches of Justine roused Morland from the train into which he had fallen; for as he sung, Matilda fired his imagination, he thought he saw her, and the vision had produced those tender and pathetic tones so shocking to the ears of Mademoiselle Justine. He felt extremely awkward on coming to himself, made her sit down, and, to appease her anger, played several little light airs which he had learned of her, and with which he now put her into good humour.

CHAP. IV.

WHILE this was passing in the attics of Cray-hill mansion, jealousy was preparing for Morland adventures more brilliant and more dangerous. Kitty, Matilda's maid, was Justine's rival. Smitten with Morland she could not endure the French woman, and endeavoured to turn all she did into ridicule. "Do you know, Miss," said she, to her young lady, "that your Italian music-master's piano-forte has been carried up to the top of the house? Mademoiselle

felle Justine has made a musician of Edward; they are always playing concerts together."

"That can't be, Kitty," replied Matilda; "Justine knows nothing of music, and therefore can't teach it." — "It's very true, Miss," returned Kitty, "that Justine knows nothing, but she pretends she does, and Edward wastes his time in her company." — "Have you heard him?" said Matilda. "Oh, yes," replied she, "he makes noise enough; but I suppose it is nothing but noise." — "I don't know;" said Matilda, "the young man has a decent appearance, and seems to have received an education superior to his situation :

tion: he may know things that Justine may not be able to teach him. At what time does he generally play?" — "Morning and afternoon too," answered Kitty; "indeed he always goes to it as soon as ever his work is done; for I must do him the justice to say, that he never neglects that, and rather does too much than too little: there's no fault to find with him, but his listening to Justine; the forward huffy will make a fool of him: she is continually besetting him, and I think him very much altered already." — "Well, Kitty," said Matilda, "if you hear Edward playing to-morrow, and he is alone, let me know, I should like to hear him. It would be a prize for me
in-

company himself. He happened by chance to be singing a favourite Italian air, which Matilda wished to have learned, but had despaired of accomplishing, ever since Signor Bertolini's departure. She had a great inclination to let Morland know that she was in the passage, and to desire him to open the door; but deeming it unbecoming her sex, age and rank, she went away undiscovered, her heart beating and more inclined to think of the young musician's talents than was suited to her repose. At dinner that day, she often fixed her eyes on him. She had before observed his figure, but had paid no attention to it. His features and the elegance of his person had struck her generally, but the countenance
and

and perfect harmony of the *tout ensemble* had escaped her notice. She now perceived them, and for the first time sighed; but it was a sigh which arose from compassion and a very natural reflection: why were such endowments bestowed upon a man destined to languish all his life in a servile state!

Matilda's feelings were strongly painted in her looks. Morland's eyes met hers, and they made their way to his heart, where he felt an unaccountable agitation. The occupations of the day relieved him a little, but supper producing a scene perfectly similar to that at dinner, Morland, unable to eat, retired to his room, his heart full, and hardly able
to

to draw his breath. He went to bed, turned from side to side, never once forgot himself, and rose next morning much more tired than when he lay down.

Matilda's thoughts were no less occupied with the charming song she had heard. Her taste for music had but encreased the more from the neglect of her parents in giving her opportunities to acquire it: but how was she to contrive to get the piano, and Morland's assistance? To employ Justine to effect it was beneath her, and if she were to apply to Lady Wallingford, she ran a risk of being forbade to think of it. She thought that she should succeed better and more easily through Sir Robert, who

who often urged her to sing. She had, in his opinion, the finest voice in England. Pretending to general taste, he often, to show his ear for music, whistled such parts of favourite tunes as he could catch, and he naturally though accidentally trilled a few bars of the song that had made such an impression on Matilda. "There," said he to her, "there's a song for you! If you but knew that, girl! It is delightful! Mrs. Delaval thinks she sings it: poor thing!"

Matilda did not let slip the opportunity of informing her father, that it was in her power to learn it, if he would allow her, telling him that she had heard that Edward both
played

played and sung it exquisitely. "What! Edward!" cried Sir Robert: "but I should not be surprised at it, for Hedger, my huntsman, has improved so much on the French horn since he has been in my service, that I should not wonder if he was to be engaged at the opera next winter. But has any body heard Edward sing?"—"It was my maid Kitty that told me," replied Matilda.—"Oh!" cried the baronet, "Kitty is a diletante."—"But really, Papa," said Matilda, "he accompanies himself on the piano-forte, and has put that which belonged to Signior Bertolini into perfect order." "Really! then he must be a clever fellow."

The

The baronet became impatient to hear this new disciple of Apollo; Morland was therefore ordered to leave what he was about, and see the piano brought down immediately. It was soon placed in a parlour that looked on the garden, and Morland was desired to play. Though, while at Oxford, he had played before some good judges, the consciousness of his present situation, with the curiosity, eagerness, and noisy spirit of Sir Robert, threw him into the greatest embarrassment. He was naturally timid, and knew too much of music not to be diffident of his execution. He sat down hardly knowing what he did, and perhaps would have been unable either to find a key or raise a single note, had
not



not Matilda, with the voice of an angel, said, "Sing, Edward." Influenced by an order that made its way to his heart, he obeyed.

At first his voice trembled, but by degrees he gained confidence, and charmed his hearers. Matilda was delighted, and her father hurraed so loudly, that his clamorous applause reached the apartment of Lady Wallingford, who sent to enquire the cause, and was informed of Morland's success. The heart of Justine, who, through a window, caught a sight of her idol on the garden terrace, was divided between anxiety and joy. Lady Wallingford coldly observed that Sir Robert made a wonder of every thing. He soon

after joined her himself, and assured her that it was most extraordinary, and that she would be astonished and charmed ; but her ladyship sneered, and begged to postpone the second exhibition till the afternoon.

Not to dwell on slight circumstances, suffice it to say, that in the evening Morland sung, was afterwards permitted to accompany Matilda ; and in a short time Lady Wallingford, the Baronet, and the whole family became accustomed to the sight of the heiress of Cray-hill taking lessons from the Apollo in livery. The master, though not in the habit of teaching, had talent and taste, was assiduous and extremely patient ; the scholar's application was repaid with

wonderful improvement, and every thing appeared to go on vastly well.

Justine was the only person dissatisfied. When she wished to give Miss Wallingford a French lesson, the young lady had not time to take it. Except in Lady Wallingford's apartment, in the passages, and at dinner, Justine now seldom saw Morland, who was permitted to go to the parlour where the piano stood, and where she sometimes went and leaned over his shoulders, though he paid her no attention; but one of the footmen passing the window surprised her in that attitude, and to escape being laughed at, she was forced to relinquish her station.

Being

Being truly and deeply enamoured, her situation became insupportable. She was persuaded that Morland could not be made of marble, and she soon took it into her head, without any grounds, that his heart, insensible to her, had yielded to the charms of Matilda.—She kept an eye upon them both, and soon convinced herself that she was not mistaken.

One day she determined, at any risk, to conceal herself behind a screen that stood in the parlour, at a door which opened into another room. There she stood listening and peeping during the lesson Morland gave to Matilda. All that either of them said, referred to what they

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were

were employed about ; but the sounds of the voices were so tender that the flats and sharps seemed to be making love. Then such complaisance, such interest, such fire in their looks, such gentle drawing of the breath, and occasional little starts, were quite enough to banish all doubt from one so knowing.

Opening the door as if entering from the other room, she went forward pretending to look for something. The colour that already tinged the face of Morland became doubly deep : he was at first agitated, but soon recovered himself, and continued his instruction with as much ease as before, without caring whether Justine staid or not.

When

When the lesson was over, and Matilda gone, Mademoiselle Justine threw herself in Morland's way, who wished to avoid her: but she caught him by the skirt of the coat, and held him fast. "You can't escape me," cried she, "I must speak to you. Are you mad, Edward? What! have you the assurance to look up to my young lady? You are in love with her, ey? and she with you! If Sir Robert and my lady had but the slightest suspicion of it, what would become of you?"

Morland's astonishment will be easily imagined: he was guilty without knowing it, and too much confused by the accusation to reply

immediately. “*I*,” cried he, as soon as he could find words, “*I* so lost to every sense of rectitude! *I* in love with the daughter of one I serve! *She* cast a thought of love upon a servant! It is you who are mad: how dare you give birth to such a thought!”

“You don’t mean it, perhaps,” said Justine; “you don’t know what you are about; you don’t know the state of your own mind. Quit your scholar, or my friendship for you, and my duty to Sir Robert and my lady, will force me to do what we may have to repent. Give over the farce you are playing with me: I shall put all these ideas out of your head.”

head. All this mischief, my good friend, is owing to you."

"Mischief!" said Morland; "you are laughing at me: I have done no mischief, and know of none. I am happy to give Miss Wallingford lessons in music, and she is very good in taking them. It is with the approbation of Sir Robert and my lady——" "But not with mine;" said Justine. "Once more, I don't choose that Miss Wallingford's head should run upon a lackey, nor that that lackey should be shot through the head or run through the body." Here Justine, seeing Kitty at a distance looking at her, lowered her voice, and said in a whisper: "We are observed: I am

C 4

obliged



obliged to leave you; but in the evening don't lock yourself up; I have a great deal to say to you."

On this they parted; he hastening to his room, and she anywhere to avoid the eyes of Kitty.

CHAP. V.

IT would be difficult to describe the emotions of Morland as he ascended the stairs, entered his room, and turned the key upon himself. He would fain have shut his eyes to the truth which Justine had presented to his view, but it had penetrated to his heart. He examined himself. The whole of his life previous to his seeing Matilda appeared to him little more than a state of non-existence, from which he had suddenly burst: and when he quitted her, he felt as

if he were again returning to the same state. Always sensible of the greatest respect for her, he had indulged himself in the pleasure of looking at her, listening to her, and passing whole hours in thinking of her. "Heavens!" thought he, "is it possible that Justine can be right? am I so wretched, so guilty as to be in love! I am ruined and undone. Reduced by a sad fate to the lowest condition, my heart overcharged with a passion injurious to those by whom I live, condemned to the most dreadful self-denial or to guilt, death is my only resource, and death will I seek. Miss Wallingford love me! impossible. Born to affluence, and entitled to a match among families of
rank

rank and fortune, she may have been led by the goodness of her heart to look with kindness on an unfortunate fellow appearing to her not unworthy of it—but as to love!—love!—me! I were mad to think it.”

Such were the reflections of poor Morland, when Justine, stealing softly through the twilight, tapped gently at his door, and interrupted them. He suffered her, however, to tap in vain, he said he was not well and had gone to bed: an information that precluded her seeing him then, and she went away convulsed with rage.

He passed the night in great agitation, and next day went to his work with an altered aspect, looking like one that had just risen from a fit of sickness. At the usual hour for giving Matilda her lesson he went to his own room. Lady Wallingford, who had accidentally risen that morning earlier than usual, went down to the parlour, where finding her daughter alone at the piano, she asked where her teacher was. "He has something to do, I suppose," said Matilda, "that keeps him, for he is very punctual." Kitty happening to be in the way, was ordered by Lady Wallingford to go and send him; a commission the little damsel undertook with much pleasure, as she had per-

perceived that this musical tuition was not relished by Justine.

While Kitty was gone, Lady Wallingford, who had no real taste for music, left her daughter, and soon after returned to her own apartment. Morland, obeying her ladyship's orders, entered the parlour trembling, and found Matilda alone. He attempted to direct her in a cramp passage of her accompaniment, but his hands shook over the keys, and could not give effect to the notes. "What's the matter, Edward?" said the lovely girl in a tone that might have moved the heart of a stoic;—"has any thing happened to you? Are you ill?"—"No, Madam:" was all he could

answer; nor could he recover himself. "Perhaps," continued Matilda, "something has been done to vex you: I should be sorry for it, for I don't think you deserve it."—"Indeed, madam," replied Morland, "you are mistaken, for I am treated with more kindness than I merit; but I had a very bad night."—"Perhaps you don't lie comfortably," said she, "I'll speak to Mamma about it." "I assure you, Madam," cried Morland, "that I am very well off in every respect."—"That's your modesty, Edward," replied she: "I see your merit, and so do papa and mamma."

Poor Morland was extremely perplexed, and to relieve himself from
his

his embarrassment, proposed she should sing. "With all my heart," said she, "let us begin with the duet you brought me yesterday; I think I have made myself mistress of it; it is charming."

Morland began the accompaniment with an unsteady finger, and Matilda sang the air.

No longer doubt: these tell-tale eyes
Too plainly shew you how I love——

Her part set out with these lines, the sense of which was kept up through the song. Morland's part expressed extreme agitation. Both were executed with so much truth and nature, that the *duo* had like to have ended very tragically. Matilda
giving

giving the words uncommon expression by the united aid of her look and voice, Morland suddenly remembered what Justine had said, and thought he perceived the truth of her remark in the beautiful eyes that were rivetted on him. Involuntary joy, remorse, anxiety, sorrow, seized his heart : unable to bear the clashing and excess of so many contending passions, his head grew giddy, and his heart failed him ; trying to push his chair back in order to rise and fly, he fell senseless at the feet of Matilda. The amiable girl, alarmed and greatly affected, called for help, and Morland being carried into the air, soon came to himself, but continued so ill that he was assisted to his chamber.

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An account of the accident presently reached the ears of Justine, who was dressing Lady Wallingford's head. Her sensations may be easily imagined. Her haste to begone cost her lady more than one hair, and as soon as she had done she flew to Morland's bedside; for he had not now locked his door. "What has been the matter with you, Edward?" cried she, out of breath. — "Nothing, Mademoiselle!" replied he, angrily and vexed, "you made me extremely unhappy, yesterday; I have neither eat nor slept since, and being very weak, I fainted." — "Nothing more than that?" said she; "Do you hide nothing from me? Yes, you do; and you are wrong. On whom can you rely more securely

ly

ly than on me? You well know what passes in my heart. Yes, ungrateful youth! you know that I adore you, that I can conceive no happiness equal to that of passing my life with you."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Morland, confounded at this abrupt and indelicate confession, which he was sure no Englishwoman would ever have condescended to make; "For Heaven's sake! have more respect for yourself, and desist from tormenting me. I thank you for your regard, and I shall always wish you well. I should deceive you were I to say more. I should be sorry to think your happiness depended on your passing your life with me.—We are
by

by no means made for each other."

"*Petit Monstre!*" cried Justine, in the bitterness of her heart; "I know the reason of your despising me. You may pretend to hide it if you will: but you think a French-woman unworthy an Englishman's heart. You don't even think it worth your while to keep up the slightest appearance with me: you not only dislike my person but you tell me so; your vanity won't suffer you to let me doubt it. *Eh bien!* I tell you again, unprincipled man, you are abusing the roof that shelters you—you have the impudence to love Miss Wallingford, and have been villain enough to make her love



love you.”—“ Confound your insolence !” cried Morland, in a tremendous voice, “ that dares to utter a blasphemy against the virtues of one I so highly respect, and who should also be respected by you. Leave my room this instant, and never more mention the horrors that have entered your imagination, or I’ll make you repent it.”

No man on earth was of a milder disposition than Morland. He had never before felt such an excess of rage, but the soul that is shaken by one powerful passion is always open to the attack of others, and is liable to be hurried into excesses. Edward appeared no longer charming, but terrible ; Justine, terrified, flew out of the

the

the chamber, pulling the door after her, and retreated with a heart racked by spite and jealousy.

Morland's passion gave him new strength and he got up; for on reflection, he feared that his absenting himself might occasion conjectures injurious to Matilda, and warrant Justine's audacious suspicions. He was no longer a stranger to the passion which the lovely heiress of Cray-hill had inspired him with. Perhaps she returned it. He was painfully sensible how dangerous the situation was to both of them. He resolved to leave Devonshire and never more return to it: but it was necessary to execute his resolution in such a manner as to give no grounds for suspicion.

picion. He determined, therefore, to write a letter as from a friend in London, feigning some pretence by which it should appear he had no alternative but that of leaving Cray-hill. This letter, addressed to himself, he meant to carry to Exeter, and leave at the post-office, whence it would be brought by Sir Robert's messenger on the next post-day. The design was worthy the rectitude of his heart, but he was destined by Fortune to give occasion to two incidents at Cray-hill, which involved him in adventures much more extraordinary.

Having left his room, he went down to dinner, eat moderately, and went about his work with an activity and apparent cheerfulness that re-
move

oved all apprehensions in those who felt interested about him as to his health. He was through the day uncommonly assiduous. There was at this time a great deal of company in the house. Sir Robert had been out shooting, and returned late with his friends. Morland, though it was not his place, went out with some others to receive them, and taking the baronet's horse, was leading it to the stable, when a gun went off in the hands of a servant at a little distance from him: being pointed towards Morland, some of the shot struck him. In a moment his cheek, neck, shirt, and the cape and sleeve of his coat, were covered with blood. The report of the gun was heard by every body in the house. All ran to the
side

side whence it came, the ladies appearing at the windows. Matilda gave a sudden scream, crying, "Heavens! Edward is killed," and sinking into a chair, fainted. Some were running one way to assist in bringing her to herself, some another to help Morland, who, notwithstanding appearances, escaped with very little hurt. Several of the shot passed close to his face, and one of them tore the end of his ear; the wound, though slight, discharged abundance of blood which his hand helped to spread. It was soon stopped by a basin of cold water and a bandage. Matilda, coming to herself, as soon recovered her tranquillity on hearing the extent of the mischief, and the company resumed their gaiety.

How-

However important in their own eyes, or in those of one another, there were but two of the guests at Cray-hill of any importance to Morland's history. These were Mrs. Johnson, Sir Robert's sister, the widow of a gentleman of the county of Suffex, and Lord Chatterton the Duke of Surry's eldest son, both of whom arrived that very morning; on what account will be seen hereafter. Mrs. Johnson was a woman of a confined understanding, but of an excellent disposition, and exemplary conduct. She had no children of her own, and considered Matilda as her heir.

Lord Chatterton, who was six and twenty, had travelled and seen the

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world. His person, to a discerning eye, discovered the fatigues he had undergone, and the amusements he had indulged in ; but it had something noble and dignified. He had an easy and modest air, but nothing of bashfulness : he possessed the art of eluding questions, and terminating disputes with a jest. He had some general idea of every thing, but knew nothing thoroughly : his phraseology was the cant of fashionable people, consisting in saying things agreeably without submitting to the usage of acknowledged terms : his politeness was never remitted, but it was sometimes lofty, and sometimes cold. Such was his Lordship, and being a man of distinguished rank, he was overwhelmed with
civili-

civilities by the master of the house, who in every thing consulted his pleasure. The morning sport had been concerted for his amusement, and in the evening he was to have been treated with music. Sir Robert, unwilling that the merit of his gallant design should be entirely lost, could not refrain from speaking of it to his Lordship. "The going off of that gun, my lord," said he, "has prevented an agreeable surprise I intended for you. The lad who is wounded and so besmeared with blood, plays divinely on the piano. I meant to have treated you with some charming airs sung by Matilda, accompanied by him; but we must defer it till to-morrow, he is not in a condition to appear."

Lord



Lord Chatterton replied to Sir Robert only by an inclination of the head, but turning to Lady Wallingford, as the baronet spoke to a lady near him, said to her :—" Does your ladyship understand what Sir Robert says? Treat me with music, in which his daughter is to be accompanied by a footman ! I wonder that you, who know so much of the world, do not inform him that such things are not done. At home, quite alone, one may sometimes make use of the talents of these sort of people, but—" Her ladyship replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, " what can I say to you, my lord ? You know Sir Robert." And here the conversation changed.

Jus-

Justine was extremely alarmed at the accident that had befallen Morland, and had flown to his assistance; but he preferred the attentions of Kitty, and repulsed the French damsel with some disdain. The former having lightly tied up his head, he went to his room, leaving Mademoiselle enraged at his conduct.

He did not make his appearance all the next day. His mind was fully employed with his design of leaving Cray-hill; of the necessity for which he was the more convinced after hearing from Kitty of Matilda's fainting. Justine, finding he did not come down, went up stairs, and loaded him with reproaches, part of which she dis-

charged at him in his chamber, and the rest through the key-hole, for he had put her out without any ceremony. In the latter position she continued to thunder, prevented by passion and the sound of her own voice from hearing the footstep of Kitty, who was going, by Matilda's desire, to ask how Morland was; and who, waiting to be noticed by her rival, made her a sarcastical curtsy. Uncontrollable fury now raged in Justine's bosom, and she determined to be revenged.

The following day, Morland having put a bit of sticking plaster on his ear, returned to his attendance in Lady Wallingford's apartments.

Kitty

Kitty immediately carried the tidings to Matilda, who had just been hearing news much less agreeable to her. She desired Kitty to go and tell him that she was going to the piano, and that she wished, if he were not employed, that he would come to her. Morland received the orders, and could not disobey. He found Matilda in tears, and approached her with consternation, without the power of opening his lips. "Edward," said she to him, endeavouring to recover herself, "I shall take no more lessons from you; I am going to leave Cray-hill. Lord Chatterton has asked my hand of Sir Robert, who has desired me to accept his Lordship. The whole matter is to be arranged in a short time. Fare

you well, Edward—I shall the more easily endure the change I am going to make, if it should enable me to be of service to you—I wish it very much—I will, if it is ever in my power.—Don't forget me—”

Matilda felt her tears flowing again, and she saw that Morland also wept bitterly. “Don't weep so,” said she, “you make me unhappy—Good by.” Morland, distracted, fell upon his knee, and kissed the hand she held out to him. At that instant Sir Robert, furious, with a drawn sword in his hand, rushed into the parlour, and made towards the youth. Passion sees nothing in its way; so, fortunately, the Baronet ran violently against a chair

a chair, and tumbled over it. Morland, in spite of the agitation into which the interview with Matilda had thrown him, impelled by instinct to avoid the sword of the furious Baronet, leaped into the garden, through a window that stood open.

Sir Robert bellowed, foamed, ran into the hall, calling his servants and those of his guests. "Get guns—run—seize him—stop him—villain!—I'll have him hanged."

All the servants assembled round him—Matilda was found lying on the ground in a swoon. The Baronet was asked of whom he complained, who was to be seized? "Edward,"

ward," cried he, "that villain Edward. He is in the garden—come along—come along." Saying which Sir Robert ran out himself, followed by the people whom he had collected, to go in pursuit of Morland. Meanwhile Matilda was carried to her chamber by Justine and Kitty.

CHAP. VI.

AT the time that the woeful incident recorded in the last chapter took place, Lord Chatterton was engaged in conversation with Lady Wallingford in her ladyship's apartment. Astonished at the uproar which was heard all over the house, they went to inquire the cause of it. Her ladyship's people, without hesitation, told her all: and my lord's valet-de-chambre kept nothing from him. The effect of such a catastrophe on a man like Lord Chatterton, who, though disposed to marry for fortune,

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tune,

tune, had a high idea of the honour he was conferring, may be easily imagined. He ordered his carriage, and before Sir Robert returned from his pursuit, took an abrupt leave of Lady Wallingford, requesting her to assure his friend the Baronet, that an indispensable duty obliged him to leave Cray-hill.

Her ladyship was not merely informed of the simple event as it occurred, but heard it embellished with circumstances which Sir Robert's fury, Morland's flight, and Matilda's ambiguous situation, generated in the brain of each relater. A disposition like Lady Wallingford's, trivial and selfish, was not easily moved ; but the present event was of such a nature—

re-

reputation irrecoverably gone, her only daughter, herself exposed to the censures of the world, already sufficiently inclined to carp at her, and above all, the loss of the honour she had so set her mind upon, of being the mother of a Duchess. Enraged and disappointed, she hastened to Matilda's room to question her on all the particulars, and to overwhelm her with reproach; but the unfortunate girl was not in a state either to satisfy her curiosity, or to hear her invectives. Extremely affected, extremely terrified, she had recovered from one fainting fit only to sink into another; and her mother found her in the arms of her aunt, the worthy Mrs. Johnson, who was endeavouring to bring her to herself.

Mean-

Meanwhile the baronet hunted his prey in the garden, the pleasure-grounds, and park, and failing to find him ordered horses to beat over the country.

He had, with imprudent security, shut his eyes to the long tête-à-têtes of his daughter with a handsome and engaging youth: however, as the alliance with Lord Chatterton had been determined upon, Matilda, conscious that the ardour which had imperceptibly crept into her heart was inconsistent with the just dictates of pride and reason, would have endeavoured to forget Morland; but fate and jealous fury suddenly gave a different direction to every thing. When Kitty, in
obe-

obedience to Matilda, went to call Morland, Mademoiselle Justine went for the baronet, and telling him all she knew, and all she supposed, led him to the spot where his daughter and the unhappy youth, obeying the dictates of reason and honour, had met for the last time. Sir Robert, who had snatched up a sword in a room, in his way to the parlour, entered at the moment that Morland was kissing the hand of Matilda as she bade him farewell. Conceiving more than he saw, more than he had heard, the baronet became mad with rage, and lost himself in furious absurdities.

Justine had her revenge, but the woeful satisfaction was dearly purchased,

chased, being followed by remorse and fear. Her heart was not a bad one; and it told her that she had dishonoured her young mistress: she loved Morland, and dreaded his being overtaken.

While these passions agitated the inhabitants of Cray-hill, Morland was running as fast as his feet could carry him, without knowing whither. From the garden he had made his way into the park, and several times leaped a brook of considerable breadth, whose unseasonable meandering greatly impeded his flight. Coming to the wooden paling that enclosed the park he climbed over it, and found himself in a country, covered with under-wood, which entangled his feet, and obliged

obliged him to slacken his pace ; but at the same time, by concealing him, rendered his retreat more secure. He went forward three miles in this manner, without following any beaten track, till having been long out of sight of Cray-hill, he took a small path, which led him farther and farther from Sir Robert's pursuit.

He walked easily, being light ; but his strength not being equal to the fatigue he had undergone, he was often obliged to stop and take breath. He left Cray-hill at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at six in the evening had scarcely proceeded twelve miles. Seeing a small, retired farmhouse, he went up to the door, dying with fatigue and thirst. It was
occu-

occupied by an old widow woman, who had several children grown up, with whose assistance she managed the farm. Her name was Shipley. She received Morland hospitably, and offered him all the refreshments the house afforded. He eat but little, and begged to lie down. Dame Shipley showed him to a bed, and observing how flushed he was, felt his hand, and found that he was in a high fever. She was too good to turn a fellow-creature out in that condition, and therefore advised him to undress himself, and go into the bed. He thanked her and took her advice. He had but a single guinea in his pocket: the rest of his money being in his trunk, with his clothes and other things, at Cray-hill. The
good

good dame, under whose roof he was, got him some barley-water, and took all the care she could of him: but, poor fellow! he stood also in need of other assistance than what his fever required. His mind was suffering still more than his body. Wretched on Matilda's account; apprehensive for himself, knowing he was pursued; shame and irretrievable ruin haunted his imagination. He had behaved ill to those whom he was bound to respect: the curate of Reading, the vicar of Holcomb, all nature would rise against him. How could he escape? The only coat he had, was the livery of a man bent on his destruction. All his resources, all that he had in the world, remained in a place



place whence it appeared to him impossible ever to get them. The thought of Matilda, whom he adored, whom he had been the means of rendering wretched, and from whom he was for ever parted, added to the horrors of his imagination.

The fever continued on him three days without intermission, during which dame Shipley and her family attended him with every tenderness and care. On the fourth, his pulse sunk, he fell into a sound sleep, and, after a profuse sweat, the fever left him entirely.

Though weak, he determined to get up. Being dressed, he went into
the

the room that served the family for kitchen, for parlour, and hall. Sitting with his elbows on a table, his head supported by his hands, he fell into a melancholy reverie, from which he was roused by bursts of laughter, and the voices of people talking near the door.

It seems one of those women called gipsies had taken hold of the hand of Polly, one of dame Shipley's daughters, about eighteen years old, and was predicting for her a speedy marriage, a good income, a numerous and beautiful family, long life, health, joy, and every kind of happiness. The girl could not contain herself, enchanted with so delightful a prospect, and to complete it, the propheteſs

phetefs went on heightening her predictions with circumftances more and more agreeable. Polly now came in to tell her mother her good fortune, the gipfy following, in hopes, no doubt, of being rewarded with fome bread and cheefe and a draught of beer, for her ſkill, and agreeable foresight. She was a woman much above the common ftature, her ſkin was tanned, her eye quick and beautiful; ſhe had prominent features, and a prepoſſeſſing countenance. Morland was ſtruck with it, and he woke from his reverie to contemplate her. She, on her part, gazed for ſome time at him without ſaying a word, with a look full of concern. At length ſhe went up to him, and ſaid: "Oho!

young man ! what are you doing here ?”

At this question, Morland, anxious to be concealed, thought that he was known ; and reddening, asked the woman, with an uneasy look, if she knew him.

“ Perhaps I do,” replied she ; “ my business is to know people, and sometimes better than they know themselves. But don’t be afraid, I never betray any body, particularly amiable young folks ; on the contrary I am always ready to serve them.”

Morland now drew her aside, and asked her if she really knew him.

“ Or

“Or I am no witch,” replied the gipsy. “If you are only a witch,” said Morland, “I have no occasion to be uneasy at any knowledge you have.”

“Oh, you cruel creature!” said the gipsy; “and so you hold my art in great contempt! you learned that at Oxford.”

“Oxford!” exclaimed Morland: “what about Oxford? you have been told, I suppose, by the vicar of Holcomb—”

“I have been told nothing;” said the cunning woman. “Be less hard of belief, more complying, and we shall both of us soon know more than
the

the vicar of Holcomb, the curate of Reading, and all the clergy of England together could tell us." She then asked him to go out of the house, and Morland, influenced by curiosity, consenting, she took him to a beautiful spreading beech growing at a little distance from the door, and making him sit down with her under it, desired him to give her his hand. "My hand! and what will you read there?" said he, testily, still suspecting that the woman had, by some means obtained the knowledge of a few circumstances respecting him, by practising on the vicar of Holcomb, and that she knew Sir Robert Wallingford's livery; it being the business of these wandering people to pick up knowledge of every

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body in their passage from place to place.

“What will I read?” replied the gipsy; “this hand, those eyes, and that forehead, are an excellent book.”

Morland, shrugging his shoulders, said; “you may, in some way unknown to me, have learned a few particulars, with which you make a parade; but as to your art, good woman, it cannot impose on me.”

“Oho!” cried the gipsy, “I find I have to do with a philosopher of eighteen in a livery! This would surprise me if I were less used to prodigies. Look me full in the
face,

face, and attend to what I say. I foretel that you will presently have more confidence in me than I desire, and will ask me more than my art, however far it goes, will allow me to communicate. Come, tell me your name, your age——”

“Not a word will you get from me, Mrs. Prophetess,” said Morland, interrupting her: “divination is your business; pray begin with these little circumstances you desire to know: it will be but a slight proof of your art.”

“How obstinate!” cried the modern Pythia: “To others this would be very disgusting; but we have books, and by diligent search can
E 2 find

find secrets of a much higher nature." Saying this, she took out of her pocket a little book, about the size and shape of an almanack, turned over the leaves, and mumbled something to herself, then assuming a decided tone, read aloud; *Edward Morland, born in London, nineteen years ago, last Easter-day.* Here she stopped, shut the book, and taking Morland by the hand, said; "Well, my young friend, you see that we have means of obtaining the information that is refused us."

This proof of an art, which he had so thoroughly despised had an effect of such importance on Morland's mind, and was followed by such extraordinary consequences, that they

they deserve a new chapter, and the reader is requested to pause, and, before he proceeds, to dismiss from his mind all incredulity, and sneering criticism.

CHAP. VII.

MORLAND had carefully concealed his name ever since he came into Devonshire, where it was known to no creature but the vicar of Holcomb, who had winked at his taking another. Not only was his own name mentioned by this wandering interpreter of fortune, he was told circumstances that he had learned while he was a child at Reading, from Mrs. Waller, his benefactress, and which he had almost forgotten. A cold sweat broke out all over him from head to foot. His understanding

ing was staggered, and from an utter contempt of divination and forcery, he yielded his reason to the conviction of his senses, was bewildered, terrified, and converted.

The gipsy kept her eyes upon him, and saw what was passing in his mind. "Come, come, young man," said she, "though I astonish you a little, you have no occasion to be frightened. You can be in no danger from me. The sight of you gave me unusual pleasure, I feel an uncommon interest in all that concerns you; give yourself up to me, and I engage to effect in time for you a happiness beyond your hopes."

“ Give myself up to you !” cried Morland, staring at her with a degree of terror ; till, softening as he gazed, he added : “ Alas ! while I look at you, I feel myself but too much inclined to do as you desire. There is a certain something in your countenance that goes to my heart ; but your profession, so justly decried, I always reprobated ; and now that you have so staggered me I am terrified at it. Should I give myself up to your direction—”

“ My dear boy,” said the gipsy, looking at him affectionately, and speaking with a voice full of sweetness, “ banish from your mind distrust and fear. Could I have the heart to deceive you ! You are young,

young, unhappy, forsaken, if I may so say, by all nature. What view could I have? And if I make use of my art only to discover your wants and your weakness, in order to assist and protect you; if I assure you that my advice shall ever be consistent with the strictest rules of morality, and guide you only to the path of virtue and true happiness, how can you refuse to follow it, and attach yourself to me?"

Morland turned his eyes with astonishment on the gipsy, who kept hers calmly fixed on him. An air of candour, and even of dignity appeared in her countenance, and distinguished her address in spite of the motley and tattered garments that

disfigured her. He remained silent, nor did she interrupt his thoughts for a few minutes, when perceiving by his looks that he wavered, she continued thus : “The moments are precious : either my art deceives me, or your breast is torn by a variety of passions which require to be moderated. You are uneasy as to your character, nay, as to your life, and not for yourself alone—”

“ Oh !” cried Morland, “ whoever you are, mortal, angel, or propitious demon ! who are come to my assistance in this lonely place, tell me, I beseech you, as nothing escapes your knowledge, tell me who I am, whither I am to go, and how I am to get away from a place where ruin
threat-

threatens me: how I am to escape from my own reflections. I hate, detest, abhor myself." "Restrain these violent fits," replied the gipsy; "they proceed from a despair neither rational nor well-founded: and pray put some limit to your desire of information. I told you how it would be: a little while ago you did not want to learn any thing from me; now, you want to know every thing, and even such things as it would be dangerous to tell you before the proper time. One truth I will tell you; you are not what you appear to be; more I am not permitted to say. Unhappy youth! degraded by the fault of your parents, merit by resignation, gentleness, and patience, restoration to a
E 6 better

better lot. Till then seek to know no more, but leave to me the direction of your conduct: I exact implicit obedience. Sir Robert Wallingford, tired of his fruitless pursuit has given it up, his servants are all gone back to the house, and you shall be enabled, by means of a disguise, to pass through the country undiscovered. Under whatever form I may appear to you, do not be surprised; not any of them will be natural to me, but all will tend to your ease, safety and happiness, which are become the dearest objects of my heart."

Nothing could equal the surprise and agitation of poor Morland's mind. The prodigious intelligence
of

of the gipsy, which he no longer doubted, her commanding figure and language, and the flattery of her promises, might have staggered him without deserving his confidence, had not her affectionate look and manner, combined with his own deserted state to affect his heart. While all the world forsook him she consoled him, and talked to him of hope. A degree of respect mingled with fear, he suffered himself to be guided by her, and shed a flood of tears upon her hand.

“I have conquered, Morland!” said she, “and for the future you are mine. Cheer up, my son: by that tender name let me henceforth call you.”—“Alas!” replied he,
“ne-

“never before have I received it.”
—“I know it well,” replied the gipsy, “you have been deprived of much comfort, and I wish to make you amends; but you must open your heart to me with all the confidence due to one who has a right to so tender a connexion. Have you forgotten Matilda?”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Morland, “you stab me to the heart. Forget Matilda! never. The remembrance of her goodness, so ill requited, and of the kindness of her parents, whose esteem and affection I have probably been the means of her losing, will make me wretched as long as I live. My heart I assure you was innocent; at least I
thought

thought so. I refused, indeed, to be undeceived when an attempt was made to open my eyes, and I was, without knowing it, guilty of the greatest ingratitude: but it had nearly cost me my life.”—“ You were very imprudent, my son,” replied the gipsy, but Sir Robert and his lady were much more so.”

“ I am rightly punished,” cried Morland: “ I have injured Matilda—never can I see her again, and to live without that hope is worse than death.”

“ My son,” said the gipsy, “ you must not give way to such melancholy ideas. It is no doubt very unfortunate to have been surprised into
a pas-

a passion so ardent for a lady whose situation in life appears to be so disproportioned to yours, but do not despair: consider the vicissitudes of fortune."

"Oh Heaven!" cried Morland, "for ever shower your blessings on the lovely Matilda! and never suffer her to fall so low as to hear without blushing that I could aspire to her hand!"

"That's a noble sentiment, my son," replied his consoler, "and renders you worthy of a better fate. I do not advise you to cherish a too flattering hope; but conduct yourself prudently, and it may so turn out that Matilda may bestow her
hand

hand upon you, without degrading herself in her own eyes or yours."

"Matilda ever become my wife!" cried he, convulsed with rapture. "You bid me hope it!"

"I bid you," replied the gipsy, "restrain these transports, and not encourage mad expectations. On the other hand, I give you leave to think that prudence with the assistance of Heaven, may bring about happy changes in your favour: but discreet and obedient you must be. Commit yourself entirely to my direction, and begin by making a change in your dress. That which you have on could not fail to betray you.

you. Let us now go back to the house, and I will furnish you with a disguise that shall completely conceal you."

Morland, at the gipfy's desire, showed her to the little room where he had slept, and where she directed him to wait till she returned. In about twenty minutes she went back to him with an arm full of women's clothes, plain, but very neat, which she had prevailed on dame Shipley to sell, and persuading Morland of the necessity for the change, helped him to put them on. When completely metamorphosed, she made him sit down, and thus addressed him :

"At-

“Attend, my son, to what I am going to say. I am using an innocent stratagem, of the utility of which you will one day be sensible. For the present, beware of believing me either by your words or actions. Widow Shipley and her family are firmly persuaded by what I have said to them, that you are the *daughter* of a Kentish gentleman of the name of Forrester. Your name is Arabella. They believe that your father resolved to marry you to a man much older than yourself, and that you eloped to avoid the match; that your family have people looking for you in every part of England; that your father, forgiving your error, is ready to receive you with open



open arms; that after searching for you for three months past, he discovered that you were living at a gentleman's seat in this county; and that he is now within ten miles of this place. I pretend that I am going to inform him where you are; you may expect him the day after to-morrow, and you must be ready to receive him. So for the present, good bye, my dear Miss Arabella Forrester; it shall not be long before you see me again."

As soon as the gipsy was gone, Polly and her mother went to the supposed young lady, and begged her to make herself easy, as every thing went right, and her father, who was coming for her, had got the

the better of his anger. They then pressed her to eat something, saying, that she had eat nothing for three days, which was very wrong. "La! Miss," cried Polly, "we suspected the truth from the first; you have such a delicate look and soft voice, and the livery fitted you so ill: why, la! it was very easy to see your shape in it."

These remarks perplexed poor Morland. He had a soul superior to falsehood, he was apt to blush, and by preserving silence he played his part very naturally. While he was dressed as a man, the women had been on the reserve, but now their civilities were bestowed with more freedom, and their attentions made it

it a little difficult to sustain his character; however, that evening and the next day passed without his betraying himself.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

SOON after day-break on the morning appointed for the departure of the pretended Arabella, two men came to the farm-house: they rode, and brought a led horse properly accoutred with a side-saddle. The good people were up, and Miss Forrester prepared for any adventure.

The horsemen alighted, and one of them, speaking to Polly's brother, asked if Miss Forrester was not in the house. The supposed young lady

lady immediately made her appearance, and the best dressed of the horsemen, whose face was almost covered with the cape of his great coat, flew to embrace her: after which the other horseman brought up the led horse and assisted her to mount, while the father of the young lady gave some money to the good people at the farm, and thanked them warmly for the care they had taken of his daughter. All this was quickly dispatched, and the travellers set out on their journey.

Morland, in his disguise, rode on with his unknown conductors, who, he did not doubt, had been sent for him by the gipsy. Yet as he proceeded, he could not help reflecting

on his extraordinary state, and perplexing himself with questions on the nature of the being who had thus volunteered her assistance, and from whom he was receiving services. His education had set fortune-telling, magic, and all pretended arts of that kind in their proper light in his mind. He had been convinced that all conjurors and magicians were rogues. Besides, even supposing the illusions that astonished him were supernatural; whence the powers by which they were effected? Could he answer it to his conscience to accept assistance, the source of which was unknown and suspicious? On the other hand, would a corrupt and evil spirit talk of morality, and engage to lead him into the path of

honour and virtue? As these contradictory ideas floated in his mind, many notions he had met with in the works of Plato and Apuleius, which he had read at Oxford, mixed along with them: he remembered the demon of Socrates; and even resorted to higher authority, not only for the possibility, but for the certainty of supernatural interferences. Still he argued that they had long ceased to be admitted among human affairs; and that no particular person could be the object of them. From this argument he turned to the contemplation of the system of *universal immaterialism*. All things, according to the most learned and most virtuous *

* To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven.

POPE.

Bishop

Bishop of Cloyne, were but conceptions of the soul; the most impenetrable substance was but an idea; solidity, extension, weight, were ideas; forms and sounds, events and actions, even pleasure and pain, were all the results of the exquisitely subtile operation of spirit. Does not the madman's imagination present realities as strongly to him as the senses of one called rational to his mind? "Good Heavens!" thought Morland, "I may be only moving from one state of reality to another: I am surely losing the regular traces of former existence, and commencing the train of a new series of conceptions. Alas! I am going mad." This idea took strong hold of his

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mind;

mind ; he suspected that his intellect wavered, and he resolved, in submitting to his fate, to conceal his opinion. He was not, however, so fully convinced that he was mad, but that he determined to examine very strictly the advice that might be given to him, and the transactions in which he might be involved, in order to ascertain the principles of them.

In about three hours the travellers arrived at Honiton, and stopped at an inn. The horseman, who appeared to be the master, alighted, and without waiting, walked into the house : the other staid to assist the pretended young lady off her horse. She

She was shewn into a parlour, and left by herself.

Looking out of the window, Morland saw a lad sitting on a bench, crying, and bewailing himself in the most piteous manner: but our unhappy youth was too much engaged with his own misfortunes to attend to those of others. Having been put into the parlour by mistake, he was not there many minutes when a chambermaid came for him, saying; "will you follow me, Miss? Your papa is waiting for you up stairs in the room he has engaged." He followed the maid, who conducted him to a drawing-room, and left him at the door. Entering the room he found a man of a slender person,

middle-sized, and well made. His countenance was noble and prepossessing, his carriage easy and gentlemanlike: he appeared to be about forty years old. He accosted Morland familiarly, and with a smile, saying; "Well, my dear girl, are you tired?"

Extremely embarrassed by this behaviour in a person entirely unknown to him, Morland received his attentions with surprise and coldness, and looked at him from head to foot without recollecting ever to have seen him. "So, you don't remember my face," said the gentleman, laughing at his embarrassment, "and yet, my dear girl, I have taken one not absolutely unknown to you.

The

The day before yesterday you were a boy, your name Edward, and I was your mother; this morning you were the daughter of Mr. Forrester of Kent, and I was your father; but I am no longer an awkward, country squire, I am Captain Godfrey, an officer in a regiment going to be disbanded, and you are my daughter. Come," continued he gaily, "you are now Emma Godfrey, and I hope you will convince me that she is worthy of a father who has served his country with reputation, and whom the government are going to reward by placing him on the half-pay list."

"Alas!" replied Morland, "you are what you please to be; pray, tell

me what *I* am to be. I am still, as it pleases you, a woman in appearance, but I trust that I am not really to be metamorphosed."

The captain smiled at this apprehension. "The part of a handsome young woman is not to be scoffed at," replied he; "but I shall not take upon me to direct your taste in that particular. Your interest requires this disguise for a time; take care you do nothing inconsistent with your character, and particularly beware, when among females only, of saying or doing the least thing that can betray you: if you ever happen to forget yourself, I am revengeful, and will not answer for the consequences."

This

This threat, which was uttered in a serious tone, made Morland thoughtful; the inconvenience of his female attire seemed to be increased, and he expressed a hope that he should not be long confined to it.

“Yes,” replied Captain Godfrey, “you will have time to be used to it. I don’t even know whether you will continue an Englishwoman or not, for it does not suit your interest, or my views—you shall be a Welchwoman.”

“A Welchwoman!” exclaimed Morland, “impossible. I can be neither Welch woman nor Welch man. I

never was in Wales, and know nothing of the jargon of it."

"Every thing in this world," replied the Captain, "exists but in appearance. I, who am speaking to you, am not myself, but another, and one day you shall know me. You are neither Emma Godfrey nor a Welch girl, yet you shall appear to be both; but it is not necessary to employ the marvellous in every thing. We are going to set off for Wales, where I shall place you in a good house, and when you are sufficiently instructed, I will produce you, where I foresee the successful result of my operations."

Mor-

Morland, whose mind was distracted by all this mysterious language, remained silent, with astonishment and perplexity marked on his face. "Poor child!" cried the captain, "quite lost in thought! I must speak to him of Matilda."

"Matilda!" exclaimed Morland, eagerly, "can you tell me any thing of Matilda?"—"She has not forgotten you;" replied the captain. "She is unhappy, then!" said Morland. "She has received some slight consolation," answered Captain Godfrey: "You may imagine the reproaches she had to endure; but her aunt Mrs. Johnson, that worthy indulgent woman, took her part.

When Sir Robert, calling her a mean-spirited wretch, said he would turn her out of his house, Mrs. Johnson declared she would receive her into hers ; and when the baronet added that he would disinherit her, her aunt vowed she would give her every thing she had in the world. Lady Wallingford was not less severe than Sir Robert, and lavished every epithet of disgust upon her, concluding with saying that she should never be able to bear the sight of her. In short, the abuse of the daughter, and the dispute with the aunt ran so high, that Mrs. Johnson resolved to take her away with her immediately, if she could remove her without any risk."

" And

“ And is she ill then ?” cried Morland, agitated. “ All is quiet again,” replied the captain, “ and she is better. She is to accompany her aunt. She is no longer beset by her father and mother, who have both set out for the baronet’s estate in the north, and I am very much mistaken if the greatest uneasiness Matilda feels does not now turn on the uncertainty of her poor Edward’s fate.”

“ Can it be possible,” exclaimed Morland, “ that she loves me ! that she should be anxious about my fate ? Do you not say this to flatter me, sir ? Pray tell me.”—“ I can tell you no more, my dear Emma :” said the captain, going towards the window and seeming occupied with

something passing in the court-yard, to which Morland's attention was also attracted. The other horseman who had attended the captain in the road in the morning, was speaking to the young man whom Morland had seen from the parlour weeping so bitterly. The man, who in appearance was the captain's servant, quitted the boy and came up stairs to inform his master and young mistress that dinner was ready.

“Tom,” said the captain, “what is that young fellow so unhappy about?”—“Sir,” replied Tom, “he is the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood. His father being from home, he took a horse without his
leave

leave to go and see a race. In coming back he was stopped, in a narrow, crooked lane about a mile off, by a man, who forced him to change coats with him, and robbed him of his horse. He is afraid to go home."

"Tom," said the captain, "the robber did not know the value of the coat he gave away: tell the young man to feel in the right-hand pocket of it, and he will find a purse of money, the sight of which will amply satisfy his father for the paltry nag he has lost."

Tom ran down with the good tidings, and soon after, the captain and Morland looking over the window,

dow witnessed the extreme joy manifested by the farmer's son at sight of the treasure he found, which Tom returning reported to be about twenty guineas. The father and daughter then went down to dinner, for which their exercise had given them an appetite; and after dinner, they mounted their horses and continued their journey.

CHAP. IX.

TO describe the state of Morland's mind, his ideas, reflections, fancies, and surprises, would be to fall into repetition. The travellers proceeded gently across the country to the north, and were two days on the road to Bridgewater. There Morland, who was scarcely recovered from the weakness that had remained upon him after his fever and spare diet at the little farm, expressed a desire to rest; and it was determined that the travellers should remain all the next day at Bridgewater.

water. At night Tom, the apparent servant, who still attended the captain, was dispatched to some place unknown to Morland, under pretence of a commission, the nature of which his master chose to keep to himself.

At the inn where they stopped, and which was a small, cleanly one in the skirts of the town, there was a number of French prisoners, some of whom were naval officers. The foreigners, misled by Morland's disguise, and struck with his face, exclaimed, as he came in, loud enough to be heard by him, "What a very pretty girl!" The Captain and Miss Emma seemed to pay no attention to an indirect compliment expressed in
a fo-

a foreign language, and which was, perhaps, seasoned with a salt-water epithet. Morland went to bed and slept till very late the next morning: but the captain had risen and gone out very early.

Morland rose about eleven o'clock, and with the assistance of the chambermaid was endeavouring to make the best of his female attire, when a great noise was heard in the house below. The French officers were running in to avoid the populace, who were following, and throwing stones at them. As soon as they were in, they shut the door of the house against their pursuers. Presently a constable, with his staff, appeared at the door, and
knock-

knocking loudly, demanded entrance. The landlord would have obeyed, but the officers prevented him. On either side of the door there was a violent tumult. Morland, naturally curious, ran from his room, and in French asked the prisoners the cause of the dispute. They, delighted to find an English lady who could understand them, replied, that some low people having insulted and struck them without any reason, they had repelled them. "It is astonishing," said the speaker, "that we should have been attacked in such an outrageous manner, as we are under the protection of the government. They certainly want to insult us still farther, but rather than suffer it, we will bury ourselves beneath the
ruins

ruins of the house." They then got their swords, and debated whether they should fall out on the mob or not.

Morland was still ignorant of the beginning of the fray, understood nothing of the law of nations, and knew not who was right or who was wrong. He saw much rage and determination within the house; and peeping out of a window observed a good looking man, in plain clothes, excessively angry, stirring up the mob. "I will have satisfaction," cried he, "I will have them before a Justice of the Peace."

The uproar increased, and both sides seemed to be in danger of some mis-



mischiefs, when Captain Godfrey suddenly appeared in the street, speaking in a very civil manner, first to the person who was inflaming the crowd, and then to the constable. "I assure you, Mr. Orchard," said he, "and you, constable, that the persons you want to arrest are prisoners of war, entitled to respect. If they have offended, or broke the peace, it must be through ignorance. I know them, and whatever reparation may be proper, I am sure they will not refuse, and I offer myself as security for them. If they must go before a justice of the peace, I undertake to bring them, without the necessity of coercion. Pray, disperse the crowd. Let me be admitted into the house, and I engage that the
door

door shall be immediately opened to you. I am confident, when you have inquired into the affair, you will be glad that you followed my advice."

The constable turning towards Mr. Orchard said; "I think we ought to be satisfied with this gentleman's undertaking; he speaks like a man acquainted with the laws of the country, and I think as how you may make yourself easy, and trust the business to his management."

Mr. Orchard was under the necessity of following the advice of the constable, who went among the mob, and, partly by persuasion, partly by threats,

threats, succeeded in dispersing them. Captain Godfrey then went up to the door of the inn, which was immediately opened to him. He accosted the French officers with an easy air, addressing them in their own language, with surprizing facility: "Gentlemen," said he, "a man of great respectability, one of the richest farmers in this neighbourhood, conceives that you have offended him. I know your innocence, and can make it appear; but it is necessary to convince him of it, and to satisfy the officer of justice. They are both disposed to listen to reason, and you ought, for your own sakes, to enter into an explanation with them."

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The French officers concurred in an opinion so rational. The door was opened, and Mr. Orchard and the constable being admitted, Captain Godfrey managed the business.

“Pray, Mr. Orchard,” said he, “of what do you complain? as these gentlemen do not understand our language, I undertake to interpret for them.”

“These Frenchmen,” said the honest farmer, “met one of my daughters in her way from church; and as she was crossing a field near the house, three of them insulted her. Some of the young men of the village coming up to her assistance were knocked down by them. In the mean time one of
VOL. IV. G their

their companions was seen carrying off my child. I heard of their villany as I came out of church."

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Orchard," said the captain; "your daughter has neither been insulted nor carried off. The three gentlemen, having nosegays in their hands, happened to meet her, and made her an offering of them, which she refused: but neither did they understand her language nor she theirs. At the time five young people of the parish coming up attacked the gentlemen, and a sharp conflict ensued. Your daughter was extremely frightened, and ready to drop, when another person, an Englishman, offered her his arm and saw her safe home, where

where she now is. The origin of the dispute, the three nosegays are still lying on the field of battle."

"Are you certain of this, sir?" said the farmer to the captain.—"I am, indeed, sir," replied he, "and pledge my honour for the truth of what I tell you."

"In that case," said the farmer, "those that have been ill-treated may go and ask for satisfaction where they will ; as for me, I entreat you, sir, to beg the gentlemen to accept my apology for having too readily listened to the hasty reports of some thoughtless people. And will you have the goodness yourself to accom-

pany me, with the constable, to the justice's, in order to put a stop to the business."

During the explanation, the officers kept their eyes fixed on the captain and the farmer. They did not understand a word that was said, but they saw the countenance of Mr. Orchard become gradually calm, while that of the constable was expressive of dissatisfaction. The captain then addressed the Frenchmen, saying; "make yourselves easy, gentlemen, the matter is perfectly cleared up: Mr. Orchard acknowledges himself to have been in the wrong, and begs you will pardon the part he has had in the insult of which
you

you have a right to complain." The Frenchmen bowed to Mr. Orchard, who returned their salute, and then withdrew, accompanied by Captain Godfrey and the constable.

CHAP. X.

MORLAND, the only witness of the conclusion of this adventure, and whose knowledge of the two languages enabled him not to lose a word of what passed, remained with the foreigners. The eldest of the three going up to him said with a smile: "Madam, we understand scarcely more than half of what has passed, but by all appearances we are under the greatest obligations to your father. He is probably one of our countrymen; for his French is too pure, and he has taken too much pains

pains to serve us, not to be a Frenchman."

"He has acted *like a true Englishman*," replied Morland, "and such *no doubt* he is." This answer was a little at the expence of his candour. The more he saw of the captain the less did he know what to make of him. In about an hour he returned to the inn. "Come, Emma," said he, "get your hat and gloves: honest Orchard has invited us to dinner, and I am come for you."

The serious air of Captain Godfrey, and the visit he proposed, almost disconcerted Morland. "Surely, Sir," said he, "such a figure as I am, you should not think of carrying me in-

to company ; what part would you have me play among strangers ?”

“ That,” replied the captain, “ of a young woman, unaccustomed to the world, without manners, and embarrassed by every thing ; in short, that of my daughter. You are very well disposed, I see, to act as such, but you want improvement in the character. I am by no means dissatisfied with the manner in which you conducted yourself on the road, and here, this morning ; but you must try a larger theatre, where you are seen longer and closer.”

Morland, determined to suffer himself to a certain degree to be led, obeyed without farther expostulation,
and

and accompanied the captain to the place of appointment.

Farmer Orchard's house, with an air of the greatest simplicity, displayed not only ease but superabundance, and candour and benevolence were painted on the countenances of all his family. Mrs. Orchard and her three daughters, blooming, young, and lovely, came out to meet Morland, whom they welcomed with the most affectionate embraces; and two stout, tall, well-set lads made their bows to her, not quite so familiarly, but yet with a modest assurance. The dinner was such as may be imagined to be given in the country by a rich farmer: more neat than studied or elegant, more

abundant than delicate, good cheer without ostentation, attention without ceremony, frankness without freedom, good humour without wit, garden stuff without seasoning, clear old ale, and two large plumb-puddings. The captain and his daughter were repeatedly believed to have a preference for every thing at table, and incessantly pressed to eat of all. The girls addressed their sprightly prattle to the feigned Emma, whom they regarded as their companion; and the lads, who were charmed, were constantly casting sheep's eyes at her. After dinner, Mr. Orchard and his sons continued at table with the captain, while Mrs. Orchard and her daughters went with Morland into another room,

room, where they made him drink a glass of cherry-bounce.

When the women thought themselves alone, the Miss Orchards, who had before restrained their words and caresses within tolerable bounds, gave a greater latitude to their expressions and kindness. The situation of the counterfeit damsel became very embarrassing : ingratitude was foreign to his disposition, and common breeding required him to repay kindness with kindness. To play his part with the caution required by his mysterious conductor became more and more difficult, and it was fortunate for him that they were soon joined by the captain and the Orchards. The elder of the youths brought a violin,

and the younger a tabor and pipe, and proposed dancing. Captain Godfrey, with great good humour, seconded the proposal, and leading Mrs. Orchard into the middle of the floor, they figured round the room for some time, the captain dancing with all the grace of a court, and with all the spirit, lightness, and agility of youth. The Miss Orchards in turn, were admired for their natural graces. All went on well, when the elder of the young men, giving the violin to his father, stepped up to Morland and begged he would dance with him. He declared he could not. "Come Emma," said the captain, "though you have never been taught to dance, you can manage your feet very well, the company

pany are indulgent, and will make every allowance for you. We must learn, girl, to amuse ourselves, and contribute to the amusement of others. Though we are awkward at first, and don't know what we are about, we improve by practice. Make a couple of turns round the room, attend to the tune, and foot it in time." Morland would not venture to oppose the captain's desire, but he danced wretchedly. Any where else he would have been laughed at; but where he was, his compliance alone ensured approbation: the ladies all praised and embraced him, and the captain, delighted, pressed him to his breast with more than common tenderness. They amused themselves in this
man-

manner till tea-time, after which they took leave and parted, promising never to forget one another.

On their way back to the inn, the captain, addressing Morland, said, "I cannot, my dear Emma, tell you how much you charmed me, by your attention to my desire: you have completely gained my heart by it. I should have made you sing, but that you do it too well; and if I had made you display before those good folks a talent you so excel in, and the attainment of which is not within their reach, it would have been a civility of a nature by no means well placed. I thought it better to make you dance, because your awkwardness at once gratified the

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the passion for superiority, and proved a desire to make yourself agreeable."

Morland, hearing himself perpetually called Emma or Miss, said mildly, "Though you have dressed me as a young woman, Sir; pray do not forget that I am not really one. Those girls—"

"I understand you," said the captain, "they embarrassed you; but you must go through trials of this kind, to prepare you for greater. Get rid of that little, fullen, discontented air; and pray none of your *Sirs* or *Madams* with me. I am your father, or your mother, as occasion requires; and I assure you, whe-

whether I appear to you as the one or the other, heaven could not have given you one more tender." The captain, fearful of hurting Morland too much by this reprimand, embraced him so affectionately that the poor fellow felt a degree of filial tenderness of which his heart had never before been sensible.

As they entered the inn, a man in regimentals accosted the captain: "I hope I see your honour well." "Ha! is it you, Serjeant Flint?" "Yes, Sir," replied the man, "it is your honour's old serjeant, Harry Flint."—"I thought you were at Bath, Flint," said captain Godfrey. "Did not you get leave to go down to some of your friends there, that
you

you might benefit by the waters?"

"Truly, your honour," replied Sergeant Flint, "I was on my way there; but on the road I happened to fall in with an old comrade, who had set up the sign of the George, God bless his Majesty! and he persuaded me to try first what his brown beer would do for me. I find myself getting better fast, your honour, and as that's the case, what a fool should I be to go and drink water."

"But Flint," said the captain, "your discharge has been sent after you. You are your own master now. Our accounts are made up, and by an application to our agent, you will be put into the way of get-

getting your money without more delay. Your share amounts to a good round sum, and will put it in your power to settle yourself agreeably in any part of England you like."

"Heaven reward your Honour a thousand fold!" cried Flint, in the excess of rapture, produced by such good news. "I understand," continued he, "that this young lady is your daughter: may all the blessings of heaven be showered down upon you both! Pray, Miss, pardon my boldness; but I must say, that there is not in the whole army a worthier man, or a braver officer than your father."

The

The captain expressed his pleasure at these marks of Flint's attachment, and of the goodness of his heart, then turning to Morland; "Emma," said he, "I have no money about me, give the serjeant something to drink our health."

Morland, looking with astonishment at the captain, asked how he could give what he had not got: "I have no money," said he. "No money! Emma!" replied Captain Godfrey—"yes, yes, you have; remember the young man at Honiton, and search your pockets."

Morland obeyed, and on searching found, among a number of little articles used by women, which
he

he did not know were in his possession, a purse well filled with gold, from which he took a guinea, and gave it to the serjeant, who returned his thanks and left them. With the purse still in his hand, Morland turned to the captain, and asked what he was to do with the rest of the money. "Do good with it, my child," replied he; "I advise you to lose no opportunity: such opportunities are the most precious junctures of life." "Well!" thought Morland, and he said it too, "if you appoint me your almoner, your money *shall* be bestowed in doing good."

CHAP. XI.

NEXT morning the captain and his daughter rose and set out early on their journey. The day passed without any thing particular happening, and at night they arrived at a small village too late to proceed any farther: yet the only place at which they could put up was a poor little ale-house, that afforded but one room, and a single bed, which the captain and Morland were under the necessity of sharing between them. After a light supper, they went to bed,

bed, where Morland, young and unaccustomed to fatigue, immediately fell fast asleep, and never once turned himself till nine o'clock next morning, and then was awakened by the rays of the sun darting on his bed. Opening his eyes, and not seeing Captain Godfrey by him, he put the curtain a little aside to look if he was in the room. No Captain was there: but he saw a woman, sitting at a table, her back turned to the bed, in a genteel dishabille and dressing-gown, combing her hair.

Morland, extremely surpris'd at this apparition, crept softly to the foot of the bed, to take a look of the new guest who had been permitted to make use of their little

room. She was a middle-aged woman, with a noble air, a brown but fresh complexion, and fine black hair which she was taking great pains to adjust properly. Happening to cast her eye to the foot of the bed, she caught a sight of Morland's head peeping out between the curtains. She rose, and running to the bedside: "Well!" cried she, with a fond and lively air, and a sweet voice, "how did my little girl sleep last night?"

Morland, opening his eyes to the utmost stretch of their lids, stared at the woman standing before him, and examined her some time, comparing what he had seen with what he now saw. He thought he traced some features

features both of the gipsy and of the captain, but the lady's were much the handsomest. She seemed taller than either of them, and her carriage was very different; she had neither the same motion nor the same turn of countenance.

“Heavens!” cried he, “is it you, Madam?” — “What!” replied the lady in dishabille, “it must be *Madam* then? you little madcap. I am now your *mother*, and take care you don't forget it. Get up, and come and help me: we must acquire habits or we shall never be able to help ourselves or others.”

Morland rose, put on his petticoats, and in helping his mother discovered

covered more obedience than aptness. As he handed her pins, the lady, though in a very modest way, allowed him to see enough of her neck to convince himself that she was really of the sex it had pleased his conductor to adopt that day. As soon as she was dressed in her riding habit, the lady desired Morland to go and order the horses to be brought to the door: he did as he was bid, and they were soon ready, the horse Captain Godfrey rode the day before now appearing with a side-saddle. Though the landlord and landlady of the public-house were a little surprised at the metamorphosis that had taken place under their roof, they were too well paid to think it any business

of theirs, and they saw the ladies set off without any other notice than wishing them a good journey.

The time, as they travelled, did not hang heavy on their hands. Even had Morland's mind been free from a passion that keeps the imagination employed, the actions and metamorphoses of his guide, and their unintelligible connexion with the ultimate happiness with which his hope was fed, would have supplied sufficient matter for his thoughts.

The lady chose to lead him through private and unfrequented roads; and the place where they stopped this day to dine was, both in
look

look and accommodations, even inferior to the paltry public-house where they had slept.

On alighting, they were shown to a room of a tolerable size, and in a few minutes the lady went out to bespeak some refreshment, leaving Morland alone.

Three ill-looking men, sitting on a bench, in a little room adjoining, took notice of the feigned Emma, rose, and came into the room. One told Morland that he was a pretty girl, another stroked his chin, and the third wanted to kiss him. He defended himself, called for help, and gave the fellow a box on the

H 2 ear.

ear. Little caring for his frowns, cries, and blows, they all three laid hold of him, and were pulling him about, when the lady entered the room.

The men having cutlasses, the lady drew the first she could seize, and fell upon the rogues. One of them drawing his weapon, and turning upon her, she disarmed him in a moment, with wonderful dexterity.

This vigorous attack checked the assailants of Morland. The lady, her sword raised, looked like an enraged Medea. Her eyes sparkled, she raised her voice, and in a hoarse
tone

tone pronounced some unintelligible words, the very sound of which was dreadful. The ruffians, with terror painted in their faces, stared at her, ran out of the room, and mounting their horses, which were fixed to a railing near the door, galloped off at full speed.

The lady, on this, went out to speak to the landlord of the public-house, and returned in a few minutes, as calm as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Morland asked no explanation, nor was his guide in the habit of giving any. They dined, and soon after proceeded on their journey, without a word tending to elucidation.

It is not to be understood, however, that our travellers were constantly silent as they rode along. On the contrary, in roads where they could ride abreast, a conversation both instructive and amusing was generally kept up.

The various productions of nature, being almost all unknown to Morland, his fellow-traveller pointed them out, described them, explained the manner of cultivating them, and their different uses. She carefully directed his attention to the remarkable places in their way, and whenever they came to a spot famous in history, briefly related the events to which they owed their celebrity. Morland
listened

listened with delighted attention, and almost fancied that he heard the perusal of one of the best books he had ever read.



CHAP. XII.

AFTER travelling two days through bad roads and a mountainous country, the lady informed Morland that they were entering Wales, and near the end of their journey. "To-night," said she, "I shall carry you to the house of a lady acquainted with your good friend Capt. Godfrey. You know that you are his daughter, and I must now tell you that I am his sister. The worthy woman with whom you will be placed has two very amiable daughters, who will be your companions. Their mother, who
is

is a complete Welch woman, has taken a pride in bringing them up as Welch girls, and they speak nothing but Welch. At first they will hardly understand what you say to them, and you will understand them still less: this is an advantage of which you will be sensible. It will relieve you from many difficult questions that would puzzle you, if you had not time to consider your answers. When they are able to comprehend you, they will put a number of questions to you respecting their friend the captain, yourself, and me. Now this is what you must say. You lost your mother when very young; your father, yielding to his taste for travelling, or called away by his duty in the service to which he belonged, trusted

your education to a worthy farmer in the neighbourhood of Bridgewater, named Orchard, and you have seen very little of him. You know as little of me, his sister. Your answers must be short: avoid all kind of confidence; remember your happiness depends on your discretion. Captain Godfrey has been kind enough to apprise the lady of our coming, and we may therefore expect to be well received. To-morrow I shall leave you: the separation will give me a great deal of pain, my dear Emma, but I will continually watch over you: all my care, however, will be fruitless, if you don't watch over yourself. You may find the time heavy in the retirement to which I consign you. So much the better, my dar; you should

should learn early to submit to such a state. Persons in the most brilliant situations of life are subject to it, and they who do not know how to endure it must be unhappy, and cannot be deemed wise. You will here have an employment absolutely necessary, which is, the learning of the language of the country, in order to make yourself understood in it. Hereafter you will be pleased with yourself for having learned it; but as it will not be sufficient to fill up your time, you may amuse yourself with making lace. The daughters of the lady, whose name is Ap-Owen, are perfectly acquainted with the mode of working, and will teach you with pleasure. You will at the same time acquire the address and habits suitable to the sex"—

“But Madam,” cried Morland, interrupting his pretended aunt, and speaking with a dissatisfied air, “you continue speaking of me as of a girl: am I to remain under this appearance much longer?”

“Mind me, girl,” replied the lady, frowning, “there will perhaps come a time when you will grieve to give it up.” “But, madam,” said Morland—“But Emma,” interrupted she, “I am not madam: have you forgot that I am your aunt? and do you think, by being untractable, impatient, and sour, to convince me that you are worthy of retaining the sex, of which as yet I have only deprived you of the external appearance? You belong to me, you are what I please you

to be; let your actions show your obedience, and your words your desire to please me."

Morland fixed his eyes on his inexplicable relation, and saw severity in her looks. Instinctively prompted to respect her, and now accustomed to pay deference to all she said, he thought he had incurred her anger, and became alarmed. She, fearing that she had carried her harshness too far, threw her arms round his neck, and embraced him cordially: he returned her caresses, and their good understanding was restored.

The travellers soon arrived at Mrs. Ap-Owen's; where physiognomy,

my, dress, language, customs, every thing, was new to Morland. The lady was received with the greatest respect, and he as the daughter of the best friend the family had. A convenient chamber was allotted for him. Mrs. Ap-Owen and her daughters studied to make themselves agreeable to him; and his aunt, when she left him, assured him that he had nothing to apprehend from want of attention on the part of his new associates. The very next day Morland found himself left among people all Welch; he appearing like one of the family, for one of Mrs. Ap-Owen's daughters being of his size, he had been desired to dress himself in some of her cloaths, which he afterwards continued to wear.

It

It is so natural to wish to speak and be spoken to, that it is not surprising Morland should apply himself assiduously to acquire the Welch language. His progress, though rapid, was by no means marvellous, as his talents and memory had been early improved by study. In a fortnight he knew enough to ask for every thing he wanted; in another fortnight he was acquainted with the names of all objects in the range of common notions; and in a short time he was able to support a conversation. This application, and learning to make lace, engaged some of his hours; meditation and solitary walks round the house filled up the rest of the day. The nights were longer: these he passed in dreaming of Matilda, and in striving

striving to reconcile the hopes that had been given him, that he should see her and possess her, with the singular means used by his guide. He carefully weighed the actions he had witnessed, and though some of them appeared extravagant, confounding his reason, yet all of those within the limit of his judgment were fair, wise, and noble. The consequence of these contending reflexions was an eager desire to see this extraordinary being again, which was constantly kept up by Mrs. Ap-Owen and her daughters, who every day spoke to him of Captain Godfrey, and expressed their uneasiness at not hearing from him. Thinking that he might be able to draw some information from the Welch women, he asked them if their
friendship

friendship with the captain was of long standing. "He was introduced to us here, upwards of ten years ago, my dear Miss," replied Mrs. Ap-Owen; "after which he spent a great deal of his time with us, always considering us as his family, and Wales as his country." "Did you know," said Morland, "that he had been married?" "I learned it about five years since," answered Mrs. Ap-Owen, "on a particular occasion. A lady of this neighbourhood, of an engaging person, young, and rich, the widow of a magistrate, felt prepossessed in his favour, and he appeared to have an esteem for her. I in a manner took the business on myself. The match would have been a very advantageous one, and I was extremely surprised

prised at your father's indifference to such an establishment: but pressing him on the subject, he informed me, with an injunction of secrecy, that he was married, and had a child: he did not, however, say, and I did not know till lately, whether you were a girl or a boy." "Did you know his sister too?" said Morland. "No," replied Mrs. Ap-Owen, "no man ever spoke less of himself, or of what belonged to him, than the captain: not, however, from a natural reserve in his character, but because when he was with others he seemed to lose sight entirely of himself." Morland asked if she thought there was a striking resemblance between the captain and his sister. "A very striking resemblance," replied the good lady: "she
is

is not so brown as he, and has a more open countenance ; yet if she were to put on her brother's light wig, and bring it low on her forehead, she would be the very picture of him."

Morland, to avoid being questioned himself, ceased his inquiry ; besides, nothing he heard tended to satisfy his reason, and the poor fellow, referring, naturally enough, all the illusions he had experienced to a perverted state of his intellect, yet struck with the evident reality of every thing, concluded that the singular being who appeared to have undertaken the government of him had assumed the person of a well-known and respectable character, in order to gain his admission into Mrs. Ap-Owen's house:

" but,"

“but,” thought he, “what am I doing here? for what purpose is this stratagem practised?”

Some weeks had now passed in this manner, when Capt. Godfrey agreeably surprised Morland and his new acquaintance by his unexpected arrival. Morland did not advance to meet him, not knowing whether he were the real or the pretended captain: but his doubts were soon dissipated; a familiar look and an affectionate nod convinced him that his mysterious relation was come back.

The usual salutations over, the captain accounted to the family for his long silence, which had been caused by some intricate transactions, now
happily

happily terminated. He had been settling very important accounts relative to affairs in which he had been employed. He said that he had been wandering about the world all his life, but was now determined to sit down with his little fortune in Suffex, whither he meant to carry his dear Emma, for whom he was now come. Mrs. Ap-Owen upbraided him in a friendly manner for settling at such a distance from her; but he assured her that it was absolutely necessary to his interest, and prepared her and her daughters for his departure the next day. The conversation passed in Welch, which the captain with pleasure observed that Morland attended to and understood.

Next

Next morning the travellers and their friends took an affectionate leave of one another. The road from the house being narrow, Morland rode behind the captain, whose military air, and graceful manner of sitting his horse he admired.

“What are you thinking of, girl?” said Captain Godfrey, speaking Welch. “Have you forgotten English, captain?” said Morland.

“No,” replied the captain, “but *you* will do well to forget it. Another thing is, I may be plain Captain Godfrey among my acquaintance, but between us, my child, are there not tenderer appellations to be used?” “I beg pardon,” said Morland, “but
we

we so often change our relation, that in speaking to you, I forget whether to address you as my father or my aunt." "Then," replied the captain, "I'll make that matter easy to you in future. You shall continue to see me under the form I now wear, till *you* pass from your present state into a new one: I will then appear to you in that which is natural to me: may your conduct lead to happy transformations!"

C H A P. XIII.

OUR travellers arrived in Suffex without meeting with any adventure worth relating. They stopped at a considerable village called Sutton, where they alighted near the gate of a handsome seat, opposite to which the captain had hired a small house, the outward appearance of which had nothing showy, and the interior was furnished simply but neatly. A short stout girl was the only servant in the place, and Captain Godfrey, having sent away his horses, directly took possession

possession with Morland of their new dwelling.

The next morning Morland when he awoke found at his bed side a complete suit of new clothes of Welch stuff. It was made with great taste, but still the short petticoat and trimmings of the country were preserved. He was looking at them when the captain came in. "My dear Emma," said he, "you are to appear here as a plain Welch girl; but you give too many English turns to the Welch dialect; however, with the assistance of this dress you will pass." He then assisted him in putting on a pair of stiff stays, and showed him how to bring his little cap down to his eyes, and across his temples. "Your face," continued he, "will not lose any of

its attraction, and all the elegance of your person will be preserved: you will be very handsome, my dear Emma; and as you will now have no more excuses from fatigue, pray accustom yourself to rise early. I appoint you housekeeper of my little establishment. The maid will attend to your orders: she understands Welch; remember you are to speak no other language: if a sentence of English escape your lips, I carry you back to Wales, and you shall not see me again for six months. Though your welch is not very good the woman will make it out pretty well, and when she is at a loss I'll interpret for you."

Morland, being a novice in this new office, acquitted himself at first
but

but indifferently in the character of housekeeper; but accustomed for some months to submit to every thing, he made himself acquainted with the part allotted to him, and divided his time between his domestic occupations and his lace-cushion.

The captain went out and came in at regular hours. The first thing he did whenever he came home was to go to Morland with an eagerness that always seemed new, and he left him with equal solicitude. His attentions were carried to an extreme. He was of an even temper, but he did not like to be contradicted. If his pupil put any questions to him, he answered with infinite patience and condescension all those that were within the

limits prescribed to the youth's curiosity. He spoke willingly of Matilda, of whom he always gave some pleasing account, and took delight in feeding his hope of one day seeing her again. On subjects relative to government, and to the manners and customs of the different states of Europe, his information was most satisfactory, and his remarks conveyed the clearest illustration. His ideas were accurate, his definitions brief, and his distinctions marked. But when through idle curiosity, or with a view of perplexing his instructor, the pupil attempted to turn the conversation on the abstract sciences, and the mysteries of nature, the captain would reply in a serious tone; "Do not tempt me, Emma: if I were acquainted
with

with all truths, which can never be the lot of a finite being, I would conceal from you even those that you are to know. Study nature, force her secrets from her if you can ; it is the way to improve your judgment and your powers : but be assured you never will be a conjurer. Take care of attempting to be too wise, it would be dangerous." After this little essay on morality the captain threw off his serious look, and fell again into the familiar and the gay.

Returning one morning earlier than usual—"Emma," said he to Morland, "we must make an addition to our dinner to day; my friend the vicar is coming to dine with us:

you shall assist me in entertaining him. He is a polite man, but he will not understand much of your Welch: however, I will serve as interpreter; though you, indeed, will understand his language, and not lose a word of what he says. He will perhaps astonish you much, Emma, but command yourself. Preserve your ease, check your emotions: by your manner of behaving I shall judge what dependence I may place hereafter on your prudence: mind, above all things, to appear less cold towards me. Remember you are from Wales, where children love their parents even more than they respect them." After this short sermon, Morland, prepared for something

thing new, went to order the addition for the vicar, who was punctual to the dinner hour.

His name was Allen, a man drawing towards fifty, personable enough, and no Solomon; but he had all the appearance of a polite man, and a good clergyman. He had a fine appetite, and spoke little during dinner; however he now and then stole a look from his plate to throw at the pretended Emma, whose beauty he admired, and extolled to the captain. When the cloth was removed he asked the young lady if she preferred the fashion of her own country so much as not to dress herself according to the reigning taste in England. Morland, at a loss what to say, an-

swered that the preference was not so much his as his father's. The reply was in Welch but sufficiently mixed with English to be understood by the vicar, or nearly.

"Emma deceives you, my dear vicar," said the captain; "she shall leave off her Welch dress when she speaks good English." Morland said nothing, and the conversation turned on other subjects.

"You have done well, captain," said Mr. Allen, "to come and settle in this village. The situation of it is charming, the air healthy, things cheap, and the people good; you could not have chosen a better place throughout England to enjoy your half-pay in. The lady of the Manor,
Mr

Mrs. Johnson, the widow of a rich and respectable gentleman, is a most worthy woman in all respects. I shall have the pleasure of making you acquainted. We have already been speaking of you: indeed she desired me to make you an apology for not having waited on you and your daughter before, but she has been indisposed for some days past. She lives in a very retired manner, and seldom for a moment leaves her niece, Miss Wallingford, who, in consequence of a very laughable adventure, has been obliged to throw herself under her protection. You have certainly heard of it, captain: the affair made a great noise."

"I seldom attend to such reports," replied the captain. "But
15 I must

I must tell you this," said Mr. Allen: "it was a very odd affair. I have it from Mrs. Johnson herself, under whose eyes the whole matter passed. Lady Wallingford had a footman who was remarkably handsome, and sung in the finest style. Miss Wallingford was suffered to take lessons of him; they played and sung together every day, and seemed to understand each other too well. Sir Robert, as he declared, surprised the fellow making love to his daughter: he was absolutely said to be on his knees; on which the baronet drew his sword, made a monstrous noise, and ordered all his servants to mount horses, and ride in different directions over the country to take the man, who had fled at the sight of Sir Robert, and escaped. The son of a certain

certain duke, who had gone into Devonshire to conclude a marriage with the lovely Matilda Wallingford, left the country suddenly. The young lady's reputation suffered, and yet, would you think it, Sir? this footman, this gallant was—" here the vicar pointed to Morland with his finger—" was just as dangerous as that young lady, and not a bit more—the person charged with such audacity was a young woman."

"A young woman!" exclaimed the captain: "is there proof of that? Did not you say the fellow escaped?"

“Proofs in plenty,” replied the vicar, “a thousand proofs clearer than day. Mrs. Johnson herself examined them all, she knows the fact: all the servants in the family and all the neighbours were convinced of it. She is the daughter of a Mr. Forrester, a man of property, in Kent, who found her out, went for her, and carried her home. Miss Wallingford’s reputation is perfectly retrieved, and every body blames the baronet for his hastiness and imprudence.”

The captain appeared to be highly entertained with the story, and said it was a very extraordinary one. The vicar enjoyed it, and laughed
still

still more than his friend: "It is enough to make one die with laughing;" said he, "but I don't see that Miss Emma laughs: perhaps she does not understand it?" — "Not very well," replied the captain, "but I shall explain the adventure to her by and by, and I'll be bound for it she will laugh in her turn." The vicar having finished his bottle, rose and took his leave.

Morland, through the whole of the anecdote, had sat in a state of utter astonishment; but was no sooner alone with the captain than he exclaimed, in English: "What! Matilda at Sutton! persuaded that I am a woman! convinced of it by proofs clearer than day! It is you, Sir,

Sir, who have played me this trick—some phantom of your raising—”

“ Softly, softly, Emma !” said the captain— “ you are abusive, you forget your Welch, and who I am. I have hitherto been wiser than you : why doubt me now ? Your mistress is at Sutton, within a few paces of you, you breathe the same air, and yet you are dissatisfied. Her reputation was at stake, and perhaps lost, she was given up by her family, and exposed on your account to the bitterest pangs ; well ! with a flourish of my wand I changed the scene ; I turned the laugh on her side, and exposed those to ridicule who deserved it more than she did.

I have

I have even revenged her on Lord Chatterton, who is now extremely mortified at having so lightly given her up."

"But," cried Morland, "to make her take me for a woman!—" "I deceive only those whom it is my interest to deceive," said the captain: "but even suppose her to be of that opinion, it might not be very improper; for heaven knows how soon these impatient bursts, this hasty temper, may provoke me to justify the opinion. Be assured that I can as easily make you my daughter, as become myself your father. The punishment I own would be severe, and I trust you will not drive me to such extremities. I wish to find you more docile,

cile, to be better satisfied with you, and to make you happy. Give over tormenting yourself, when I am watching for the moment of your happiness. Come, here's your cushion—finish this row of lace; and, when I come back, don't let me see the slightest remains of discontent."

Here the captain went out, and Morland took up the lace, without knowing what he was about, what he had to hope, or what to fear.

C H A P. XIV.

THE vicar was highly pleased with every thing at the captain's; with his manners, his table, his wine, and above all with Miss Emma's fine eyes. So many good things attracted him frequently to his friend's house, where he soon acquired the freedom of dropping in without ceremony, and where to make himself useful and engaging, if possible, he proposed to teach the young Welch-woman English. The captain very seriously imparted to his pupil the vicar's kind offer. Morland refused,

as

as he knew English much better than the man who proposed to instruct him. "Learn, notwithstanding, my dear Emma," said the captain. "In the world, if we would offend nobody, we must perpetually submit to be taught things we know, by people who are ignorant of them." Morland not daring to persist in his refusal, became the vicar's scholar in spite of his repugnance. His lessons were long and tedious, for the pupil was compelled to feign great ignorance: and fortunately the master was easily deceived. If Morland happened to pronounce a word too correctly for a beginner, the teacher considered the blunder in the part assumed, as a rapid progress, ascribing at least the half of this supposed suc-

success to his own ability in teaching. He became more and more zealous in his instructions, and would have been insupportable, had he not frequently spoken of the inhabitants of the mansion opposite the captain's house. At first his account of them was not of much importance, but one morning he brought news that nearly drove Morland to despair.

It seems that Sir Charles Cawtherley, a baronet of immense fortune, and a friend of Mrs. Johnson's, had just returned from his travels. His family was an ancient one, and he was himself very amiable. He was in love with Matilda, whose aunt openly encouraged his passion, and
the

the families on both sides were eager for an alliance mutually convenient.

Morland thrown off his guard by this account, was on the point of betraying himself, when the captain, who was present and watching his countenance, restrained him by a look. The vicar, however, soon left them, and Morland's impatience again broke out.

“ Here, here,” cried he, “ is an end to all my hopes ! Here am I brought in this ridiculous masquerade to witness the marriage !—And yet, after all, what am I ? to think but for a moment of disputing the heart of a beautiful heiress wit a
man

man blessed with all the advantages of nature and fortune?"

"I'll tell you what you are," said the captain: "You are a very irritable, mistrustful, little Welch girl; giving way to your feelings without thinking a moment. Because a marriage is on foot is it consummated? If so, I must call you Mrs. Allen, for my friend the vicar has been proposing to me to settle on you a hundred a-year out of his private property, and five hundred pounds which he has saved from his living, besides presenting you with all the jewels, wardrobe, and other effects of the late Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Johnson, Miss Wallingford, and others have been recommending this match to me,
and

and you would almost make me wish it to take place ; yet, do you think yourself married ?”

“ Allen propose to marry me ! —me !” exclaimed Morland, — “ and do you suffer him to entertain such an idea !”

“ I neither encourage nor discourage him,” replied the captain : “ I am a kind father, and don’t intend to force your inclination—”

“ This is rather too much,” said Morland, “ are you in earnest in what you say ? Do you propose to me to keep up the farce of the possibility of marrying me to this parson ?”

“ I propose to you,” said the captain, “ to believe nothing lightly, and to behave kindly to persons whose intentions do us honour. Mr. Allen preaches to-morrow, and hopes to see us at church, which I have promised.”

Next morning, when the bell began to ring, Mr. Allen called at the captain's, in order to accompany him and the pretended Emma to church, that he might place them properly. The church was adjoining to Mrs. Johnson's shrubbery, from which a private communication led to the gallery on one side of it, where pews were appropriated to the family, their intimates, and the several attendants. The gallery on the opposite

site side was open to the public and to this the captain and his Emma were conducted by the vicar. On entering, the first object that struck Morland's eyes was Matilda in the opposite gallery, beautiful as an angel. A gentleman, whose exterior advantages were not inferior to her own, sat behind talking to her.

How agitated was Morland at this unexpected sight! what passions took possession of his soul! Love, jealousy, the dread of being known. The captain, aware of all that passed within him, pressed his arm, and in a whisper, desired him to take courage. The service beginning almost immediately, and the ladies joining
in

in the prayers, Morland had time to recover himself before he was observed ; but he could not escape some glances from Sir Charles Cawtherley, who, at the first interval of the service, whispered the ladies, and directed their eyes to the pretended Welch girl, on whom the looks of the whole gallery were soon fixed.

Mrs. Johnson looked only to satisfy the curiosity excited by Sir Charles. Matilda was both surprised and agitated. She was struck with the resemblance, and not thinking herself observed, she never took her eyes off Morland: far from suspecting that it could be himself, she could not get the better of the astonishment occasioned in her mind, by so

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perfect a resemblance, and Mr. Allen finished his sermon, without her having attended to a single word of it. Morland, on the other hand, ogled by Sir Charles, gazed at by Matilda, and stared at by Kitty, hardly ever ventured to raise his eyes. The captain appeared cool and inattentive, as if he neitherk new nor saw any thing particular, and took no part in what was passing ; but as he was going out, Mr. Allen, followed by one of Mrs. Johnson's footmen, came up to him with a pressing invitation to dine with the ladies, which was accepted ; and presently Morland, without having had time to prepare for such an interview, was in the same room with Matilda. He had entered as it were, blindfold. Mrs. Johnson
re-

received both him and the captain very kindly. The company noticed his welch dress, and praised it for its neatness ; and many civil things were said of his person. Matilda alone was silent : but though she said nothing, she looked surprised enough at finding so much, and yet so little difference. The little Welch mob coming down upon his forehead and about his temples, made a degree of alteration in his countenance, and softened his features. His shape and air were not the same, and his whole appearance was a very good representation of a young, timid Welchwoman, the daughter of a half-pay officer, courted by Mr. Allen ; yet she had a wonderful resemblance to Edward.

At dinner, Morland, seated opposite to Sir Charles and Matilda, never raised his eyes without observing theirs fixed upon him. The baronet often spoke to him, and was very gallant in his expressions; Matilda, though with an absent air, answered him politely and with sweetness. Every word of the conversation was a dagger to his heart: he was persuaded that Mrs. Johnson already considered Sir Charles as her nephew, and thought that her niece treated him as her lover. He experienced the extreme of vexation and jealousy: fortunately, the usual character of his countenance was not sufficiently known to give room for remarking how it was ruffled; and, indeed, the attention of the
com-

company had been drawn to another quarter; for the captain, in consequence of a question Sir Charles had put to him, was relating an extraordinary circumstance, of which he had been a witness. He told the story with infinite spirit, and most agreeably. All were listening to him, except Matilda; and Morland had time to breathe and recollect himself. The remainder of the day he passed in efforts to restrain his feelings. When it was time to go, Mrs. Johnson expressed her satisfaction to the captain in forming an acquaintance with him and his daughter; whom both she and Matilda kissed at parting.

When they were gone, Matilda felt herself uneasy: her emotion was confused, something more powerful than a rising prepossession spoke to her heart in favour of this young stranger: can one part, without regret, with the picture of a cherished lover? As for poor Morland, he was beside himself. The impression of the kiss he had received from Matilda had reached his heart; he still felt on his lips the warmth with which it was given, his senses wavered, his head grew giddy. Mr. Allen and the captain supported him by the arms as they walked home, and almost carried him. The good vicar complimented his friend on the warm reception he had met at
Mrs.

Mrs. Johnson's, where he had charmed every body ; and even Sir Charles himself had declared that he would make every advance to obtain his friendship, if possible. No wonder, then, that a great intimacy soon took place between the two families. Sir Charles courted the captain's regard, Mrs. Johnson and Matilda regularly visited his pretended daughter, and their favourite Emma became their daily companion. Morland, however, never returned home in good humour.

“ My dear girl,” said the captain, “ I don't understand you : though you enjoy the sight, conversation, and familiarity of the person you love, yet you are not pleased.”

“ I loved only passionately,” said Morland, “ but you make me love to madness. I see only what enchants and distracts me, or what deprives me of all hope. Happiness for me is now become impossible.——”

“ Impossible !” said the captain. “ yes !” replied Morland, “ impossible : if you wish me not to think so, if you would spare me the most dreadful pangs, send away Sir Charles.”—

“ You do not wish then to have him for a rival——” said the captain —“ well ! you must have him for a lover.”—

“ A lover ! I !” exclaimed Morland, “ what new ridiculous scene
3 now !

now!"—"Ridiculous or not," said the captain, "you must have patience, or I shall lose mine." Here he went out and left Morland alone: which had not lately happened; for he had staid much at home, and become a constant companion.

CHAP. XV.

SCARCELY had Captain Godfrey been gone a quarter of an hour, when Sir Charles came in; and surprised at finding neither the captain nor the vicar with the supposed Emma, accosted her with rapture. "How strange, my sweet girl," cried he, "to find you without your constant guardians! It is quite a prodigy." Morland, compelled to sustain his character, attributed the captain's assiduity to his affection. "Oh no! my angel, not at all," replied Sir Charles; "there's no excess of affection

fection in the case. He is a widower and still young, you are in his way, and to get rid of you he is going to make you housekeeper and nurse to an old crazy, village parson; and he never leaves you, for fear some friend should show you the consequences of a match so absurd, so little suited to you."

Morland looked the handsome baronet full in the face, curious to know the result of a conversation opened in this manner. Sir Charles finding that he was attended to, pursued his point. "How have I longed," cried he, "to speak to you alone! My dear Emma, it was impossible to see you and not love you. From the very first day we met, you

must have perceived the effect of your charms on my heart, in spite of my attempts to restrain myself before those by whom we have been constantly observed: never was love more ardent than mine."

As he made this gallant declaration, the baronet suddenly seized one of Morland's hands and kissed it. The latter could not help laughing as he disengaged it. "You are mistaken, Sir Charles," said he, "you think you are speaking to Miss Wallingford."

"No, charming Emma," replied the Baronet eagerly, "I am not mistaken. Matilda Wallingford is an amiable, good girl, and as our friends
with

wish to match us, I have shewn no repugnance to the alliance; but what a difference between the esteem I feel for her, and the passion with which you have inspired me! I adore you, Emma; I cannot live without you, and I would with pleasure sacrifice my fortune and my life to you. Oh! let me snatch you from this ill-suited marriage; this frugal, sordid existence; this miserable little village; London awaits you; come and share my fortune there; come and let us be happy."

Sir Charles, transported with passion, had fallen on his knees at Morland's feet, and was proceeding to add the rhetoric of embraces to the eloquence of words, when, hearing
the

the noise of some one approaching, he abruptly threw himself into a chair, assuming all the calmness imaginable. The person was Mr. Allen: he was soon after followed by the captain, who found his Welch woman swelling with smothered ire between her two suitors, but prudent enough not to suffer it to break out till they were gone.

When alone with the captain, Morland again ventured to expostulate: "You were in haste, Sir," said he "to keep your word with me; Sir Charles is as mad as Mr. Allen. I do not lay these burlesque passions to the account of *my charms*; *yours* can effect more than mine. Allow that this may be of use to you, and to
me,

me: I am ready to suppose it; but should you not recollect that these gentlemen are continually heaping kindnesses upon you? The friendship they show you on every occasion, has hitherto induced me to treat them as your friends. Mr. Allen, however, is extremely disagreeable to me; and I cannot say I have any respect for Sir Charles; but I now consider him as your victim, and I pity him. How am I to behave to them? Do you foresee an end to my perplexity, and their madness?"

"But, seriously, you are scolding me, Emma;" replied the captain, good humouredly. "I thought I deserved more kindness and confidence

dence from you, and hoped that you would have been more tranquil in whatever scenes passed around you, whether I took any part in them or not: but your passions make it very difficult to govern you. You would, perhaps, have tired out the patience of any other, but mine equals my tenderness for you, and consequently has no bounds. Hitherto you have had no reason to complain of me, and will you refuse to be guided by me a little longer? Doubt every thing you see; suspend your judgment as to me and others, and let me pursue my designs without impeding them."

"But how," said Morland, "am I to act with these strange lovers
that

that you have given me?" "Treat them," replied the captain, "neither coolly nor warmly: they will pursue their little views; but they can't go far." Morland sighed, and resigned himself once more.

He continued to see Sir Charles every day, either at the captain's or Mrs. Johnson's; but as he was never left alone with him, he escaped with some stolen glances or a tender squeeze of the hand: that was nothing; but one night he found among his lace the following letter:

To the charming Emma.

"We are both of us on the point of being rendered irretrievably miserable.



rable. I have heard the captain conversing with Mrs. Johnson and Allen on your marriage, which will not be deferred above a week longer. Will you, my angel, suffer yourself to be sacrificed to this old, doating priest? No consideration is shown for you, and will you show any for others, with a certainty of being wretched for life? Consult your own heart, and your lover. Fly from the low, paltry views before you, and dispose of me and of my fortune. Your prudence in not mentioning what passed when we were interrupted by the detestable parson, convinces me that you are not unfavourable to me. How happy shall we be! What enchanting pleasures await us! Name but the day and hour, and a post-chaise

chaise shall be ready at the end of the village to take you to London, where you will be received by some charming friends of mine, who will take care of you and entertain you, while my affairs, and the necessity of concealing our attachment for a time, compel me to remain here. How anxious shall I be during this short interval! With what rapture shall I fly to you! Yet perhaps I but flatter myself, perhaps I am indebted solely to your natural goodness of heart for not discovering the passion I declared to you. Drive me not to despair, lovely Emma: by a look, or by a word from your pen, let me know that you approve the love, and the proposal of

“Your devoted

“Charles Cawtherley.”

“Here

“Here Sir;” said Morland, giving this letter to the captain; “am I to marry Allen, or elope with Sir Charles?”

“To do either,” replied the captain, “would be going a little too far; and I think we shall be able to make a better match for you.” Saying which he coolly put Sir Charles’s letter into his pocket, but took it out again in a moment and tore it to pieces. “I have,” continued he, “received letters from Dorsetshire, that oblige me to make some arrangements in which you are concerned. I am going out, and on my return will tell you how I have succeeded.”

Morland, left by himself, first occupied his thoughts with the letter,
Sir

Sir Charles's project, and the cool, unconcerned manner with which the captain treated these events; then, soon after, buried in thought, he reasoned thus with himself: "If by supernatural means, he compels a young man into an absurd passion, is he not a promoter of folly? He has received letters from Dorsetshire? and must in consequence make some arrangements: I am concerned in them! What concerns can I have in Dorsetshire?—The more I think, the less can I discover the views of this man. What do I say? Man! Don't I know he is a woman when he pleases? Do I know what he is? He keeps me under this whimsical disguise, requires me to act ridiculously, and exposes all about me to do the same,

same, yet I forget myself and am pleased in his company! If I would oppose him in any thing, I feel myself forced to submit to the ascendancy he has assumed over me. I cannot even comprehend the nature of the influence he uses to govern me; it is not painful, it seems to draw its power from my own heart: resistance I find impossible, obedience easy; it is attended with no remorse, my mind is as tranquil as in the performance of a duty.—Am I indeed mad! or am I bewitched like Allen, like Sir Charles, like all, in short, whom chance throws in the way of the——”

The captain here broke in upon Morland, and interrupted his meditation. “My dear Emma,” said he,
“my

“my affairs compel me to be absent for some days. I was afraid I should have been obliged to leave you here alone with the servant, but on consulting Mr. Allen, an arrangement has taken place, which no doubt will be more agreeable to you: you shall spend the time of my absence at Mrs. Johnson’s, where you will enjoy the company of Matilda.” “Of Matilda!” exclaimed Morland eagerly, “and am I to be distracted by the presence of Sir Charles?”

“You would have him then excluded from Mrs. Johnson’s?” said the captain, with a thoughtful look, as if pondering on some important affair—“Well Emma,” added he after a moment’s silence, “you force
me

me to do strange things——You shall see Sir Charles no more. Forget the part you have had in his adventure, and do not ever mention his name. But after this mark of attention, I think I may expect that you will continue to regulate your conduct by my advice. You are now about to be put to a very delicate trial. Can you from morning to night bear the sight, and perhaps the caresses, of the person you love, without betraying your secret? Know, that your happiness depends on this essential point. If you are discovered, Matilda is ruined, my honour suspected, your person exposed, and you will be deprived of every prospect, but an obscure retreat in Wales. But, more, if, forgetting your feigned character, you become
capable

capable of abusing the confidence it will gain you; you know my power, my vengeance shall follow quick upon the attempt, and prevent the crime by a metamorphosis most mortifying to your pride."

He had not time to extend his instructions, for Mr. Allen came in from the ladies to conduct Miss Emma to them, and the chaise being ready, the captain drove off as they left the house.

CHAP. XVI.

MORLAND, received at Mrs. Johnson's as the pretty Welch woman, was soon at home in the family. Sir Charles was gone, and he now became Matilda's companion, passed all his days with her, and at night slept in a little room adjoining her chamber, where Kitty used to sleep. He was treated with the utmost kindness, served with attention, and his slightest wishes anticipated. His life was pleasantly spent, notwithstanding a little dilemma into which he was thrown

thrown the very day after the captain left Sutton, from the ladies proposing to dress him in the fashionable way. They said it would be very becoming to him, and following the idea with spirits, a complete equipment was soon produced from the wardrobes of Mrs. Johnson and Matilda. Morland in vain opposed it; they only thought him a little wilful, and Kitty had absolutely raised her hand to pull off the Welch mob. Dreading the power of the unintelligible being who had assured him that he was for ever watching over him, he struggled to prevent any alteration in the apparel which it was his will he should wear. Nor was the change all he had to apprehend, it was probable he would be discovered as he was stripped.

Fortunately Mr. Allen came in, and seeing his earnest opposition, prevailed upon the ladies to drop their scheme; but Matilda asked her aunt how Mr. Allen at his age could think of marrying a little savage: "for a savage she is," cried she; "handsome indeed, but without common sense."

"She is as like Miss Forrester," said Kitty, "as two drops of water; but only in her face." This speech of Kitty's brought fresh roses to Matilda's cheeks, which however passed unnoticed.

On his side, Morland saw the ill effect of his obstinacy, but he willingly submitted his Welch disposition to the rigour of criticism, if it did but
save

save him from such a dilemma as that from which he had been rescued by Mr. Allen.

Matilda, soon forgiving his prejudices and little wilfulness, treated him with her usual kindness, passed whole mornings with him, sung the airs he had taught her at Crayhill, gazed at him, and, when he seemed not to notice her, shrugged her shoulders.

It was her custom in the morning to read French aloud, in order to improve herself in the pronunciation of it. As she read she turned her eyes on Morland, and speaking in French in the same tone as she was reading, "*Pauvre Edward,*" said she, "*voilà vos traits ; mais où est votre ame ?*" There are your features ; but where

is your soul? I wonder what is become of that worthy clergyman who came to Crayhill to speak to me about you. How amiable, Edward, was your innocent artifice in feigning to be Miss Forrester for the sake of my reputation, and how did the worthy minister excite my gratitude in telling me of it! How did he comfort me in assuring me that your birth was not inferior to mine, and that I need not blush to cherish the fond prepossession of my heart. Fortune, he told me, was the only obstacle—and perhaps—Oh! where is that good, cheering, dear man! He promised to see me again, alas! did he but know my tenderness, anxiety, impatience! Oh! Edward! dear Edward! a thatched shed with you were preferable

preferable to all the wealth, state, and honours intended for me. No, never will I love any other than you. I swear before this idol so like you, that I will love you as long as I exist."

Here Matilda stopped a moment, then continued still in French, with great emotion: "This foolish, Welch creature looks at me with Edward's eyes. She will turn my brain." Here a shower of tears came to her relief.

What a situation for Morland! What must have passed in his mind! Such surprising, flattering, tender discoveries! Who could this generous clergyman be that had gone to Cray-hill as from him, and to whom the

mystery of his birth was known, though to himself still a mystery! How! his mistress thinking only of him, preferring him to all the world and suffering such anxiety on his account! What efforts did it require not to betray his secret, not to throw himself at the feet of an object adored, and adorable! In restraining himself he suffered all that a feeling, grateful, and impassioned heart can suffer; yet he had the command of himself till he saw Matilda shed tears. Then, indeed, his self-command forsook him for a moment; he threw down the cushion with the lace, raised his eyes, opened his arms, and was just going to speak, when the figure of the captain uttering his threats presented itself to his imagination, and made him

him recollect himself. He felt that he should lose Matilda forever; already the hateful petticoat he wore seemed to take root upon his hips: he threw himself back on his seat, asking in his usual jargon, but with a tremulous voice, what ailed her, and why she cried.

“Oh! nothing, Emma,” replied Matilda, confused, and too much engaged by her own feelings to observe his agitation, “I am only reading a story which has affected me very much, and which would have the same effect on you if you could read it.” On making this answer she retired to her dressing room, no doubt to give vent to her tears unwitnessed, and displeased with herself for having disco-

vered such violent emotions before a stranger, who, notwithstanding her inexperience and ignorance, might partly guess the cause.

On his side, Morland, having recovered himself, enjoyed the exquisite delight of loving and being beloved. The tears he had caused to flow he would have given his blood, nay his life to stop; but the dread of crushing for ever hopes so dear to both of them operated sufficiently on his mind to enable him to preserve his secret. He had apprehensions, however, of more difficult trials, and he at once wished and feared the repetition of a scene that had intoxicated him with joy even while it filled his heart with anguish; but fortunately it was

was not his fate to have his resolution put again to the test: Matilda was more guarded, time passed without any uncommon occurrence, and the captain returned from Dorsetshire. He enquired how his daughter had behaved, received answers with which he could not but be pleased, thanked the ladies for their kindness to Emma, and took her home to his little habitation.

“All goes well, Emma,” said he to Morland, when they got home; “Allen will be here to day, we will leave the house to his care and set out for Dorsetshire, whither very important business calls us.”

“But shall I not see Matilda again?” cried Morland. “You re-

sume men's clothes to-morrow," replied the captain, "do you think you can appear in them boldly at Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Am I to be dressed as a man to-morrow?" exclaimed Morland—"You are sorry for it, my dear Emma," replied the captain, "didn't I foretell that you would? Do justice to my art, and place more confidence in me." "I have always had confidence in you, my dear father," said Morland, affectionately; "and after the favours I have received from you, I can entirely repose in you."—"We shall see, Emma," replied the captain: "you think that you can depend upon yourself; I know you, and fear you for your own
own

own sake; your sentiments will waver again."

Morland was sure that he never should mistrust him, and in the best understanding with each other, they went out that same evening to take leave of Mr. Allen and the ladies. As the captain kept his house at Sutton, and talked only of an excursion for some weeks, the hope of seeing one another again soon lessened the pain of separation.

The next morning the captain woke Morland before day, and made him put on the clothes he mentioned the day before; they were very plain: a chaise and four appeared at the gate, the boys dressed lightly,

lightly, elegantly, and exactly alike : two trunks were put into the boot ; the travellers took their seats ; crack, crack, went the postboys' whips ; away flew the horses at full gallop.

Till their arrival in the county of Dorset, Morland saw nothing new in his situation, except that the captain from the time they left Sutton constantly called him Edward, and my son. As soon as they entered Dorsetshire, however, the conversation took a turn as serious as extraordinary.

" Hitherto, my dear boy," said the captain, " it has not been permitted me to attend to the establishing of your fortune and rank in life, but

but it is time to reflect seriously, and to chuse what you will be. You are now a man; society has indispensable claims upon you, and it behoves you to play a part on the great theatre of life. Consult your disposition and inclination. I do not mean to bias your choice, only fix upon something, Edward: all the professions you have heard of are open to you, and I make but one condition with you, and that is, when you have chosen, to be steady, and pursue it like a man of honour. —Why don't you answer me, Edward? Is it the limits of my power that you doubt? Try to believe me again, my son, and determine."

Morland, again in spite of himself distrustful, thought it best to appear

pear otherwise. "I don't know who I am," replied he, "and scarcely know the different professions by name: how then can I weigh the advantages and disadvantages, the duties required and my ability?"

On this the captain undertook to assist him in his choice. The various states and professions of men were taken under consideration: the less they suited a husband for Matilda, the less agreeable were they to Morland, who naturally referred all to that idea, even though he regarded the conversation as a mere jest. There could be no propriety in a young beautiful heiress bestowing her hand on a clerk in a counting-house, a farmer, a country clergyman, a student of law, or a subaltern officer. Morland found

found something to object to in all. "It does not signify, my son," said the captain, "you must decide; you must be something. I have proposed to you professions in the middling stations of life: and I should have had no objection to see you fixed in one of them, for happiness does not depend upon rank: but tell me, does your ambition soar higher? Should you like to be a peer of the realm?"—"Nay," cried Morland, "do not insult my birth by this trifling: you well know that I have ever suffered my views to be directed with the utmost modesty." "A truce with your modesty," replied the captain; "in giving you liberty to chuse, it was not my intention to limit you in your choice.

Speak

Speak freely : would you like to be a peer of England ?”

Morland, out of patience, and to put an end to the jest, replied, “ If you please : by all means a peer, and do not forget the estate necessary to support my peerage.”

“ Estate !” said the captain—
“ Postboy ! stop.” By this time the chaise had entered a beautiful, picturesque part of the county. Woods, lawns, streams, an undulatory surface, and elegant seats, whose beauties were heightened by the clearness of the sky, and the vivid tints of the season, gave an air of enchantment to the surrounding prospects, that might well raise in Morland

land a suspicion that he and his guide were at last arrived in Fairy land. "Estate!" continued the captain,— "you may see several from this hill. Take your choice. That mansion seems to me to stand better than any of the others—looks larger and nobler—Do you think it would suit you?" — "Exactly," replied Morland, anxious for a conclusion of any sort. "Very well!" said the captain, gaily, "permit me to kiss your Lordship's hand — Lord Belmont will no doubt extend his goodness to Captain Godfrey, who will in future honour himself with the title of his governor—Postboy! drive to Belmont-Castle."

The

The postboys obeyed: the chaise seemed to fly. Morland thought that his guide, formerly his father, mother, and aunt by turns, and now his governor, had lost his senses, or that he himself was dreaming.

CHAP. XVII.

AFTER passing through magnificent gates and beautiful grounds the chaise stopped at the front door of the mansion. Footmen in superb liveries ran up to the chaise to assist the captain in alighting; he, however, civilly refused their assistance, pointing to his fellow-traveller, and saying — “Attend to my Lord:” on which they bowed and offered their arms to Morland, who was not entirely without occasion for them, and who leant on the arm of one of the footmen as far as the hall; where his governor, taking him by the hand, led him through a suite of
mag-

magnificent apartments, in which there were people attending, who bowed as they passed. They proceeded till they came to an antichamber, where a man in plain clothes was sitting, who, on seeing them, rose and came forward. The captain whispered something to him, and he immediately went through a door which he drew after him, and disappeared.

Morland looked round him with a stupified air. Presently a noise was heard, the folding doors where the man had disappeared, were thrown wide open, and a gentleman about fifty years old, with a venerable countenance, wearing the decorations of the order of the garter,

appeared advancing to meet them. As they came up to him he received the captain affectionately, and looking for some time at Morland, folded him in his arms with an air of delight. "Noble Godfrey," said he, "I am satisfied, and you shall have reason to be so too: our young men are here, but for the present carry my lord to his apartment, he must stand in need of repose. Pray let him be dressed, as I wish him to appear to advantage. I take the liberty of a friend with him, he will excuse it: I leave him to you till dinner-time."

Morland, without opening his mouth, followed his governor, who led him to a very handsome room, and put him under the hands of two
valet-

vale's de-chambre, who immediately began to undress him. They put him on an elegant satin morning-gown, and throwing a combing-cloth round his shoulders, soon arranged his hair. They then handed him linen of the finest texture, and completing his whole dress with a very handsome, fashionable suit of clothes, cleared the room, and withdrew.

While Morland was dressing, the captain sat at a window quietly reading a pamphlet he had taken up by chance. The new lord, standing before a large glass, hardly knew, hardly saw himself.

“How does your lordship do?” said the captain. “Is it possible
that

that you take no pleasure in this happy turn of your affairs, my lord?" Morland said "that he was certain he was asleep—that it was all a dream"—"or," added he, "you have surrounded me with illusions. In what light am I to look upon you?"

"These are neither illusions nor dreams, my lord," replied the captain, "and your governor is not uneasy as to the light in which you are now to look upon him: however, he advises you to throw off this air of amazement, which in some degree eclipses the advantages that nature has bestowed upon you. You are about to appear in the great world: make an effort; assume a

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little ease without throwing off your modesty; and till you are called to more essential trials of virtue, show yourself worthy, by a modest assurance, of the rank you have chosen."

Here a servant came to say that dinner was waiting for his lordship, and the captain, taking him gaily by the hand, led him to the dining-room, where they found the nobleman to whom Morland had been presented. He advanced, in an affectionate manner, to his new friend, and taking him by the hand, placed him next to himself. Two young noblemen, about the age of thirty, and Captain Godfrey, made up the rest of the company.

Nothing interesting passed at dinner ; but as soon as the cloth was removed, and the servants withdrawn, the nobleman at the top of the table took Morland by the hand, and addressing his two relations, said : “ You are not inclined to adopt the proposition I have made, first to the one, and then to the other of you, of taking my name, and bearing my arms : now I am unalterably bent on seeing my intention realized, while I live ; but as you think you cannot, without injuring your feelings, and degrading your family, consent to sink your title in mine, I cease to press you on the subject. Here is a young man more complying. He will have the goodness to take care, after me, to prevent this

old castle from falling into ruins; and to perpetuate the humble race of the Earls of Ashmore."

This speech appeared to astonish the lords to whom it was addressed. They stared at Morland, who, blushing deeper than the rose, looked like an angel.

"You say nothing—" continued Lord Ashmore—"you ought to know me. You feel only what affects yourselves: do you think it extraordinary that I should consider myself?"

"But, my lord," replied one of the young noblemen, "it is not a usual thing to give away property from
one's

one's relations to indulge a fancy, or to bestow a name like yours, a name, in the honours of which we share, to the first person that comes in the way."

"First or not," replied the earl, "I am pleased with him, I adopt him, and I shall not court any one's approbation in the choice. However, I have a proposal to make to you. It is not my intention to act unjustly, or to dissatisfy my relations. You know how much of my property, I can dispose of, and you, with great propriety, look for a share; now, if the scheme I have imparted to you meets your disapprobation, I give the whole to this young man."

This startled the young lords, who, almost together, cried out, "your lordship is to do as you like; you certainly will be careful of your own honour; your judgment is unquestionable, we shall not oppose it."

"That's not enough," replied the earl; "not opposing me, is not serving me: I have only you to manage matters for me. I shall have occasion for interest among men in power, but I do not chuse to apply to any body myself. You, I know, can do any thing: however, we will talk this business over in the library, where I will furnish you with necessary papers and instructions. But this is not all—I intend that Lord Belmont shall marry, and that richly
too:

too: he ought to have an establishment, at which neither you nor I may blush; and if you assist me, it is possible, without trenching much upon my fortune, or lessening your just expectations in the least."

The young lords replied that they were entirely devoted to his lordship. "Your compliance delights me:"—said Lord Ashmore. "There is a lately created baronet residing in Devonshire, a stupid fellow, but a man of very large fortune: he has an only daughter who is highly spoken of: she is the person I want; but it does not suit me to make advances to such a man: nor is it necessary for you; he is a creature of your friend Lord Hallidon's, who

could deliver him over to you bound hand and foot; now he must give his daughter an estate worth seven thousand a-year. These are the outlines of my plan; but come, let us now go into the library, and I will enter into the particulars: Captain Godfrey will take care of his pupil." It is needless to say that they had drunk their wine, and that the two lords attended their relation. As for Morland, the captain took him into the park.

They both walked on without speaking. The grounds were beautifully laid out. They came up to a spot where a clump of lofty trees, irregularly disposed, formed one of those pleasant retreats that give variety

riety to the beauties of the English garden. The body of a tree, as if fallen by the wind, offered the only seat. Morland sat down, his hat drawn over his eyes, and his arms folded, like one absorbed in thought.

“Your lordship appears melancholy,” said the captain. “Have done with lordship” — said Morland — “I am no lord, nor will I be one. Even were your illusions realities, I should be but robbing some other of his fortune, and I would scorn to raise myself by such baseness. I am flattered, intoxicated with the sweetest hopes that can touch the heart — all to shake my religion: but know, it is in vain, it is not to be shaken.

Though you are for ever speaking to me of virtue, you cannot remove my distrust of you. I own that I feel myself tenderly attracted towards you ; but I consider that attraction as the most dangerous enemy I have to encounter. In a word, magician, fairy, spirit, angel, demon, or devil ; whoever, or whatever you are, make yourself known to me. You have always known and read my heart, so that I can have no secret hid from you. You have known me gentle, flexible, and respectful, but you have seen in me no pusillanimity, for which I need blush before you. Throw off this assumed appearance, which cannot belong to you ; shew yourself to me what you are ; you'll not frighten me.

me. Do this, or considering myself as your sport, as the quarry of an infernal spirit, I will fly from you, and attempt every means, even extreme ones, to be delivered for ever from you."

"No, no, my son, my dear son," said the suspected being, embracing Morland tenderly, "we shall not part: you shall know me, you shall love me, you shall be my consolation and my joy."

Morland gazed at the figure before him; the countenance seemed to brighten, the eyes to sparkle, and he stared with breathless awe, expecting some tremendous change while he

was yet encircled by the arms of the transmigrating fiend. "No!" cried his embracer, "I am no fairy, magician, spirit, angel, or demon: look at me. I am not indeed a man like you;—but I am a being of your species—I am—a woman—a weak woman—" continued she, pressing him still closer to her bosom—"in short, Edward, you are in the arms of Marcia Belmont, the sister of Lord Ashmore, the widow of Sir Patrick Morland, and your own mother."

"A woman! my mother!" cried Morland, transported with joy. "Where am I? What have I done? I have repelled the tender feelings

you inspired, shut my heart against you, nay treated you with disrespect. Let me kiss your feet."

"You have been guilty of nothing, my son," said Lady Marcia, "in which your mother is not an accomplice."—"But how!" cried Morland, looking at his mother with an air of confidence, conviction, and tenderness—"what a chain of wonders! Tell me how—by what means you have effected them. All nature seems to obey you."

"My dear Edward," replied Lady Marcia, smiling, "it is your *imagination* alone that has obeyed me. I perceived that I had awakened and
asto-

astonished it, the first time I saw you, when I was disguised as a gipsy; a disguise which an accident that I will explain to you had induced me to take. *You* were in some danger from which it was necessary to withdraw you: *I* had still a great deal to do to fix our fate in life, which was not then certain. I wished to possess your entire confidence, that I might try you and know you. The idea of supernatural agency having entered your mind, I determined to strengthen it, that I might do as I pleased with you: some luck, a little address, and your great simplicity, enabled me to succeed far beyond my expectation. My views are now accomplished, and all the marvellous

vellous is at an end. Disguise in future being unnecessary, you shall know all that concerns me." Morland thanked and embraced his mother.



C H A P. XVIII.

The History of Lady Marcia Belmont.

THE elegant and accomplished Lady Marcia Morland and her son being pleasantly seated on the trunk of the tree in the grove, she began in the following manner:

“In time you will make yourself acquainted with the history of our house: it is noble and ancient, but that’s no merit of ours; we must be careful not to pride ourselves upon it,
for

for pride tarnishes the lustre of reflected merit.

“I am the daughter of Edward, the late earl of Ashmore and Lady Sarah Beverley, whose marriage was blessed with six children. The eldest you know, the present earl of Ashmore, the second is lady Hewley; she was followed by William, now bishop of Frome; then a brother whom we lost young; Edward who died in battle, whose memory I cherish warmly, was the next; and I am the youngest of the family.

AC

“By the death of my father all the family estates descended to my eldest brother. My mother's fortune was to supply the portions of the rest, and
we

we found ourselves reduced to slender pittance. My father having a distinguished place at court, continued to live there after my mother, who early became infirm, retired to this place. My brother was sent to a foreign university to complete his education, after which he visited the different courts of Europe, and returned to England when he was five and twenty. I saw him then for the first time. He was not long with us at Belmont Castle, for my father, being desirous of placing him at court, kept him in London; so that I hardly saw any thing of him. The bishop of Frome was little more than a boy, when he was sent to Oxford. About the same time Lord Hewley courted my sister and afterwards married her.

“ I was

“ I was thirteen years younger than my sister. When Lord Hewley saw me, he took a fancy to me, and was on the point of changing his object, when my sister exerted herself, and found means to fix him. I was too young to have any design, and had done nothing to attract him ; I therefore saw him, without regret, resume his first attachment, but my sister considered me as her rival, and never forgave it.

“ My youngest brother died while he was at Westminster school. Edward had a commission in the guards, and, except the time his duty allowed him to spend with us, I was left entirely alone with my mother, who was confined to her chamber, and the
retire-

retirement in which I lived, became very irksome to me.

“I did nothing but read romances all day long, which increased my distaste for a retired life, inspired a curiosity to become acquainted with things of no use to me, awakened in me the seeds of a passion fatal to my peace, and gave me false ideas of men, of the world, and of nature in general.

“A joke of my brother Edward’s gave me a taste for an amusement still more dangerous. I was much about his size, and in the face we were extremely alike. He took it into his head one day to make me try on his regimentals—you see I still
have

have men's clothes on. Edward was delighted with my appearance, and being left entirely to ourselves, he determined to have a suit made to fit me exactly. As soon as it came home, I went with him to many of the neighbouring families, and passed undiscovered. I was taken for my youngest brother, whose death was either unknown or forgotten. This success encouraged me, and by continuing to disguise myself in a male dress, I acquired the bold, natural look, and carriage of a young man. I learned to manage a horse expertly, and, taking lessons from my brother's man, who had been a fencing-master at Paris, I acquired great skill in the use of the small-sword. All my mornings were employed in these exercises,

ercifes, and I fcarcely flung on my own clothes to go to my mother's chamber. In addition to thefe extraordinary frolics, I took a fancy for driving, and my whole time was filled up with occupations fo little becoming my fex.

“ When Edward went to London, my fencing, riding, and driving, were fufpended, but this only increafed my paffion for them. I was impatient for his return, to renew my favorite amufements ; nor was he backward in indulging me. On obtaining frefh leave, he returned with Sir Patrick Morland an officer of the fame regiment. His friend was a younger fon of an ancient and diftinguifhed Irish family, but poor. He was about
thirty

thirty years old: his person was handsome, noble, and prepossessing; and his conversation agreeable, ingenious, and insinuating. Edward had a great regard for him, and made him of all our parties.

“ Sir Patrick took pains to render himself agreeable to me, and did not find it difficult to succeed: I had not been put upon my guard. He declared a passion for me very freely, which I treated cavalierly: my dress gave me boldness, and inspired it in him. I had but one way of opposing his attacks, which was, that our fortune ought not to suffer us to think of each other. I knew the prejudices of my father, and of my eldest brother against the Irish; but it was impos-

impossible, with common decency, to give this as a reason, and which my own heart but too readily disavowed. Sir Patrick pleading excess of passion, was not repulsed by so feeble a defence. He redoubled his ardour, and persisted in his assiduities at Belmont Castle, both when my brother was here, and when he was not ; till finding that he made no progress in convincing my understanding, he made use of means, unworthy a man of honour, to make it necessary for *me* to sue for *his* hand.

“ While this was going on, my brother Edward had quitted the guards, being made colonel of a regiment going on service, at the head of which he soon after fell. His death
affected

affected my father extremely, and, age and affliction uniting, carried him to the grave, whither he was soon followed by my poor mother, who had been languishing for many years. Lady Hewley and my second brother, then a doctor of divinity at Oxford, came to attend her in her last illness, while the new earl of Ashmore took his seat in the house of peers.

“My conduct, hitherto little inspected, was now soon known to my relations. I had lost in Edward the only friend, the only protector on whom I could depend among my own connexions. Some of the old servants, zealous in their duty, or supposing themselves so, informed Lady Hewley of all the particulars of

my intercourse with Sir Patrick, which our indiscretion had made them acquainted with.

“I was, however, of age, and, our affairs being arranged soon after my father’s death, seven thousand pounds stock, the amount of my portion, had been regularly transferred to me. I was apprized that Lord Ashmore had been sent for, and was soon expected at Belmont Castle, and that his countess accompanied him. Lady Ashmore resembled Lady Hewley in disposition, and was very much attached to her. Dreading to see my family all joining against me, I resolved to set off secretly for London in quest of Sir Patrick, the possession of my liberty and fortune allowing me

me to become his wife without asking a consent which I knew would be refused.

“A servant in whom I confided got horses ready for me, and, putting up a few things in a portmanteau, I set out dressed as a man. As such I might appear in the eyes of others, but so long a journey, and the inconvenience attending an advanced state of pregnancy, made me but too sensible that I was a woman.

“Sir Patrick lodged in Piccadilly. I surprised him early one morning in the apartment he occupied. It was indeed a surprise to him. His views agreed not with mine. I saw it the moment I entered. Far from receiv-

ing me with ardour, he was embarrassed and constrained. Supposing him unacquainted with the state of my affairs, I informed him of every particular, and of our resources. He appeared still more thoughtful, more cold. I urged him on the score of humanity, I endeavoured to rouse him by an appeal to honour; but this only provoked irony and insult. Conceiving that the spirit of a soldier, which I displayed, was ill suited to the solemn alliance I came to propose, I dropped the tone I had inconsiderately taken, and falling at his feet, I conjured him to take pity on his child to which I was about to give birth. He pushed me from him. Commanding myself, while determined to be revenged, I rose and left him,

him, apparently in consternation, but really with rage and vengeance at my heart.

“I concealed myself at a furnished lodging near Sir Patrick’s, and employed my servant to trace him to his haunts, and discover his pursuits. I soon learned that he was courting the widow of a rich citizen; that he had given up his old acquaintance, and devoted all his time to her. She had deserted the soil of her late husband’s harvests, abandoned the chilly East for the balmy West, let her house in Bishopsgate-street, and purchased a villa near Kensington. Here Sir Patrick usually spent the day, returning at night alone, and without caution, to his lodgings in Piccadilly. I summoned



moned all my resolution, and determined to attack him. I laid in wait on the road for him. The patroles were off, the watchmen were asleep. At two in the morning, not far from Hyde Park corner, I saw him at a distance coming. I advanced to meet him. There was sufficient light for us to know each other. Villain! said I, you shall do me justice. He answered me with a taunt, and tried to pass me; but I presented my sword to his breast. Compelled to draw his, he called out, and retreated, defending himself. I pushed vigorously; he only parried. At last I wounded him, on which he became furious, and began to assault me in his turn: making an attempt to disarm me, he ran upon my sword, and received a mortal

mortal wound. He fell, saying, 'ah Marcia you have killed me!' This brought me to myself. 'Good heavens!' cried I: 'wretched creature! what have I done?'—'You have revenged yourself, Marcia,' replied he, 'and justly—I forgive you—fly, take care of yourself.' 'No, my dear Sir Patrick,' said I, 'I will take care of you; your wound may not be mortal, heaven send it may not! As for me, I care not for my life; but I may be perfectly safe in appearing as your friend.'

"I ran for assistance, and bringing a chair, attended Sir Patrick home to his lodgings. While his servant was employed in putting him to bed, and stopping the blood, I hastened for

a surgeon. I soon returned with one of the most skilful in town, who, on examining the wound, pronounced it extremely dangerous, if not mortal. I wished to remain in the room all night, but Sir Patrick having had his wound dressed, entreated me to go and rest, and to come to him in the morning, in clothes suitable to my sex, adding, 'heaven grant I may have time to repair the wrongs of which you have such reason to complain.'

"The consequences of this hope to you, my son, had an immediate effect upon me; I retired to prepare myself, and, having put on proper apparel, I repaired very early in the morning to Sir Patrick's apartments.

Sir

Sir Patrick had already assembled a clergyman, two lawyers, and two of his friends: every thing, in short, was ready for our marriage; the landlord of the house, and a relation of his wife's, came in to be witnesses; and the ceremony was performed with every precaution requisite to its validity.

“Your father, Edward, was mortally wounded—and by my hand—he was dear to me—I will spare you the pain of hearing, and myself the pang of repeating the manner in which the interval was passed between our union and the sad moment of our separation, which took place eight days after. I paid him the mournful duties of a widow, quitted the neighbourhood.

N 5

bourhood of Piccadilly, and took a small apartment in Westminster, till you were born. I had sent my faithful servant into Dorsetshire to get information how my family were affected by my flight. They were all leagued against me; nothing but violence was heard. The doctor partook the feelings of Lady Hewley; Lady Ashmore joined them, and the three together exasperated my eldest brother.

“I had a great esteem for my brother, but I dreaded his prejudices and passionate temper. I felt the necessity of keeping at a distance from my family, of screening my situation from my sister's hatred, and of seeking an asylum where I might live in
peace,

peace, and at ease, on the small fortune of which I was mistress.

“Such an asylum I could not expect to find in London, where every thing is so dear, on the interest of my funds. I might retire to a distant county, or go and live in France. I wavered for some time between these two plans, but at last my taste and habits decided my choice. To have lived in England I must have submitted to the usual occupations and conduct of women, or by gaining the character of singularity have relinquished the countenance of persons among whom I resided. By going over to France, in my men’s clothes, I got out of the way of those whom I wished to avoid, I escaped

from every kind of constraint, and I in a manner doubled my income in acquiring my liberty. This scene seduced my imagination, and I determined to put it into execution.

“The time for your birth arrived. Of all the friends of my family, the only one with whom I preserved any connexion was Mr. Holt, a banker in the city, who was acquainted with my adventures. He stood godfather for you, and your birth and christening were regularly registered at St. Margaret’s, Westminster.

“You were nursed in a country house of Mr. Holt’s, and afterwards put under the care of a worthy woman whose name was Waller, re-

3 commended

commended by him. Though the greatest care was taken to conceal who you were; yet it was not thought necessary to change your name; it is well known both in England and Ireland, but as there are many branches of the Morlands, you would naturally pass undistinguished. This caution was suggested by Mr. Holt to leave no room whatever for a doubt of your birth. Both my family and your father's were provided with heirs in succession, by whom you were at that time deprived of all hope of a better fortune; but I anxiously looked forward to future resources for you; and in order to leave no ground for intrigues that might have deprived you of them, I left every body ignorant of your fate and mine.

“ Having

“Having taken care of every thing respecting you, and recommended you in the most earnest manner to Mr. Holt, I constituted him my agent, entrusted him with my designs and plans, and embarked for France *as a man.*”

“I long wandered about from town to town on the sea coasts of the kingdom, without being able to settle in any: at length the situation of Marseilles pleased me, and there I fixed. The language and customs of the country soon became familiar to me. I liked dissipation, and it was necessary for me. Thrown as I was, in every respect, out of my sphere, I found it requisite to shun thoughts that led to a retrospect. I formed no particular

particular connexion; I was afraid of the French levity: it did not suit me to make a friend of a man, and I found the women very insipid. I returned to my former pleasures, I kept horses and dogs; but finding that those expensive whims trenched too deeply on my little income, I sought resources in the arts, in books, in the company of men of letters, and in public amusements. It was in this new circle of pursuits that I first felt a strong desire to see Paris, whither I afterwards went. There I found every thing that could gratify the new inclination of my mind, as well as my old propensities. Schools for all the personal exercises, and courses of instruction in all the sciences,

ences, furnished sufficient occupation for the whole day, and public places of entertainment filled up the void of the evening. Returning home at night I soon fell into sound sleep, for which the fatigue of the day prepared me. I had taken the name of Godfrey, which I have kept to this day.

“ In the academies I frequented I met many of my young countrymen; but, in order to study them more at my ease, I did not let them know that I was an Englishman: from the Provençal dialect, which I then spoke, they took me for a native of Provence. Our intercourse was cold and distant. Not being suspected.

pected of understanding their language, they talked freely before me, and I one day heard some of them ridiculing one of their fellow-students so unjustly, and with such little manners, that I felt a great inclination to take his part. They were condemning in him as a fault what every reasonable being would have applauded as an amiable conduct. Modest, mild, polite, and grateful, he was speaking well of the French in general on account of the kind reception he had himself met from individuals, and of some little services they had done him. He maintained that it was not right to insult people in their own country, where foreigners were never insulted; and declared, for his own part,

part, that he saw no reason for thinking ill of the French. He failed to convince; his company left him, and he remained alone with me. His name was Lloyd, and he was a Welchman. When they were gone, I accosted him, and spoke such good English as might well surprise him. I owned myself to be his countryman, and gloried at the same time, in thinking as he did. In short, my son, the result of our conversation was, that we became friends, and were almost inseparable. We shall continue so through life. Never was there a gentler, truer, tenderer soul than Lloyd's. I could tell you a thousand excellent traits of his character; but you will be acquainted with him, and be able to judge for yourself.

yourself. You already stand indebted to him for several little indirect obligations, and when you see him again, you will remember his person.

“With love I had been acquainted, had had no great reason to boast of it, and felt no inclination to renew my acquaintance with it; but I now yielded my heart to friendship, with all the warmth of which it was susceptible. Lloyd, not very rich, and having spent on his education a greater sum than he could reasonably sacrifice, was obliged to return home, and I determined to accompany him.

“We went to London, where I saw Mr. Holt, and received favourable

able accounts of you. Your gentleness and application to your studies were highly spoken of, and I consulted with the worthy banker respecting a profession for you. There was no change in the state of the family, my resources were not improved, and your constitution was delicate: these considerations determined me to send you to Oxford, and to educate you for the church.

“After a short stay in London, Lloyd set out for Wales, whither I accompanied him. His property was small, and out of it, too, a considerable portion was devoted by him to the support of his mother, a respectable old woman. We were
not

not very much at our ease, but a friend supplies the place of many things. I spent six months with him without being tired, amusing myself with destroying the foxes that infested his estates. I then returned to France, determining in future to visit Wales every year.

“Notwithstanding this determination, two years passed before I went again, and I then found Lloyd in a state of uneasiness and embarrassment. He was in love with the eldest daughter of Mrs. Ap-Owen, whom you know, then not quite sixteen years old. He dared not declare his passion either to the girl, whose name is Winifred, or to her mother, or indeed speak of it to any
body,

body, on account of very unfavourable circumstances existing at the time. Mrs. Ap-Owen had just lost her husband, and the little property left by him was mortgaged to a Jew of a fellow, for two hundred pounds. This man pressed for payment; the family were in great affliction, and on the point of ruin. My friend Lloyd had it not in his power to prevent it, and to think of marriage in so forlorn a state was impossible. Even supposing Mrs. Ap-Owen's property clear, it would have been imprudent to think of it. I persuaded my friend to postpone the declaration of his sentiments till happier times, and having resolved to pass the whole year with him, I gave up the greater part of my income for that

that time to retrieve this worthy, unfortunate family. I wished Lloyd to be the ostensible person in this little service; but he betrayed me to Mrs. Ap Owen, whence arose the connexion that has been ever since kept up.

“ Having completed the year in Wales, I returned to Paris. All Europe was at peace, and appeared likely to be long in a tranquil state. I had formed an acquaintance with an officer in the corps of mousquetaires, of the name of Fitzmartin, who was descended from a good family in Ireland. Conceiving me to be attached to France, he said that he wondered, young as I appeared to be, that I had never thought of entering



entering into the army, which was in his opinion, the only profession fit for a gentleman. He, with only fifteen hundred livres for his pay, was living agreeably, and in hopes of promotion.

“Tired with the life I was leading, I took it into my head to be a mousquetaire, and Fitzmartin presented me to his commander, as belonging to a family who had followed the fortune of the Stuarts.

“I was approved and accepted. I was now mounted on horseback again, but professionally. I frequently went to Versailles, where my fondness for the chace revived. Whenever the king hunted a stag
he

he was sure to see me in the chace, or at the death, till at last I was noticed. One day, coming rather too late to see the stag at bay, the king, no doubt, accustomed to the sight of me, said, loud enough for me to hear: ‘Ah! here’s my mousquetaire!’ Flattered to have attracted this distinction, I endeavoured to push myself more and more into notice, till, having gradually increased my stud and my establishment, I received a letter from Mr. Holt, reminding me that by exceeding my income I was hurting my capital. On this I resolved to retire, and to go and stay some time with my friends in Wales; and, obtaining leave of absence, I left Versailles.

“ While I was living with Lloyd the war with Spain broke out, and it was confidently said by the ablest politicians that France would soon take part in it. I really loved the king, but I could not think of serving against my country, and I sent my resignation to the colonel of my regiment.

“ At that time Sir Thomas Colville was raising a free company, to go with Commodore Anson on his expedition to the South Seas. He knew me in France, and offered me a lieutenancy in his company, which I accepted. By taking this commission I had it in my power to nurse our little fortune, and perhaps to encrease it.

“ In

“ In the course of the life I had thus led I saw you several times at Reading, but with the utmost caution and self-command, in order to prevent the possibility of divulging my secret before the proper time. You were then growing a big boy, and lest you should observe me too particularly, or I be unable to restrain my feelings, I did not even shake hands with you the last time I left you. I once more recommended you to the good Mr. Holt, and embarked on board the commodore's ship, with a detachment of a hundred and fifty men under my command. I shall say nothing to you of the expedition, in which you are at present nowise interested, except in the fortune I have acquired by it.

“ After four years absence and extraordinary adventures, there returned to England of this squadron, consisting, at first, of five ships, but a small number of the adventurers, on board a shattered vessel full of treasure, and of that number I had the good fortune to be one. We owed our preservation to the fertile genius under whose command we were, and to Fortune, who steered us safely to port through the middle of an enemy's fleet in a fog. Sir Thomas Colville was dead, and I had succeeded to the command of the whole corps, the complement of which at our departure was five hundred men, reduced before our arrival to thirty-six.

“ I no

“ I no sooner landed than I set out for London, and flew to Mr. Holt, who now, in his seventieth year, had lost his faculties, and was become quite a child. In consequence of an application lately made to the chancellor, his affairs had been put in trust, and my funds were safe. I applied to the trustees for my papers, but no inventory had yet been made, and not a soul could tell me any thing of my poor Edward.

“ Engaged to deliver in an account of my company, and to take steps for their interest, preparatory to the division of the prizes taken by the squadron, I could not leave London immediately. I wrote to Mrs.

Waller, but received no answer. I sent a second and a third letter without more success. Being extremely uneasy I applied to the Lords of the admiralty for permission to leave town; but being constantly wanted, having rendered myself necessary to them, they could not grant it. I then wrote to my friend Lloyd, conjuring him to come to me, as I had the greatest occasion for his assistance. Alas! his mother was dying, and he could not leave her. My situation was desperate: if I deserted my duty, I ran a risk of losing the fortune I had amassed for you with so much fatigue and danger, and on the other hand, I felt a dread of having lost you for ever.

“Not-

“Notwithstanding this state of alarm, the hope of seeing you assume a rank suitable to your name induced me to seek the head of our family. Lord Ashmore, I knew, was in London. He had lately lost his only son, Lord Belmont, whose death almost distracted him. This news my servant heard from his. His two daughters were married three years before, the one to Lord Morris, and the other to Lord Evelyn: he was neglected by his family, and almost left to himself. He had quitted his house in town, where Lord Belmont died, and taken a ready-furnished apartment in Southampton-Street. The rooms above his happening to be vacant, I took them. I had no fear of his

knowing my person: for, besides that I knew him to be inattentive, my regimentals and actual rank secured me from every suspicion. It was my wish that chance should bring us together, and interest him for me; I loved and esteemed him, but feared him still more; by choosing an improper time, by making myself known to him at a moment when he was ill-disposed to such a discovery, might have overturned my scheme for ever.

“ I made myself acquainted with his habits. When the parliament was not sitting, he spent his mornings in concerting plans for the promotion of the public good, and in studying the fluctuation of the funds,
in

in which he employed brokers to buy and sell for him; in the evening he constantly went to the play, thence to a coffee-house, where he sat pensive for some time, and then went home about twelve. As soon as my business allowed me, I followed him every where, taking precautions to prevent his suspecting me.

“ Here, my dear Edward, let me give you some idea of your uncle’s character. He is one of the worst, and at the same time one of the most singular men in England. Your grandfather would fain have made a courtier of him, and did keep him at court as long as he lived: but when he became independent,

he had no sooner taken his seat in the house of lords than he rejected every overture, and refused every favour. On his estates in the country, he encourages agriculture to a very great extent, economizes his fortune, and is the best of masters. To his poor tenants and the unfortunate in general his charity is unbounded. In London he encourages commerce, interests himself in the establishment of manufactures, watches the management of the public funds, and acts the part of a man of business. His conduct in parliament is guided by the best motives; he is inaccessible to every kind of intrigue: but, though unswayed by the ministry, he never thwarts their measures, unless he suspects them to be

be

be prejudicial to the public welfare. He keeps aloof from the leaders in the house of commons, and by this inflexibility of character, becomes useless where he might be serviceable. He has many other peculiarities, I may say whims, but you will know them by the circumstances I have to relate. On the whole, Heaven grant that you may resemble him in rectitude and benevolence !

“ I had taken pains for a fortnight, to keep him in sight to no purpose, when one evening, instead of going to the theatre, which overflowed, I stayed at the coffee-house he frequented. Three ill-looking men, sitting at a little distance from
o 6 me,

me, and talking together in a low voice, mentioned him. Leaning my head on my hand, in deep thought, I might well be supposed sleeping. The name of Ashmore drew my attention, and I listened attentively, without changing my posture.

‘He dined at the hotel,’ said one of them, ‘with such and such persons: I know he employed three brokers—Bradshaw himself told me that he sold out fifty thousand pounds for him.’—‘He shall turn it to good account;’ said one of the others. I lost the rest of the conversation, and they removed to a less exposed situation to consider their designs.

“ When

“ When the play was over, Lord Ashmore came in as usual, in a plain great coat, ordered some warm negus and sat down. The three rogues were gone. Between eleven and twelve my lord sent for a chair, in which he went away. He had no servant, and I followed him, but at a little distance. Turning the corner of Covent-Garden into Southampton-Street, the chair was stopped; I immediately drew my sword and ran up. The villains were at the door; seeing me, one of them came up to me with his sword raised, I ran him through the body in an instant, and left him on the pavement. I rushed forward to attack the others, but hearing the cries of their associate, they fled. I found my lord
calling

calling and struggling to get out of the chair, deserted by the chairmen, who I have no doubt, were accomplices in the villany. I helped him out, and supporting him by the arm, walked home to his apartments.

“ I still held my sword, stained with blood, in my hand, and entering the house, desired the landlord to go and give the alarm. Lord Ashmore, still agitated with the thoughts of his danger, said nothing; two footmen came to light him; he leaned upon their arms, and I followed him to his apartment.

“ He sat down, then looking full at me :—‘ Ah ! captain,’ said he, ‘ is it

it you? My brave fellow-lodger, you have rendered me a service beyond my power to estimate. It was my pocket-book the villains wanted—there it is—it contains only fifty thousand pounds, which you have saved from robbers.’ I wished to have said I thought myself but too happy in having been in the way, however, he went on speaking—‘ You have not fought for nothing: you shall find it was for yourself, as well as for me. The pocket-book is ours, and you shall take what you please of it. Do not be afraid that I shall think you unreasonable.’

“ I did not even look at the pocket-book. I was in company with a brother, whose friendship I would have purchased with every drop of
my

my blood. I was still in amazement at the danger he had escaped. The embarrassment of my situation, remorse for my past conduct so unworthy of him, and the desire of discovering myself, of falling at his feet, of asking his affection both for you and for myself, all agitated me at once.

“ My lord, surprized at my look, after a moment’s silence, said to me : ‘ What’s the matter, captain ? Do you doubt my being noble enough to give you twenty or thirty thousand pounds for saving my life ?’

‘ No, my lord,’ replied I, ‘ I know your generosity. Zeal, and an affection of which you know not the cause, have impelled me to do
you

you a service which you appear to value, I aspire to a more flattering reward ; to your friendship—'

' My friendship !' replied he, ' and who are you ? You are just returned from the other side of the globe. Were we ever known to each other ? I think I have seen your face before—Are you an Englishman ?'

" I knew not what to say : I trembled as he examined my features—there was something stern and harsh in his countenance.

' Answer me,' continued he. ' No, my lord,' I said greatly agitated, ' I am—French.'

' I thought

‘I thought so,’ replied he, ‘from your pronunciation and gait. My friendship to a Frenchman! to an enemy of my country! Go, I’ll forgive your being whatever you will, if you will take the contents of my pocket-book.’

‘No, my lord,’ said I, ‘I have a soul above selling service for money.’

‘You won’t have money!’ said he, as if angry—‘and what will you have then? What has driven you from your own country, and why are you in our service? Speak—has any thing gone wrong with you? I will, if it is necessary, make interst for you; I will get you recommended

mended to the ministers, or to your own king; I would endeavour to save you from hell, if you have done any thing that is likely to carry you there.'

'My lord,' replied I, 'I serve England through affection, and will not leave it. I have nothing to expect from France, nor have I committed any act which makes me amenable to justice, I beg therefore that you will employ your interest elsewhere.'

'You intend, then, to continue in our service,' said his lordship; 'the brave action you have performed shows you to have a noble spirit, and your contempt for money

ney is a proof that you are no traitor : I will engage my friends to apply for promotion for you.'

'Once more,' replied I, 'I beg to say, that I have had the happiness to be of use to you; I have told you the return that suits me, and I will accept no other—'

'What!' cried he, 'you have determined to be my friend—but how if I *cannot* love you! I love nobody, not even my children. No, no—you shall not leave this room till you tell me what I shall do for you.'

'At all events, my lord,' said I, 'I cannot tell you now.' 'What time,' replied he, 'do you wish to take?'

take?' I answered, a month. 'Then,' said he, 'you must come to me at Belmont-Castle, for I shall then be there. Take this ring, and whether you come yourself or send another person, let it be brought to me.'

"I promised obedience, and leaving Lord Ashmore, retired to my own apartments. The next day, his lordship removed to a street near St. James's park.

"My anxiety about you became greater and greater, and I was almost driven to despair, when I was surprised by the arrival of my friend Lloyd in mourning. His mother was dead, and as he was apprized by my letters of the occasion I had for him, he had set out as soon

as he could to come to me. All my business now was likely to be completed in four or five days, but I was too impatient to wait, and I immediately dispatched Lloyd, charging him to see Mrs. Waller, and bring me positive tidings of a young man entrusted to her care in whom I took the greatest interest. Lloyd set out on his commission. I worked incessantly to finish my business. The amount of the treasure brought home by Commodore Anson was ascertained: my share was upwards of forty thousand pounds, besides eighteen hundred due for pay in arrear. I received these sums and added them to my little fortune in the funds, and I saw justice done to all the men who returned under my command.

“Lloyd soon brought me an account of Mrs. Waller’s death, of your quitting Oxford, your journey into Devonshire, and admittance into Sir Robert Wallingford’s family, particulars which he learned from the curate of Reading. Judge, my dear Edward, of the horror I felt on hearing the sad state to which my absence, Mrs. Waller’s death, and the infirmity of our poor old friend Holt, had reduced you.

“Now at liberty to go in search of you myself, I put up some clothes and set out accompanied by Lloyd for Devonshire. We never stopped till we came to the village near Crayhill, where we alighted at the public-house, to get intelligence. I perceived a
bustle

bustle throughout the village, in which I had no suspicion of your being concerned. The landlady of the house had been Lady Wallingford's nurse. Several people ran in and out of the inn, and I heard the name of Edward mentioned. Seeing a knot of people speaking very eagerly, I went up and asked what had happened to this Edward. Some said he had seduced, others that he had insulted the daughter of Sir Robert, had fled, and was pursued by her father and his people on horseback. I took Lloyd aside and explaining the matter to him, we mounted our horses and rode along the park palings to look for you. We had learned that you were in livery, from which and your youth it would be easy to know you. Lloyd
and

and I parted to search different ways, and agreed that which ever of us found you, should carry you to a small farm called Stoney-ridge, at a little distance from Crayhill, where we had left our things and taken saddle horses.

“ I had made an acquaintance with the woman who held the farm, whose name was Rowe, and it was settled that we should meet at her house at night, whether successful in our search or not.

“ I cannot express to you how anxious I was. On the road I took I every now and then met Sir Robert's emissaries scouring the country. Had they caught you, I

would have rescued you at the peril of my life. I passed the whole day lurking about Crayhill, to observe whether you might be taken to the house by any of the ways leading to it; and when night came on I went to my rendezvous at Stoney-ridge, where I found Lloyd alone. I was wretched at not seeing you with him. 'Do not be dispirited, my friend,' said he, 'for though the youth is not here, I have managed matters so that Sir Robert's people will not be able to find him, and I know pretty nearly the road he has taken. About two o'clock I fell in with a countryman at the distance of four miles from Crayhill, and describing our youth asked if he had seen him pass. He showed me the road he had taken and that
whence

whence he came. I should have immediately followed, had not I perceived two men well mounted coming towards us, whom I suspected to be Sir Robert's scouts and perhaps himself.

‘ I gave the countryman a guinea, and promised him two more, if on being questioned by them he said that the person they were in search of was riding a bay poney bare-backed, as fast as he could gallop, on the road I pointed out to him : meanwhile I dismounted, and seemed to be tightening the girths of my saddle.

‘ The horsemen came up, the questions and answer were such as I had foreseen and arranged, and Sir Ro-

bert's people galloped off on their false scent. I would then fain have proceeded in my own pursuit; but after paying him the other two guineas, I thought it best to keep him in sight for some time. I saw more horsemen about the country, and the man in the hope of greater reward might have given them the real direction. I staid till the day was closing in, and then being afraid of losing my way to Stoney-ridge I came on, satisfied with being able to inform you of the success I had had.'

"Next morning we rose by daylight, and again took different roads. He went to the inn near Crayhill, where he was to wait till he heard from me, get information of what
was

was passing at Sir Robert's, and if you were taken to go immediately and demand you as belonging to one of the noblest families in England: if refused, to insist upon your being taken to a justice of the peace, to offer if necessary any security for you, and to stay with you till it was regularly taken.

“On my side, I pursued the direction Lloyd had given me; but coming to a cross road I followed one that carried me away from you, and I returned at night fatigued to Stoney-ridge, where every thing was in disorder. The farmer had been arrested and carried to prison, and his goods seized. I had no bed to lie upon. I went to the barn and threw
P 3 myself

myself down on a bundle of straw. Five or six gipfies, who had for several days been roving through that part of the country, had taken their night's lodging in the barn. I could not sleep: my thoughts were employed on the means of finding you, without its being known. It came into my mind that as you did not know me, you might from my dress suspect me, and be induced to conceal yourself from me as well as others of my appearance, on which it struck me to disguise myself like a gipsy: by which means I might go to all the houses in the country, and be able to make every inquiry. You know of what use it proved to me. The very next day in telling an old woman's fortune I learned my own, and that

I should

I should find you at Dame Shipley's. I was now anxious to get you away, without creating a bustle, and to put an end to that occasioned by your adventure with Matilda, of the particulars of which I was ignorant.

“ I arrived at the little farm where you were, with my plan all arranged. I dressed you as a girl, invented a story, and persuaded the family into a belief of it, which you completely confirmed. Having prepared them for the arrival of your father Mr. Forrester, I returned to Stoney-ridge, where I changed my gipsy dress, and then went to join Lloyd at the inn.

“ I had a great deal of business on my hands. I wished to know Matilda,

tilda, and what had passed between you. She was reported to be one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom, and every body spoke highly of her. If she loved you, and I found her worthy of you, it was my intention to plan a match between you, but how was I to gain access to her? Sir Robert and Lady Wallingford had left Crayhill. Your mistress still remained there in charge of Mrs. Johnson, a religious, charitable, unsuspecting woman: it was necessary to have some excuse for presenting myself, and the following occurred to me.

“ At Exeter I purchased a suit of black clothes, and having dressed myself in them returned to Crayhill, where

where I sent in my name to Mrs. Johnson, as a clergyman who wished to converse with her on a particular circumstance, and was instantly admitted. I told her that I came to speak to her respecting a very lamentable case ; that poor Rowe the farmer of Stoney-ridge had been sent to jail, and that his goods had been seized by Sir Robert's steward for fifty pounds ; that one of my parishioners, induced by pity, and perhaps by some degree of remorse, had placed in my hand a sufficient sum to pay the debt, but that, whatever motive he had for acting as he did, he wished that neither Rowe nor Sir Robert's steward should know by whom the money was advanced ; that if she would have the kindness to appear as the

benefactress of the poor farmer, every view would be accomplished; that from her known charitable disposition neither Rowe nor any body else would be surprised, and the steward would not have to boast of the payment of the rent as the consequence of his harshness in enforcing the laws against the debtors of his employer.

“My clothes, my behaviour, my offer, and my discourse had the desired effect. Mrs. Johnson readily joined in so good an action, and lamented that she had not known the circumstance in time to have done it really herself. She was going to dinner alone, and invited me to partake of it. The good lady was unhappy and longed to relieve her mind by conversation.

versation. The cloth I wore, and the message I had brought her, were suited to gain her confidence, and as I laid myself out for it, we both soon obtained our views; she in speaking to me of her niece, and I in hearing all she had to say. I calmed her apprehensions as well as I could as to the consequences of the affair: she assured me that Matilda was innocent, and I assured her that that innocence would appear. I told her that a friend of mine of the county of Kent had met with a much more serious misfortune; that his only daughter, handsome, amiable, and accomplished, had left his house, and that he had been seeking for her in vain for six months past. The story passed, which was all I wanted.

“Soon after a servant came and told Mrs. Johnson that Miss Wallingford would not take her soup. ‘The poor child will starve herself to death,’ said the worthy aunt, ‘she eats nothing: I cannot make her attend to reason.’

“I took the opportunity to beg that I might have the honour of speaking to the young lady by herself. ‘Oh! Sir,’ cried Mrs. Johnson warmly, ‘how much should I be obliged to you if you could prevail upon her to take care of herself.’ I said that I would do my best, and dinner being done, she showed me the way to Matilda’s apartment, where I found her in a dishabille, reclining on a couch. Mrs. Johnson introduced

duced me as one of her friends, entreated her niece to attend to my advice, and making the servant put down the soup on a little table near the couch, left us to ourselves.

“Matilda received me with a grave countenance. I began conversing on the common topics of morality; but she attended very coldly. I then ventured to mention the subject of her affliction, and as I uttered the name of Edward, I thought I perceived some emotion. I went on, and seemed to be greatly interested for her.—‘As for poor Edward,’ said I,—‘Did you know him, Sir?’ said Matilda in a tone that encouraged me.—‘Oh yes,’ replied I, ‘I know him better than he knows himself,

self.'—'Do you know where he is, Sir? Is he safe? He must be in want of every thing, for all he had is left here.'—'No, amiable Matilda,' said I, 'he wants nothing, and you are the object of his greatest anxiety. He cannot forgive himself for being the cause, though the innocent cause, of your unhappiness.'—'Innocent indeed,' replied she; 'alas! I was merely expressing my inclination to serve him, when the poor youth in an emotion of gratitude kissed my hand. If you see him, Sir, you may tell him that I forgive him with all my heart, and that I wish I were in a situation to be of any service to him. I have some guineas in this purse, which I beg you to give him from me.'—'No,' said I, 'it would be
useless

useless to carry him such a gift; but I shall delight him by reporting to him your generosity and kind compassion. He is, thank heaven, above want.' 'You charm me, Sir,' cried Matilda; 'but why then is he reduced to service? he does not seem born to such a situation.' 'No,' replied I, 'he certainly was not born to such a situation; and I should speak more of him, but that I presume the interest you take in him is merely the result of compassion.' 'Surely, Sir,' said she, 'a young man like Edward, reduced to be a servant deserves it much.' 'I believe I understand you,' said I, 'and far from thinking him to be pitied, he appears to me the happiest of men, since you have been able to distinguish him in the
low

low state to which chance for a moment reduced him. Do not blush, lovely Matilda, for he is a gentleman; nor is he without fortune, but that is indeed small compared to yours. Though he loved you, though he was attached to you by all the feelings of which you are worthy, and of which a noble soul is susceptible, in the uncertainty of his fate he thought it incumbent upon him to be silent, and to leave you. I come to you, commissioned by him, to present his respects, and make his excuses, and to inform you that he is going to practise, under the name of Forrester, an innocent stratagem to silence the folly to which the manner of his leaving Crayhill has given rise: my commission extends no farther. I
found

found means to introduce myself to your aunt as——' I was going to say in what manner, but Mrs. Johnson came in to see if her niece had taken her broth, which as soon as I heard the footstep I offered to Matilda, who, though it must have been cold and mawkish, swallowed it all down at a draught. Mrs. Johnson was charmed to find her niece so reasonable, and even thought her looks changed much for the better; which was all ascribed to my exhortations, and I was not permitted to leave the house till I had promised to return: but I did not perform my promise. I mounted my horse and rode over to Stoney-ridge, to change my clothes and concert with Lloyd the plan of carrying you away from Dame Shipley's.

ley's. The morning we came for you, while Lloyd assisted you to mount your horse, I took Mrs. Shipley aside, and giving her a letter for a French girl named Justine, I charged her to deliver it with the livery in which you had come away. Lloyd had learned at the public-house some of your adventures with her. Your cruelties were there celebrated, and the poor creature, left sick at Crayhill, was said to be dying with grief for your flight, and on finding herself the jest of the village. I have the letter in my pocket—here it is.

To Mademoiselle Justine.

• Mr. Forrester thanks Mademoiselle

selle Justine for her goodness to his daughter, while she was at Sir Robert Wallingford's. It was very fortunate to meet a person of so obliging a disposition while her folly lasted, and she desires Justine's acceptance of her thanks. Mr. Forrester sends back the livery, which he understands has been the cause of much noise and scandal, that will of course fall to the ground when the little foundation for it is known. He hears that Sir Robert and his lady are from home, or he would have written to one of them. As Miss Forrester has returned to her duty, the things she left at Crayhill are of no use to her, Mademoiselle Justine is therefore requested to let them be given to the bearer of this note. In the trunk
there

there are some twenty or thirty guineas, perhaps more, in a roll of paper. These, whatever they amount to, Miss Forrester requests Justine will accept.'

" This letter Dame Shipley sent by her children. I gave them a guinea a piece, and all three went off together to execute this little commission. At Crayhill, on delivering the letter and livery, they were strictly interrogated. They had learned their lesson from the circumstance itself happening before their own eyes. Their report was consistent and uniform. Mrs. Johnson too, recollected to have heard the clergyman speak of it the day before. Justine found the guineas, and a means of escaping the
jeers

jeers of her tormentors. The story was supported, embellished and extended. In four-and-twenty hours you passed for a girl ten miles round, and soon afterwards Sir Robert and Lady Wallingford were convinced of it; but Matilda, premonished by me, could not be deceived.

“Meanwhile, we had set out on our journey to Wales, where I resolved to conceal you for some time. While you were puzzled what to make of me, and was taking me for a conjuror, or a familiar, every body took you for my daughter, and I conceived the plan of continuing your fancied illusion, and of keeping you in your disguise. I wished to direct you without making myself known
to

to you, and concealment was of the greatest importance to us both. You could not be well received in the world, if Lord Ashmore refused to own and protect you. I was sure that Lady Hewley, the bishop of Frome, and my lord's daughters and their husbands would frustrate my views were they to have an idea of them before I had taken measures to ensure success. I carried you to Mrs. Ap-Owen's with a determination so to complete your disguise, that we might appear together in London, and even before the witnesses of my marriage, without giving rise to the slightest suspicion. Being determined to impose on your imagination respecting me, I seized every occasion that presented itself to surprise you.

Going

Going before you into the inn at Honiton I saw a young man in great distress, and, asking the cause, was informed that a villain had robbed him of his horse. By means of my confederacy with Lloyd, who acted as my servant, a purse of gold was slipped into his pocket, which I made him find when I thought proper. At Bridgewater, having gone out early to make a purchase of some female apparel, that I intended to make use of the next day, I happened to witness the dispute that took place between the French prisoners and the countrymen, respecting Miss Orchard. The young woman being frightened and ready to faint, I offered her my arm and saw her home. When I returned to the inn I found means to reconcile

reconcile the parties by making use of the influence which truth and reason have over persons inclined to listen. It was entirely by accident that I met the serjeant of my company, and it was owing to a precaution I had taken in the morning that you found the purse in your pocket.

“ Till then all that had passed from the time we left Dame Shipley’s was calculated to persuade you that I was a man, but next morning when you awoke you saw I was a woman ; nor in this was my design merely to surprise you. We were going to Mrs. Ap Owen’s, where I wished to be free, to save myself from many questions I did not want to answer, and in short to have it at my option to stay

stay as long or as short a time as I pleased. As Captain Godfrey I must have been constrained; by passing for his sister I became mistress of my time and actions. I therefore took my female attire, and gave the landlady a good price for her saddle, on which I mounted in the morning. At the petty inn where we stopped to dine that day, we had like to have had a serious adventure: fortunately, on entering, when you were insulted by the ruffians who took you for a woman, I was struck with the face of one of them, and soon recollected him to be one of the villains whom I had seen plotting in the coffee-house against my brother. Having attacked and disarmed him, I said to him in Irish, which I had heard him

“*Speak, I do not wish to have you hanged—fly immediately—a description of you has been sent to a Justice in this neighbourhood, and there are officers in pursuit of you, employed by Lord Ashmore. The rogues, alarmed at the intelligence, disappeared. I was very glad of it, for we might otherwise have fallen in with them in a character different from that of gallants, and I should not have found it so easy to get rid of them.*

“At Mrs. Ap-Owen’s I found a letter from Lloyd whom I had requested to return to the neighbourhood of Crayhill to send me intelligence. He informed me of the effect of my letter on Mademoiselle Justine, and sent me other news of
a more

a more interesting nature, but also more alarming.

“ Previous to the advances made by Lord Chatterton for Matilda’s hand, a young baronet of Suffex encouraged by her aunt had manifested his hopes. The aunt, pleased to get rid of his lordship, had written to the baronet’s family to send for him from France where he then was, and it was believed that the marriage would be concluded upon at Mrs. Johnson’s seat at Sutton, and preparations were making for an immediate removal from Crayhill to Suffex. I wrote to Lloyd, begging him to go immediately to Sutton, and secure me a small house there. My plan was formed, and I was deter-

mined to dispute the ground foot to foot with Sir Charles Cawtherly. As yet I was not entirely at my own command, for I was again called upon by the Admiralty to attend respecting some accounts, and other occurrences that had taken place during the expedition. I left you learning Welch of Mrs. Ap-Owen, and went to London, where I was detained, wearied, and out of patience, a whole month, dancing attendance not only on the Lords Commissioners of the admiralty, but on officers, in the knowledge of whose affairs I was involved. At length I was regularly and fully discharged.

“ I should have returned directly to you, but for the desire I felt to
have

have it in my power to bring you the news of my reconciliation with Lord Ashmore, and to appear at last in my real character. The time appointed for my going down to Belmont-Castle was already elapsed, I determined to go, and I arrived at the gate before I was able to settle in my mind the means I should take in the difficult attempt of making myself known to him. I asked for the earl and was told that he could not be seen. I begged a footman to tell his lordship that a stranger, a Frenchman whom he had desired to call, wished to have the honour of seeing him. He burst out into a horse-laugh, and said, my lord wanted neither dancer, friseur, nor scullion, and that I might go about my business.

“ I went to an inn where I wrote a note, in which I mentioned my arrival, enclosing in it the ring his lordship gave me, and I engaged the landlord to carry it himself. The talisman instantly operated : in less than half an hour a valet-de-chambre came to request that I would go to the castle, and I was introduced into my brother's room.

“ He was alone. ‘ You have been long coming,’ said he, ‘ and I began to fear that you did not mean to keep your word with me.’ Then, perceiving that I trembled ; ‘ sit down,’ continued he, ‘ for you seem fatigued. Speak ; I am your debtor, an obligation oppresses me ; do you come to let me know how I may repay it ?’

‘ Yes,

‘Yes, my lord,’ replied I, throwing myself at his feet, ‘I come to seek in you the peace, honour, and happiness of all that is dear to me. All is in your hands.’

‘Rise,’ said he, ‘rise: I thought you a man, but you are shedding tears’— —‘I am not a man, my Lord’—‘You are not a man! are you the devil?’ I was almost suffocated with tears.—‘And do these sad features, my lord,’ replied I, ‘excite no remembrance? does nothing speak at your heart while mine is ready to break?’—‘Why do you talk of your features and of your heart? are you a woman? What can there be in common between you and me?’—‘One blood, my lord,’

cried I: 'the wretched Mar—' I could not finish my name—'Marcia!' cried he, 'my sister Marcia!'—He could say no more, he fell back in his chair; I threw my arms round him, I bathed him with my tears, while he, looking at me in amazement, seemed deprived of all motion.

"After a short pause he started up suddenly, and pushed me into a chair:—'keep off, I am resolved you shall not make we weep—Marcia!—my sister Marcia! but what has become of you? Whence come you, mad creature that you are?'

"My brother was softened; I saw it. 'Hear me, my lord,' said I, again embracing his knees; 'promise
mise

mise me your pardon, and to obtain for me that of my sister, of Lady Morris, Lady Evelyn, the Bishop, in short, of our whole family.'

'Rise, once more I tell you, rise,' said he, in a kind of pet; 'do not think of humbling yourself to the people you talk of. If you have been guilty of some follies, we have been guilty of others, myself the foremost. The Bishop is a dotard and a zealot; Lady Hewley is devoured with the spleen; my sons-in-law are fools, and my daughters madwomen fit for Bedlam. Make yourself easy, my dear Marcia, about this set of originals. I have not been long acquainted with you, but be assured, I already value you far

more than all of them put together. You are the Captain Godfrey, so highly spoken of, you have served the state, you have saved my pocket-book, and probably my life; if you cannot be called a bashful girl, none can deny that you are a fine brave fellow.'

"Comforted by so favourable an opening, I gave him a short account of my adventures, to which he listened attentively, and with great interest. When I mentioned your birth: 'you have a son, then,' cried he, 'is he alive? is he good for any thing?' I augured much in your favour from these two questions, and continued my story with the greatest confidence.

dence. As soon as I had finished: 'I have listened to you, Marcia,' said he, 'with great pleasure; you have interested me extremely. Hah! my noble sons-in-law! all then is not lost to me; there yet remain for me objects of natural and rational attachment. I must open my heart to you, Marcia. Ever since the death of my son, I have had nothing but cause to be dissatisfied with my daughters and their husbands. Those people consider my fortune as theirs, and me as their steward: they are deficient even in the slightest respect. They take no notice of Lady Hewley since she has lost her children, and they treat the bishop still more cavalierly. He attempted a remonstrance, but they only called him a pe-

dant: he is enraged. We will do something for your son, my dear Marcia; go to him, go and attend to your affairs, and don't show yourself here, till I have arranged my plan.' Saying this, he embraced me, then seemed to expect my going, yet held me back.

'Tell me,' exclaimed he, 'do you answer that your son's veins have been purified of every drop of Irish blood?' My answer satisfied him. 'Trust me,' said he, 'he shall not even retain the name; but say nothing to him at present: he does not know who he is, let him remain ignorant a while. He is young, and may have a propensity to talk; now it is necessary we should be cautious
and

and secret. We have to do with men who have power, and whose intrigues may thwart us. He then desired to hear from me, and said that he would let me know when it was time for me to appear.

“ From Dorsetshire I hastened to you at Mrs. Ap-Owen’s : we set out together for Suffex, and arrived at Sutton, where an acquaintance with Mrs. Johnson being necessary to my plans, I managed a connexion with Mr. Allen, and we were soon after introduced into the house where your mistress lived. Sir Charles Cawtherley was paying his addresses to Matilda, but with little progress in her heart ; yet as the families on both sides were urging her, and

as

as the baronet was amiable, she might be persuaded to decide in his favour. By leaving you at Mrs. Johnson's in your rustic apparel, I put it in your power to live familiarly with her, and to find opportunities of declaring yourself if it became necessary; for I should have then informed you who you were, the handsome fortune you might expect, and I do not doubt you would have prevailed upon her to refuse the brilliant offers of the baronet. But he did not give you the trouble of disputing his mistress's heart: he lost himself by a spirit of levity and licentiousness. I saw that he cast his eyes on you the very first day we were at Mrs. Johnson's. I made some inquiry into his principles, and suspected his designs.

I kept

I kept constantly in your company to excite by constraint his transient prepossession. He took advantage of the first moment I left you alone, to declare it to you, and then he wrote to you. I pretended to tear his letter before you, but in that I deceived you.

“Obliged to return to Belmont-Castle, I spoke to Mr. Allen on my embarrassment respecting your being left alone with a servant.—‘I will take her home to my house,’ said the worthy man.—‘She is very young,’ replied I.—‘Well, well,’ returned he, ‘I’ll propose to Mrs. Johnson to receive her.’—‘This,’ I observed, ‘would be to expose her still more; it
would

would be to deliver her up to the enemy.' I then gave the vicar Sir Charles's letter. The worthy Allen, rather scurvily treated in the letter, was shocked at this mark of wickedness and depravity, and immediately carried it to Mrs. Johnson, who soon dismissed the baronet, without telling Matilda her reason, as you were to be with her, lest it should occasion any coolness towards you. From the time I returned to Sutton, and our leaving it together to come here, nothing happened that requires explanation: but when we were within a few miles of Belmont castle, having it in my power to direct our conversation, I turned it upon the choice of professions. I argued

I I

gued

gued with you, I exhausted your patience, and I in a manner forced you to ask me to make you a peer, as if to defy me. Far from disconcerting me, when you had made your choice I bade you take your title from any of the seats in view that you liked best. Belmont-castle and these grounds lay full before us; I offered it to you, and you, naturally enough, without reflecting, gave it the preference to four or five other handsome seats round the country. The knowledge of my adventure with your uncle enables you to understand what has happened to you here. Forgive me, my dear boy, for taking advantage of your credulity. To a certain degree I found it necessary. Besides, though

though credulity be a defect in persons whose opinions are established and confirmed by settled studies, age, and experience, it is not so in a youth of nineteen, who had hardly opened his books at the university before he left it, and who may doubt and believe alternately without much blame, provided he does not do it too lightly and without grounds: as he cannot have investigated things thoroughly, suspence itself is a proof of judgment and natural sagacity.

“ It now remains for me to explain our hopes to you. Lady Hewley and the bishop are thoroughly reconciled with me, and are ready to receive you: you will be the
bishop's

bishop's heir, and Lady Hewley means to settle upon you immediately a very fine estate of hers in Somersetshire. It is worth three thousand a-year. But this gift is not entirely gratuitous: she wants twenty thousand pounds to settle her affairs, which I have lent her without interest, and which will come to you after her death. Lord Ashmore means, by an application to the king, to have the family title limited to you, and to settle his property, by means of a private act of Parliament, in consequence of which this estate which bears our name will be yours after his death. It is worth eight thousand a-year. On your marriage my lord will make you a
suit-

fuitable present; and as for me, being resolved to live in future with you, I shall reserve for myself no more than I may occasionally want. Thus, my son, you are a match not to be disdained by Miss Wallingford's family. While Lords Morris and Evelyn are interesting themselves at court for your immediate elevation to the peerage, under the title of Belmont, with a right of succession to the earldom of Ashmore, and engaging Lord Hallidan's influence over Sir Robert Wallingford for the purpose of removing every obstacle to your marriage with his daughter, Lady Hewley, who knows Lady Wallingford, has undertaken to obtain her consent. I am going to
Sut-

Sutton to court Mrs. Johnson, and Matilda. I shall leave you with your uncle, whom you now know from what I have said. Merit his esteem and friendship, and do every thing in your power to please him : this you ought to do for your own interest, but still more through gratitude."

Conclusion.

MORLAND listened with the most eager attention to his mother, and night surprised them before they perceived that the sun was set. Overcome with the kindness he received, and unable to speak for his feelings, he could, at first, only press Lady Marcia's hand. By degrees as his fortune unfolded to him, his mind seemed to expand, and his soul to mount: he was not dazzled by the wealth that poured in upon him, he considered it with modesty and a noble

noble disinterestedness ; he was already worthy of his prosperity by the moderation of his sentiments, and the use he proposed to make of it. On his return to the house, he found his uncle alone, and shared with his mother, the affectionate caresses of that nobleman, who felt a real affection for him, and already considered him as his son.

Lady Marcia, still as Captain Godfrey, set off next day for Suffex. Morland, left alone with Lord Ashmore, soon experienced some effects of his singularity, and even some little roughness ; but they were transient, and even had he not been inspired with a warm affection and respect for his uncle, his character had

had been so trained, and as it were new moulded by the different trials to which it had been put by the feigned captain, that the little thwartings he met with never vexed him for a moment. He managed constantly to pay a deference to Lord Ashmore, without a weak desertion of his own judgment; he was respectful with dignity, and polite without flattery. His lordship was astonished at it. He conceived that men were inflexible or pliant; and that there was no medium between the two characters: the former was his own, the latter he thought base and unworthy of an Englishman: but his nephew appeared to him at once dignified and condescending. He did not choose to spoil the young man,
but

but in his own mind he thought all men should be like him : we know no medium, thought he, we are always in extremes. By degrees his nephew cured him of his misanthropy, a fault that had obscured his good qualities, and deprived him of every pleasure in the enjoyment of his fortune.

In about ten days Morland received the following letter from Lady Marcia :

“ My dear Edward,

“ Mrs. Johnson, relying on me, and well acquainted with the title of Ashmore, soon espoused your cause, but thought it would not be easy to obtain the consent of her niece, with

whom I was permitted to have a private conversation. I do not know whether Matilda would have heard me to an end as I talked of a peer of England, if Edward had not been the name of the peer. There is a something in the sound of that name that has the power of drawing attention. I proceeded with the object of my embassy, but to contrive that your mistress's surprise should be gentle, I introduced some remarks on her indisposition at Crayhill, and spoke of the clergyman whom she had seen there. Matilda looked at me, and recollected me: 'What, was it you, Captain Godfrey,' cried she, 'that my aunt brought to my room in black clothes?'--'Yes, lovely Matilda,' said I, 'I came then to speak for Edward, and

for the same Edward am I now come to solicit your hand.' I will not keep you in suspense, the suit was not rejected. Matilda now inquired for Emma. 'Emma!' said I, with a mysterious air; 'will you be secret? Emma—was the sister of your friend Miss Forrester—nay, Emma was Miss Forrester herself, and I was once her father, Mr. Forrester'——Matilda screamed with the surprise of recollection, and began to scold me, but I ran off laughing to Mrs. Johnson's apartment. I told her of the success of my embassy, and gave her letters from both of your uncles, which I assisted her in answering; every thing has turned out as I wished. Allen, having heard of my arrival, came to

see me. As soon as we had shaken hands he asked for Emma, the dear Emma—‘As for Emma, my dear friend,’ said I, ‘I am sorry to tell you she is no longer at my disposal. Lord Ashmore, our relation, protector, and friend, has taken her, and is going to dispose of her in marriage very advantageously.’—‘Lord Ashmore!’ exclaimed he. ‘The same’ replied I, ‘he knows your friendship for us, and feels grateful to you for it; he has even interested himself to obtain you preferment, and here is your mistress’s picture.’ The good man stood listening to me with his mouth open, then casting his eyes over the paper I gave him, found it to be a presentation to the deanery of Wells,
by

by the bishop of Frome. I told him the income of it. Oh! what a seducing object is a deanery of eight hundred a year! I felt at once pleasure and pity at the joy testified by our friend. I charmed him by calling him dean. It has been agreed that his present living, which is in Mrs. Johnson's gift, shall be bestowed on the curate of Reading, who must have heard of his preferment by this time. After thinking of you and your friends, it is right I should think of mine. I am going to Wales to see Lloyd married to Winny Ap-Owen, and hope to bring them with me to your wedding. Adieu! my dear Edward; merit your uncle's friendship, and God's blessing.

R 3

sing. I am tenderly, and now
invariably,

“Your affectionate mother,

“MARCIA BELMONT.”

Morland carried this letter to his uncle, who had received others from his sons-in-law, and also from Lady Hewley and the bishop. A patent was preparing for Morland's peerage, and the proposed settlement of Lord Ashmore's property was advancing in the hands of the lawyers with as much dispatch as possible, and the bill was expected to be introduced in the house in the course of ten days. Lady Hewley had paid a visit to Lady Wallingford, who felt herself much
ho-

honoured by the proposed match, and Sir Robert on being spoken to by Lord Hallidon was so charmed, that instead of seven thousand pounds, he nobly offered an estate worth nine. To this Mrs. Johnson added two thousand a-year, with an assurance of her whole property after her death. Lord Ashmore enjoyed this prospect of fortune even more than Morland, who thought only of Matilda. And now both families were eager to hasten the marriage, the ceremony of which was appointed to be performed by the bishop of Frome, at the estate Morland had received from his aunt, Lady Hewley; where, on the day fixed, the parties all met, and Lady Marcia, properly equipped, introduced Lloyd and his bride. Before
this

this brilliant company the lovers were united in the chapel belonging to the mansion, and Sir Robert Wallingford swore they were the handsomest couple in England, which nobody could deny.

Justine and Kitty were present at the ceremony. Justine could not help observing, that the bridegroom was as like Miss Forrester as two peas. "He is much more like the Welsh girl I told you of," said Kitty.

Morland and Matilda were the happiest of human creatures. They were the delight of Lord Ashmore, and indeed of all who knew them. Lady Marcia was long their friend and counsellor; she relinquished her regimentals,

mentals, and felt no more a desire for travelling. Lloyd quitted Wales and settled in Somersetshire. He forgave Captain Godfrey for concealing from him the adventures of Lady Marcia Belmont, and their friendship encreased with their years.

THE END.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- Page 17. line 3. *for* guides, *read* guide
70. 4. *for* to the endeavour, *read* to endeavour
5. *for* to enjoyment, *read* to the enjoyment
93. 13. *for* taught, *read* had taught
151. 3. *for* these, *read* their

VOL. II.

49. last, *insert* with *before* the
107. last but one, *for* began, *read* begun
136. 9. *delete comma* after *tear*

VOL. III.

14. 17. *for* confide, *read* confine
95. 8. *for* gardener, *read* garden
147. 10. *for* an, *read* a
232. 13. *for* for; it *read* for it,
260. last, *for* of midnight, *read* of the midnight

VOL. IV.

57. 3. *for* head, *read* hair
143. 8. *for* know, *read* know
161. 4. *for* to, *read* on