
NED BENTLEY.

A NOVEL.

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VOL. III.

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NED BENTLEY,

A NOVEL,
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
J. AMPHLETT.

A friendless son,
O! Britain, through thy little bustling world,
Shapes his adventurous course.

VOL. III.

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CHAPTER I.

“ Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm.”

THE second day succeeding the evening of our hero's narrative, Mr. Mordent and his family removed to their new lodgings.

In the interval, Ned had encountered the rosy Mary in her morning's walk by herself, and accompanied her home. She asked Ned how he came to forget his wounded arm, in his adventures. It did not belong to the main story, he replied, neither did

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I know that you were acquainted with it. I was indebted to it merely to a scare-crow adventure among the shrouds of the vessel, in which I was justly punished for my temerity. But I am anxious, he continued, to learn every thing that has befallen you since our separation. Mary ran through the little history of events in his absence; and dwelt with the most animated gratitude on the results of his return. "You are the predestined guardian of our family," said she; "and there is nothing that concerns us, Ned, that must be foreign to you." Ned suppressed a sigh; perhaps he thought that she spoke in a tone of voice that admitted the probability of untoward events. "You are invited," she continued, "to spend an evening with us alone;—this is not out of any disrespect to your gallant friend—it is my mother's wish." Ned

thanked her with a thoughtful brow, and took his leave as he approached her dwelling. On the evening of the day alluded to, Ned called at Mr. Mordent's, in the fond expectation of devoting the time to the best indulgences of his heart.

He was surprised, therefore, and disappointed to find Sir Hubert Roland there. He was pressing his suit on the subject of the masquerade, and Mr. Mordent was recommending the acquiescence of his daughters, in a manner that appeared to command it. Helen raised her trembling eyes upon Ned, and asked if he had any intention of going. Ned replied in the negative. Helen appeared disappointed, and Ned repented his answer. He now considered her question as an *appeal* to his consent; her entreating eye was withdrawn, as though sorrowfully

and rebuked, and he was miserable. Mr. Mordent became more peremptory, and the compliance of his daughters followed. Having accomplished his object, Sir Hubert took his leave immediately after tea; but the gloom which his presence had but too evidently occasioned, did not altogether depart with him.

Helen and Mary were standing thoughtfully at the window, and Ned went to them.

Do you wish me to go? said he, to Helen, in a soft and regretful tone.

She does, said Mary, in answer for her sister.

Ned regarded the countenance of Helen. "I will be there," said he.

A more cheerful familiarity by degrees now diffused its serenity; and the remainder of the evening was devoted to the delightful task of talking over the pleasures of other days. Mr. Mordent was present during the whole of the time. He talked too much of Ned's services, and thought perhaps too little; or rather, perhaps, he thought that by *talking* of them, he did something towards discharging the debt. Mrs. Mordent exerted her cheerfulness, but the faint sunshine of her manners was occasionally overcast by the cloud of recollection.

Ned went home with his heart gratified, but with his sympathies excited and his fears rather increased than diminished. In the morning he called on Theodore Anderton, who had taken lodgings nearly opposite his own. He mentioned his intentions respecting

the masquerade, and they both agreed to go without knowing what character either of them should assume. The remaining time was devoted to exclusive preparation, and all the fashionables of the town might be said to be studying how most effectually to misrepresent themselves.

The novelty of the scene attracted great numbers, who were content to peep through the eye holes of a mask, without sustaining any character whatever. It was this expected crowd of characterless dominos, that induced Miss Berrington and Helen to persuade Mary to personate some lively goddess. The character of Terpsichore was fixed upon for her; for which her very superior style of dancing, peculiarly qualified her. Miss Berrington and Helen attended her as handmaids. The rooms were nearly full when they

arrived, and the attention which they at first attracted, but for the consciousness of being unknown, would have greatly distressed them. The rooms were spacious, and lighted from different coloured lamps on the outside, which diffused a radiance as motley as the company on which they shone. Our heroines paraded the apartments, for some time in observation,—not a little amused at the whimsical variety of personages, and the endless succession of enquiry and mistake. If there were one character more frequently anticipated than another, it was that of his majesty, the *Devil*. He was seen in all shapes and sizes, with his horns curled, and his tail twisted in as many directions as there were hues in the rainbow radiance of his physiognomy. This occasioned the frequent exclamation, that “Hell was broke loose, revolutionized,” &c. &c. The

merriment occasioned by this inundation of fiends was now considerably heightened by the entrance of a new one. A Frenchman going very politely up to this new comer, after a variety of bows, said that he had a particular favor to request of him. The fiend signifying his willingness to oblige, the Frenchman said that he should be particularly favoured if he would go to *Hell and lock the door after him !*

This groupe of devils now surrounded Mary, and began to dance. To support her character, Mary struck the tambour and danced in the middle of them, till, perceiving her to be tired, a *Hector* dispersed the infernal crew, and liberated her.

The general attention was now taken from the poor devils, by the entrance of a very well dressed *Orion*,

with his hunting tackle and starry belt, leading in a native of the *Dog Star*. Every one crowded about this new inhabitant, with their enquiries about the people that he came from ; what was the price of stock, and which the prevailing fashions. The skyish hero intimated that he was taking a lesson in their language before he could explain. He was dressed in a light blue star-spangled habit, and cloud-coloured cloak. The figure of a dog drawn on his helmet, with a blazing star on his collar, bespoke his origin ; and his appearance altogether was fanciful and well conceived. *Orion* now led him from the throng, and they both saluted our heroines as they passed ; *Orion* lowered the crescent of his bow, and his glittering companion crossed the rainbow on his girdle. " Who can they be ?" exclaimed Helen. Miss Berrington blushed even beneath the

shade of her masque, at her conjecture. His graceful form and polished demeanour, appeared as though familiar to her fancy. Further remark was interrupted by the approach of a Greenlander, with his bow slung on his shoulder, his bear-skin socks, & his fur-belted arrows. He came up to *Terpsichore*, and bending before her in the homage of admiration, signaled the request of her *tambour* for a moment, which she granted. He then beat the chorus of a tune with it, and presenting it to her again, intimated his wish of her accompaniment to a song. From his silence, Mary suspected him to be either Ned or his friend; and this consideration, together with the requests of the company, prevailed, and she played and danced to the chorus of the following air.

SONG.

COLD are the breezes on Greenland's coast,
 Where breakers of ice meet the billow ;
 But love is the Greenland hunter's host,
 His pole star, his pilot, his pillow.
 Joyous he welcomes the solar ray,
 Dancing the twilight all away.

When the sun o'er his hazy horizon rides
 In his radiant course thus surrounding ;—
 In his fur-clad sledge through the vallies he slides,
 Where the Bear and the Beaver are bounding.
 How jovial the sport of a Greenland day,
 Hunting the six-months' sun away.

Pale is the light of the polar star,
 From the chace that directs him so weary,
 When the sun in the ocean sinks his car
 And consigns him to darkness so dreary ;—
 Then how sweet in the arms of his love to lay,
 Slumbering the six-months' night away.

The applause which followed gave a theatric character to the scene, and Mary abruptly retired. In the crowd she lost her attendants, and presently found herself nearly alone with the Greenlander, who had followed her

unperceived. He approached her with the greatest respect, and before she was aware of his intention, slung a small chain and medal round her neck, and bowing the same instant, immediately disappeared. She looked upon this, however, only as a whim of gallantry, till observing the medal, she discovered the word SOMEBODY, engraved on a scroll, so as to be partly concealed! She now ran in surprize and terror in search of her sister. After exploring the rooms for some time, she perceived a crowd collecting at one end. On going up to it she discovered the native of the Dog Star, surrounded by a crowd of masques, and entreating their silence. Among the crowd she discovered Helen and Miss Berngton, but so situated as to make it difficult at present to approach them. She was constrained therefore to wait the end of the scene.

"Inhabitants of this earth," said the descended hero, "the people to whom I belong are, perhaps, the most inconsistent beings in the universe."

I thought you always carried your heads under your arms, said a voice in the crowd.

A great many of us do, he replied ; it is a privilege, however, which belongs principally to our great men ; particularly generals, lawyers, &c. But they have a kind of protuberance that grows betwixt the shoulders notwithstanding, which preserves the appearance of the human form. In these protuberances they have real teeth, with which they masticate their food, and eyes by which they are enabled to discover their way, in case they choose to leave their heads at home. But these heads are generally small enough

to go in a general's pocket, or a barrister's bag.

Lord! how droll, said a female masque that was near him.

In the evening, he continued, my country people smear their faces, and put dust on their heads, and pay a great deal of money to go and sit on a bench in a large house. When this house is nearly full, a woman comes in at one end and stands on one leg, and all the people begin to make a great noise. When they have done, she turns round like a top, and the people make a greater noise than before. She then runs away, and another woman comes on and makes a strange noise with her mouth, which nobody understands, and after making a great many ugly faces she goes away likewise, and the people begin to shout

and beat the benches with pieces of wood. Several other people then appear, which they take no notice of, but hold things before their eyes and put powder up their noses.

Law! how stupid, said several masques, all in a breath. What good does the powder do them? exclaimed one.

None at all, cried the native; they carry it about in their pockets, merely for the sake of showing a little case which they put it in.

How silly! exclaimed the interrogator. Are the people very social and friendly?

Yes, he answered, but they have a peculiar way of showing it. A man assembles his friends and they all sit

round a large piece of wood. He then makes them drink physic, which costs him a great deal of money, out of a little cup, till they are all very ill and don't overget it for several days. If any one refuse to take the physic that is offered him, he is called a great fool, and is no longer considered as a friend.

How ridiculous! was exclaimed. Don't they laugh at each other the next day when they meet, Mr. Dog-star?

No, he continued. When two friends meet, they undress one of their hands, and touch one anothers fingers. One of them asks a particular question, and the other repeats exactly the same words after him, and without saying another syllable they both go about their business.

How vastly stupid !

It were endless, he resumed, to particularize all the strange customs of the country. Their ignorance is so astonishing, that if you were to take a mirror and place it before their eyes, they would suppose it to be any body but themselves that appeared in the glass!!

The company by degrees began now to be aware of the drift of the argument, and gradually sneaked away; while others remained, and entreated the speaker to pursue his description. Mary led her sister from the crowd and briefly told the adventure of the Greenlander. • Hector and Orion followed them; the former asked them if they knew the native of the Dog-star. The voice of Ned was immediately

discovered in this enquiry, and they answered in the negative.

We are indebted to you, said Orion to Terpsichore, for a very picturesque scene of Greenlandish society.

Mary instantly recognized the voice of Theodore Anderton. She recollected the threat of her mysterious acquaintance, and trembled for his safety. Heaven knows, thought she, to what fate I may be destined; but should any evil befall this gallant youth, I should be certainly miserable. Under this formidable escort our heroines walked towards the less frequented parts of the rooms. Helen communicated to Ned, the secret visit of Mary's evil genius who had all of a sudden disappeared. Ned was grieved and surprised; he consigned his fair charge to the protection of Orion, and

departed in search of the mysterious
Somebody.

The native of the Dog-star, who had beset Miss Berrington by his attention, now advanced with her towards our party and joined them. I have not seen Sir Hubert to night, whispered Mary to her sister. I expect that I have frequently avoided him, replied Helen. Mary asked in what character. It is an officious *Paris* that has teased me by calling me his *Helene*.

Ned enquired of every body concerning the Greenlander, but could not trace him by the slightest clue beyond his sudden exit. He was returning in despair, when a *Hebe*, tripping lightly towards him, asked how all his friends were in Liverpool. Ned replied, "well", to get rid of the question, and entered into an en-

quiring conversation with a view to learn who she was. She parried his questions with great dexterity, and told him if he would write 175 on the tablets of his memory, she was not absolutely undiscoverable. His party now approaching, she darted from his presence, but her last words had reached the anxious ears of Mary. Who lives at 175? she asked. Jupiter's cup bearer, said Ned, for that is all that I know of her. Helen was silent; her thoughts had taken a different direction. The sudden appearance of her officious *Paris* did not improve the tranquillity of her mind, and she intimated a wish to retire;—not less on her own account than that of Mary. *Paris*, in vehement and oratorical gestures, protested against it. "Of mortals disguised as goddesses, we have, indeed, sufficient," he exclaimed, "but a disguised goddess we must not lose."

Hector however had dispatched an attendant for their carriage, and offered to lead them out. Paris placed himself as sentinel at the door with his drawn sword. As they approached, he presented its point, bowing at the same time as in respectful denial. "Son of Priam," cried Hector, "beware thou provoke not thy brother." Then whispering the ladies, he bade them pass as he amused the sentinel with a *tierce*. He accordingly drew, and they began to fence: and Paris was obliged to wheel from his post. Hector withdrawing his eye for a moment to observe if Helen had passed, received a wound in the wrist, from the point of his adversary's sword. Nettled at this circumstance, and having practised the sword with nearly equal dexterity in both hands, he renewed the combat with his left.

Will nobody part them? exclaimed Helen, as she beheld the streaming band of Hector.

The native of the Dog Star, and Orion drew together, but not till Paris had been disarmed. Hector, fixing a card of his address on the point of the conquered weapon, restored it again to his adversary, and now re-offered his services to conduct his fair charge from the rooms.

Though this had all been done with an air of playfulness, the ladies began to be alarmed at the course which the affair had taken, and refused to depart till circumstances were put in a train of accommodation. Miss Berrington entreated the native of the Dog Star, as he hoped for *favor in this world*, to exert himself in reconciling the offended parties.

Am I then commissioned by you, he replied; and shall those radiant eyes be ever bent in kindness on the orb from which I descend?

O! yes, she replied, you shall be *my Star*—any thing if you can but succeed. The hero bent his azure form in admiration and thanks, and departed in search of *Paris*.

You are one of the *fixed stars*, I believe, said Mary, to Orion; I cannot therefore employ you in an excursion in my service, or —————

Orion protested that he would turn *comet* to obey her demands.

Exert then your influence over your friend, she replied, and see that this affair terminates here. Orion signified his grateful compliance with her

wishes, and after some active exertion, Hector and Paris appeared together, and greeting each other in friendliness, advanced to the ladies. Ned's wound continued to bleed profusely, and Helen turned pale as she beheld him still applying fresh bandages. In a tone of most entreating anxiety she begged him to procure immediate assistance; but Paris stood by her side as though prepared to enjoy the triumph of his absence. With the mere glance of such a thought, Ned forgot his wound, and protested that he was entirely at the leisure of their service. Their carriage was now announced, and Helen led the way from the rooms. Hector and Paris both tendered their assistance at the carriage door; betwixt love and fear, she lightly touched the hands of each, and again commending Ned, for his *friends' sake*, to look to his wound, she sprang to her seat.

Mary and Miss Berrington followed, under the escort of the two descendants of the sky, and the carriage drove off. Ned's eye caught the waving hand of Helen, as the glimmering lamp-light was shading with its distance ; it seemed to say " good night," and his heart echoed back the salutation.

CHAPTER II.

" ——— the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
 Pale omen sat and scattered fears around."

YOUNG.

AFTER a weary and troubled night, Mary entered the breakfast parlour at rather a late hour." Mrs. Mordent had previously gone to her room, and finding her in a light sleep, had refrained disturbing her. The faint crimson of her cheek held a doubtful occupation, and a quick and fluttering pulse, confessed her tranquillity to be more than ordinarily deranged. Mrs. Mordent had

learnt the event of the preceding night from Helen, and soothed her with the hopes that a short time might now dispel the terrors of mystery. Mary confessed herself to be better satisfied, and eat her breakfast with apparent composure.

Mrs. Mordent was disturbed respecting Ned, in whose interests she felt all the anxieties of a mother. Providence appeared to have consigned him in his infancy to her protection, and the virtuous qualities which she had cherished in him, in paying back the obligation, had changed the position of services. The tree which she had nourished and cultured, now spread its embowering protection and shade; and what is so grateful to our affections as to repose beneath the security which we have created? Yet with such just claims to her gratitude, to her care,

and to those little affectionate attentions in which so much of our happiness consists, Ned was still without a home. He was paying hire for those scanty and reluctant charities which are sold from man to man ; possessing no established resources nor ostensible profession, but living, like a man in an open boat at sea, only in the security of the moment. Yet she could not condemn the active and noble virtue, which, with prompt hand, is ever ready in the service of the public, yet tardy and neglectful in aught that relates to self. It was not sorrow that she felt ; it was admiration paled by regret. She mentioned this subject to her daughters, but at the same time observed, that Ned's independent spirit would brook no favors tendered in the pride of service, and pointing, by implication, to the necessities which they relieved. " All that we can do

my dears," said she, "is to show by our conduct the estimation in which he is held; to let our behaviour towards him speak our wishes for his welfare, and the motives by which we are refrained from making any formal offer of such poor and inadequate services as are in our power. If we esteemed him less we might do more; we are only permitted to admire and be silent. In the opinion of the world, perhaps, I should be censured for the manner in which I address you; but the proud reliance which I have on your discretion exonerates me to myself, and it is not every mother that is exactly favored as I am."

Mrs. Mordent now left the room, as though to hide her tears, for they were too pleasurable to be repressed. She had but too effectually communicated her feelings to her fair daughters, and

in the silent enjoyment of them they took their morning's walk, beneath the shade of a tall avenue of elms, in a retired part of the town. Their conversation turned mostly on what had fallen from their mother. They were aware of the assiduous behaviour of Sir Hubert to Mr. Mordent, and could not fail in glancing at the motives by which he was influenced.

When a man takes this direction against the heart of a woman, the advantages which he gains in opportunity he loses in attraction. Sir Hubert, however, proceeded on the principles of generalship. He was aware that he had little to hope from a direct attack. The town, thought he, that may repulse a storm, will yield to a siege. I will erect a battery, said he, in the heart of the father, and with the artillery of politeness I will cannonade

the patience of the fort till resistance is wearied into capitulation. But Sir Hubert had mistaken the character of the lady as well as that of his rival. With beauty he associated the ideas of softness and compliance, and those yielding and amiable qualities which are neither constituted for resistance nor resentment. He considered a beautiful woman only as the creature of grateful feelings, whose plastic affections would mould themselves to aught with which they came in contact;—an *Æolian* harp, on which every vagrant breeze that blows can make music. Miss Mordent, it is true, had nothing masculine in her character, as far as the term implies either patient or plodding qualities. Her heart had adopted its little solar system of attachments, and love was the centre of its motions. Neither her hopes nor fears strayed beyond the little

proud circle of her favourites; but than to them, the pole-star is not more true to its position. Love is only strengthened by being crossed, and Helen knew not how far her heart was engaged till Sir Hubert put in his claims to her notice, and the expectations of a parent pointed to his preference. Her beauty was of that kind which permits not the beholder to gaze with impunity. It was not of that cold and correct regularity on which you may gaze and adjust the principles of proportion. It was like the sun, from which the presumptuous eye turns aching with its radiance. This, Sir Hubert had felt, but the excellencies of her mind were by him unknown and unappreciated. Yet study could never pinion her attention, nor science seduce the levity of her taste. She darted by the glances of genius thro' the labyrinths of art, while pale and

pondering learning toiled far behind. Enthusiastic in her admiration of nature, she was content to contemplate its beauties unincumbered by the parade of art, or the pedantry of system. Such was Helen Mordent, of whom her sister was a transcript, with an additional *penchant* for the mischievous, and a vivacity that was dashed with sauciness.

The conversation between our two heroines having turned upon Theodore Anderton, Helen asked, but more in the spirit of enquiry than question, *Who is he?* Mary in her answer was preparing to say rather *what* he was, than *whom*, when the interesting subject presented himself before them. This sudden appearance rather improved the countenance of Mary, and the youth observed that he need not enquire after their health. Th

remark had no tendency to scare the bloom of appearances, and Helen relieved the imposing crimson of her sister, by starting another subject. In this haste to divert observation, she of course could ask about nothing but concerning the wounded wrist of Mr. Bentley. Conscious of the abruptness of the question and the anxiety which it betrayed, Helen, herself, now blushed in return. She was happy however to hear that it was a mere scratch ; that it had been dressed once, and that the surgeon himself had no hopes of being put to further trouble.

Sir Hubert Roland having called at Mr. Mordent's, followed the ladies to the avenue, and now made his appearance. He enquired generally after their health, and, as usual, addressed his attentions to Helen. Betwixt her agitation of spirits, and fatigue.

Mary expressed a desire to return. Theodore marked the paleness and languor of her appearance, with an eye that embarrassed her by the interest which it seemed to express. He offered her his arm, which she took, and they bent their steps homewards. Theodore hoped that nothing had taken place on the previous night to distress her. She replied evasively. There was a dangerous insinuation in his voice, and the gentleness and sympathy of his manners had a seducing effect on her confidence. The dread, however, to which her mind had been subjected, prevailed, and she acknowledged his power more by resisting the solicitous kindness of his enquiry, than she was willing to allow even to herself. Theodore now relieved this train of reflection, by requesting her to attend the assembly, which was announced for the morrow. He en-

treated her acquiescence on the ground that, as a cheerful exercise, she would receive benefit from the exertion. He would prohibit her from going down more than one dance, and insist on her return at an early hour. She was inclined to comply, were it only for the kindness of compliance, and after a conflict, betwixt her fears and the obscure glimmerings of hope, she gave her promise. On their arrival at home, however, it was discovered that what Mary had granted to Theodore, Helen had denied to Sir Hubert.

The gentlemen stopt dinner. Ned did not make his appearance during the whole of the day. Helen was pale and thoughtful, and absent, but little was said on the subject. As her sister had refused Sir Hubert on the subject of the assembly, Mary was particularly desirous that she should be firm in her

decision. She told Theodore that she had an appeal to make to his charity. Theodore said that he hoped it might reach the extent of his power, in order to show his promptitude in her service. "You must allow me, without explanation, to retract the promise of the morning," said Mary.

Theodore assented without a word of enquiry; and his pleasantry appeared to suffer no abatement from the disappointment. He took his leave early in the evening, and Sir Hubert stopt supper. The latter rallied Helen on her refusal to accompany him to the assembly. Mr. Mordant talked about "the summer of life;" he hated "affectation," and should "wish to see his daughters like other people." Helen arose in the pride of conscious propriety, and professing the circumstance to be a mat-

ter of too much indifference to interfere with other duties, gave her assent and left the room. Sir Hubert was aware of the spirit in which she had complied, and endeavoured to detain her, but in vain. He soon after took his leave, more piqued at his success, than he could have been at a failure. Mary was now placed in a still more ungracious position; if she went, her conduct must appear outrageously capricious; and to suffer her sister to go without her, after having been the first to assent to go, would be sacrificing consistency to appearances.

On the succeeding morning Theodore called with Ned, who requested an interview with Mrs. Mordent. In the mean time Helen and Mary were left with Theodore.

“I have some further claims on your good nature, Mr. Anderton,” said Mary,

in arch allusion to what had passed the day before. Theodore bowed. "Be as charitable as you can," she continued, "in your construction of my conduct; —I go to the assembly to-night! nay, would solicit your attendance if I thought that you had good nature enough to grant it in charity of heart."

Theodore professed himself too happy in the effect to reflect on the cause.

There is certainly more gallantry than reflection in your reply, said Mary; but, on the return of your judgment, should you think proper to recal your assent, we shall only be on a level in our caprice.

Ned's interview with Mrs. Mordent lasted a considerable time, and they took their leave immediately as it was over.

In the evening Theodore accompanied his fair charge to the assembly. Sir Hubert exerted his assiduity to soothe the offended and thoughtful dignity of Helen. The exhilaration of music, and the gaiety of example, restored by degrees the natural amenity of her manners, and she glided down the sinuosities of the dance with all the grace and animation of a sylph. Sir Hubert was in raptures, and protested that she was an angel; and Helen immediately determined to abate her efforts. Mary at first declined joining in this "poetry of motion," and walked the rooms with Theodore. At the beginning of the fourth dance, however, she gave him her hand, and surpassed herself in the style and vivacity with which she mixed in the exhilarated throng. Her slender and flexible form, connected itself with every variation of the music, and she

appeared to dance with all her soul. The pondering citizen would pause in the figure to observe the electricity of her motions; and even the stiff and antiquated shuffle of the formal bachelor, seemed to receive an additional impetus when she "turned him" with the agility of a doe, or lightly touched his happy fingers in the "hands four round."

At the conclusion of the dance, she took her sister's arm and retired to the least frequented part of the room. She was quickly alarmed by the music playing, for the next dance, the tune of the *Greenlander's Song*. She paused betwixt hope and terror what to do. Her sister, who was not aware of the circumstance, was now obliged to leave her, and she had prevailed upon Theodore to choose another partner for a dance or two. Her enquiring eyes

had naturally reverted to the person at the top. He was a middle aged man, whom, at the first sight, we should class among ordinary characters. That her mysterious persecutor was present, she had no doubt, and his actions did not rank him among common men. Her eye swept, in examination, the countenance of every gentleman present, but rested with none. A man of dark and unpleasing aspect now entered the room, and approaching, took a seat near her. She regarded him with a mixture of curiosity and alarm. His features, though they were of that cast with which we associate ideas of terror, seemed to express sorrow and subdued desperation. A confused remembrance of his person and manner danced upon her recollection, and she continued to contemplate him with a degree of almost terrific interest. He spoke to her, and she was ready to

sink into the earth with alarm. His voice, which was melancholic, but harsh and unmodulated, seemed to express sounds with which she was familiar. He asked her to go down the dance with him. In a state of mind at once confused and desperate, and trembling at her own temerity, she complied. As she passed Theodore in the dance, his surprize appeared extreme; his eyes followed her unceasingly, and encountered her at every turn. In the meantime, her silent companion appeared as tho' absorbed in sorrowful thought. She compared him a thousand times with the Greenlander; his figure and height were exactly the same, but his animated grace, and his fire of motion were gone, and gloom and grief, like a dreary mist, had encompassed him. On reaching the bottom of the dance, she sat down, and he took his seat by her side. A female, with whom she

had a slight acquaintance, came up to her and addressed her by the name of Miss Mordent:—Her companion in an instant turned his eyes full upon her. She trembled, and blushed at the situation in which she had voluntarily thrown herself; and her conduct appeared to herself as though it challenged his acquaintance. To complete the scene, as she raised her eyes from the ground, in the hopes of seeing either her sister or Theodore approach, she met the ardent gaze of the *old man*!—the mysterious agent of the still more mysterious being at her side. He was contemplating them from the opposite side of the room. Mary now determined to summon her resolution and leave the spot. Repeatedly did she make an effort to rise, and as repeatedly was she held, as by enchantment, to her seat. She saw the *old man* approaching; he fixed his

eyes for a moment on her companion, and then immediately left the room. Directly after, a messenger came in, and approaching Mary, presented a note. She hesitated at first whether to take it or not, but curiosity, and a spirit half-determined to explore the mystery which she had undertaken, prevailed. The messenger now told her silent companion that he was required below. He raised his dark and heavy eyes upon the messenger, as though he doubted what he had said; he appeared embarrassed, but arose, and bowing confusedly to Mary, left the room. Every thing was inexplicable! Mary sighed, and with a trembling hand opened the note, which was anonymous, and contained only the following line.

" You have danced with an assassin ! "

Fear and horror appeared to freeze her as she read; the coldness of death came over her, but her eyes, before they closed in unconsciousness, consigned her to the arms of Theodore.

She was taken home in a state of insensibility, and only awoke to recollection, but to re-plunge into the same living death, as though nature had kindly reserved a state of suspended existence, as a shelter from situations which frail humanity cannot sustain.

In her terror, Mary had dropped the note, and the exact cause of her terror was left to conjecture. A fever succeeded, and for some time her life was held in extreme danger.

On the fifth day she awoke from a refreshing sleep, with a collected mind

and a more settled pulse. The first thing she saw was the form of Helen at her side, pale with anxiety, and exhausted with watching;—her mother was likewise dozing on a couch in the same room. She kissed her sister in the silent gratefulness of her heart; she thanked her with her tears, and entreated her to take care of herself. Helen promised obedience, and perceiving her again disposed to slumber, soon afterwards left the room, refraining to awake her mother, even to convey to her the grateful tidings.

Mary again fell into a light and pleasant sleep, but so sensitive, that she was awoke by the careful tiptoe of somebody coming into the room. She presently saw the eyes of Miss Berrington, peeping betwixt the curtains at the foot of the bed. Mary held out her hand, and her joyful friend threw

herself into her arms. Mrs. Mordent was awoke by the noise, and her ecstasy, on learning the happy change, admitted of no bounds. She again heard the sound of that voice, which she despaired had ceased for ever. She again met those conscious eyes which "receive and render back" the intelligent messages of the heart. After the first interchange of affections, Mrs. Mordent was aware of the enquiry that was trembling on her daughter's tongue; she therefore insisted that nothing should be talked about but getting well.

Miss Berrington and Mary were now left alone. The latter stated her anxiety to learn what had taken place during her illness, and how much more satisfied she should feel if she could be indulged. In reply, Miss Berrington said, that it was impossible. "Nobody

knows any thing of the affair," said she, "but Mr. Anderton, who has given his word that the cause which alarmed you had ceased for ever; and when you are well enough to hear them, the particulars shall be made known."

How much I am indebted to him! sighed Mary. I am afraid that I have sadly distressed you all; but let me hope that *you* at least, have not lost your rest on my account.

How can you wish me to be so insensible? said Miss Berrington. I will frankly confess to you that I never was so miserable in my life. In the idea of losing you, I felt as though I were going to be robbed of a *sense*; it was taking from the future, one of our inducements to live. You have made me proud of my own feelings by dis-

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closing to me their strength. You have improved the value of my present life, by leading me to discover how dreary it might be made.

Alas! cried Mary, how poor you make me;—I never knew till now, how much I loved you all!

Mrs. Mordent and Helen now returned, and they all breakfasted in the room, and continued to improve the cheering spirits of the fair convalescent.

Mary continued gradually to amend, and in a few days made her appearance again in the regular breakfast room. The day was considered as sacred to a kind of family thanksgiving. Mr. Mordent, who had felt the absence of Mary's gaiety, and who really had persuaded himself that he was very un-

happy, saluted her kindly as she entered. Miss Berrington was so *outré* a fashionable, as to arrive in time for breakfast, and the day was devoted to pleasure and mutual congratulation. — But Theodore did not appear; — nor even *Ned*, though the latter had been expected. Sir Hubert was more punctual; he rounded a few fine periods of congratulatory compliment, which died like music on the ear, and with the vibration expired for ever.

Day succeeded day in lingering succession, but neither *Ned* nor Theodore arrived. “What is become of our two principal beaux?” said Mary, to Helen, as they were one night retiring to their apartments. — Helen’s sigh was the best answer; — “she did not know.” She then bade her good night, adding that “to-morrow might explain.” The morrow had been ap-

pointed as a visit to Lord Berrington's. The day was cold and raw, and Mary was out of spirits; she had little difficulty therefore in excusing herself. Neither Mrs. Mordent nor Helen were satisfied in leaving her alone; but after a little discussion, in which the entreaties of Mary were backed by a less flattering, though a more decisive argument from Mr. Mordent, it was so agreed.

When Mary was left alone, she sighed for the conduct of her father. He is smit with the love of high life, thought she, and we must be immolated at the shrine of his prejudices. Not content to explore the little quiet round of life in our power, he would leash us in the retinue of rank, where precedence and etiquette cut up the few comforts of life in endless mortification. A loud rap at the door now

startled her course of thought; and hope, in fluttering derangement, swelled in her bosom, and lightened in her eye. It was Theodore! But his cheek was pale, and his countenance seemed to express a mingled sentiment of remorse and satisfaction. In an instant the words of Miss Berrington came like lightning across her mind.—*The cause of her alarm had ceased for ever!*

Theodore took her hand, which she did not withdraw, and requested her to be seated. His eye, as it hung on the interesting languor of her countenance, where the faint rose seemed as though glancing at its former residence, recovered its splendor, but his hand trembled, and he appeared extremely agitated. “I have a sentence to pronounce,” said he, in an unsteady tone, that I fear will scare this fair hand for ever from my hold.” Mary

almost shrunk from his touch at the suggestion.

He continued.——

“That strange being, who has so long persecuted you in mystery, and adored you in secret,—that romantic being is—*myself* !”

CHAPTER III

Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprize, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues displayed ;
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.

SCOTT'S MARMION.

WHEN the pilgrim lost his load of
sin, how light the mountain climbed !
Dread and alarm in an instant took
their flight from the apprehensive
mind of Mary ; and danger and mys-
tery, like a burden, fell to the ground.

“And now,” said Theodore, “if, as you late required of me, you could suspend, *in charity of heart*, my fate, list its eventful history.”

——“You at once surprise, distress and relieve me,” she replied; “I dare not bid you hope, but—you need not despair.”

“Deep in my heart shall live the recollection of your kindness,” he continued, “though pale want and poverty should ever impale me. In lifting the veil of mystery, on which the glimmerings of hope occasionally played, I may strip the future of every thing for which a man would live; but when I discovered the wreck which my vile expedient had made on your peace of mind, remorse alone possessed me. But expiation is not within the province of speech. List the brief story

of a wretch, who when he first saw you, first challenged the steps of fortune; adopting you at once as the motive and reward of life. This romance, desperate as it was vain, has borne me up against difficulties where, perhaps, hopes more rational had died.

Cradled in the camp, with danger for my nurse, and the din of war the ditty to which I slept, life disclosed no difficulties to me. My mother perished in a retreat, ere I was six months old, and my father fell in the field of battle about two years after, leaving me, his first and only child, nothing but his name. He was an officer, distinguished only for his spirit, and the neglect with which that spirit was rewarded. At three years old I learnt to roll on the drum, and began to practice marches on the fife. In simi-

lar employments to these, I reached my fifteenth year. About this time I was fortunate enough to save the life of an old officer, (Lieut. Thornton). In return he exerted himself to procure me a commission, but in vain. Disgusted with the army, after having grown grey in its service without getting a company, he retired on half-pay, and what trifle he had saved, and adopted me as his son. Such is the *old man* whom, I am afraid, you will never look upon but with feelings of terror. By a solemn vow he devoted the remainder of his life to my service, and bade me fix my own pursuit. We lived retired and unknown in the village of ——— Here I commenced my education under his care, and here I received the bent that was to give a colour to my future life. It was in the village church of ———, that, from a distant pew, in the sacred office of

prayer, those eyes, Mary, as they rose in pious thought, first crossed the orbs of mine. At that period, Romance and Travels were my study; my mind was warm, and meet alike for love or enterprize. I nursed the delicious impressions which I there received. The gay, the innocent, and the benevolent Mary Mordent, was known beyond the narrow precincts of Charkley House, and her fame was not calculated to damp those feelings which her form excited. It is a strange story to tell, but you have agreed by implication to hear me with silent charity, and I shall require it with a vengeance. Thus situated,—vegetating as it were in the solitude of a village, within a few miles of your residence, I wove, in the romantic feelings of my heart, the web with which I encompassed you; thinking to effect an impression on your mind that you

were fated to an unknown individual. I was poor, and fortune had placed you above my reach. While I was carving my road to distinction, you were to be impaled, as a being whose destiny was decided. Mystery and menace were to impress this consideration on your mind. In the desperation of my passion, I saw nothing that was cruel or impracticable; Don Quixote was a rational being when put in competition with me. My patron and friend, the old *Captain*, as by courtesy I always call him, after some little demur, acceded to my plan, and by degrees entered into it with an alacrity and interest that surprized me. But he had consigned his life over to my fortunes, and had an object in the enterprize beyond its romance. The navy was fixed upon as my sphere of enterprize, and a post captaincy at least was to be procured, ere the de-

nouement was to unfold: O! wild,
 but delightful vision! Thou wert the
 happy genius of my fortunes, which
 neither difficulty nor distance could
 wholly obscure! A twelvemonth pas-
 sed in studying navigation and poetry.
 My first mysterious billet was delivered
 to you in the darkness of night, by the
 old man himself; who contrived soon
 after, to discover that you had obeyed
 its injunctions. An incident now hap-
 pened that for awhile confounded my
 calculations. I was standing in a toy-
 shop at ——, when you and your sis-
 ter, accompanied by Mr. Bentley, came
 in. It was with difficulty that I con-
 cealed my agitation. I pretended to
 examine different articles, and kept
 my countenance turned another way.
 Being convinced that I was a total
 stranger to each of you in person, I
 at length commanded my feelings, so

far as to contemplate you with less embarrassment. I never had been so near you before, and stood in a delirious ecstasy within the very atmosphere of those charms, which hitherto I had only caught in passing glances. You took up a small medallion, and applied it as though in comparison to one which you wore. THAT, thought I, will I purchase, if in exchange for half the necessaries of life ! You soon afterwards left. I bought the bauble, and went home like a miser to view it in secret. This circumstance nearly unhinged my resolution. It appeared as though I had to leave behind me that spirit which was to win the prize I aspired to.

Mr. Jonathan Weston, the village school-master, was in the plot. It was him whom the old man accompanied on your birth-day, but was

not to claim his acquaintance, unless his appearance excited enquiry : thus throwing an air of mystery on every thing relating to the affair. The ostensible object of his visit was to observe what effect the experiment had made on your mind, and by giving the toast of *Somebody*, to notice what kind of interest it should excite in you. Had he not trusted to the timid forbearance which shut up the secret in your breast, there was nothing from the circumstance to particularly apprehend. I have since learned that my friend the captain, gave me a report of my success that was more flattering than true. His object was to feed the romance by which I was inspired, and to send me to sea, with a decided object on my mind that should not only operate as a powerful motive to emulation, but divert me from more unworthy pursuits.

On the succeeding morning, the same I understand on which Mr. Bentley left you, I took my departure, leaving the second billet to be delivered after I had sailed. A midshipman's place had been procured for me; my appearance was expected, and the whole procedure in my absence was arranged. I need not describe to you my surprise when, on the night previous to my embarking, Mr. Bentley came into the room where I was sitting. My first feelings were those of a detected criminal; I fancied that he had pursued me, and that I was caught. I now consider that day as the most fortunate of my life. It is needless to expatiate to you on the character of that extraordinary young man. I have seen him tried. He has carried his point in situations which required a dexterity of mind as extraordinary as the firmness by which it

was supported. I was half disposed to acknowledge myself; to abandon my vile experiment and leave the rest to fortune. But a dread that my offers of friendship, under such circumstances, should be hurled back upon me with contempt, deterred me. And a similar fear has, to this moment, restrained me from confiding to him the secret. His generous attention and friendship in the last hours of the unfortunate De Laurent, has attached the old captain to him for ever.

M. De Laurent was indebted to Captain Thornton for an escape from France, at a time that a price was set upon his head. By the Captain's assistance he was supported, till he began to teach French in a small town in Berks. His merits as a scholar were soon discovered, and he was recommended to remove to Liverpool, and

received various letters of introduction for that purpose. Calling on Captain Thornton on his journey to that place, the day after I left, he was entrusted with a letter to me, stating the intelligence, that Mr. Mordent intended taking his family to Liverpool, and returning through Wales. This news was obtained through the medium of Weston, who was acquainted with your father's counsel, Mr. Wilkins. By this letter, I learnt that the old captain would follow you, and from time to time remind you of your fate. This letter I received at sea, and supposed it to have been brought by De Laurent to Liverpool, and sent after me from the inn. Of this I was undeceived in "another hemisphere."

Thus far have I travelled in explanation, and feel that it is not in the power of language to throw a light

upon my conduct, which can soften it to the satisfaction of my own feelings. When I first learnt that you were here, and that I could be introduced to you, nothing but the lively interest in which my friend himself was absorbed, could have diverted his notice from the agitation which I felt. I have pondered, and resolved, and rejected, by day and by night, asleep and awake, but could devise no means of exculpation that appeared acceptable. I at length determined to ascertain with what feelings you reflected on the adventurer that thus pursued you. I therefore engaged an ingenious *barber* of the place, known by the name of the *Count*, to personate Orion at the masquerade, in which character he was to acknowledge you without speaking. This *Count*, appearing at the same time as the native of the Dog-star, claimed his acquaintance, and

not unjustly, for he had shaved him only half an hour before. When I left you in the character of the Greenlander, I took Orion's habit, and made myself known. I hoped, the next day, to learn the state of your feelings, and when I found that the subject preyed upon your peace of mind, I became miserable. I hoped, however, as the recent affair at the masquerade should wear off, and your spirits should return, to *induce you to promise the offender's pardon, ere I should introduce him to you, in order for him to withdraw his claims and declare you free.* Would that that had been the case previous to your going to the assembly ! The tune that must have led you to believe that your persecutor was present, is the music of a new and popular air. It was with grief, therefore, that I heard it called, because I knew the painful feelings which you would

associate with it. The old man was likewise there without my knowledge; had he known that you were expected, he is too much your friend to have distressed you by his presence. That your terror was occasioned by the baneful appearance of that stranger—your conjecture who he was, and the information which, I have since learnt, you received by a note, is *unknown to your family*:—and Oh! for ever spare them the painful intelligence! I have in their minds already, enough to account for; more, perhaps, than can ever reconcile them to tolerate the mention of my name.”

Here Theodore paused.

“Can you tell,” said Mary, without a syllable of comment on what she had heard, “who that strange man was that I danced with?”

Had you asked me a few days ago, replied Theodore, I should have said a *demon*. It is that man whose sword was once lifted to take away the life of your father ! Who was once scared from his prey on an amiable girl, by the intrepid Bentley ; and who now, in addition to this tissue of crime, stands charged with robbery and attempted murder, on my friend and patron, the old captain.

Mary shuddered as she recollected having touched such a monster of iniquity.

When Captain Thornton saw him at the assembly, continued Theodore, you may judge of his surprise. He immediately left the room, and took the necessary measures for apprehending him. To prevent disturbance and confusion, it was judged proper to

send for him below. Somebody who was present, thinking merely to surprise you, very injudiciously sent you the intelligence. There are some circumstances I understand relating to this man (with the particulars of which I am not acquainted) that have interested Mr. Bentley in his fate, and for some time previous to his apprehension, he has been busied in his concerns.—Shall I now leave you, continued he, with one of those masterly looks which denote an appeal of the heart, rather than of the understanding, to consider on the verdict, *of a greater criminal?*

What verdict, Theodore, do you expect?

Not an acquittal, but—recommendation to mercy.

How can I fill, with justice, at once the offices of accuser, jury and judge?

That is precisely the only consideration on which I build my hopes. It is the quality of superior minds, to pardon with greater ease an offence against ourselves, than others.

“I dare not pronounce,” said Mary, while a more lively colour suffused her countenance, “from my present state of mind. I fear that ——

O! cried Theodore, conclude your sentence;—say only that you can mingle reluctance with your decision, and the future shall find room for me. Hold out but the beacon of hope to exertion, and I will find a passage for my arm.

Those were not my thoughts, Theodore, added Mary, preparing to retire, but—they were not more unfavourable.—Wait till you see Ned.

Theodore handed her to the door. You have restored to me the pulse of emulation, he cried. Had I presumed upon your goodness, and asked whether, with the heart that could forgive the past, you had a hand that could reward the future, what should you have said?

“Try it!”

There is a way of being kind that is more fascinating even than the kindness itself. There is a way of complying that answers all the purpose of direct compliance, without its broad and unappreciating abruptness. But it is confined to minds of a superior

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quality. In the affairs of love, it has been said that ladies ought never to "speak direct;"—meaning, we presume, that they should slide into an implied acquiescence; or name the timid objection, which seems to invite its own overthrow; or take the tardy flight which, with occasionally reverting eye, fears and expects pursuit. This would seem to countenance the doctrine that the conduct which is the most pleasing to man, is the most natural to woman.

Theodore went home, contemplating in the perspective of life, the bright prospect of happiness; as some adventurous youth beholds the towering mountain rise before him, while his eye overleaps the forest and the vale that lie between. Three days elapsed without his seeing Ned. On the fourth day Captain Thornton

and Ned entered together. The latter held out his hand as he approached, which Theodore grasped with ardor, as the token of unshaken friendship. A good understanding betwixt the parties being established, Ned related the following circumstances.

“The day succeeding the masquerade, I looked for 175, in ——— Street, that being the only one that had an equal number of houses. Having rapped sharply at the door, it was immediately opened by a genteel and elderly lady. “Whom did I please to want?” This is an awkward question to a man who is not prepared for it. I deemed it best to be candid, and replied that *I did not know!* “Had she any lodgers?” “No.” “If it would not be deemed impertinent, I wished to know who else might reside in the

house." The lady seemed to doubt, whether it *was not* impertinent; but replied with some hesitation, "nobody except her neice, who was ill." I now thought of begging her pardon and departing; but the old lady, regarding me with a stronger interest, "hoped I was not the strange man that was expected." My hopes were now more confirmed, and I replied I believed that I was. I was accordingly invited in. "You are a desperate wicked man to be sure," said the lady. This remark threw every thing into perplexity again. The lady now ushered me into a parlour, and immediately withdrew and closed the door. An elegant female sat at the window, but apparently so absorbed in sorrow and thought as not immediately to regard me. When she raised her eyes, which were red with weeping, I discovered, to my infinite surprize, the

features of *Miss Bidlake*! She arose with alacrity, and brushing away her tears, acknowledged, with some confusion, how happy she was to see me. I retorted the compliment, and enquired after the family. Mr. and Mrs. Bidlake were both well, but they were at home. She was on a visit to her aunt—had seen me at the theatre, and distinguished my voice at the masquerade. I hoped that nothing had occurred to distress her. A blush suffused her face, and she confessed that there had. She then related to me that, immediately I had left her at the masquerade, she was addressed by a man in the character of a PILGRIM. He told her in a feint voice, that he had made a pilgrimage in company with a wretch who, under false colours, was once honoured with her confidence. Under the shade of this fiction, he described his own crimes, and the remorse

which those crimes had entailed on him. Now an impostor no more, but a weary and wretched pilgrim, seeking to expiate the days of sin in penance and prayer. In listening to this story, told in the spirit of that repentance which it described, the lively *Hebe* forgot her own character, and that of the person before her. She enquired in a tone of kindness and respect, where the unfortunate criminal was, and he threw himself at her feet. He pledged himself before Heaven, to a life of future virtue, and she pronounced his pardon. Though this was all done in the figure of masquerade, the scene was in *real life*. The criminal was subdued in his heart, and vowed never to rest, till he had sought pardon of all he had ever injured. He received permission to occasionally visit her during the task he had undertaken. She had made a confidante of her aunt, as far as

related to the *charity* of the action, and left the rest to time and fortune.

In this work, continued Ned, addressing himself more particularly to Theodore, I have ever since been engaged. I have been ably seconded by Mrs. Mordent, and though difficulty and prejudice opposed us at every step, we have succeeded. I met the criminal by appointment, in the company of Miss Bidlake. He was extremely agitated and depressed when he first saw me, and it was with some difficulty that he was reassured. Our first object was to subdue the resentment of Mr. Mordent, which we had scarcely with great difficulty accomplished, when his apprehension at the assembly, gave, for the present, a fatal interruption to our progress.

I had scarce heard your story, Theodore, continued Ned, from the elo

quent lips of Mary Mordent, ere I sought Captain Thornton. I felt as though I had some claim on his charity and forbearance. He acknowledged it with freedom, and we set off together to ———, in order to assure the prisoner that such means would be taken as might render the prosecution which must continue in form, a nullity. The criminal listened to the intelligence with a proud indifference. When we had concluded, he took the captain's hand, and said, "It is well; I am glad to owe this to your mercy and forbearance, with the naked injury before your eyes;—but it was I, who in the year ———, but for interruption had robbed and murdered you, *saved your life* nearly that day twelvemonth at Mrs. Hanson's!—It was I who snatched you a drowning corpse from the wreck. It was I who laboured in anxiety to restore that life which I had before so

wickedly endangered ;—thus paying back to society, at the risk of my existence, those benefits which I had dared to hold so lightly.” You must picture to yourself, Theodore, the scene that followed. We have left the prisoner in a composed state of mind, and have abated the rigors of confinement, by leaving him in the command of such indulgences as are allowed. We have been to appease the painful anxiety of Miss Bidlake. She expressed her thanks in an eloquent confusion and combat of gratitude and shame. Her conduct is strikingly illustrative of the feminine character. He, to whom she first owed her love, still held, as by a charm, the command of her preference. He, to whom the barriers of reserve had given way ; on whom the confessing eyes of love had learnt to rest in confidence,—HE, though covered with shame and igno-

miny—defeated and disgraced, still lingered in the plundered heart, and directed the tide of its affections.

These are the charms that have enticed the lawless wanderer from his course. He described to me the vacillating state of his mind; how, even in the darkness and desperation of enterprise, his fancy would revert to the innocent tranquillity of love—to the quiet circle of domestic happiness, which, with the plundering stride of *Tarquin* he had approached; and the dread distance in which it had placed the ferocious habits of his life, hung for ever on his recollection. In the fearful and silent night, when the minds of the wicked are abandoned to self-communication, his resolutions of virtue were projected. But day only approached to dissipate them as dreams, and night only to prepare them for the

day. He waited for some enticing clue to the new course he still hoped to run ; something from which to date his resolve, as a happy omen of the future. *That omen at length occurred.* Cold and benighted, on the barren coast to the north of the town, despair had unstrung his exertion. Darkness hung round him as a shroud, and he appeared at once to be cut off from assistance on earth, and hope of heaven. Here he resolved in the silent decision of his heart, if his life might be spared, to devote it to virtue. The resolve was no sooner formed, than Heaven appeared to acknowledge it. The glimmering of a distant light caught his eye—his spirit revived, and he reached the hospitable dwelling of Mrs. Hanson. Circumstances appeared to conspire to try the resolution he had formed. He engaged in the enterprize that seemed to invite the services of

virtue. He committed himself to the midnight waves, and opportunity led him to the preservation of that life which his rebel arm was once raised to destroy. Is this the chain of chance? Answer, sceptical philosophy, or hide thy head for ever!

[CHAPTER IV.]

Oh ! the dark days of vanity ! while here
 How tasteless ! and how terrible when gone !
 Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past they haunt us still :
 The spirit walks of every day deceased,
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

YOUNG.

DID you notice the conversation of Mr. S——, at Lord Berrington's the other day, my dear ? said Mrs. Mordent, to her husband, one morning, as they were sitting alone. Yes, he replied. He is the first man that I ever met with, who seemed to grieve

at the height on which fortune had placed him. That is, said Mrs. Mor-
 dent, because he is aware that the cus-
 toms of society cut him off from all
 familiar communication with those
 ranks of life in which the most origi-
 nality of character is found. In other
 words, my dear, he is like a first-rate
 man of war, among sloops, cutters and
 pleasure boats,—afraid of taking its
 daring course of action, for fear it
 should run foul of the un-timbered
 architecture of one, or derange the
 splendour of another. The argument
 that I mean to draw from it, Mr. Mor-
 dent, is, that some minds are constitu-
 tionally disposed for the untitled ranks
 of life;—not because they condemn
 the orders of society above them, but
 because their habits are formed upon
 different models, and their sympathies
 have been used to flow in particular
 channels:—In short, they prefer to live,

where they better understand the interests of life, and are better understood.

I understand you, replied Mr. Mordent; but my plans are fixed. Sir Hubert Roland has expressed to me a desire of an alliance with my family; and I conceive that I consult the interest and honor of that family, in giving him my assent.

I should have hoped, replied Mrs. Mordent, that I at least might have been consulted, before you had trammelled us with the visits of an acknowledged suitor.

Mr. Mordent, in argument, always laboured under a sense of inferiority. When remonstrated with as to the propriety of any thing that he had resolved upon, he would exercise his power in

revenge. What he could not disprove, therefore, he could render unavailing. He now declined going into the subject; it was too late. He muttered something further about the honor and interest of the family; Mrs. Mordent said something about its happiness, and the subject was dropped.

With such a disposition as this, there is no chance for the honorable and the candid. If you do not appeal, he conceives himself to be right; and if you do, he will punish you for having presumed to think him wrong.

Mary, on the day of the above dispute, had been taking an airing in Miss Berrington's barouche. When she returned, she immediately sought her sister. "We have been to Mrs. Hanson's, Helen," said she, with more than usual animation in her manner.

“We there met with Ned, Theodore, and Captain Thornton. I was introduced to the latter in form, and was absolutely obliged to forgive him all his former frightfulness. He kissed my hand, and quoted a part of the speech of Nestor to the trumpeter, who brought a challenge from Troy to the Grecian camp. He gave me a copy of the verses which he had employed one of the players to sing under my window. He has absolutely been our invisible guardian, and when he came over with us across the Mersey in the boat, he had followed us as soon as the river became rough, in order to see that we attempted not to return if the passage should become really dangerous.”

Mary was now interrupted by her mother, who came to announce the authorised visits of Sir Hubert. She

related what had taken place, in as mild a manner as she could, and concluded by hoping that Sir Hubert was too much of a gentleman, to press a suit that should be disagreeable. Helen's grief could only be equalled by her surprize. Anger, however, restored to her a degree of energy. She could not but feel indignant at the crooked and dishonourable means by which her affections were supposed approachable. Mrs. Mordent begged her daughter to act firmly, but mildly ; to consider herself at the free disposal of her own mind, and her manners would then shew that her resolution would neither move to impetuosity nor yield to encroachment.

Sir Hubert commenced his visits with the most consummate art. It was to no purpose that they were disclaimed in their form and object. He would

wave every thing but his visits, yet would neither see nor hear any thing that gave a decided negative to the motives of them.

Mr. Mordent became peevish and impatient. He would frequently complain of illness and lowness of spirits, and tax his family with the cause. They conspired against every thing that he wished. He was getting old and infirm, yet could not be obliged in any thing. If Helen spoke civil and respectful to Sir Hubert, he appeared to be gratified, and feel it as a kindness; and she was often induced to do a violence to her own feelings, with no view but to appease his fretfulness. Ned and Theodore occasionally called. If they saw Mr. Mordent, he would say that his family were busy, or out; sometimes he would not mention them at all, but uniformly ex-

pressed himself *very happy to see them*. Ned called one evening by himself. Sir Hubert was there. 'He was sitting betwixt Helen and her father, and was particular in his attention to the former. Mr. Mordent had been unwell for several days. He "wished Helen would go into the town and buy him some more of that —, she had so good a taste." Helen arose to obey. Ned offered his services to accompany her, and Sir Hubert approached at the same time, for the same purpose. She caught her father's eye and marked his sickly countenance. Sir Hubert was at the door. She felt how awkward and invidious was the task. She bestowed a look upon Ned which, if it could have spoken her feelings, he would have preferred to the reluctant hand which was given to Sir Hubert.

It was dark before Sir Hubert and Helen returned. The latter asked for

Ned. He was gone. He appeared to be in extreme low spirits, said Mrs. Mordent, and said that it was time his present idle life was changed. Helen appeared agitated. She took her sister's arm and retired.

Ned, indeed, had seen nothing but the dreadful preference. It fell like a death blow upon his hopes, and he retired with a mind disturbed to its very centre. He pressed Mary's hand as he withdrew, but said not a word. He went direct to his lodgings, and threw himself on the couch. His mind was like a vessel that is driven by the tempest from its anchorage. Reason itself seemed to stagger at the helm, amid the wild uproar by which it was assailed. The sword which he had received from the relaxing hand of death, when the big battle roared around him, *lay on the table.* He:

grasped it as though it was something that he had been wishing for, and tho' he had not a single defined idea in his brain. A gradual recollection of the past came, like a calm over the ocean, on his mind. "Yes," said he, "to honourable distinction shalt thou lead me, or the oozy caverns of the sea shall pillow me in peace." He drew the glittering weapon as he spoke, and as he waved it in the air, the door opened, and the form of *Helen*, wild with anxiety, sad, dishevelled and in tears, stood before him. "Ned!" she exclaimed, in the broken tone of anguish, "in the name of Heaven, what are you going to do? You must not, Ned—shall not think so meanly of me;—You do not know—I will explain ——" She laid hold of him. Astonished and subdued, he yields the weapon to the pale and slender hand that sought it. "Come," said the same soothing voice, "revoke

the ambitious project of your mind ;
 wait at least and know — that —
 O ! how I despise myself—that I am
 not—ungrateful, nor insensible ; you
 ought to know, Ned, that I am not
 —.”

Ned could hear no more ; he could
 have broke his sword in a thousand
 pieces, and committed a thousand fol-
 lies. He threw himself at her feet and
 accused himself as a madman. He
 held her hand to his burning temples.
 Helen endeavoured to free herself from
 his hold ; she recollected where she
 was,—the hour too was late, “ Oh !
 why am I here ! ” she exclaimed,
 struggling to release herself. “ Say
 only,” cried Ned, “ that you do not
 repent a kindness which has restored
 me to myself.” “ O ! I will not repent
 it,” she replied ; “ I hope I shall never
 have occasion ; ” and disengaging her

hand, she ran to the door. Ned entreated for another minute, but she was gone. He took his hat and pursued her. She darted like lightning along the solitary streets. He followed at a distance, and saw her approach her own house in safety. He returned home with his senses as delirious, and dazzled by happiness, as they had been before deranged by despair. He shut himself up, and resigned himself wholly to his delicious sensations.

In the morning, reason and reflection threw their sombre and solemn hue on the state of his affairs. The temporary resource which the gallantry of his naval achievements had procured him, was considerably in the wane. His mind, ardent and active, had too long run riot in its own luxuriance, to engage in the trammels of

trade; and he considered himself bound by the anxieties of love to follow no more the doubtful fate of war. *Helen had disarmed him*; and it had become a duty too pleasant and too sacred to adopt a life more consonant to her feelings, as well as his own.

Theodore Anderton and Captain Thornton now entered his apartment, and proposed to him a walk. They took the direction of the mountainous north, for the sake of its solitude. A candid conversation was entered upon, and the experienced Captain was requested to give his opinion on what plan the heroes ought to pursue. "Distinction lies before you, my sons," said he, "but I am too deeply sensible of the difficulties and delay which intervene to advise you with confidence to pursue it. I have nearly made the journey of life, and have a

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right, perhaps, to speak on the general state of society. Injustice has occasionally elbowed me in my course; disappointments are as common as clouds in the sky, and like them they appear to be connected with the order of nature,—dispensing, by different means, both gloom and gladness. These are evils which we must more or less encounter, take what direction we may. There is, however, a quiet medium in life, which we can discover when our race is nearly run; but it is commonly a useless task to recommend it to youth. The vigorous steed that feels the full play of his sinews, warms with the intemperance of his action; the earth appears to bend beneath his feet, and he plunges on for the very love of excitation of nerve. Obstacles may interrupt, and competition may press him, but exhaustion only can tame his spirit. *So it is in life.* Wisdom

and temperance, with slow and tardy step, follow us in our course, making minutes of the past, and we are presented with the lesson when it is too late to learn. If happiness belonged to distinction, I would say, *go on*. The state of English society offers every thing to perseverance and ability. Rank will unbend her majesty, and pride itself will lower its crest before the commanding presence of heroism, talent and integrity. But *life consumes in the task*, and when our torch of distinction is lit, we have frequently lost our relish for the blaze. Do you want wealth? Weary and long is the way; cautious and pondering the means by which it is usually acquired. But acquirable it is. Patience and perseverance succeed, but by the time you have built your house, you have lost your health! This will appear to you a gloomy picture, but in reality

it is not so. When I launched you, Theodore, in the navy, I intended it as a *lesson* in active life. You have both done wonders; the finger of admiration points you out in the street, and there the farce ends. A whole town may be praising a man that wants a dinner, and giving its dinners to those who neither want nor deserve them. Here we may contemplate the evils of poverty, till life would appear well employed in being devoted to the exclusive acquirement of wealth. Having felt the frigid zone, we run into the torrid. *This is the great error of life.* Take then, my sons, as your motto, the advice of the sage:

Endeavour to acquire a relish for procurable pleasures.

The two amiable girls to whom you are attached, will not thank you to run

into neck-or-nothing adventures in search of the gew-gaws of life. What are they in their most alluring shape? Regard a fashionable beau, the height of whose pleasures is his *six-in-hand*, threading the whiskey-alleys of a race course,—while recumbent behind him, in the body of the carriage, some languid belle, through an indolent eyeglass, makes her sleepy observations. The perfumes of the four corners of the world shall enshroud her as an atmosphere, and the war of glitter on her head might pension a parish;—her skin, of more than Parian white, where here and there the languid red seems to lose itself in the unequal combat; her eye of seducing blue, that rolls in listless radiance on the sphere,—what are they, with the follies which belong to them, but elegant insipidities? What is there in all this eminent insignificance, that we should

follow it for its sake alone? With children it may have charms, but as men, let us take life in its true colours. There is enough worth living for in the little round of competence. Affinity of taste and congeniality of mind create a kind of double sense, and our pleasures re-act upon us, in contemplating the effect which they produce on others. These are enjoyments which wisdom places within the reach of all. In aiming at more, the extremes of life are produced. Who would run the warring temperatures of a comet, that could glide in the spherical equability of a planet? I reason, you perceive, at random, seizing aught that can bear upon the illustration of the subject. Honor and self-respect, will forbid a man throwing himself on the fortunes of another. *Something therefore you must do.* But you want wealth by magic; the common course

of things does not suit you. You are called upon to walk by easy stages round the world, and you say, "excuse me, and I'll jump over the moon at once!" Make up your minds to act more worthily of the fortunes which await you. By a few happy speculations I have improved my resources, and with economy they will support us all. I will take lodgings equal to our accommodations, and you shall give the future its reasonable chance of offering something deserving of your notice."

Here the captain concluded. Ned and Theodore thanked him, indeed, for they felt the wisdom which he spoke. The captain's plan was acceded to, and was to be put into effect the following week.

At the door of his lodgings, Ned found the intrepid *Ben Cheerly*, his

unfashionable second, who had never learnt in his sea practice to stand by in safety when a friend was in danger. Ned shook the tar heartily by the hand. Ben informed him in his own way, "as how he was coasting the streets, and saw his young ladies under full sail in an open vessel. He hailed 'em, and they brought to. They threw him some grog money, and told him where his honor was moored." Ned invited him in; and after having drank a glass of stiff grog, the tar overhauled his recollection. With some difficulty, Ned contrived to learn that his antagonist, the captain, on his death bed, had made a public acknowledgment of his vile conduct after the duel. That he had confessed other crimes of a more flagrant nature, to all of which he had been goaded by an indiscriminate revenge against mankind. The tar threw this intelligence into a kind

of naval dispatch, which concluded with his third glass. He then hauled his wind for a *cruize*, as he said, and took his leave.

Another visitor was now announced, but of a different description. He was a plain and homely man, whom age and labour bent towards the earth, as though to induce the contemplation of that grave towards which he was hastening. As he entered, he seemed to regard our hero with a strange mixture of rudeness and respect. He appeared as though he were half inclined to pay him some deference, and half ashamed of the inclination. Ned knew him not, but offered him a chair, and he took his seat.

Ah! Lord, sighed his rusticated guest, sweeping the top of the crown of his hat with his sleeve, you doont know me, N—— Mr. Ned.

No, indeed, exclaimed Ned ; as the people say, you have the advantage of me.

That ever I should have lived, continued the old man, while his eyes twinkled with sensibility, to see you such a fine fellor as this ! Strange things have happened ——, Sir, since you and I parted i'th barn. I be *Tum-mus Peart*, that used to —— that you used to —— you know we lived together, as one may say.

You, the good old man ! cried Ned, as he rose in astonishment and delight. O ! I had deemed you dead ! I once sought you in the old neighbourhood of our acquaintance, and learnt that you had gone nobody knew whither !

Ees, said Thomas, I went and got work down by Tewkesbury, but some-

how or other I was never so happy as where I was^d brought up to. So I comed back about two months ago ; and sure enough it was very odd that the first house I went into, I thought they'd a eat me up. There was a man a dying in the house !

Thomas here raised his eyes upon Ned, with a wildness of expression, that conveyed a strange and mysterious sensation to his heart. He continued. —Well, sir, I went up to him. I shall never forget him ! He was tumbling about in the bed, and said the divil was pulling him ! They told him old Peart was come, for he talked about me in his sleep. He stared as though his eyes were coming out of his head, and told 'em all to go out of the room beside me. When we were alone, sir, he told me strange things ! Poor Poll Bentley wasn't your mother at last !

This was a shock of electricity on the mind of Ned. Thoughts rapid as light, and sensations confused as chaos, seemed to turn every current in his veins. WHO IS MY MOTHER? he at length cried, with a terrific wildness in his voice.

Thomas trembled and appeared embarrassed. Ned's eye spoke the vehement impatience of his soul; and Thomas at length stammered out that *he did not know*. This intelligence seemed to undermine the whole fabric of Ned's hopes, and he sunk in disappointment on a chair. He at length commanded his attention, so far as to allow Thomas to proceed with his narrative.

He stated, that this man, who had been a servant in the neighbourhood, and commonly went by the name of

Big Sam, suddenly grasped his hand when they were left alone, and confessed that he had been the murderer of the woman' reputed to be the mother of Ned. That he so took away her life as the suspicion of the act should fall on herself. That he had been induced to this murder, by her having said that she would father a child upon him. Sometime after her death, he learnt from her sister, who still lives in the neighbourhood, that the *child was not hers*, and that she only meant to frighten him. Whose child he was, the sister did not know, or would not confess. The recollection of this wicked act had ever since preyed upon his mind, and he had gradually wasted away. He had scarce made this confession, ere he expired. Thomas said not a word on the subject to the people in the house, but set off direct to Mr. Mordent's, whose ad-

dress he remembered, in the hopes of finding Ned. He found the family from home, but a servant who remained in the house, on being told the subject of his visit, went immediately to fetch Mr. Pelham. Mr. Pelham, on hearing this account, set off with Thomas direct for the village where the event had happened. Here Thomas's knowledge of the affair ended. He only knew that the corpse at the four lanes' end, had been taken up and buried in the church yard; that Mr. Pelham had been employed for several weeks in the business; that he had been long journies, and after having learnt every thing about the affair, "*as he was coming here—*"

What! "*as he was coming here!*" exclaimed Ned.

He died on the road, sir.

CHAPTER V.

— he feels nothing,
 Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
 And when we feel for others, reason reels
 O'erloaded from her path, and man runs mad.

WHAT a mine of intelligence art thou ! thought Ned, as he gazed on the composed countenance of the old countryman. He could not trifle with his feelings so far as to extract further particulars from him. Having learnt that he had brought a letter to Mr. Mordent's, to whom he had related the circumstance, he immediately repaired thither.

He found Helen alone in the parlour, and in tears. She seemed confused at his appearance ;—complained of illness, and seemed desirous to withdraw. His eye solicited her to remain, but he was affected by her embarrassment and permitted her to retire. He thought he perceived something unusual in her manners, and his fears took the alarm. What might she not know! A tumultuous agitation preyed on his mind ; a strange and unknown fate, hung in darkness over his head. The entrance of Mr. Mordent now arrested the wildness of his fancy. But mystery sat on his brow, and embarrassment and trepidation trembled on his tongue. His manners announced a *mission*, to which his mind seemed not to be equal. He begged Ned to be seated, and proceeded in a hurried manner to his object. “ He had received a letter written by Mr. Pelham,

at the inn where he died ; it was the efforts of a hand from which the impulses of life were rapidly receding. It related principally to Mr. Pelham's concerns, and *rested with himself*. The part that related to him (Ned) was left in an unfinished state. The approach of death interrupted the writer, and he did not live even to *speak* the conclusion. He only says, that *in the village of ———, near Southampton, at the house of Mr. Fenton, you will find a parent. You are ——— ———*” but what, the hand of death permitted him not to say.

Ned copied the address with all the ardent feelings of a son so situated ;—overjoyed to find a parent, be that parent rich or poor ; palaced in splendor, or dungeoned in gloom.

Mr. Mordent and his family were preparing to take an immediate depar-

ture from the fashionable precincts of B——. The arrangement of the funeral and affairs of their deceased friend, and the respect due to his memory, required their return to Charkley. Mrs. Mordent now came in; Mr. Mordent appeared displeased, but continued in the room. Aware of his intention, she addressed Ned in as cheerful a tone as she could assume. She intreated him, in attending to the new and interesting claims which were now made on him, to moderate, as far as in his power, the ardency of his feelings. In prosecuting this enquiry, she hoped and trusted that he would spare her the regret and humiliation which she must for ever feel if he failed to require *any assistance*, be that assistance what it might, which they could afford him.

Mr. Mordent intimated a similar desire; and Ned candidly assured them,

that *if* he stood in need of such assistance, he would avail himself of it.

“Go, then,” said Mrs. Mordent, “and learn your fate. You know *us*, Ned, too well not to be aware of the degree in which our interest is excited. Place a proud reliance on your friends; they will not dishonor you. Helen and Mary are extremely affected by the nature and suddenness of these events. Attribute their absence on this occasion to — — —, in short, attribute it to any thing except that to which you would not *wish* to attribute it. We return home direct. Let us see you as soon as possible.”

This address had the desired soothing effect on Ned's fears, and he took his leave in a more tranquil state of mind. He sought Theodore, and ran briefly through the detail of events.

It was agreed that Theodore should remain at present at B——, and that Captain Thornton should repair to his former dwelling in the vicinity of Charkley. The latter became desirable as a means of the most interesting intelligence both to Ned and Theodore. Old Peart was to go with him. Theodore was commissioned to attend to the interesting concerns of Miss Bidlake; and matters being thus arranged, Ned commenced his journey to Southampton; seeking *a parent*; but, whether father or mother; whether in sickness or health; in poverty or affluence; in honor or disgrace, was alike unknown. Whatever Mr. Pelham had learnt concerning them, *died with him*; and every thing was left to wild and desultory hope; to unsettled and uncontrouled conjecture. In ordinary cases he might have expected a parent to have sought him.

Every thing relating to the circumstance, seemed to be strange! Ned felt the enquiry to be too sacred even to allow of the presence of a friend. His feelings admitted not of communication; his thoughts were secret as the impulses of the human heart.

In this state our hero arrived, in the evening of the third day, within a few miles of the village. The sun was setting in clouds. A shrewd autumnal wind blew coolly on his sultry cheek, and the thickning night came coldly and rapidly on. He at length discovered the village spire, like a faint cloud, crossing the brow of night. He sat down awhile to collect himself, and rally his fortitude, with a view to meet his fate, whatever that fate might be, with a resolution not undeserving of man. He at length enquired for the dwelling of Mr. Fenton, and was di-

rected to a neat white house, that stood on a small eminence some little distance from the road. It was nearly surrounded by an elegant and tasty plantation, in the walks of which he strayed for some time, unable from very sickness of the heart, to approach the fatal door. As he wandered along he espied the form of a lady, gliding pensively betwixt a row of firs. She was of a commanding and elegant stature, and was pacing with a firm, but thoughtful step, the dusky avenue. He had been led to conceive that his parent, be it who it might, must be acquainted with his name and existence, from the time and labour which Mr. Pelham had bestowed on the enquiry. He therefore dismissed from his mind the idea that the person before him bore any alliance to him; otherwise a mother's energies would not have slumbered in the pursuit of her son. With

a trembling step he approached her, intending to make some indirect enquiry. She turned round as she heard him advance, and waited in easy confidence till he came up. Ned asked, with a heaving heart, who resided at the house. "A poor and unfortunate, but a very good man," was replied, in a peculiar sweetness of tone that affected him. "He is a very strange man too," continued the lady, in a strain of familiarity, with which Ned was rather surprised.

Has he any family? asked Ned.

Only one poor and unfortunate child, she answered, in a tone still more affecting. He is now gone out, she continued, and if you will go with me into the parlour, I will tell you more about him.

Ned sighed at the picture which she had drawn, and followed her. She led him into a neat room, in which were two lighted candles. She requested him to be seated, and took a chair near him. He now regarded the uncommonly expressive countenance of his guide. Her eye beamed with an unusual lustre, though her face was remarkably pale; and her beauty appeared to have been impaired by sorrow, more than time.

Do you know the gentleman that lives here? asked the lady, in what Ned thought rather a loquacious strain of enquiry.

Ned replied in the negative.

He has had a stranger here lately, she continued, with whom he has had a great deal of secret conversation,

but what it was about, I could not understand.

Ned trembled, and was going to make some further enquiry, but was prevented by the communicative disposition of the lady.

I don't like secrets in a house, she continued; it is neither polite nor proper. This I have told Mr. Fenton, but he is a very odd man.

Is he any relation of yours, stammered Ned.

O! none in the world, she replied; he is my friend, but a very strange kind of one. I think it so excessively ridiculous to be so very particular. I do beg, and desire, and insist, sir, that you'll endeavour to alter him, if you are his friend. Every man ought to

behave with respect; it is what we all ought to yield and receive. I have no notion of such folly; it is really intolerably laughable. [*Here she burst into a loud idiotic fit of laughter.*]

Ned turned cold with horror as he regarded her; she was deranged! The wildness of her eyes—her voluble tongue and unconstrained manners, all confessed the horrible fact. He arose from his seat with a dreadful presentiment on his mind. She laid hold of him, and her touch seemed to curdle the current of his blood. The door now opened, and an old gentleman of mild aspect made his appearance. She immediately relinquished her hold, and shrunk in confusion from his sight. The gentleman beckoned him from the parlour. Ned followed him to an adjoining room, and sunk, half-distracted, and sick with thought, in a chair. “Tell

me who is that lady?" he exclaimed, covering his face with his hands, in agony.

Tell me who are *you*, said the gentleman.

My name is Bentley.

She is your mother!

The door now burst open and she appeared. "His mother!" she exclaimed in a convulsed laugh, and fell senseless at his feet. The gentleman immediately took her up in his arms and carried her out of the room.

Ned sat in silence and in horror on his seat, with his face buried in his hands, as though he called upon darkness for ever to enshroud him.

A female servant now appeared, with a message from the gentleman, entreating our hero to compose himself, and that he would see him as soon as he could with safety leave his patient.

Nedarose. I will walk awhile, thought he, in the garden and divert my thoughts. He took his hat, and she opened him the door. The moon was rising in "clouded majesty." He for some time paced the aisles of the garden. A small wicket led to the banks of an artificial canal. He opened it, and wandered at random along its margin. A row of tall elms now interrupted the view of the house, and he threw himself on the turf. "Why should I live!" he exclaimed. "Than the father and motherless more an orphan! Distinct in misery! A very target, on which misfortune practises her bow. To live were spaniel-like,

licking the hand of chastisement. O !
 reason ! what art thou ? The boasted
 guide of those whose path is straight ;
 whom darkness ne'er confused, nor
 grief, with weary heavy burden, pressed !
 A torch ! that's lighted only to the
 day. O ! for a pilot to the night of
 misery ! A night !—alas ! on which no
 morn shall rise ; a dreary, joyless, unexpected night : ——— ——— ———
 ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———."

The evening was still as death. The
 calm deceitful waters lay before him,
 as though they intimated the peace they
 gave. He bent his eyes upon them ;
 thoughts of anguish pressed heavily on
 his brain ; darkness and clouds bes-
 skirted round the whole horizon of life !
 The shameful purpose shot like a ray
 of flame across his mind ; and his
 brow was lowering with the half-formed
 resolution, when the village clock

struck the ninth hour of the night. The simple chimes followed, playing the tune of "*Life let us cherish.*" It broke like the voice of an angel on the silence of night, and dread and desperation fled like fiends at the sound.

Ned arose like a new being; a flood of shame rushed upon his countenance, and he felt the presence of an offended judge. He hastened back to the house. Mr. Fenton had been looking for him, and was rather surprised at his apparent calm and settled appearance. He led him into the parlour, in which Ned had first entered. A neat and comfortable supper was laid. Ned took his invited seat at the table, and ate with composure. Not a word was exchanged on the melancholy subject during the temperate, or rather mechanical meal, for appetite was out of the question.

The things being removed, Mr. Fenton led to the renewal of the subject. He observed the frequently suppressed sigh, and the restrained anxiety of his youthful guest. "You have seen your worthy relative, Mr. Pelham," he at length observed.

Relative ! echoed Ned.

Your uncle.

Gracious Heaven ! exclaimed Ned, my uncle ! O ! no ! if such he were, he is lost to me for ever ;—he died ere he reached me, and the unfinished sentence of my kindred, was his last effort in this world !

Mr. Fenton was now as much surprised, as our hero had been himself. Ned related the brief event of his death ; the appearance and story of

old Peart, at B——, and his own entire ignorance of every thing further relating to the affair.

Mr. Fenton now felt himself called upon to detail the means by which Mr. Pelham, (by his own account,) discovered his relation to him, and finally the existence of his sister.

“ Arrived at the inn in the neighbourhood of the village where your early days were mostly spent, Mr. Pelham sent for the woman who was the sister of your supposed mother. He promised to forgive her, whatever might be the guilt which should attach to the circumstances of your being in their possession, if she would disclose the whole that she knew of the affair. Betwixt promises and entreaties, she was at length prevailed upon, and deposed as follows.”

“ She (the deponent) married a recruit when she was young, and went with him down to Portsmouth. He was sent abroad, and she went to service in the neighbourhood of that place. Her sister about this time was out of place, and she sent for her to come down to Portsmouth, where situations were plentiful. She accordingly went, and in the course of a few months was settled with a family on the sea coast, some few miles to the south of the town. Here she was soon left by herself for several weeks, while the family and other servants were in London. Rising one morning before her usual time, after a night of dreadful tempest and rain, she took a walk down the shore. The sun had just risen above the waters; the sea was still rolling high, and the tide was coming in. On turning the corner of a jutting rock, she perceived, at a small

distance from the shore, a man, clinging to a piece of a wreck with one arm, and holding a child in the other. When he perceived her he made an effort to hold up the child, and seemed to entreat assistance, but appeared so exhausted as not to be able to utter a sound. She scrambled down the rock towards the point where the current seemed to drive him. Every wave brought him nearer. He had tied himself to the wreck, and had not strength left to disengage himself. The repercussion of the sea from the rock now appeared to keep him stationary. His strength was gone, and as a last effort, as he rose on the wave that flowed towards the rock he thrust the child from him, and the waters fortunately bore it within her reach. She caught it by the skirts, but the recoiling wave rolled over its intrepid parent, and he lifted his head no more. She could

occasionally distinguish the body still attached to the wreck, but his face was hidden in the waters; he had drifted round the rock, and was quickly out of sight.

You were that child, and such was the fate of your father.

Ned paced the room in great agitation, but spake not a word of interruption.

Mr. Fenton continued.

No person living near, she gave up the hopes of doing more, and accordingly took you (then about ten months old) with her home. You had several chains of gold and pearl round your neck, on one of which was a medalion with a spring case, containing the cyphered initials of your father and mo-

ther. The wealth of these were the inducement to what followed. Mary Bentley, on the second day, sent over for her sister, to consult on the best means to be adopted. The body of your father was discovered by some fishermen on the evening of the same day, and was buried at high water mark. He had no property about him, nor any thing that could identify who he was, as he had stripped off most of his clothes before he fastened himself to the wreck. After considerable debate it was determined betwixt the sisters, that you should pass for the child of Mary, as the safest way to secure the plunder, lest by any other means you might be claimed, and the property demanded. It was deemed an easy thing to forge a story of your birth, and by pretending to claim different fathers, to procure your acceptance by the parish. You were accordingly

put out to nurse for a short time ; the medalion was detached from their plunder, and the chains were offered for sale as the property of a young lady reduced to misfortune. Owing to their richness and singular beauty they produced a considerable sum, and with this the two sisters soon afterwards left the neighbourhood and returned to Warwickshire. It was given out that you were born *on the first of May* ; that your mother was obliged to leave her place ; that she had maintained you as long as she could, and now repaired to her parish, as the last resource. Your apparent age agreed with the story, and the length of her absence. She was called upon to father the child. Here she hesitated ; named this man—that and the other, and would not decide on any. In the mean time you were sent to the village workhouse ; and soon afterwards the murder of your

supposed mother was committed by that wicked and desperate man, who had been named as your father. By the death which she died, and the manner in which she was found, the act was attributed to herself, and she was denied christian burial. She has since, however, been removed through the interest of Mr. Pelham. As it could now answer no salutary purpose of justice, the confession of the murderer has been suppressed, and he has been buried as an innocent person.——— Such is the important information which Mr. Pelham received from this guilty woman. She has lately made no secret of asserting that you were not the child of her sister, but whose child you were she had positively disclaimed all knowledge of, till induced by the promises, &c. of Mr. Pelham. After considerable hesitation she produced the medalion, which she had

never dared to offer for sale. You must judge of Mr. Pelham's astonishment when he saw, enciphered in gold, *three E's*,—being the initials of his sister, and her husband, *Edward and Elizabeth Enfield*, who were reputed to have been lost on their passage from the East Indies, in the memorable wreck of the ———— ! But it was not merely the cypher itself, it was the construction of it, which had been designed by himself. The three letters were connected in a peculiar manner by one stroke of the pen. The agreement of the time, and the recollection of their having a son of that age, powerfully corroborated the other evidence, and in addition to his former friendship, he had now a dearer interest in your cause.

“ Miss Pelham married Mr. Enfield, when she was only seventeen years of

age. He had considerable estates in our colonies, and the deranged state in which his affairs there had been left by some of his agents, required his presence. He left England a few weeks after his marriage, and Mrs. Enfield accompanied him. On their return home, which was about eighteen months after, it was understood that all on board perished !

“ It was late in the winter of ——— that I was returning to England in his Majesty's ship ———, of which I was surgeon. On the edge of night, after we had been at sea several days, we were signalled by a merchantman, who sent out a boat. *A lady on board had been taken ill, and medical assistance had become, perhaps, necessary to her existence.* To such an appeal the captain was not insensible, and she was brought on board by her husband. He petitioned

hard to accompany her, and at length received permission to that effect. He returned for his son and the rest of his baggage, but a gale, which had been gradually increasing, now made a dreadful swell of sea, and after beating about in their boat for a considerable time, they were obliged to return; and in the night we lost sight of the vessel.

“The lady was placed under my care, and arrived safe in England. Such were the means by which your mother escaped the fate of her husband! Previous to my arrival, I had resolved to quit the service, and had ordered this house fitted up for my reception. Age, and a desire of quiet and repose, had induced me to quit the activity of service, and glide serenely down the vale of years. On our arrival, I ordered apartments to be fitted up for my interesting patient, to whose name

and connexions I was utterly a stranger. She was accordingly brought by easy stages from Portsmouth to this village. To the cold and constrained attentions of an inn, or of lodgings where she was utterly unknown, I felt that her friends would not wish her to be indebted; and I was too old, and I hope of too respected a character, for any wrong interpretations to be given to my motives. I considered her as consigned by Providence to my care, and the duties which that trust imposed have been religiously fulfilled.

“ The fatal intelligence of the wreck off the coast was soon made known. Mrs. Enfield read it in the paper, before it was known to me. *The shock which she then received, she has never recovered!* Her illness preceding this intelligence, had prevented my learning who she was; and the state in

which she was now thrown, rendered all enquiry useless. The light luggage which she had with her, and which consisted mostly of small trunks, bore no address, but appeared to have been taken out of large packages. In one of these were notes to the amount of 1000*l*. Thus situated, I could do no more than exert myself as far as possible, to restore the health of my patient. Several months elapsed in which she was alternately delirious, and so melancholy and susceptible, that I dare not mention the subject to her. I now, by degrees, began to perceive the rooted incoherency of her mind. I accordingly took every means to discover her connexions, but in vain. She had several articles marked with her maiden name, and I caused every enquiry to be made respecting the passengers, but of course, to no purpose. Passengers had been taken in

at different islands, and the number lost was very considerable. I caused different advertisements to be published, but no notice was ever taken of them. Mr. Pelham was then on the continent, where he received the intelligence of the loss of the vessel and the whole of her crew. He had a brother living at this time in Warwickshire, who was then ill, and did not long survive this disastrous news. I now began to make up my mind to consider my patient as thrown by Providence on my care. I purchased stock with her property, and she has regularly received the interest, which she has mostly applied to charitable purposes. In her most lucid intervals, I have frequently endeavoured to draw her into some account of herself. But tears always obstructed the narrative; and recollection only aggravated the disease of her mind. She has conceived for me all the affec-

tion of a daughter, and calls herself my child. She is extremely fond of music, and wild as she generally is, her company and affection have become almost necessary to my happiness. Such is the simple history of our acquaintance.

“ Being at Portsmouth a short time ago, I heard of the arrival of a gentleman of the name of PELHAM, who had been making enquiries concerning one of the passengers who was lost in the wreck of the —, and who had been buried at high water mark some miles to the south of the town. I immediately sought him, and though there was no positive likeness betwixt him and his sister, there was a certain something in his countenance that instantly put me in mind of her. The rest I must leave you to suppose. He saw and recognized his sister through

a window, as she was walking in the garden, but could not command his feelings so far as to meet her. He made me acquainted with such other circumstances as I have detailed to you; gave me a partial history of your life, and took his leave to see and consult you on the melancholy subject of your parent."

Here the old man concluded. Ned took his hand and bent over it in thanks and in tears. His mind was too much disturbed for trivial enquiries, and he expressed a wish to retire. Not to sleep indeed! but to yield himself up to uninterrupted thought. The midnight hour rung in his listful ear. He lay in weary wakeful fretfulness, till the blood, chafing in his veins, rolled in impetuous currents through his frame, and he at length sunk into a feverish repose.

In the morning, his pulse told a hundred and twenty. Thought hurried after thought, in confused and rapid succession through his brain, and he was in that state wherein a man is half conscious of the delirium by which he is assailed.

Mr. Fenton was now placed in a situation peculiarly affecting; for as Ned's disease increased, the mental malady of his parent gradually removed. On being taken from the feet of her son, Mrs. Enfield was conveyed to her room in a state of insensibility. A female servant, whose particular province had been to attend her, sat up with her during the night.

In the course of the morning, her senses appeared to emerge from a state of unconsciousness that neither resembled a swoon nor a slumber, but

rather a mixture of both. She looked around her as though she had awoke on a world of novelty after the sleep of death; so does "the morning steal upon the night." As her mind essayed in recollection of the past, a shower of tears relieved the wild, but endearing dreams to which it led her. She gazed on the servant as though she were one of the embodied creatures of her fancy. The girl was alarmed, and ran to Mr. Fenton; she had been accustomed to her derangement, but now considered her either wonderfully better or worse. Mr. Fenton knew not exactly what to understand from the intelligence, but bade the girl return and inform the lady that he waited breakfast for her. He had just left Ned, after administering to him such medicines as his case required. When Mrs. Enfield entered the usual breakfast room, she appeared to be shocked at meeting his view;

and her eyes wandered in wild and vague enquiry, as though she doubted whether she was not a stranger to every thing she saw. She took her seat; Mr. Fenton observed her with wonderful interest, but conducted himself with his usual kindness, with a view to leave every thing to the operation of her own mind. She at length complained of the inconsistency of her thoughts; and asked Mr. Fenton how long she had lived with him. He informed her. She hoped she was better than she had been, and if he pleased she would write to her brother;—she had been dreaming of her son—that he was grown up and handsome. Mr. Pelham now found it prudent to give a direction to the returning energies of her mind. He begged her to sooth her mind, and to consider him as a kind friend. He then gently and gradually led her expectations towards the na-

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ture of the intelligence which he had to communicate; judging that the pleasurable anxiety which it might excite, would have a tendency to confirm and establish the improved tone of her mind. He observed her narrowly as he led her hopes to the probable existence of her son; still refraining aught that was decisive, till he found the strength of her reason equal to its reception. Thus, holding as it were the flights of her mind in check, he by degrees unfolded the interesting truth.—So the swallow, when its young first leaves the nest, leads in short eddies the unpractised wing; then takes a wider range, teaches the sweeping flight, to turn and wheel—now hovers half stationary, with beating wing, and now, with bolder course, darts in the ranging line.

At the end of the third day, Ned reached the height of his burn-

ing disease, and had a mother for his nurse ! But she was cautious in the extreme that he saw her not, lest his racking recollection should plunge him in hotter fires. With a constitution of unrivalled and unblemished power, he had at length ran the fiery ordeal, and health, with slow, but certain progress, released him from the weariness of perpetual recumbence. He took his place on the couch, and Mr. Fenton exchanged offices with his anxious parent. Leaving him one evening in a light slumber, he had given orders that he should not be disturbed. Taking advantage, however, of the dusky veil of evening, his mother, with light and timid step, stole into his chamber. She contemplated him as he slept in silent ecstasy. The shade partially veiled the pale languor of his features and gave him an improved appearance. O ! who can love like a mother ! She forgot every

thing but that he was her son! He awoke; she fell in his arms; her tears of joy were wet on his face.—He clasped her to his breast, and forgot every thing but that she was his mother!

Mr. Fenton now entered; he tore her from his embrace, and conveyed her out of the room. He then returned to his agitated patient, and deemed it prudent now to immediately inform him of the suddenly improved state of his mother's mind;—effected, apparently, by the shock she had received on the night of his appearance, by one of those efforts of nature, which no acumen of human enquiry can reach. Ned's heart beat with troubled but delightful feelings, and having sustained the shock of this joyful intelligence, it became a powerful auxiliary to his amending health. It was a *mother* that

tendered the healing draught; it was a MOTHER that felt his improving pulse — that soothed him when awake, and watched him in his slumbers!

CHAPTER VI.

With him went Hope, in rank a handsome mayd,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold.

TIME, like a gentle river, with serenely undulating motion, now bore the happier fortunes of our hero. To him it was no common pleasure to take the morning's walk, and evening's vagrant stroll, with a long lost mother, —allied to him, not more by the ties of blood, than by sentiment and kindred feeling. It was no common delight to pour into her bosom the

chequered story of his life ; to pause in the strong indulgences of the heart—answer her fearful enquiries, and confirm her anxious hopes : While she, tracing the perilous story, saw the dear adventurer safe before her, and from the inmost impulses of a mother's heart, sent up a grateful prayer. But when he told the story of his love, and spoke of Helen, it was not common eloquence he breathed ! He took the course of his affection from its earliest date, and delighted to linger on the delicious theme, where his juvenile fancy lanced in faint flames, the infant fires of his love. But as he proceeded, language would lose its force ; expression had no colour—it was taking the focus of a powerful flame, to break in feeble splendor !

At different intervals Ned had written an account of his arrival at Mr.

Fenton's, and made a statement of the whole circumstances which he had learnt. This he had directed and dispatched to Mrs. Mordent.

So rolled the joyous hours! uninterrupted for awhile, even by those seasonable enquiries which our hero's new situation now imposed upon him: Hours, however, that received a painful abatement of their transport as the recollection of his deceased friend and unclaimed relative, occasionally intervened. The account which Mr. Mordent had given of Mr. Pelham's affairs, had frequently come across his mind; he remembered the embarrassment of his manner, and doubtful and confused ideas would present themselves. He was ruminating on this subject, when two letters were delivered to him. One was from Theodore, giving an account of the arrival of Mr. Bidlake,

and his reconciliation to his projected son-in-law, who was now at liberty. Mr. Bidlake, however, entertained such a lively sense of Ned's former conduct, together with his late exertions, which had been eloquently detailed by his daughter, that he had *prohibited the match for one month*, in hopes that in that time, it might be convenient for Ned to give the lady away. They were then leaving B——, to return to Mr. Bidlake's residence, where Theodore and Ned were, if possible, in a short time to meet them. Lord Berrington and his daughter had returned to Liverpool. Sir Hubert Roland still lingered in the twilight of fashion, but was said to beguile the solitude of the expiring season at the toilet of a celebrated actress. Mr. S—— had tried to live without the smiles of Miss Berrington, but found it impossible for more than twelve hours;—six horses.

took him off at full gallop at one o'clock in the morning, to Liverpool, *on particular business*. Mrs. Mordent had engaged the lodgings of Mrs. Hanson, for the next season, and Mary Hollins, *on that account*, stopt another year. The writer further stated, that he waited in painful anxiety for intelligence from our hero; that B — had become a very stupid place, and that he was about taking his departure for Warwickshire.

On opening the other letter, Ned started on seeing it dated "Charkley House." It was from Captain Thornton, and announced the sudden decease of Mr. Mordent! In the present distress of the family, his sympathy and friendship had been gratefully received. He wrote at their request to announce the receipt of Ned's interesting communication, and to tender

their congratulations on the occasion. "Something," said the writer, "hangs over their peace, which is not unconnected with you. They wish to see you instantly." The venerable captain then expressed the warmth of his own friendship for our hero, and the delight which he received in contemplating his brightening fortunes.

After reading these letters, Ned paced the walks of the garden in rumination of their contents. Mrs. Enfield had marked his pensive step, and approached him. When he was absent, the story of their lives would appear to her as a vision, and she could almost learn to doubt if it were not a dream that deceived her. Still in the prime of life, and only waning from the meridian of beauty, her imagination was ardent, and her affections almost painful from their power. "You

must not steal from me any of your sorrows," said she, as she took his hand, and raised her eyes on his countenance. "I feel, Ned, that your friends are mine; and I am sick to become acquainted with the little phalanx of mind and character which you have attached to you, and which, in their qualities, must so strongly resemble yourself."

Ned felt the pleasure which he should experience in introducing such a mother to his friends; it was one of the hidden treasures of his heart, which no expression could picture. He sighed, as different thoughts flitted across his mind, but assured her, rather by his manner than his words, how reciprocal would be the pride of that moment, when he should see her amid his friends, at once the star of his splendor, and the authority of his respect.

Ned now stated the most important subject of his letters, and the call that had been made on his presence,—a call, which he should deem himself more than miserable, if it ever were made in vain.

O ! let us go together ! she cried. But a moment's thought corrected her impetuous feelings. No ! she added ; I know how to part with you ;—it is proper that you should go, and I will not act unworthily of you.

Preparations were now made for Ned's departure. There was one mournful subject however, to which he had dared not to lead the attention of his mother :—*The grave of his father !* Mr. Fenton was aware of his desires, and undertook, during his absence, to prosecute the enquiry.

Ned arose on the morning of his departure some hours before the sun. The chaise was quickly at the door. He embraced his mother in silence; their mingled tears confessed the alliance of their feelings, and the rising sun on his journey was the first object that awoke him from the reverie into which this separation had thrown him.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, he arrived at the inn near the road which led up to Charkley. He here dispatched the chaise, and directing a servant to follow with his baggage, he walked up in the dusk of the evening. The twilight had shaded the features of the scene till it resembled its transcript on his mind,—softened, but correct. The remembrances which scenes so dear and familiar awakened, imparted a pleasing melancholy; and he appeared to travel back the jour-

ney of life, and be at once what he had been, and what he was. As he approached the house, thoughts more tumultuous assailed him. He turned the corner that gave him a view of the mansion, and saw somebody walking under the well-remembered tall row of elms, which shaded the foot way from the biting north. He could just distinguish the slender figure of a lady, in deep mourning, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. His heart beat a painful pulse, and he strained his eyes with a view to identify the figures. He had quickened his pace, and in approaching an angle in the road, he saw, almost within the sound of his feet, the form of Helen, alone! pacing slowly and thoughtfully after what he now deemed to be her sister, and perhaps, Theodore. The old spaniel, Fido, weary, and blind with age, was jogging at her heels. She stopt, as tho'

accommodating herself to his feebleness; and stooped and patted him on the head. Ned, who was himself in mourning, and partially veiled from her sight by the hedge-row elms, contemplated her in delightful interest. Walking alone! solitary perhaps, in her heart, as the scene around her, while her more fortunate sister, in sympathizing converse, was soothing those desolate feelings which the death of a parent or friend never fails to excite. She now heard his approach, and turning round and seeing a man so near her, was departing in haste and alarm, when his voice arrested at once her terror and her steps. The sparkling joy of her eyes, spoke a welcome salutation; but grief had spread a languor over her features, and a sable veil, which, in loose and mournful negligence, waved in the evening wind, partially curtailed the paleness which

it heightened. Ned's voice sunk into those soft and ingenuous tones, which receive their colour from the heart, as he spoke the mingled pleasure and regret which he felt at meeting her under such circumstances. Averted eyes, that were conscious of the sensibility they expressed, acknowledged how reciprocal were her feelings. Ned's eye caught the old spaniel, who had hitherto frisked his tail in acknowledgment of him in vain. Alas! thought he, as the past rushed upon his mind, but for thy instinctive affection, when I was sinking to the earth, benumbed with frost and cold in despair, this happy hour would have never been mine! He patted him with a grateful hand, and half lamented that he could not make him better understand his thanks. "He has been my only companion, of late," said Helen. Ned gently reproved the indulgence of her grief. "We do not

live for ourselves," said he; "when we lose a friend we should turn with a dearer interest to those who remain." Helen suppressed a sigh. She would have spoken, in forgetfulness of her sorrows, on Ned's improved fortunes, but the word congratulation died on her tongue.

Theodore, who had been observing the form of our hero in doubt, now rushed into his arms. Mary greeted his return with all the energy of which she was capable, and Ned was escorted into the house with a spirit of cordiality that seemed to hail him as its genius and protector. Helen ran forward to inform her mother of his arrival. Their meeting was such a one as might be expected. A mixture of grief and pleasure, where, as either prevailed, recollection would counteract the preponderance. The evening was spent

in that spirit of melancholy and thoughtfulness which, under such circumstances, offers its own best apology.

At ten o'clock Captain Thornton, who, since Mr. Mordent's decease, had slept in the house, arose to depart. Some little altercation took place on the subject: But the old man was obstinate. Mrs. Mordent thanked him for the relief which his kindness and friendship had afforded them, and Theodore and the captain departed.

Ned retired at an early hour; and never did sleep woo him to rest with the prospect of dreams so delightful.

In the morning, Ned had a long interview with Mrs. Mordent. After sympathizing with our hero on the late affecting events by which they had

been occupied, and expressing her ardent desire to become acquainted with a lady that had at once the recommendation of such a friend, and such a son, she entered upon the subject of the late Mr. Pelham's affairs. "Before he was acquainted with the affinity which you bore to him," said Mrs. Mordent, "he had left you a legacy of £200 per annum. But it is our grief, Ned, that a great portion of what is yours by right, and by design, if that design could have been expressed, has been settled upon my daughters. They will not be happy, Ned, till you have released them of so painful a burthen. It is now your duty to do it. Your careless and uncalculating generosity, and your high spirit of honor, must bend to circumstances. What might in common minds be considered as an action bordering upon meanness and obligation will, in you,

be a positive effort of superior virtue. We feel and know that the principal error of your mind is a too disdainful sense of those prudent affairs by which the future is provided for. To you it appears sufficient to live in the sunshine of the present, without trammeling an ardent and impatient mind with the coldness of worldly concerns. This is, perhaps, a quality which we might too much admire to assail with our censure, did not the peculiarity of circumstances oppress us with the weight of wealth, which is yours by every title and consideration of equity and honor. In short, Ned, if you respect our happiness and our comfort, relieve us of a load, which, added to those dearer ties of gratitude by which we are attached to you, oppress us beyond expression. Release us voluntarily, Ned, in that spirit of charity which thinks more of others than itself; and

to which, malice itself, in you cannot attach a mean or dishonorable feeling."

Ned smiled, and thanked her for the flattering and complimentary terms in which she had made the offer. "Your appeal," said he, "is made in a spirit of persuasion more honorable to me than just to yourself. I value the esteem which it bespeaks, more than the boon which it tenders. Independent of this, I feel too much gratified by the direction which the generosity of my noble and deceased relative has taken, to divert its course."

Mrs. Mordent was going to make some reply, but Ned interrupted her, and with a smile, that played more on his heart than his features, said, "give me a little time, and I have no doubt but that we shall be able to compromise the matter." He then led her into the

breakfast room. Here a various and interesting conversation took place. Mrs. Mordent was so attached to Ned's old name, that she protested against its being altogether given up, and he was therefore christened *Edward Bentley Enfield*. The *Mr.* was unanimously discarded, and the friendly and familiar appellation of Ned was retained. He was obliged to re-particularize the whole of the events of his absence; and tears and smiles alternately repaid the narration.

In the course of the morning Ned took a walk in that avenue which, from its beauty and seclusion, was distinguished in favor, and the sight of which awakened the tenderest recollections. Helen, from a kindred sympathy, sought the same solitude, and they met suddenly at a circuitous turn in the walk. A slight crimson stole

over the pale languor of her features at the abruptness of the encounter, but a moment's thought dissipated the reddening confusion.

Those feelings occasioned by the death of a friend, or relative, are the greatest chasteners of life. Such reflections, amid the most tumultuous of our joys, like a vagrant eastern breeze upon the summer's stagnant heat, change the whole temperature of our feelings, and chill the ardor of the soul. But if they lessen enjoyment, they increase susceptibility. The mind, as though debarred of one support, clings, with a deeper impression of the blessing, on another.

They walked in silence and in sympathy, till the opening avenue disclosed the mansion of the late Mr. Pelham. "Nothing but a frank and ge-

generous conduct in you, Ned, can ever reconcile me to the sight of that house," said Helen.

Ned regarded her with a mixture of interest and doubt, as to her intention. She continued.

I am going to disclose to you a circumstance which weighs heavily on my mind.

She paused, and Ned with almost suspended breath, awaited the result.

I first, perhaps, ought to bid you prepare for an exercise of your generosity; I feel that I ought, and yet I feel that it is unnecessary. Little as you have ever felt disposed to be indebted to ours, you will find, I am not so proud:—That house and estate, Ned, are yours; yours by law and by

right—yours by the last will of your noble and generous relative; though in the eyes of the world they are mine. To inform you by what means I arrived at this truth, is a painful task, but it is a justice due to myself—due to you, and it shall be performed.—Going into my father's study, the day on which old Peart arrived with the intelligence of the death of Mr. Pelham, I perceived a letter on his desk, addressed to my mother; and as the utmost candour and confidence have always existed betwixt us, I made no scruple of reading it:—It was that from Mr. Pelham, and expressed his wish that you should succeed to the whole of his property. He then further mentioned the residence of your mother, and was proceeding to state who you were, when the hand of death interfered! Acquainted as I am with your clemency, I dare not solicit it on

this subject.—That letter was suppressed, and a different colour given out of its contents. I was almost less grieved than astonished on discovering the wickedness of the intent; but I was silent;—my mother and sister are happily ignorant of the affair, and this is the first easy moment I have since experienced, for the load is now removed from my mind.

Ned perceived the generous tears which swam in her eyes, and would have given the world to have kissed them away. He was going to speak, but she continued.

You must pity, Ned, a weakness which was not centered in self; it was his childrens' happiness which he had in view, however dreadfully wide he was of succeeding. My father was old; the rectitude of his mind was de-

ceased;—you will not war with the
 ——the dead! I need not bid you
 respect the feelings of the living. Take,
 Ned, our ill-gotten wealth, and let us
 for ever forget the means by which it
 became ours.

Ned took her hand and raised his
 eyes upon her countenance, which,
 half averted, seemed glowing with the
 recollection of what she had said.

I am grieved, Helen, said he, be-
 cause this circumstance has oppressed
 your spirits. But let it now rest for
 ever.

You will accept then, said she, the
 ——.

I want nothing, added Ned: More
 than rich in the happiness of—your es-
 teem, I am too proud of my present

felicity to incumber it with considerations like these.

You have disappointed me, Ned. I hoped to have returned home with grateful and pleasant recollections. I sought your acquiescence as a favor; half reluctant to solicit, but with feelings, perhaps, too susceptible of gratification in receiving it. You will teach me to be as proud as yourself.

Helen! what a brute you would make of me. O! say that it is to gratify you; let that be the condition, and name aught practicable on earth. What, Helen, if this selfish heart had out-run your generosity!

Helen trembled with alarm.

What were wealth to me, if that were all you could give! It would

only leave me more at liberty to be miserable ! What ! if to the mansion you tender, I should dare to require — its fair incumbrance — !

The burning blush, and wandering eye which knew not where to rest, sought to evade the ardent glance by which they were pursued. Theodore and Mary were approaching, and Helen felt a freer respiration. They joined them and returned to the house. Ned sought to catch the wild eye of Helen, but she continued addressing her sister interrogatively, and rather incoherently than not.

What a variety of ways there are of being cruel, said Ned, half addressing himself to Mary. If you could make a man happy by looking at him, ought you to refrain bestowing a pleasure where the means are so easy ?

The question turns upon the doctrine of implication, said Mary.

Suppose it had merely to express the continuance of friendly sentiments, said Ned.

Mary looked at Helen, whose eyes were bent on the ground. In that case, said she, what the heart felt, the eye ought to acknowledge.

Mary now was taking her departure; Helen laid hold of her arm, and as she withdrew she raised her timid eyes upon our hero. She thought that he appeared to consider it as the glance of acknowledgment, and turned with a glowing cheek from his presence.

CHAPTER VII.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse minds,
How diversely love doth his pageants play.

SPENCER.

UNPROFITIOUS as was the present period at Charkley, for the suit of a lover, it was a period of all others, perhaps, the most advantageous to the progress of affection. The mind is never so susceptible of kindness as when in a state of sorrow. It is then that delicacy of attention, and sympathy of manners, plunder the opening heart, and establish over it a controul founded on identity of feel-

ing. It is then that the lover, with an address which love only can direct, leads out the confiding mind, happy to escape from the torpor of inaction, and which, in the promptness of its sympathy, discloses its power and its delight. We cling to such a harmony of thought with grateful recollections; and in the absence of such a guide, we feel like a bird without its mate, in whose flight no accompanying wing can be in unison.

Ned and Theodore continued to improve the time of sorrow. Helen, since her late encounter, had adopted a more constrained familiarity towards Ned; and when she was driven from every excuse in not attending to him, the quick transitions of her eye, and the pain and embarrassment under which she appeared to labour, frequently induced him to sacrifice his

own pleasure, at the shrine of her ease. It was the natural timidity of a passion which stands neither acknowledged nor denied. Ned felt how painful was the undecided interval, but sought a further opportunity in vain.

Theodore proceeded in his suit by a succession of efforts; rallying confession till there was nothing left to confess. Mary disputed the soft encroachment at every point, with that kind of resistance which, in retreating from one position confesses how easily it may be beaten from another: At the same time priding herself in a power which she considered she had only to exert and be free. So may the lion, by the insidiousness of degree, suffer himself to be trammelled till all his strength will not avail him.

Every woman is more or less in love with heroism, adventure and celebrity.

Theodore Anderton, to an elegant and muscular figure and a daring spirit, added those qualities of mind which explore the most abstruse pursuits by their own inherent light. Add to these powers, which were neither to be questioned nor defied, a disposition that delighted to revel in the most childish frivolities of relaxation, and you constitute a character, against which the hearts of few women are vulnerable. They subdue the lofty by the commanding attributes of intellect, and the trifling by an elegant condescension, which can give, even to nonsense, a brilliance and a spirit which almost reconciles it to reason, while it adds to its relish.

Mary Mordent, from her first view of him, admired him as a sailor, brave by nature, and generous, as much by disposition, as habit. The romantic

circumvallation by which he had surrounded her, seemed to designate him as her Lord, and added all the ardor of passion to the preference of judgment. Like him, her levity was the effect of habit, and playfulness of spirit; it operated as an exemption from the dull ranks of learning; yet to all the practicable advantages of wisdom, secured the best pastime of folly.

On the second day after the arrival of Ned, a letter arrived from Miss Berrington, addressed to Mary. Ned and Theodore, as well as her mother and sister, happened to be present when she received it, and she was called upon to read it aloud. Having run hastily over it, she complied. It was dated Liverpool, and was to the following effect.

“ I have your letter, with its dismal black seal, before me on the table, and have sat down to answer it. What a volume of intelligence ! If in offering my melancholy sympathies I could abate your grief, how pleasant were the task ! Let me hope, at least to divert the current which I cannot arrest.

My fancies are continually reverting to the delights which whipt away the hours at B—— : Our walks on the hazy autumnal morn, which, with its retinue of mists, seemed as the advanced guard of winter, with all its coldness and its clouds : Our evenings, when we used to ramble along the pebbly shore and view the long line of the sea, and hail the screaming curlew, from its desolate travels to its nightly watch-tower in the rocks. This had used to be our most favorite in-

dulgence ; and now, if I trip down the busy shores of the Mersey, I sigh in vain after the delightful abstraction. Here the works of man, mischievous and vindictive man, with his magnificence and his misery, intrude upon you at every step. Every tide launches its myriads of adventurers, bound to all quarters of the globe. Yet with all the greedy avarice of his soul, the stones of the quay have caught many a briny tear, and witnessed many an agonizing separation. It is the struggle of nature with ambition : The adventurer flies to his calculations ; and the streaming tears of love, and the close grasp of friendship, are alike forgotten.

How happy are we, in being exempt from the horrible anxiety of trade ! Do not wonder that I turn with pain from the contemplation of such

a scene ;—from the labouring ocean, whose fretful surf upon the shore seems chafing at its slavery ; and that my recollections continually carry me back to the peaceful strand of B——, where the free waves ripple idly on the beach, and the mountainous shore rises in wavy swells, as though in sympathy with the rolling deep. We must absolutely meet there again ;—nothing must excuse us. I shall then ——

O ! lud ! I had like to have betrayed a tremendous secret, and though alone, have coloured at the thought. You know the celebrated S——. He has been here. By the bye, he laments very much that he had not more opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with your family, and your two beaux, or as we call them, *the extraordinaries*. Nay, I have even impertinently offered my interest in the promotion of his friendship. I should

have denied him, but he has really such a positive way of making himself agreeable, that I had complied before I recollected myself. You know little perhaps, of S——, beyond his public character ; that he is rich, and that he is eloquent. Every body knows the former, for wherever he goes his munificence is felt ; *and I, Mary, know the latter.* Heigho ! I'll finish my letter to-morrow.

—Man, who lives a life of pain,
Was with a soul vindictive born ;
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
Beat furious on his natal morn.

MISS SEWARD:

“ I would erase the heigho ! of yesterday, but do not know how otherwise to spell a very obstinate sigh.

The wounded flutterer, Sir Hubert, is returned from B——. His golden wings deranged, and the season of sunshine over, he has

—— Spun his shroud, and laid him down to die
The winter's death.*

On the subject of a certain hero and his extraordinary fortunes, I shall treat in another letter, which I shall devote exclusively to that purpose, *by desire of several persons of distinction.*

O! Mary! what a compound of contrarieties is man! He is at once an object of admiration and terror. Within the range of his qualifications exists every thing that is sublime or horrible;—there is nothing so high or so low, but his soaring fancies can reach, or for which his perverted faculties have not a relish. He is the *Lord of creation* indeed! and standing

* Crabbe.

at its head he exhibits in his race the whole scale of animal intellect, from the Orang Outang to the Oyster. I have been led to these reflections by the late political squabbles of the country. I have amused myself by paralleling certain candidates on the hustings, with certain others on their knees: How by promises, by bribes, by officiousness and condescension they succeed, and, *once elected* — ! O! darkness! draw thy veil, and let us endeavour to disbelieve!

Why do I intrude this rant upon your sorrows, and those sedate and cherished feelings, to which aught that is not tinged with its own melancholy is unwelcome? I do it because I would willingly persuade myself that every thing which is painful in your grief has abated, and because I would rather be even unpleasant to you, than

indulge the pale enemy that "feeds on your damask cheek."

I had a thousand things to say to you, and appear to have said nothing. This is always the case in writing to those we love. We must absolutely contrive to live nearer together. I address my next to Helen. I have no room for particulars. My father's best remembrances. Say to all that you would wish me to remember, all that you would wish me to say. In the little comprehensive word, *Yours*, I am

E. BERRINGTON."

Admire as our party did in common the character of Miss Berrington, the ardor and sincerity of her friendship were a source of peculiar gratification. There are some minds that seem constituted for understanding each other; where, by gradual assimilation, they seem to become a part of the same

existence: It is there that the soul dismisses its centinels, conscious of having no thought which it is solicitous to guard or conceal.

As the clouds of grief, and gloom, and constraint, gradually disappeared, a freer discussion of events took place. Ned, without any further recommendation than that of his last interview with Helen, acceded to the desires of Mrs. Mordent respecting the property of his late uncle, concealing, even from his own recollection, as far as possible, the circumstances he had learnt. He was more than a thousand times repaid for the ignorance of others when Helen, the first time after she had heard of his compliance, raised upon him the timid and thankful eyes of gratitude.

He now began to prepare the house for the reception of his mother. *Old*

Peart was taken into his service, and his late uncle's oldest and most faithful servants retained. After having spent nearly a day in directing different improvements in the house and plantations, he went in the evening into the kitchen to leave some orders with the servants, where he found them all crowded round the ample fire, and *Old Peart*, as toast-master, passing the horn of humming beer to the long life of Helen and himself, having unanimously among themselves elected her as their future lady. When they perceived him, and were aware that he had heard them, a sense of respect, and the improper liberty which they had perhaps taken, confounded their tongues. *Old Peart*, stroking his thin hairs smoothly over his forehead, bent two very sheepish eyes upon the ground, and waited in the utmost humility of attitude for the expected

reproof. Ned was too much gratified to assume a very angry aspect, and with a smile which the old man's characteristic simplicity and regret could not fail to excite, he delivered his commands, and left them to their mirth.

On his return, he lingered in his path to indulge in rumination. The hedge-row elms were waving in the evening wind; the sun had set, and a deepening and cloudy twilight shaded the scene. The sweeping blast, scattering the few remaining leaves, seemed in low and solemn dirge, as singing the knell of summer's glorious reign. Recollection at length quickened his pace: At every turn, his eye explored the lengthening path, half hoping that Helen might be tempted to walk in that direction. But she did not appear till he came

within sight of her home, when he saw her entering the gates on her return. Mortified at his own delay, yet pleased on discovering the road she had been walking, he followed her into the parlour. She was alone ! He approached the window seat where she was sitting. She knew the business that had kept him at Pelham-house, and half hoped, and half feared that it might be the subject on which he would speak. She was deceived. "The evening is melancholy and chill," said he; "and I know not why, but an autumnal evening has always a mournful appearance. Does it affect you in a similar manner?"

'Yes,' said Helen, with a mind reassured in its confidence, 'but I cannot exactly trace my feelings to any precise and satisfactory cause,'

"It is a very compound reflection," said Ned, "and acts upon, in our defiance. To trace it we must explore the most hidden affections of the human heart. With us, Helen, who have not reached what is called the meridian of life, melancholy is rather a sympathy with those whose period of existence bears a resemblance to the season, than any mournful feeling which attaches to ourselves. How desolate must be the thoughts of a bachelor, in his fiftieth year, when he listens to this shrill trumpeter of time, the autumnal wind, sounding dismally the knell of so many departed days, ere he can be said to have begun to live! It is a lively impression of the flight of time, painful in proportion as it has been abused, that renders the whistling of this mournful wind, the chiding of an angel, rebuking the past, and thereby pointing to the improvement of the

future: A lesson more or less addressed to all that live.

Helen's eyes were bent on the ground; the dusk of evening rested on her countenance, and Ned sought in vain any thing definite in its expression. "You think then," said she, "that in the wane of the year we ought to see a picture of the wane of life; and that this has a wholesome effect upon our minds, because it is a period towards which we are hastening."

Rather, said Ned, because it is a period for which we ought to be preparing. The autumn of life is neither a season for the cultivation of friendship nor the subtle engagements of love. The circle of our affections ought then to have been formed; and to have been formed when they were the lux-
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uries of life, rather than when they became its indispensables. If ever you find a man at fifty whose character discloses the efforts of mind; and who, even in his folly, flashes upon you the glimmerings of taste, yet is a sloven in his heart; his affections dissipated, and all the wholesome restraints of virtue and of prudence, outraged and running riot of both shame and controul,—he is the most melancholy being in existence; for with a lively sense of the best enjoyments of life, he possesses the remorse, perhaps, of having neglected them, and feels that he is alienated from them for ever.

It is a melancholy picture, said Helen, but let us hope that it is not a common one.

I feel that it is such a picture, replied Ned, in a deep and mournful voice, *that I might exhibit, if ———*

Heaven forbid! exclaimed Helen, with a warmth and animation which she could not suppress.

It is you that must forbid it, said Ned.

Helen became agitated.

"Say that it must not be," he continued, as he took her unresisting hand.

Her countenance was averted. She felt how delicate was the acknowledgment required of her; and how dear the hero who required it. The timid answer was trembling on her lips, when her mother and Mary entered. Ned, who stood within the shade of the window curtains, resigned the listless hand of Helen, but his pursuing eye seemed still to entreat some signal of his hope. Candles were brought in. Captain Thornton.

and Theodore entered soon after; an usual evening call. The Captain amused them by his remarks and anecdotes, but Ned could not divest himself of some little mortification. This Helen perceived; she sat next him, and in her manners was more kind and attentive than usual. She spoke to him frequently, as tho' from the mere design of so doing; and Ned had no longer any thing to lament. It appeared to him as a recompence for the cruelty of the interruption; and his manners resumed their suavity.

On the succeeding morning, Ned was sitting alone, gazing on the medalion which had been found upon Mr. Pelham, and which had led to the discoveries connected with it; he was endeavouring to force back his mind to some traces of its recollection, when

the servant entered, and delivered to him a letter. It was directed to Mr. Enfield, and was from Mr. Fenton.

It stated, that he (Mr. Fenton) had been to Portsmouth, and after a very tedious enquiry had discovered the old fisherman to whom was consigned the funeral rites of our hero's father. His remains, which were nothing but the skeleton, were accordingly carefully taken up and encoffined. On the bones of the small finger of his left hand was a ring, which, from the distension of the corpse at the time of its burial, could not have been observed. On this ring were engraved the names of Edward and Elizabeth Enfield, with the date of their marriage. The sacred remains were at present deposited in the village church; and Mr. Fenton awaited the further orders of Ned on the melancholy subject.

Ned instantly wrote, and directed them to be forwarded by hearse to Charkley ; there to be deposited in the family vault of Mr. Pelham. He wrote to his mother by the same post ; and having fulfilled these melancholy duties, he walked over to the village and called on Captain Thornton.

In his absence, Mr. George Maurice arrived at Mrs. Mordent's. Mr. Pelham had left a certain legacy to this gentleman and his brother ; and on the decease of the latter, his share was transferred to Mr. George. The object of his present visit was to enquire into the claims of our hero ; he expressed himself in ambiguous terms on the subject, and seemed to doubt the affinity which had been claimed. He soon, however, found that his doubts would meet with no countenance from Mrs. Mordent and her

daughters; and took a speedy leave. Lodgings were engaged for him in the neighbourhood, and he gave out his intention of residing there till he had examined the validity of the pretensions which had been made on the property of his late relative. He had soon an opportunity of meeting with Ned; and addressed him in that imperious and pedantic tone, which it is common for a weak mind to contract at our public seminaries of learning. Ned was aware of the sentiment with which he was regarded, and answered him in that cool and unaffected manner which the consciousness of a decided superiority directs. Mr. Maurice knew something of the man he had to deal with; but disappointment, and obscure notions of the circumstances which he had undertaken to examine, rendered him more confident than was exactly agreeable; and Ned reminded

him of it, in that way, which, while it politely points out what is proper, indicates the necessity of its being adopted. Mr. Maurice, in the dissipated life of what is called *a blood*, had practised fencing, firing at a mark, and sparring. Presuming therefore on the advantage which these arts afforded him, he gave his tongue unwarrantable licences,—reminded Ned of his past life, and sneered at his wonderful intimacy with certain ladies. Ned regarded him in silence.

‘You are very cool, sir, on this subject,’ observed the collegian, with a contemptuous eye.

‘Very, sir,’ said Ned, bridling his spirit,—‘scorn, sir, makes me as cool as a flint; yet you may find, that I do not lack fire.’

‘Perhaps not,’ retorted Maurice, tauntingly; ‘but we must strike you hard to elicit it.’

‘It is my error, sir, that you may not,’ answered Ned. ‘I feel that you and your cause are equally unworthy of anger. Could I persuade myself to regard you in a more formidable light, I should be apt to hurl back upon you, with galling interest, the contemptuous terms which you have used. That I do not, attribute my forbearance to a respect for you, which you have not for yourself.’

This scene took place in the village; and the manner in which they addressed each other, began to attract observation. Among others, Theodore Anderton approached. The instant he saw Ned, engaged in altercation, the days of danger they had shared together,

rushed upon his memory, and he almost sighed for their renewal. Mr. Maurice regarded Theodore; his figure, apparently slim, his sunny brow, and his impatient eye, that spoke the animated pulses of his heart. "Who are you, sir?" at length demanded Maurice, offended at the manner in which Theodore had *looked him over*, as tho' he were measuring his worth as an antagonist. He could not have gratified Theodore more than by making such a demand. "Taste me and judge," was the reply that he had on his tongue, but Ned interfered. Mortified at the notice which was being taken, Ned said something to Mr. Maurice in an under tone, and taking Theodore by the arm, they walked away.

Have you challenged him? asked Theodore, as they bent their way to Charkley House.

No, said Ned, but I have told him that I walk early in the ——— field, if he wishes to cultivate our acquaintance.

I accompany you, said Theodore.

They spent the succeeding evening together at Mrs. Mordent's. Mr. Maurice was mentioned in the course of the night, as a dangerous and ill-disposed character. 'Avoid him,' said Mrs. Mordent, 'if you would merit my thanks.' 'We will not seek him,' said Ned, 'but to shun him would be to encourage his effrontery.' Mrs. Mordent thought she perceived in Ned and Theodore, a spirit that was stirred by the mention of the subject, and which it required an evident effort to suppress. It did not escape the apprehensive eyes of love; but it was the only situation in which the appeals of love are

made in vain. 'Something has disturbed you, Theodore,' said Mary.'

Theodore laughed it off as a mistake.

When he was departing for the night, 'Go with him, Ned' said Mary, in a whisper, and with a glowing confession in her countenance; but she caught the glance of Helen, and would have recalled her request. Ned however had too much gallantry to be diverted from his compliance.

When he returned, Helen and Mary were alone and in tears. They had heard of the altercation by one of the servants, who had been a spectator of the scene.

'He is a professed duelist,' said Helen, raising upon our hero the solicitous eyes of entreaty; 'you do not

meet him on equal terms; he is practised in the art, and you have no guide but your courage.'

O! Helen! said Ned, you would almost persuade me from what is right. Think you, he continued, in a voice at once confident and insinuating, that a man accustomed only to the battle of muffs and foils, is a man to be dreaded? Believe me, that he can be formidable only to ladies;—that he is only forward to quarrel where his adversary is prompt to yield. Leave, then, Helen, our treatment of him to take the course which his conduct may merit; and there is nothing to apprehend.

Helen said no more;—her anxiety was silenced but not suppressed, and she retired with a mind balanced in its admiration and its blame.

In the morning, Helen was surprised by an early visit from her sister. "Good Heavens! what is it that has made you so pale?" she exclaimed, as she beheld the countenance of Mary.

Mary could not speak, but throwing herself into her sister's arms, burst into tears. Fear and anxiety alone supported the trembling frame of Helen, while she begged of her to explain.

Mary could only reply that something had happened, but she knew not what!

O! tell me all you know, exclaimed Helen; I can bear any thing but suspense.

At the foot of the stairs, said Mary, endeavouring to suppress her trepida-

tion, I met Theodore, with his eyes as wild and ardent as lightning. He had been with our mother, and was returning somewhere in haste. I entreated to know what was the matter. He grasped my hand, and bidding me fly to inspire you with courage, darted like an arrow from my sight.

Helen buried her face in the pillow, and resigned herself to the most horrible and desolate apprehensions.

Mary walked towards the window, from whence she saw a crowd at a distance, bearing the figure of lifeless man. She let down the window curtain. Helen at that moment had raised her head, and observed the caution which the action betrayed. 'Oh! I know the worst!' she exclaimed with frightful energy;—'he is killed, and they are bringing his corpse!' She

arose in the sad and silent composure of despair. Mary assisted her to dress. 'We may be deceived, Helen, in the extent of the misfortune, said she. 'It is time enough for despair, when hope is dead.'

Mary led the way into the parlour. As she descended the stairs, Helen looked timidly and fearfully round, dreading that she should see or hear some horrible proof of every thing she feared. Mary perceived a train of drops of blood in the passage that led to a side apartment. She contrived however, to divert Helen from noticing it, and they entered a front parlour. Here they waited for some time in a state of dreadful suspense, and sick with "hope deferred."

At length Theodore rushed into the room, exclaiming in a shrieking arti-

culation, which seemed itself to inhale the life it pronounced—" *he lives, and will recover !*"

The sound shot like the principle of life through the trembling nerves of the two sisters, and they sunk overpowered by joy into each others' arms.

Mrs. Mordent and Captain Thornton now entered the room, and Theodore withdrew. The former had taken upon herself all the active virtues of a mother ; and it was not till the object of her anxiety had been pronounced out of danger, and in need of quiet and repose, that she could be prevailed upon to leave him. She now sympathised with her daughters on the alarm into which they had been thrown ; and Captain Thornton proceeded to detail the circumstances of the quarrel.

“I am an old and vain fool,” said he, “or this had never happened. I had heard of Ned’s altercation with Mr. Maurice, and on Theodore’s return at night, I perceived the chafed spirit which he endeavoured to conceal. This gave a promptness to my suspicions of a quarrel. In the morning he was stirring betimes. I arose, watched his motions, and followed him at some distance to the field of action. Mr. Maurice was there, with his servant, who is I believe a prize-fighter. I have still enough vain mettle to warm at the sight of a quarrel, and I approached the parties. Ned had not then appeared, but arrived in a few seconds after myself; no precise time having been named in the assignation. The meeting would have been adjourned, on account of my appearance, but staking my honor on the subject, the objection was over-ruled.

In vain I asked concerning the subject in dispute ;—Mr. Maurice produced his cases of swords and pistols, and his servant gave himself some cavalier airs that were not relished. Ned became irritated—Theodore was but too alert to second him—‘ away to Heaven’ fled ‘ respective lenity,’ and we were near having a general battle ere I could appease their anger. And here I must acknowledge, that I first succeeded with Mr. Maurice. Ned, with a proud superiority, bade Maurice select his weapon. Maurice chose the sword ;—its fellow was given to Ned, and they took their positions. Here, from a prodigality of life which esteems no combat which has not danger to recommend it, Ned told his opponent that he had to deal with a dexterous hand, and offered to him, if he were not confident in his skill, another choice. Maurice, calculating on his

own character, considered this as an excuse in Ned to decline the choice himself, and went through the flourishing overture of school combat, with considerable grace. Ned smiled, put himself on his guard, and exercised his weapon rather to ascertain the skill of his opponent than shorten the combat. Maurice became angry, and after making several desperate thrusts, which were parried in a way that convinced him of his inferiority, he was at length disarmed. Ned tendered him his sword, which Maurice took in a sullen manner, and affected to attribute the accident to a slip of the foot. Ned offered to renew the combat. This I protested against, but to no purpose, and Maurice was again disarmed. Here a horrible confusion took place, of which I can give you but a faint picture. Maurice's servant, pretending that all had not been fair, attempted to snatch the

conquered weapon from Ned's hand. A struggle ensued; Ned threw his man, and in the fall, the point of the sword caught the prize-fighter's face, broke and ploughed up the scalp, and he was in an instant blinded in blood. Ned's eyes flashed fire at this insult which had been offered him, and at that moment had rage enough to have annihilated both his opponents. Theodore in the meantime had seized on Maurice by the collar, as a security for the foul play which had been meditated, but as soon as he saw that Ned was safe, he pushed the wretch from him with disdain. Ned threw down the weapons at Maurice's feet, who, betwixt disappointment and rage, seized the unbroken sword, and making a lunge at Ned before he could be aware of the intent, buried its point in the muscles of his neck!"

Helen, who had paled at the dreadful progress of this narrative, had now some difficulty to avoid fainting. The Captain suspended awhile the conclusion of the scene, and she gradually recovered her firmness.

“ Surprise, for awhile paralysed us,” continued the Captain. “ I flew to the wounded hero, who was streaming in his blood, and from the loss of which he soon became insensible ;—while Theodore turned like a demon on his assassin. The servant lay groaning on the ground, and this was the state we were in when several people belonging to the village came up. Theodore consigned Maurice to their custody as a murderer, and flew to prepare you for the reception of our wounded charge. Such is the slight outline of this extraordinary affair. Depraved as man may become by habit, and cow-

ardly as he frequently is in his pride, (and a more damning instance of his wickedness of heart I scarce ever beheld) yet have the circumstances attending this affair advanced, even in my phlegmatic judgment, the noble qualities of his nature. It is not a virtue of ordinary practice, that renders a man half reluctant to sink his enemy in the confusion of his inferiority; that induces him to forbear stretching forth the full arm of his power, even where every thing that is mean and despicable, would provoke and justify the act. The most terrible features of his character may strike out the sparks of virtue; and if ever our passions carry us beyond the common boundaries of resentment, it is in the cause of others. Such was the rage of Theodore when, believing his friend to be murdered, he hung in voluptuous revenge over his prostrate enemy,

whom he had felled to the earth. It was the delight of a demon, who, at that moment, held nothing so dear as his revenge. In annihilating the object of our hatred at once, nature is appeased, for against the dead she has no nerve that vibrates to resentment. It is therefore in lingering life that we would hold the wretch who, to us, had strint that life of its charms; he becomes an object on which to let play the only feelings of which we are susceptible."

Theodore now entered, and stated that his prisoner had offered to leave the country and go to America, if his enlargement might be permitted. As there now remained no doubt of Ned's speedy recovery, this proposal, at the recommendation of the apprehensive ladies, was agreed to.

CHAPTER VII



If beauty beam no ray of peace,
How dreadful 'tis to love!

EVENTS seemed to conspire to divert the reflections of Mrs. Mordent from the recent loss which she had sustained. Though Mr. Mordent had never been to her a kind husband, he was now only remembered as the partner and companion of the best days of life. These lingering regrets gradually yielded to the late activity of her mind, and her sorrow for the past subsided into an occasional pensiveness.

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Her anxiety and affection were now turned undivided and uncontrouled on her daughters. She contemplated in *their* fortunes the progress of a mutual affection which is as lasting as the properties of the human mind. Her own life had but too effectually taught her how to appreciate such an union of tastes; and the prospects before her, now held out all that can charm the mother, when the anxieties of the wife are no more.

Ned gradually recovered. He had received no other injury than a considerable loss of blood, which, to a person in a high state of health, is soon renewed. His wound being once dressed, he required nothing but ease and quiet to allow it to heal. Dr. Hicklin, as the old and respected surgeon of the family had been always called, attended him with the utmost anxiety,

not less from his duty as a professional man, than his esteem as a friend. Theodore remained with our hero the best part of every day, and read to him such books as were calculated to amuse and divert the mind without exercising its strength.

On the third day Ned was removed to the sofa in the parlour. It was one of the dark and cloudy days of autumn, and the beating storm without, seemed to render more lively the impressions of security and peace within. A silent and congratulatory sentiment shone in the eyes of Mrs. Mordent, which was reflected in the more vivid but less equable delights of her daughters. The former indulged in anticipating the pleasures of the future; the arrival of Mrs. Enfield—the friendly visit—the social walk—the winter's fire, &c. “Is it possible, Ned,” said she,

“that any thing can prevent our being good friends?”

Ned suppressed an involuntary sigh. His eyes strayed towards Helen. “Is it possible?” they seemed to say. But Helen’s eyes were bent on the ground. A pause ensued. Ned insensibly relapsed into seriousness, and the question remained unanswered. “What proof have I of her love,” thought he, “but that which I have built on the presumption of my own hopes? Has a word even passed her lips that gratitude and friendship might not inspire? Were it all a vision ———!” The thought was too painful to be endured. It seemed to change the whole face of nature into one scene of horrible sterility. It was not *doubt* that led his fancies to the desolate picture. It was one of those momentary obscurations of hope which will sometimes

arise out of excessive confidence ; as though the highest delights of which we are capable, bear about them something to remind us of the world to which we belong. The cloud passed from his imagination, but for a moment left him thoughtful and ruminative. This effect on his mind was attributed to the pain of his wound. Helen could no longer control her anxiety. It spoke in the sympathy of her manners—the paleness of her countenance--the kindness of her attentions, and the sensibility of her voice. Yet so jealous is the heart of the fulness of its affections, lest they should be unappreciated, that ever and anon she shrank trembling from the tender agitation which she disclosed. In the course of the day Mrs. Mordent and Mary, in retiring to direct the different concerns of the house, enjoined Helen to remain and attend to their invalid. A

transient glow heightened her colour at this advice, and she took up, with unsteady nerves, a book that Mary had been reading. Ned observed the tremor into which this circumstance had thrown her, and with a delicacy known only to love, forbore awhile the subject of his heart, out of respect to her feelings. He at length took from his bosom the bracelet, which she had given him as a remembrancer, on his first taking leave of them. "I have been so dishonest, Helen," said he, "as to keep this testimony of your esteem, longer than the conditions stipulated on which it was given. I have learnt to attach to it such pleasurable recollections that I know not how to part with it. It has been my consolation where all others have failed. It was a secret and certain resource, on which the drooping mind never turned in vain. Yet as a pledge ——."

Helen raised her eyes from the book, and begged, if he could attach any value to such a trifle, he would consider it as his own.

‘And yet I think,’ said he, ‘that I could wish to see you wear it again; not less an ornament though times and fashion vary as they may. It would be improving those means by which we identify certain feelings, and by which we acquire a habit of thinking only in common with those we love.’

‘We must not thwart your wishes,’ said Helen, with an arch glance at his recumbent position, ‘in this stage of your convalescence;—you may therefore consider yourself obeyed.’ She arose to take the proffered bauble. Ned smiled; his countenance was flushed with the sentiment that swelled in his heart, and as he pressed the chain in

her hand he raised it to his lips. It is you, Helen, said he, that can prove my most effectual physician. Rest is the specific of which I am most in need. Could I once understand that you are mine beyond the reach of doubt, my dreams would then be delightful as her by whom they are inspired.

Ned still retained her hand. Her eyes were averted, and the flame upon her cheek hung like the tell-tale fire of the heart. 'Come,' he continued, jocosely playing on her own words, 'you know you are instructed *not to thwart my wishes.*'

He had no sooner concluded, than the exertions from his recent loss of blood, overpowered him, and he sank exhausted on the sofa.

Helen was alarmed, and ran in search of her mother. On her return, Ned had

recovered. She rebuked him in those chiding terms which half induced him to offend again. She threatened to put a seal on his lips if he said another syllable. 'If,' said she, whilst a more rosy colour suffused her countenance, 'in answer to your appeal, words can add any thing to your conviction, suppose them said.'

Ned made an effort to speak. She put her hand on his lips, and threatened, if he said another word, to leave the room. 'I will talk for you and myself,' said she; 'you shall be obeyed in every thing, (putting the bracelet he had just given her, round her neck) if you will be silent, and attend only to your recovery: And to-morrow morning, on condition that you sleep well to-night, I shall have some news to tell you.'

Mrs. Mordent now entered, and feeling her patient's pulse, enjoined in him of all things, silence.

The remainder of the day past, on the part of Ned, agreeably to her injunctions.

When he retired at nine o'clock, Helen attended him to the door of his apartment. 'May I say *good night*?' said he.

'Yes,' said she, 'if you will say no more.'

Good night ! he exclaimed.

Good night, she replied, and *pleasant dreams*.

In the morning, Ned was informed that Captain Thornton had set out to fetch Mrs. Enfield, with a message from

Mrs. Mordent, inviting her on a visit till such time as Pelham House would be ready for her reception.

This was news peculiarly gratifying to our hero: and his eyes expressed how gratefully he felt their kindness.

Here have been, said Helen, a whole regiment of upholsterers, painters, and carpenters, with their patterns, and their plans, to consult you on the different fashions.

It is *you*, Helen, that they must consult, replied Ned. I must so far trespass on your kindness, and in the exercise of your taste, I cannot but look forward to every thing that transcends my own.

Helen coloured and consented; with the proviso that certain articles should

be left till the arrival of Mrs. Enfield.

And now, said Helen, as you are better this morning, I shall read you a few extracts of a letter from Miss Berrington.

Ned nodded in assent of the pleasure which it would afford him, and she read as follows:

Liverpool, ———,

“Hail! wedded love!”

MILTON.

Don't startle at my motto, my dear; it is a very appropriate one. Report very positively states that I am ——— how shall I ever write the vulgar newspaper phrase—going to be married! Farewell, dear liberty! to thy wild and wandering course. A comet thou, that visits in turn all the little circles

of domestic society, and basks in their lustre without being bound by their laws! If thus reluctant we yield thee up when every thing that can charm us into forgetfulness of freedom seduces us from thy allegiance, how severe the separation, when cruel guardians and unnatural parents forge the ungilded chains! I feel some consolation, however, ———."

Here Helen suddenly stopt.

Proceed, said Ned.

No; I was only to read you the news.

What are the nature of the remarks that follow? asked Ned.

O! only a string of impertinent questions, added Helen, still more deeply colouring.

Ned smiled, and allowed her to proceed at liberty.

“When at B——, I was much amused by a description of a hairdresser of that place, entitled the *Count*, who has, I understand, a very large family. I had expressed a desire to the generous S——, otherwise my Lord elect, to do something for his family; and yesterday I was surprised, by his informing me that he had taken him into his service, and procured all his sons situations in the navy, where their merits may enable them to add glory to their country, and honor to their friends. How few men there are who understand the art of *making love without talking about it*, as the author of *Hermesprong* says. A man must think our sex to be very weak, or be very weak himself, to conceive that there is no road to a woman’s heart but through her ears.”

"We (for I have already adopted this kingly and critical term) shall pay you a visit in about three weeks. This is rather *outré*, but as we take a trip southwards, your house, unfortunately, lies in our road home; and pleasure must not be sacrificed to etiquette."

"O'er wealth and rank, while rolls oblivion's stream,
Thy memory o'er its 'whelming waves shall climb."

MISS SEWARD.

'Tis thus I have just apostrophized the noble S——, who is this moment come in. He has failed in a late glorious and patriotic purpose, and bears the disappointment, like a man who plunges into the ocean to save the life of a fellow creature, and having failed, swims slowly, and almost heedlessly back to land. It is in the hour of vexation and disappointment that the kind attentions of our sex are displayed with the most grace, and received with the

greatest gratitude.—*Beer this, Helen, in mind ———.*”

Here Helen again stopt.

You have read beyond the place which was turned down ! said Ned.

Helen coloured, and put up the letter.

Mrs. Mordent complimented the eloquence of the writer, and Ned the sensibility of the reader.

A servant now entered, with her countenance pale with alarm and important intelligence. Her fears communicated themselves to the ladies, and Ned was the first to demand what was the matter. She at length stammered out that two men had arrived, one of which she believed was *William*.

their old servant. Her terror was soon put to flight, and Mr. Bidlake and his Son-in-law were introduced.

William could not divest himself of considerable shame and confusion on finding himself a visitor, received with respect and treated with kindness, in a family against which he had meditated so dark a deed. Tears stood in his eyes, and gratitude was bursting in his heart, when Mrs. Mordent, understanding that he was married, asked kindly after his wife. Mr. Bidlake relieved the trembling penitent, by taking on himself the answer. He likewise stated, that having heard of the late quarrel and its consequences, and that there was no immediate prospect of seeing Ned once more at his own house, he had consented to dispense with his presence on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. "They were

accordingly married this morning," he continued, addressing himself to Ned, "and as soon as the ceremony was over, we agreed to ride over and enquire after your health; for we none of us could agree to be happy, till we knew that you were out of danger and doing well."

Ned thanked the kind-hearted farmer for his good wishes, and told him that he still held his promise good for a speedy visit. He likewise commended his thanks and congratulations to the ladies. William was doomed to a still heavier weight of gratitude, by bearing the congratulatory remembrances of the Miss Mordents, who informed him that Captain Thornton had engaged them to pay a visit to his bride; and that the latter could not fail to remember to whom he was indebted for his life—a life which he

considered now of more value than he at that time had learnt to appreciate.

Such were the hopes, and the agreeable recollections which the two visitors carried back from the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Mordent.

They were scarce departed, when the voice of Theodore was heard at the door, endeavouring to drag into the house some reluctant companion; and in a few minutes the door opened and disclosed *Mr. Wilkins*, endeavouring to free himself from the gripe of Theodore. When the culprit found that he was observed, he yielded his person, and permitted himself to be introduced.

"This gentleman," said Theodore, "has expressed his penitence con-

cerning the whole of his past conduct, in so very humble a manner, that I would insist on his coming to solicit your forgiveness; which I have almost undertaken to promise, would be granted." Mrs. Mordent said that it was her particular wish to be on friendly terms with every person in the neighbourhood. Mr. Wilkins stammered his thanks, and rolled his sheepish eyes towards the seat of Ned. Ned held out his hand to him, and said that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than that of seeing an enemy converted into a friend. Mr. Wilkins met his salutation with more sincerity than grace. Helen spoke kindly to him; Mary begged his pardon for her former impertinence; and the little man, betwixt gratitude and surprise, at a conduct which never had entered his head even in his dreams, looked as silly as a man could wish to do. He was

again acknowledged as a neighbour; and two jugs of the old strong ale, which was his favorite beverage, sent him home with as much oratory in his head as would tire an audience of smoking Dutchmen, though seated on their gin casks to boot.

Theodore likewise brought the intelligence that Mr. Maurice's servant, who had been taken care of at the expence of those whose lenity he had so much abused, was now gone after his master, whose service he had threatened to leave. He would have come to beg pardon, but Theodore prevented him; and he departed, under the strongest impressions of shame, mixed with the still more novel sensation of gratitude.

CHAPTER IX.

"----- Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history."

ON the fifth day from his departure, Captain Thornton returned, with Mrs. Enfield. Mr. Fenton, affecting to have some business to settle, promised to follow: That melancholy business was to attend to their consecrated home, the mouldering remains of our hero's father! This was an affair which it was deemed prudent to conceal at present from the knowledge of Mrs. Enfield. Mr. Fenton had calculated to

reach Charkley the second night after her arrival, and for the interment to take place by torch light.

Mrs. Mordent and Ned were alone when Mrs. Enfield was announced; Helen and Mary having gone over to look at some alterations in the mansion of the late Mr. Pelham, and for which purpose Ned wished to accompany them, but was prevented by Mrs. Mordent. The interview betwixt Ned and his mother was a scene of oppressive joy—of broken exclamations and of tears. But in turning to greet the friend of her child—the parent of his youth—the guardian of his fame, and the mother of the inimitable Helen, gratitude was distended into pain, and she fell into her arms and wept.

You must endeavour to suppress these strong and powerful feelings, said

Mrs. Mordent, as she led Mrs. Enfield to the window. The latter became more calm, and promised to obey. The tumultuousness of first emotions over, Mrs. Enfield enquired after the Miss Mordents.

Mrs. Mordent replied, that they were expected in every minute.

Mrs. Enfield now addressed her thanks to Captain Thornton, and expressed a fear that she had been a dull and stupid companion. The venerable Captain replied, that he was afraid a similar apology ought to come from himself. 'The last three months of my life,' said he, 'have at once improved my happiness and increased my melancholy. I have been placed within the contemplation of pleasures, of which I was never destined as a principal to partake. I feel like a

sailor, whose life has been spent amid the tempests of the ocean, and who reaches the land when age and decrepitude have alike unfitted him for the scene which he has left, and that upon which he is about to enter. I have lived solitary and single in the world; interested as a man in the fate of others, yet finding no one interested in my own. Wonder not therefore if, in the evening of my life, in contemplating those delights which might have been mine, I sigh that those days are past! The last leaves of my autumn are strewn, and howling winter sounds the bugle of his approach. You will excuse my sadness; the fit will go off. I did not expect to have finished my course amid the friendship of such society; and the view of what my present prospects *are*, has strongly reminded me of what they *might have been*.

Mrs. Mordent heaved a sigh, in sympathy with the desolate feelings which he had described; and which, for a moment, had tinged with a kindred sentiment those of her own. A similar sensation arrested for awhile the violent joys of Mrs. Enfield; but Ned gave a cheering view of the future; the voice of the light-hearted Mary was heard at the door, and gloom and regret passed away as a cloud, which improves the sunshine it had interrupted.

It was scarce with less pride than pleasure that Ned, on the entrance of the Miss Mordents, took the hand of Helen, and introduced to her—his mother; and in turn, with scarce inferior satisfaction, to the mirth-inspiring Mary. Theodore, who made his appearance at the heels of the ladies, and had hitherto been only an inter-

rested spectator, was now brought forward by Mrs. Mordent. 'Last, but not least in our love,' said she, addressing Mrs. Enfield, 'is *Theodore Anderton*.'

The adopted son of the venerable Captain, said Helen.

The friend of Ned, said Mary.

The admirer of ———

——— All kind of danger, wickedness, and romance, cried Mary, interrupting the insidious intention of Ned. He is a kind of a favorite, she continued, and you must absolutely endeavour to find a place for him in your esteem. Theodore bowed in honor of the compliment, and in admiration of her who paid it; and a more glowing colour mingled in his sunny countenance.

“O! I had loved you all, cried Mrs. Enfield, from your transcript on my mind, and am surprized to find how much you transcend the copy. With what feelings I bear you in my memory, it is my life, now only valuable as connected with your society, that must disclose to you.

These reflections were now relieved by more general subjects. Mutual explanations and enquiries took place. The past served as a prolific feast, presenting now, only the distant shades of sorrow, yet eliciting recollections which were a never failing source of pleasure and admiration.

Ned was privately informed of the arrival of Mr. Fenton with his melancholy charge; and wrapping a roque-laure around him, and leaning on the arm of Theodore, he attended the fu-

neral ; but with what sensations — what crowded regrets — with what mingled feelings of gratitude, admiration and grief, he followed the sacred remains of him to whom he doubly owed his life, his slow step and heavy silence best bespoke. These melancholy duties fulfilled, Mr. Fenton informed Ned that it was his intention to take up his residence in the neighbourhood. Ned met his desires with gratitude and joy ; and the next morning Mr. Fenton returned to make his arrangements to that effect.

Winter was setting in, and the cold and biting airs of November seemed as though tempering the world for the freezing winds that were approaching, — when four smoking horses and a glittering chariot arrived at Charkley House. The quick sensibilities of friendship wait not on cere-

mony, and *Mrs. S——* was in a few minutes in the arms of her friends!

Mr. S——, in the mean time directed his attention to the gentlemen, and introduced himself with that cordial affability which would lay the foundation of future esteem. Form and custom come but tardily off where the springing mind leaps into its little round of affections, and consigns for awhile all other considerations to the wind.

Such was the present society at Charkley House: full indeed, but the spirit of accommodation was large. Captain Thornton and Theodore still resided at their lodgings in the village, but their time was mostly spent at their neighbours. Ned was now wholly recovered, and his resumed strength and spirits seemed to hail the ap-

proaching season of severity as they solicited exertion. His new mansion was now nearly ready for his reception. He visited it daily, and always saw in it some cause of additional endearment.

‘ You have taught me a useful lesson,’ said Mr. S—— to Ned, as they were walking across the brow of a gentle declivity, skirted with tall elms, which ever and anon curtained the distant plain, and then suddenly disclosed its various beauties. ‘ You live here in the full enjoyment of all the comforts and the elegancies of life, exempt from the anxieties of one extreme and the unmeaning parade of the other.’

‘ Each class perhaps has its designated good effect on the whole,’ said Ned. ‘ If we are more disposed to value ourselves on one situation than another,

perhaps, owing to a perfect coincidence of taste in those on whom we have placed our affections. And here it must be admitted, that poverty and splendor are alike the enemies of love. From the former, love is driven by care, which, continually engrossing the heart, deadens its sensibilities;—by the other, we are seduced from love, and our affections perpetually breaking on a multiplicity of objects, are weakened till they resemble the solar beams in the reflex of the moon.

‘A most conclusive truth,’ replied Mr. S——, thoughtfully. ‘I will abandon the freezing, glittering heights, and the tempests which they attract; nor yet descend to their base where the storm may devastate!’

‘It is in the middle classes of life that I would seek happiness,’ said

Ned, 'and if I found
the pursuit.'

That is my resolution, said Mr. S—.

Mr. and Mrs. S —, left Charkley with a lively sense of regret: Not however till a plan had been arranged for a proximity of residence. Friendly and frequent communications were agreed upon, and prospects of the future were sketched with all the ardor of hope, and embellished with all the hues of imagination. Captain Thornton settled his small fortune on Theodore, and took up his residence at Charkley House, which Mrs. Mordent insisted of resigning to Theodore as its future chief.

It was early in the succeeding spring that Ned received the hand of Helen, and Theodore that of Mary.

...oes arose at an early
and during their morning's
adjusted the route of a trip down
the southern coast of their native
island. On their return they loitered
on the misty mountain's brow, to hail
the radiant morn; greeting the glo-
rious sun, whose setting beams are

"——— lingering in the lover's eyes."

How different the retiring gaze of her
from whom they sink, never to rise
again upon her maiden charms!

Captain Thornton and Mr. Fenton
were present at the ceremony. They
seemed as two destined *Mentors*, whose
presence was formed to chasten the
ardor which it would not check.

It is not on the flowing vest of bri-
dal white—nor the rich lace that veil
a virgin's eyes---nor the tasteful deco-

ration of the head, that the eulogist of beauty would linger in his narrative: But on those changeful charms which chastity and innocence combine to heighten; which are variable as the complexion of a summer's morn, whose transient hues almost escape the lightning of the eye. It is there that the shades of imagination pass in quick and hurrying succession. The countenance is the telegraph of the mind, where the clouds of reflection—the crimson radiance of sensibility, and the paleness of timidity and apprehension, succeed each other with the rapidity of thought. *These* are the charms of beauty; that leave inferior objects of consideration to the world of common beings, whose minds never travelled out of the records of interest, and who would apply even the lightning's flash to the ordinary purposes of day light. Such were the attrac-

None of our heroines; not inferior the
 nearly sentiments with which they
 were regarded. It was mind, rich at
 once in purity and strength, that con-
 ferred those superior graces, without
 which, beauty exhibits only the con-
 vancing qualities of the meteor, or the
 cold correctness of the statue;—the
 very seed of love—tame and spi-
 ritless—undelighting and undelighted.

The venerable Captain watched the
 departing retinue which wore away the
 happy grime, till the winding road
 covered them from his sight. He in-
 voked a blessing on the virtuous soci-
 ety of which he was now considered
 as a member, and retired to muse on
 the various tempests of life, which he
 had encountered and escaped.