



Surfide Rajah
A NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N:

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ADELA NORTHINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN unexpected event facilitated the wish of our heroine, and enabled her to leave Flanders sooner than she could otherwise have hoped; for the eloquent importunity of Lady Ismena laid an embargo on her, which from a principle of blended delicacy and gratitude, she knew not how to dispense with. To return to England was her unalterable resolve: but the extreme timidity of her nature was a never failing obstacle to every purposed undertaking: and two months elapsed after her health was

sufficiently re-established to put her design
 in practice; when Mr. Gathaway being
 summoned to Calais by a long lost friend,
 she determined no longer to be detained by
 the gentle pleadings of her amiable pro-
 tectress; but exerting all her resolution,
 she earnestly solicited that worthy man to be
 her guardian through the unknown track
 that intervened between them, and the
 port, where both their wishes entered:
 and so ardently did she enforce this request,
 representing the prudence of embracing so
 happy an opportunity, and pointing out the
 expediency, reasonableness, and indeed,
 necessity of the step; that her generous
 friend at length submitted: truly distressing
 as was the idea of parting with so invaluable
 an acquisition, so inestimable a treasure as
 she enjoyed in the society of her charming
 guest, the natural and acquired beauties of
 whose all perfect mind, every day served
 more fully to convince her, were inex-
 haustable.

The

The most valuable gifts of Heaven, a bright and solid understanding, an unerring judgment, and a heart glowing with universal benevolence, and every virtue that can exalt human nature, rendered Adela a blessing wherever she appeared.

She rejoiced with the happy, and even when bending under the pressure of affliction herself, knew and practised the heavenly art of soothing the woes of others. Lady Ismena experienced the salutary effects of this power. Sorrow, till this period, had never approached her thoughtless bosom; the late two-fold stroke fell therefore with redoubled force: it robbed her eyes of all their lustre, and spread a deep dejection over her mind and form. But the example of Adela, sweet, patient, uncomplaining sufferer, smiling under the complicated evils of poverty, illness, unmerited slander, and the deprivation of almost every earthly resource, taught her the sacred precepts of resignation: she strove to imitate as bright a pattern, caught the pure flame of her

unnumbered excellencies, and corrected those foible which they reflected.

Such are the happy fruits of friendship, founded on virtue. Raised on such a basis, the structure can hardly fail of attaining every possible perfection: for bad indeed must that heart be, that will not endeavour to chasten its errors, when pointed out with discretion and tenderness, by those we esteem, and whom we are assured can only be interested by a generous regard for our welfare. The applause of such, must surely excite in every distinguishing heart a noble emulation, which leads to all that is praiseworthy: and next to the frown of the supreme, the dread of their reproof will most assuredly prevent the commission of evil. This is that world, whose censures the delicate and discerning spirit, trembles to incur. It is not the opinions of the clamorous multitude, that can in any degree affect them; for those suffrages which are bandied by every breath of fame or fortune, can
never

never by the sensible mind be deemed estimable.

Pardon this digression, and return with me to Lady Ismena.

Fair as ever poets feigned, or painters drew, the blue veins peeped through her transparent skin, and vied with yonder azure. She was pretty, but not interesting: a mere assemblage of glowing tints and faultless symmetry, that spoke more forcibly to the pencil of the artist, than the feelings of the lover: and the general voice pronounced her *defficient in tout ensemble*.

But this opinion never reached her ear, and self-love seldom fails to represent us in the most alluring colours. Had she been less lovely—she possessed a magnet that will ever attract a numerous train of suitors. She was rich, and the flutterers of the age buzzed around her, eager to feast on the banquet in her coffers. But Lady Ismena had penetration enough to discover the principle by which they were actuated, and treated their vows with the contempt they deserved:

deserved: making them the subjects of her mirth, and justly observing, that no punishment she could inflict, was severe enough for their presumption in daring to affront her with avowals of love, while it was obvious, that Plutus was the God by which they were inspired.

But sincerely as Lady Ismena despised the mercenary herd, by which she was surrounded; they were food for her unbounded levity, and she esteemed it no crime to retain them in her list.

To keep a sincere heart in suspense, is a cruelty of which every generous mind must be incapable; but who will be so rigid as to censure the indulgence of a little harmless coquetry, with beings of the above description: creatures, as incapable of being attached to any object, but gold, or their own adorable selves, as the green sod, over which they tread? With this professing multitude, or rather at them, Lady Ismena laughed away the passing hours in thoughtless gaiety. Vivacious in the extremest degree,

degree, and devoted to every species of public amusement, she was lost in the whirl of pleasure; nor once thought of any higher enjoyment. She had heard her sprightliness applauded, and esteemed it the first of graces; not reflecting, that its excess must necessarily pave the way to innumerable errors. The giddy mind continually engaged by trifles, and ever eager in the pursuit of dissipation cannot possibly attend to the culture of those bright accomplishments, that exalt, embellish, and render life delightful. Few are the internal graces usually possessed by characters of this description. Nature is frequently liberal to them; but her most valuable endowments are too often rendered useless by neglect.

But Lady Ismena was awakened to reflection by an attachment, of which all to whom she was known, deemed her incapable. None suspected her of susceptibility; she was, even herself, insensible that a quality so dangerous lived in her heart, until its destined conqueror appeared, and

revealed the fatal truth. The very man, whom hopes of a rejection alone could have induced to address her, removed the veil that levity had thrown over her character; and most powerfully convinced her, that she possessed a soul capable of the tenderest impressions. No longer the volatile, unthinking fashionist; she cast a view inwardly, and found her mind little better than a *vacuum*: blushed at the discovery, felt herself unworthy the accomplished possessor of her heart, and resolved on a perfect metamorphosis. No longer shone at every public place. No more she led the way in each gay circle; but grew pensive, sighed in secret, and thought only of the charming Englishman. His Uncle's assurances (who was her guardian; but to whom she no longer owed obedience, being some time emancipated from the fetters of minority) quieted every intruding fear. He assured her of an entire conquest over his nephew's heart, and spared no means to increase the ardor of her attachment.

Mr. Amf-

Mr. Amfbury's avowal, which soon followed his weary Uncle's preparatory affurances, feemed to confirm their truth: and Lady Ifmena experienced felicity, of which, till then, ſhe had not the moſt diſtant idea. She applied herſelf diligently to inculcate thoſe mental graces, by which alone, ſhe could hope to retain her ſuppoſed empire over ſo amiable a man. Diſmiſſed levity from her ſervice for ever. Studied herſelf, and amazed all who knew her, by the viſible alteration in her manners. Diſcovered numerous valuable qualities, which had till then lain dormant: and rejoiced the heart of her reverend preceptor, the worthy Gathaway, who had often lamented her infatuation, and warned her againſt the deluſion of vanity. Unſuſpicious of the real ſtate of Mr. Amfbury's heart, and perfectly ſatiſfied with the paſſion, he not in the moſt ardent terms poſſeſſed, ſhe thought herſelf the happieſt of women: endeavoured to model her houſe, her converſation, and her ſociety to his taſte. His native complacency

strengthened the errors of her heart, and what she wished, she easily believed. Even his pensive habit bordering on melancholy, which originated from his hopeless, but deep-rooted attachment to his long adored Adela; was by Lady Ismena fondly attributed to those tender anxieties, those tumultuous hopes and fears, and torturing alarms, which her own heart experienced, which an excess of love is said always to inflict; and of which she fondly believed herself the cause; when an unexpected event summoned him to Naples, and the mournful catastrophe that ensued is already known.

Lady Ismena's conduct to her charming rival, exhibits her heart in the fairest colours, and gives the most indisputable proof of her innate excellence: however it might lie concealed for a time amid the blaze of thoughtless dissipation, and uninterrupted prosperity. The image of the martyred Theodore still possessed her soul, and her generous attachment to his widowed bride, affords the most undeniable proof of the
purity,

purity, and the ardor of her love. Those extatic emotions which she had experienced in the society of that ill-fated youth were lost with him, and could no more illumine her bosom, but the melting tenderness, the unbounded generosity, and unalloyed esteem with which he had impressed her, still lived to his memory, and could cease only with her existence. She seemed to consider Adela as his gentle representative, his softened image : and divested of every degrading prejudice, every unjust impulse by the purifying flame of an attachment that never was exceeded, she pitied and forgave the crime it had impelled; and instead (as is too frequently the case with hearts less refined) of blaming the innocent cause of his desertion; she felt herself irresistably inspired with affection for a being, so eminently distinguished by him: loved her, because he had done so: independant of what her own merit, and deep distress must claim from every heart alive to the calls of philanthropy:

lanthropy: and felt the most poignant regret on their approaching separation.

“ In losing you, my Adela,” she would often say, “ methinks I lose all that can endear me to existence. Why then, thus cruelly persist in this unkind resolve, why deprive me of your loved society? With you, every remaining vestige of happiness, must disappear. If I possess one estimable quality, it is derived from your bright example, and with that will vanish. Your piety, your resignation, your sweetness of temper, and gentleness of manners, may perhaps excite my emulation, and render me more worthy of those blessings I have greatly misapplied. But a few short months ere I knew you, I was a mere clod of undistinguishing matter. Ignorant of what I owed my Maker, my neighbour, or myself. Neglecting every design of my creation. Abusing the agency of Heaven. Bewildered in the labyrinth of folly. This was the state from which the most amiable of mankind rescued me, that predilection, how-

however, marked by misfortune, and productive of, alas! I fear, unceasing woe; awakened me to a strong sense of my glaring errors, but it is only your continued presence, that can render the reformation complete: ah! then, desert me not, dear emblem of every virtue." But the resolution of Adela was no more to be prevailed on, by all the moving eloquence, and tender unremitting arguments of Lady Ismena: they never failed to draw agonizing tears from her heart, and plant daggers in her mind: yet spite of her native flexibility of temper, she maintained her integrity: too well assured, contrary to Lady Ismena's belief, that her absence would be the only cure for the injured peace of that lovely mourner, and that her longer presence could only serve to perpetuate the remembrance of what, it was both her duty and interest to bury in oblivion.

Finding she was proof against all that could be urged, Lady Ismena as a last resource, when Mr. Gathaway previous to
his

his departure went to bid the virulent Fontinoy, adieu! earnestly solicited him to exert all his influence in favor of her much wronged friend, and once more plead her cause; the good old man promised his concurrence, and utmost efforts, and with hopeful heart sat off on this errand of mercy. His absence was short, but the alteration on his features boded no success to his embassy. His aspect conveyed a sufficient reply to the eager enquiries of Lady Ismena.

She turned to Adela, her eyes swam in tears, and for some moments all was silence, then "and can it be possible," cried Lady Ismena, "that a being exists capable of such injurious obduracy, To such a creature too!" added she, clasping the hand of Adela, "blush, blush, humanity! and justice hide your face."

"I found our mistaken friend," said Mr. Gathaway, "in a frame of mind very unpropitious to my design. Passion distorted his form, when I mentioned the commission

mission you charged me with, and raging with excessive fury bad me leave him, or drop the detested subject; then melting into tenderness at the recollection of his adopted child, spoke of you, and even wept. I saw our cause hopeless, and forbore to urge it further. But you, Lady Ismena, were a theme that never wearied on his tongue. You know his nature, know his attachments, permanent as his prejudices. Sacred is his word, and his friendships are inviolable. "My life," said he, "is hers, if required. Gathaway," continued he, starting eagerly from his seat, "I should glory in giving such a proof of my fidelity to her noble father. Yes, I will strive to merit the flattering trust, which with his dying breath he committed to me, and guard from future ill this drooping lily. Yet, oh, torturing reflection! is it not through me she is now wretched.

"He enlarged," added Mr. Gathaway, "far beyond my powers of description. Fain would I have pleaded for our lovely friend,

friend, with all the little rhetoric, that time has left me; and during my walk to his house had formed a project in her favor, which was rendered abortive by his impetuosity: every trace was obliterated from my memory, and I gladly bade him, adieu."

A gloom again overspread Lady Ismena's features, but she forbore to comment.

"Alas!" said Adela mentally, "how chequered is every thing, annexed to mortal life? Our virtues and vices are frequently interwoven. In the same heart the opponents oft reside. Trial severe for weak humanity. A while fair virtue spreads her beauties forth. Transcendant graces full of peace and joy dispensing bliss around; when baleful vice borrowing some fair disguise cheats the unwary mortal, and gains entrance: her vizor drops, she pants for sacrifice, and spite of Virtues' efforts rears her altars high. The heavenly power still maintains her seat, and warns the poor possessed to expel the fiend; but fatally deceived by outward shew, charmed with the false exterior

exterior, which she wore on entering. They call her honor, love, noble ambition; or some such title, with which, alas! too oft, crimes black as night are gilded. Corrupted by false pleasures, dazzled by false hopes; in vain the small still voice repeats its lessons; drowned by tumultuous jargon and riot, it speaks unheard. Incense is offered to her triumphant adversary, her altars smoke, the heavenly messenger hides her fair face, and seeks some happier dwelling. Charity whispers, "make another essay." She does. Truth is dispatched, she will be heard, and often brings conviction. Virtue again seems to regain her empire; but still in some dark corner the usurper lurks watching the time to lift her direful sceptre."

Such might be deemed the state of Mr. Fontinoy. His merits were universally allowed to be numerous; but pride, prejudice, and implacability formed a thick veil before them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN the morning of Adela's departure arrived, every heart that dwelt under the auspices of the benevolent Lady Ismena partook of her emotions, and each aspect wore the signature of her distress. In vain Adela called forth all her fortitude; it was insufficient to support her at such a crisis. A deep regret pervaded her heart. Every tender, every grateful sensation was awakened. Till then she knew not how painful the affection her amiable protectress had inspired her with; nor once suspected how inexpressibly dear she was to her. Fate seemed to have united them in mournful bands of amity: and her heart almost smote her for the separation. In vain Lady Ismena attempted to clothe the woe-fraught language of her soul in words. They embraced with cordial friendship, blended their tears together, and

mur-

murmured out an empaffioned prayer for each others happinefs.

Nannette sobbed aloud as the carriage drove off, and thruſting her head out of the window, remained in that attitude until every veſtige of their late habitation diſappeared. Her paſſions ever unmanageable operated in the preſent caſe with peculiar violence. Mr. Gathaway half angry, laid his hand on her ſhoulder, and uttered a gentle rebuke. Adela followed the eye of Nannette, and beheld a handsome young Fleming, one of Lady Iſmena's domeſtics, running after the carriage waving a white handkerchief in a manner indeſcribably affecting. She adjusted her habit hat, leaned her head againſt the back of the carriage, and ſuppreſſed a ſigh. The lover diſappeared. Nannette drew her bonnet over her face, and ſilence again prevailed.

Had not the *fombre* pencil drawn its malignant ſhades over the minds of our travellers, their journey, until they arrived within a few miles of Calais, would have
been

been truly delightful. The loaded vineyards bloomed around them, and the heart of the naturally vivacious peasant seemed to expand with more than usual joy. When one evening passing by a deep grove, just as twilight had thrown her thickest mantle over them, the piercing shriek of female distress assailed their ears. Adela begged they might enquire the cause. Mr. Gathaway represented the danger, the driver seconded him, and terror shook Nannette; but Adela's prevailing eloquence removed every scruple, her ever irresistible persuasions over-ruled their fears, and they hastened to the spot from whence the sound proceeded. But what a soul harrowing scene, were they presented with? A youthful female appeared bound to a tree by an insulting ruffian: and a lady whose whitened locks, and superiority aspect seemed calculated to inspire the most savage heart with pity, and awe the boldest transgressor, knelt under the uplifted arm of another trembling robber. She seemed supplicating his mercy;

her

her beseeching air, and no doubt, more earnest importunity arrested for a moment the descending weapon; but “you must die,” uttered in a deep and tremulous tone, instantly succeeded. His fellow assassin at that moment espied our travellers approach, and warning him of danger, the unversed sinner again suspended the fatal stroke. Guilt inspired them with all its terrors, every spark of boasted courage fled, and mounting their horses, they were out of sight in an instant.

Adela sprang from the carriage, she caught the fainting Lady in her arms, and supported her on her bosom, while Nannette kneeling beside her, wept her sympathy, and used every means to expedite her recovery: and Mr. Gathaway assisted to release her scarcely existing attendant.

All was extacy and undescribable gratitude, when they became sensible of their almost miraculous preservation. Mr. Gathaway failed not to ascribe the merit where it was due, but the innate delicacy of Adela
shrunken

shrunk from the effusions it produced: and they conducted their newly acquired friends in safety back to Calais.

The instant departure of the packet-boat, enforced an immediate adieu. The rescued Lady was English, and of high rank; her name was no stranger to our heroine's ear, she repeated her ardent acknowledgments, invoked blessings on her deliverer's head, and taking from her pocket a small miniature of herself fat round with brilliants, earnestly solicited Adela's acceptance of it as a small tribute of gratitude.

The parting with Mr. Gathaway was such as may be easily conceived between sensitive nineteen and dispassionate seventy-five, whose vivacious particles are no more. Crushed by the heavy pressure of time and misfortune, he beheld the goods and evils of this life as they really are: stripped of all their illusions. Happy acquisition; but not alway the attendant of age. Discretion the inseparable companion of experience?

rience? Let truth answer the question, and say how truly melancholy it is to behold length of years, that might have been respectable, disgraced by levities which youth can hardly excuse? What sensible observer can witness such a degradation, without blushing for the weaknesses of human nature?

But Mr. Gathaway was truly wise by experience, and consequently free from all the errors of doting childhood.

Adela venerated his character, and treasured up the instructions that fell from his lips. Nannette uttered an energetic, *Ab! mon Dieu! il ne viendra pas encore!* and burst into tears, when he quitted them. Adela clasped her hands together, raised her lovely eyes to Heaven, and retired to the cabin. But what an unwelcome scene was she there presented with!

Her old flame Mr. Lambert seated by a young and blooming female! He turned pale as ashes. Adela started! What could she do? Mr. Gathaway was gone, and
there

there was now no possible retreat. Nannette hid her face, and they silently withdrew to one of the windows.

Lambert trembled, and rivetted his eyes on the floor. "Are you not well?" enquired the Lady with tenderness." He shook his head, and rising, darted out of the cabin. The lady followed him with anxious look.

"False smiling villain," said Adela, "I hope, she is not thy prey." At that instant poor Nannette fainted away. Her feelings had been much awakened by Villere's tender adieu, and their subsequent adventures, aided by the shock of this rencontre with the being on earth she most detested, quite overpowered her, and she continued some time insensible. Adela was little better, but by the assistance of a fellow-passenger, who entered at this crisis. Nannette was restored, and fixing her languid eyes on her Mistress, faintly enquired, if the monster was still there. Adela assured her, he was not, adding, "how unfit is all this
sensibility

sensibility to be in such a rank, exposed to perpetual trials? Unable to defend myself, how can I guard you my worthy Nannette from an injurious world? I wish I could prevail on you even now, to relinquish your design of following my fortune; retract your generous purpose, and beg Mr. Gathaway to re-conduct you to the amiable Lady Ismena. She will receive you with gladness, and I shall be much happier; for think, should I be the means of exposing you to new distresses, what an addition to my own?" But Nannette only wiped away a falling tear, sighed deeply, and looked,

“ Like one that loves,

“ And some unkindness meets.”

The captain entered, and Adela forbore any farther entreaty. He was one of those rough sons of Neptune, whose chief felicity consists in bustle. Was now in all his glory. Exhibiting his immense consequence with a voice of thunder.

A sailor followed him into the cabin. " I wonder," says he, " what gale blew that shifting Jack to us. If he ever comes along side of me again, I'll give him a fousing. And he may thank his pretty companion for escaping so well now. 'Twas all a hum, Ben, I no more think he was sick, than I am sick. But he's a whimsical chap, and chose to alter his mind." The sailor acquiesced, shrewdly observing, he was d—d glad they had got rid of him, for he looked like a white livered sort of a hand: for all his parson's coat. The Captain acceded to this remark by a sagacious nod, and turning to his fair inmates, told them they would soon touch English ground, if their present breeze lasted.

Adela's curiosity was awakened by what she had just heard, and she enquired, if any of the passengers had left them? " Why yes, Miss," replied the Captain, sagaciously twirling a small parcel, which he had taken from one of the lockers, " that chap in black, that was sitting here when you came

came on board, has taken it into his fair-weather skull to be ill, and is returned to Calais, but has left this package behind him, and I must send it a-shore by a boat that lies along-side."

Adela's heart bounded with joy at this news, and the Captain was hastening from them: but, whether luckily, or unluckily the fates may decide; no sooner had he reached the side of the vessel, than (from repeated twistings and twirlings, which the Captain had thoughtlessly bestowed on it, the slender cord by which he held the said parcel gave way, and oh! woeful chance! it instantly sunk in the surrounding fluid.

The Captain uttered an emphatic exclamation upon the accident; but it was against his principles to lament what was irremediable; so he even consoled himself by whistling *Black ey'd Susan*: which was to him a sovereign balm for every woe. And the boat put off.

Every element was propitious.

The winds and waves were in their favour, and wafted them serenely to Dover's chalky cliffs.

The party consisted of two noble personages of the Drama, who had literally spent their vocation on the Continent.

A very fine Lady, and her very fine Abigail, both London-bred, who had been in quest of nothing.

An Alderman and his Lady daughter, very laudably, in pursuit of *common sense*. And a tall, and once elegant youth, dwindled away to a walking skeleton, in an unceasing chace after shadows in various forms.

The first fair one that enticed him, was one who wore the semblance of a fine *dark brown* coquet, who played off all her allurements, till the poor swain was entrapped, then turned from him, laughed at all his complaints, and left him to play the fool at leisure.

Alas! poor Strephon!

“ Long he sigh'd, and long he courted.”

At

At last, another fair supplied her place; but her day was a winter's one, short and gloomy: for it seems, blind ambition superseded her. Sometimes in the alluring form of a young and beautiful heiress of quality. Then in all the gay and dazzling advantages of a fluttering foldier. A red coat pretty fellow exhibiting all his attractions to ensnare some sighing damsel of fortune. But some how or other, not being able to make it out, he took the pet at himself, and the world. Retired into the country, and idled away his precious hours with any body. A thousand, and a thousand schemes were formed; but not one put in practice. Wretched for want of rational employment, he greedily snatched at any thing to fill up the aching void within.

Met with his old flame, and again knelt unheeded at her shrine.

What can he do? He longs for change of scene, yet nauseates that within his power. Makes a trip to the Continent with a bosom friend. Delighted for a few days, but his

old languor returns ; he passes a few insipid months, joining in pleasures which he cannot relish, and is now returning to England out of humour with himself, and all the world.

These were the particulars which Adela gleaned from his own conversation. She compassionated his situation. She saw he was wretched, and his wretchedness proceeded from viewing life through a false perspective, and thus deceived, he persists in the beaten path, and contemns the advice of those, who would willingly guide him to peace. “ Alas ! infatuated young man,” said Adela to herself, “ Why will you thus persist in voluntary misery ? and despise the proffered means of relief from the friendly counsel of more cool and able heads ? Why avoid such converse, and seek the giddy, dissipated slaves of folly ? ”

This, his own words proved to be the case. Her heart bled for him.

But she durst not avow her sentiments. She was a stranger, and her tongue was tied

tied up by prudence. But she was ever interested for the unhappy: besides the young man reminded her of an old, and highly valued friend, he resembled in person Mr. Melville. Happy would it be for him was it an internal resemblance, for the excellent Augustus, though sometimes biased by the fire of his mind, and led from the path of rectitude, was ever open to conviction. Ever thankful for counsel, grateful to his friends, sensible to his true interest, and above the pride of little minds.

The very soul of gentleness to his inferiors, and dignified respect to those above him: equally incapable of insolence to those below him in the ranks of life, or cringing servility to his superiors. Nobly proud and generously humble. With a heart ever ready to forgive the faults, and a hand open to relieve the wants of the afflicted, blessings attended Colonel Melville's amiable son.

Ye who like him are adorned with similar gifts, are young, accomplished, and generous,

neglect not the present moment, but go and do so likewise.

Our heroine's fellow-traveller, Mr. Harcourt, appeared to her in the light of an intimate, from no other cause, but the remarkable similarity between his person, and that of Mr. Melville. The imperceptible familiarity this gave rise to on the part of Adela, was increased by his polite attention to her, when labouring under the severity of her constant watry companion, sea-sickness. But think not his attention was confined to her. No; far be it from me to insinuate such a reflection on him. The fine lady, who, what with pearl powder, ermine, false tresses, and affectation, *quantum sufficit*, was certainly to a man of taste a far more pleasing object than artless Adela, and engrossed the far greatest part of his care. In short, before they landed, he was almost as deeply enamoured, as he had lately been with his nut brown Dulcinea; for the Alderman assured him on the word of a fishmonger of honor,

honor, that she was no less than a twenty-thousand pounder.

Harcourt almost fell into the sea at the sound. Ambition and all its golden dreams returned. He consulted, a dear reflecter, which had oftentimes consoled him in the hour of distress. Adjusted his hat, which was a very smart one, aided by a still smarter cockade, and without further prelude, resolved to commence the attack. But ah! what a pity? he could not for the life and soul of him, put his resolves in practice. He longed to be her escort to Town. Humm'd, ha'd, observed the serenity of the air, the stillness of the water, the beautiful ears of her lap dog, &c. &c. but had not courage enough to offer his service. So poor Leonora set off disconsolate and unattended, and her self baulked admirer made one in the post-chaise with the Princes of the Drama.

What became of the rest, I leave the fates to decide, for Adela saw no more of them:

them: but ordering a carriage, bent her thoughts and her course towards Barton.

The setting sun was displaying all its glories when they approached it. Adela's soul sunk within her, she knew not why. Her zealous attachment to the place of her nativity, recurred with the idea of playful infancy, and sportive childhood. But her sensations were not the same as usual on her approach to it. She was inexpressibly agitated and overwhelmed by a variety of obtruding fears. Her cheek sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, one instant glowed like crimson, the next, again reassumed its palid hue. The scene was replete with every rural charm. The white steeple of Barton peeped o'er an adjacent hill, the landscape was indescribably picturesque. A much admired poet deeply attached to Nature's pensive walks, started across our heroine's mind, and to divert the anxious interval, she repeated the following lines:

“ Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 “ My natal spot, where every scene cou'd please,
 “ How

“ How often have I loitered o’er thy green,
 “ Where humble happiness endear’d each scene.
 “ How often have I paused on every charm,
 “ The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 “ The never failing brook, the busy mill,
 “ Yon decent church, that tops the neighbouring
 hill ;
 “ That hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
 “ For talking age, and whispering lovers made.
 “ Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
 “ These simple blessings of the lowly train,
 “ To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 “ One native charm, then all the gloss of art.
 “ Spontaneous joy, where nature has its play,
 “ My soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway,
 “ Lightly they frolick o’er the vacant mind,
 “ Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.”

But all would not do. A gloomy presentiment again possessed Adela in a nearer view of her Louisa’s dwelling. The mournful interview appeared in glowing colours.

She shrunk back into a corner of the carriage, and hid her face with her handkerchief as it stopped.

“ The

“ The house is shut up, Madam,” exclaimed the postilion. Adela echoed his last words, and looked out of the window.

The house was indeed shut up.

A peasant girl passed them, to her Adela applied for an explanation of the mystery.

“ They are gone, Ma’am,” replied the girl, “ to live a great way off.” “ Gone!” repeated Adela, “ and so suddenly too, it is very strange; and to me at this juncture truly distressing.” How could she be satisfied about it? How gain any intelligence of them? Go to Mrs. Smith. No!—she could not bear the sight of Faern Hall at this time; or rather its inhabitants. What then was to be done?

Many of her old acquaintance were thought of, but a powerful objection overruled an application to them. Loquacious curiosity is the too frequent inhabitant of an obscure country village: and Adela felt herself unable to cope with them. She shrunk from the bold, and perhaps, impertinent enquiries of those, who conceived them-

themselves authorised to say any thing, because, to use their own phrase, they knew her when no higher than the table. After much deliberation Mr. Wilmot occurred to her. He was in every respect superior to most of his neighbours. Long had she marked him as a being of a higher order, and to his habitation the postilion was directed to drive.

As they drew near to the parsonage, Adela's palpitations redoubled. It was the very house where she first drew breath. It brought back her beloved parents, and their whole domestic train to her memory, and it was impossible to suppress her emotions. The happy hours she had passed there with Mr. and Mrs. Smith were likewise remembered: and she sighed deeply. "Here are great alterations," said she, on observing a new gate at the entrance of the avenue, and a high garden wall which Mr. Wilmot had erected.) They were driving close by the side of it, when a voice exclaimed, "No, No, Dick; I won't have the
the

the temple altered: it shall positively remain in *statu quo* as long as I live. As a faint tribute of the respect to the memory of its founder."

The person addressed fetched a deep sigh; or more properly a groan. The postilion turned round with quickness, supposing it proceeded from the carriage, and Adela whispered him to stop a few moments. She knew the voice to be Mr. Wilmot's. Her curiosity was awakened, and she wished to hear the remainder of the dialogue.

" Ah! to be sure, Master," replied Dick, " I must needs say, you're more righter than I: for nobody can gainsay but Parson Northington was deservin' of *reference* from every-body. Many and many a-time he has larn'd me my Catechis: and many a hapeny has a gived me: and patted my head, and called me a good little boy. Well, God has always sent our parish good parsons I think. There was Parson Smith walked for all the world in the steps of his *pre — possessor*; as the saying is, but poor Gentleman,

Gentleman, he did'nt joy the *benefits* long. And as for your honor, I wou'dn't presume to say much; but all the parish knows what your honour is."

" Dick's eloquence was more than Adela could well bear; she waved her hand to the postilion to proceed; and stopping at the new gate, Dick ran with eager haste to see who the strangers were. But catching a glance of Adela's profile, he flew back to his master with the swiftness of thought, and almost out of breath, quoted the old adage of, "Speak of the D——l and his horns appear." with the most profound gravity.

Mr. Wilmot smiled, and Dick proceeded.

I am sure, Sir, there never was a more truer saying, your Honor may laugh to be sure; but I've noted it a thousand, and a thousand times to that again. Why now, Sir, just as we was a talking about our old Parson, who pops in upon us, but Miss. Nay, I'm fartin 'tis she, thof she's a good deal paler, and lost almost all her flesh, since

since she went away to live with a great lady in London. But still, one can't chuse but know her by her sweet good tempered look. As like her Papa, Sir, as she can stare."

"Is it really, Miss Northington?" enquired Mr. Wilmot. But before his talkative domestic could reply, the postilion entered the garden with Mrs. Amfbury's compliments, and requested to speak with him, "Then you are mistaken, Dick," said Mr. Wilmot, and readily accompanied the messenger.

But what was his amazement to find still Dick was in the right? What could be the motive of her presence in Barton, he could not conjecture? Various had been the reasons assigned for her separation with the Rhodes', not the most favourable to her. But her marriage, and the fate of Theodore Amfbury, had never reached his ear. Adela enquired for her friend and father? Do you not know, Madam, replied Mr. Wilmot with a look of astonishment,
tha

that Mr. Amfbury is gone to Flanders, and your amiable friend, (he paused and fixed his eyes on the ground) is married to Mr. Rhodes, and with the whole family are gone to the German Spa.

“ Louifa Amfbury the wife of Mr. Rhodes!” exclaimed Adela, “ then I have not a place to lay my head in.” She clasped her hands together in filent anguish, and after a pause, enquired if Mrs. Smith was likewise with them? And being answered in the affirmative, “ My intention,” faid ſhe, Mr. Wilmot “ was to have obtruded myſelf on your goodneſs for a few hours: to diſpatch a letter to Mrs. Smith, and enquire for my loſt friends. But your information renders it unneceſſary to trouble you further.” Mrs. Delamaine, who in the firſt emotions of her ſurpriſe, ſhe did not *mentally* allude to, now recurred, and brought comfort with her. “ I have ſtill,” ſaid ſhe, “ a real friend left, and to her I muſt inſtantly haſten.”

But

But Mr. Wilmot would not hear of her going, until she was more composed. He repeatedly assured her, he would not suffer her to depart without some refreshment: and after much sollicitation, she reluctantly complied with his intreaty. She enquired how long Mr. Amisbury had quitted Barton, and if Mr. Wilmot was acquainted with the motives that induced him to visit Flanders. To those enquiries Mr. Wilmot replied, that he had been gone only a few days, that he saw him the very morning of his departure: and was informed by himself, that a pressing summons from his brother-in-law, was his sole inducement. “ He looked rather dejected,” added Mr. Wilmot, and said, “ My brother entreats my daughter and self to join him, and help to chear the evening of his days. My poor boy, he informs me, is indisposed, but not materially. Much rather would I close my life in this dear spot: but he is too generous to be refused. I therefore sacrifice my own attachment here to gratify the best of brothers,

thers,

thers, and of friends. Louisa is I hope more happily disposed of, and I leave her without one sigh. The adored wife of one of the richest Commoners in this kingdom, and blessed with a disposition so peculiarly charming, she will I trust, preserve her empire o'er his heart: and cannot, surely, fail of happiness." " I give you his own words," said Mr. Wilmot, " and hope, his expectations will not prove too sanguine." Again Adela expressed her amazement at this unlooked for alliance, and the acquiescence of the bridegroom's ambitious mother: an event, Mr. Wilmot assured her no less inexplicable to all that ever heard it; when the misery in store for the respected Amsbury recurred, and Mr. Wilmot was at length acquainted with such heart-rending circumstance of that fatal tragedy, ever present to her imagination. Mr. Wilmot sincerely participated in her sorrow, and used every gentle argument, that could possibly alleviate it. Never did Nature bestow a larger portion of the milk of human

human kindness, than was evident, in every action of this real servant of the Deity. He walked truly in the steps of his benign Master, was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. Those who were mentally benighted, and stumbled amidst the errors of their own understandings, he enlightened by his precepts, and confirmed by his example.

Is there under Heaven a more noble charity?

But Mr. Wilmot stopped not here. The poor, and needy crouded his gates, went away refreshed by his bounties, and blessed the liberal giver. He possessed from Nature ardent piety, universal benevolence, and strict integrity; but he was discreet and moderate, from principle. His passions were lively, and would probably have led him into numerous errors had he not watched, and regulated their motions with unceasing care. They often prevented pleasure with all her allurements; but if duty called a different way; although he
some-

sometimes cast a longing lingering look behind, he never failed to obey her injunctions.

• Who can pay to merit like this its just tribute? My pen fails in the attempt. But suffer me to add an ardent wish, that every labourer in the vineyard of God, was such as Mr. Wilmot.

In his society Adela found much real consolation. He soothed her ruffled spirits, and kindled in her breast the lambent flame of pure disinterested friendship: a flame, which few, I fear can approach uninjured; they play with the fire, and like heedless children, frequently experience the most fatal consequences, because they are ignorant of its quality.

The entrance of a visiter, interrupted their *tete-a-tete*. This was a goody gossip, and an old acquaintance of Adela's; who being informed of her arrival by Dick, ran with all speed to caress the dear child, until she was half-dead: to use her own phrase. But gladly would Adela have dispensed with those violent caresses, pleased as she was,
at

at again meeting this honest woman, who had been the attendant of her infant years : and was endowed with a memory, not at all inferior to Juliet's nurse. She repeated minutely the most trivial incidents of her childhood. " Well to be sure, there never was such a baby seen, so forward, and so knowing ; it was no wonder her Papa, and Mamma doated on her."

Thus the loquacious cottager ran on, till supper appeared ; she then with a profusion of courtesies retired : and after partaking of a simple repast, a bell summoned the inhabitants of the vicarage to evening devotion : and Adela after its conclusion bidding Mr. Wilmot adieu for the night, was followed by Nannette to an apartment, plain, and simply elegant.

" Surely," said she, " if happiness ever deigns to visit the children of men, it is in scenes like this she loves to dwell. Here she eludes those dark browed cares, that infests the dome of greatness : here no useless pomps and vanities, obstruct the progress of virtue ;

virtue; but religion, health, peace, and contentment may revel securely in these happy glades." "May my soul never forget thy lessons, O eternal wisdom! but may I be enabled to trace thy footsteps through all the varying scenes of life."

With this prayer, she laid her head on the pillow, and the God of sleep waved his wand over her senses.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WITH the morning sun Adela arose to pursue her journey, and instantly dispatched Nannette to order the carriage to be got ready: hoping to get away without the painful ceremony of a formal leave-taking; or the risque of another detention from her hospitable friend. But here she was disappointed; Mr. Wilmot was a still earlier

earlier matiner, the flowery creation was blooming beneath his hand, and expanding their ambient odours to the morning zephyr, ere Somnus had forsaken her pillow; but judging of her anxiety to be with her now only protectress, he no longer opposed her departure; but as soon as breakfast was removed, led her to the carriage, and repeated his wishes for her happiness.

Dick pushed aside the postilion as he was about to open the door of the chaise, and performed the office himself, with a sort of disconsolate affection praying most vehemently all the time for blessings to rest on the head of his dear young lady, as he termed Adela; struck with his manner, she held out her hand to him, in token of her gratitude, and he pressed it to his bosom with an air, that would not have disgraced a more refined swain.

Happy, thrice happy, are those who possess, like this untutored rustic, that native gentleness of spirit, and glowing warmth of heart, which knows no delight
equal

equal to that of obliging all with whom they associate. This is the true politeness which school labour can never bestow. All hail! thou invaluable blessing! thou smootheest the rugged path of life, and Elysium smiles around thee.

This was the quality which first recommended Dick to the notice of Mr. Wilmot, and paved the way to innumerable dignities; for in addition to the household list of footman, gardener, compleat valet, who dressed his master's hair, and shaved him three times a week, and groom of the stables; he was sole manager of an extensive glebe, collector of the tythes, distributor of the poor money, arbitrator of petty feuds, grave-digger, and toller of the bell, (*alias* Sexton) with all its innumerable avocations: which office procured him much respect in the parish.

But as honors are generally attended with some inconvenience, so Dick's elevated title of Parish Officer often worked him, to use his own language, a world of trouble.

If a grave was opened too soon, to admit a new guest. If a tomb stone was removed; or surviving relatives saw nettles, or some obnoxious weed growing o'er the tenement of their deceased friends: when a yearly stipend was paid to have its respectful appearance supported. On any failures of this nature, which occurred not unfrequently, the injured parishoners attacked poor Dick, and the parsonage resounded with their clamours.

But Dick, to do him justice, was a fellow of infinite humour, and when reasoning failed, often effected his peace by a well timed joke. Add to this useful quality, indefatigable industry, and tried fidelity, and wonder not that Mr. Wilmot regarded this valuable domestic, more than he was willing to evince.

Again Dick sighed as the carriage drove off, hung his head, and with solemn step returned to his gardening labour, took up the spade; but threw it from him, and ran back to get another peep at the disappearing

ing carriage. Mr. Wilmot smiled at the poor fellow's oddities ; and emphatically hoped Heaven would protect his amiable friend.

The postilion was obedient to the instructions he received, the rapidity with which he drove kept pace with the impatience of Adela, and before the hour of dining in the polite world, they arrived at their place of destination. A footman, who as well as his livery was unknown to Adela, opened the door, she enquired for Mrs. Delamaine, and the man looked surprised, " Is not Mrs. Delamaine at home," repeated she, " There is no such lady here, Madam," he replied, " Not here!" returned Adela, Does not Mrs. Delamaine live here ? The footman answered in the negative, adding " he knew no family of the name ; but he had heard it mentioned by their cook : as for himself he was quite a new servant." Adela then requested he would enquire if *she* knew where Mrs. Delamaine was removed. He complied,

and the cook returned with him. Adela instantly recollected her, she lived in the same capacity with Mrs. Delamaine, and after expressing her joy at again seeing our heroine, related mournful tidings.

Mrs. Delamaine was gone to Germany with her friend the Doctor on business of importance, and not purposing to return soon, had disposed of her house and furniture, to its present possessors, who were now out of Town. The woman added with sadness, "Her dear old mistress had met with trouble enough lately." Adela then enquired, "if there had been any letters from abroad left there for Mrs. Delamaine?"

The woman replied, there had, and were now in her possession, and going into the house, she returned with Adela's three last letters to that Lady: saying, she knew not where to address them to her late mistress, she therefore intended to keep them until her return. This Adela told her was now unnecessary, and repaying her what she had expended for postage, begged admittance

tance to rest herself a few minutes. This was readily granted, and after discharging the carriage with an aching heart, she followed her conductress.

Part of Mr. Fontinoy's cruel wish was now accomplished.

Poverty and bitterness of soul stared in her face, and Nannette was an additional cause; she blamed herself for yielding to the solicitation of that worthy creature. She had not now a single friend to whom she could recommend her. Melancholy indeed were her reflections. "Good God! Where shall us find a home?" said she, starting from her seat with emotion. Nannette sobbed again, as audibly as when she saw her lover's waving handkerchief, and the cook entered with toast and chocolate. It was truly welcome, Adela had fasted since morning, and was faint, with the addition of anxiety and fatigue; and Nannette was not in a much better state; the cook observed her distress, and enquired if she was again going to Barton?

“ To Barton,” repeated Adela, laying down her cup, and looking wistfully in the woman’s face, “ No; I know not where we are going.”

She was about to say more; but a moment’s reflection changed her purpose. No, she wished not to be traced, she would hide herself in some remote corner, and far from the reach of unavailing pity. Labour for bread. None should know of her distress. Nannette would help her to work, between them they might surely earn a subsistence, and mere poverty was not her dread.

Thus resolved, she seemed to recollect herself, smiled and told the woman she now remembered a family, where she should remain until she could fix on a home.

She finished her chocolate, and the cook in a fearful tone of voice, enquired if she had heard any thing of Mrs. Lennard lately, “ Ah! no;” replied Adela. The retrospect this brought to her view, was more than she could bear. She arose without waiting

a re-

a reply; thanked her kind entertainer, and leaning on Nannette's arm was leaving the house; when recollecting their trunks, she turned back to tell the footman they should be sent for the next morning, and walked into the street without knowing which way to direct her trembling steps.

“ The world was all before them, where to chuse
 “ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEING myself no disciple of the power of chance, I cannot attribute the course our heroine now pursued to its influence; but am more inclined to believe it the inevitable impulse of fatality. But leaving this question for the decision of more able casuists.

I will simply follow our heroine in her search after a lodging; a new, and to her a very awkward employment.

Not adverting to its impropriety she kept on her travelling dress, which being in the highest style of Parisian elegance, attracted no small degree of observation from the passing croud.

Various were the comments that were made; some wondered such fine habited ladies should appear in the streets without a footman: and others shrewdly animadverted on the Frenchified *tout ensemble* of poor Nannette: who, much offended at their rudeness, exclaimed, "*Ma chere, Madame! Ils sont des aveugles!*"

Doubtless supposing they must certainly be blind not to be struck with awe, and impressed with admiration at her own graces: and still more so at the superlative ones of her lady. Adela was likewise hurt at the universal notice they excited, but turning her eyes to their dress owned it no more than natural, and seeing a bill stuck

up

up at a decent house, with Lodgings to let furnished, she knocked at the door, and it was opened by a lad about fourteen, of whom she enquired, "what their lodgings were?" But instead of giving her any answer, he burst into a tittering laugh in Nannette's face, who with open mouth was waiting his reply, and ran into an adjoining parlour. Offended, and no less surprised at such behaviour, the angry particles mounted into Adela's face, and with hasty step, she turned from the door, when a pleasing voice invited her back, she looked round, and beheld such an alluring figure, that her anger instantly vanished, and they were shewn into the parlour, where the boy sat in apparent disgrace, and Nannette's eyes flashed fire at the sight of him. The mistress of the house with a smile of ineffable grace requested to know, "What apartments they wanted?" at the same time taking a full survey of our wanderer's habiliments.

“ I only want,” replied Adela, blushing, “ a very neat and humble apartment.”

“ Oh! Madam, I beg pardon,” returned the landlady, rising upon her seat, “ I am sorry I should have detained you, but I never,” again glancing her eyes over Adela’s person, “ let my apartments to any but real ladies.”

“ For which appellation, I am unable to pay,” replied Adela, rather nettled at the woman’s insinuation. Ned was now desired to open the door for them, which he performed with alacrity, and repeating his insolence when Nannette passed him, she burst into a violent flood of tears. In vain Adela made use of every argument she could think of to appease her; the girl continued weeping from an excess of rage. Her appearance drew the attention of every passenger, who eagerly enquired the cause of her distress. Adela entreated her to be composed, she was almost deprived of her senses, and looking around saw a mob at their heels. A pastry cook’s shop was the
first

first asylum that presented itself, she entered it with precipitation, and begged a shelter. "Do you want to buy any thing?" enquired a short fat woman behind the counter; Adela did not make her a direct answer, but ardently repeated her request. The woman now turned her eye to the window, and observing many people gathered round it, roughly demanded, "what she brought a mob about her door for?" and bid her be gone, adding, "she would warrant they followed her for no good: a fine stuck up tawdry Madam: and the crying one for all the world, like a gallanty-show woman." Adela gazed in her face, and uttered the words, "good woman," perhaps, she was going to remonstrate on her cruelty; but the wretch prevented her. Marching her frightful person round the counter, she stepped up to our trembling heroine, and seizing her by one arm, "Don't good woman me, don't you hussy," said she, shaking her violently, "for if you do, I'll have you taken up for scandal. Good wo-

man, indeed! I tell you, I wo'nt take it from such trumpery as you. Go troop, I say, or I'll send for a constable, for all your fine jarkin here." Nannette seeing her mistress thus mal-treated, forgot her own wrongs and flew to her rescue. Pushing the woman violently away, she fell on the floor, and, oh, disastrous! in her fall threw down two large glass jars full of confectionary, and shivered them to pieces. The noise those made, together with the cries of the woman, who received a large contusion in the back of her head, brought the whole family, and indeed, every inhabitant in the house to her assistance. Dire was the conflict between Nannette and them, the former uttered unintelligible threatenings for the alarm given her mistress, and insisted on being suffered to depart. But a young virago barricaded the door, and dispatched the apprentice for an officer of justice to secure the offenders; who she loudly declared had murdered her mother. In the mean time the old woman was raised from

from the ground by the lodgers and servants; and Adela sat like a spectre, unable to utter a word. Passion supported Nannette. She trembled and raved by turns. A constable entered, to whom they were consigned, until the old woman's head was examined, and the glasses paid for.

This said Constable proved to be a man of extraordinary susceptibilities in his way: his countenance inspired Adela with courage to relate her wrongs. He rested his chin on his staff, looked stedfastly in her face, and declared she had been very ill treated. It was a pity to be sure, her maid had been so hasty; but he would, he assured her, upon his honor counterpoise the matter as well as possible. Adela gratefully expressed her acknowledgments, and Nannette quite exhausted again had resource to tears. The pastry-cook's daughter overhearing his professions, exclaimed in a shrill voice, " Ay, to be sure, Mr. Winkit, you're a fine justice man to side with she, because she's pretty, Indeed, Mr. Winkit it is very ungen-

ungentlemanlike behaviour of you; but I'll send for all the constables in the Christenthumb, but what Mother shall be righted."

"God forbid, Miss Serimpem, that I should fail in my professional duty: or my duty to a sister in affliction, as I may call this young lady," replied Mr. Winkit, "but right is right you know, Miss Serimpem." "Ay, ay, Sir; so it is," returned the lady, "but I think, Sir, it i'nt wery right to enter into a connivance with nobody knows who, against such customers as we are; but God willing, you'll have no more of our money, I'll assure you." That neither makes nor mars, Miss," said this honest man, "I'll not stir an inch from duty for that, come open the door and let the ladies go, you'll be paid for your glassess, and that's out of the letter of the law, considering your mother was the first transgressor."

"I, a transgressor," replied the mother, "I scorn your words, Sir. She brought a mob about my shop, Mr. Winkit, to the great injury of my character, for nobody can say there

there ever was a mob round my door before, since I first kept house, and I hope, Polly won't let 'em go, till the Doctor sees if I am mortally wounded, and make 'em pay all expences." "Pshaw, pshaw;" replied Mr. Wickit, "mortally wounded, hey; no danger of that, I warrant ye, be advised by me, take the money, and I'll pledge myself for the damage done your skull." But Mrs. Serimpem persisted in her resolution with much virulence: and the Surgeon entered. "A slight wound, a very slight wound;" repeated he with a careless air, "not worth sending for me about." This said Surgeon was a very fine young fellow, and having heard the whole story before, came strongly prepossessed in favour of our heroine, and her unfortunate attendant. With the assistance of those two champions our wanderers were released after Adela had paid two guineas for Nannette's trial of skill.

So great was their joy on being emancipated from the power of those furies, that
Adela

Adela for a moment, forgot her truly desolate situation, and Nannette seemed to walk on air, so light were her spirits, and so forgetful was she of their unhoused condition that it was only respect to her mistress that prevented her mirth from being as singular as her sorrow had lately been. But soon did the want of an habitation recur to our heroine. The lamps were lit. At such a time of night so apparelled to procure a lodging, she feared was impracticable. What was to be done? She consulted the profile of her escort. Mr. Winkit's countenance was really that of a good Samaritan: besides he was an elderly man. The other was young, and she thought had some appearance of libertinism. So it was resolved to relate her embarrassments to the kind constable.

At the door of the surgeon's habitation he bade them adieu, and Mr. Winkit enquired if they were far from home? This was the time, and Adela replied with emotion, "They had no home." "No home," repeated

repeated Mr. Winkit, "how so? what is the meaning of that?" She explained the mystery. "Alas! dear young lady," said the compassionate man, "my heart bleeds for you, would to God, I had a home to offer. I have a house to be sure, Miss, and a good house, though I say it; but what of that? It's not under my jurisdiction. I am married you must know, Miss. I married a common council-man's daughter, and had a very pretty fortune with her; but I'm not happy for all that. I am sorry to say it, but she is'nt the woman to my mind. She is a woman of a terrible high spirit, very jealous, will have her own way, and sometimes makes the house too hot to hold me." Adela smiled at the history, and Mr. Winkit proceeded. "However, Miss, I will do my best for you. Here's a very creditable inn just by, and I'm well known to the landlord; you may get a very good bed there for the night, and in the morning I'll go myself and see about a lodging for you."

Adela

Adela shrunk at the mention of thus unguarded sleeping at an inn; but there was no alternative, so positively acquiescing she followed her new made friend.

The inn was a very superior one. The landlord the emblem of beef and pudding, a boon companion; and Mr. Winkit's very best friend. He looked archly in Adela's face, and declared she should be well taken care of, and shewing them into a room introduced them to his lady wife, a short spare woman with one eye, apparently old enough to be his grandmother. With this one eye, which literally was a piercer, she surveyed our heroine and her maid with the strictest attention.

Mr. Winkit called for some punch, and related the story of Mrs. Serimpem. "I always apprehended," said the landlady, bridling and looking askant at Adela, "that Mrs. Serimpem was a very judicious sort of a person." "You are always apprehending stuff," replied the landlord hastily, "but I've told you often enough, she is

no better than an old cant." "Well, Sir, a mistake is no robbery I suppose," returned the lady biting her nether lip. Her lord and master looked angry, and turning to Adela enquired, "what she would like for supper." "A cup of coffee," she said, was all she wished for. This was soon procured, Nannette partook in the repast, and as soon as Mr. Winkit took his leave they were shewn to their apartment. Restless and feverish from her late alarms sleep was a stranger to Adela's eye lids, while her companion lay immersed in happy insensibility. A thousand, and ten thousand terrifying fears passed in succession through Adela's mind, and increased her indisposition. Various were the schemes she revolved, she could fix on none; but so fully did they possess her imagination that the chambermaid came to inform her Mr. Winkit was below, and wanted to see her before she once reflected on the lapse of time.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ **I** HAVE brought you news that I hope will be welcome, Miss,” said Mr. Winkit, who met Adela at the bottom of the stairs. “ Come, don’t look so much down in the mouth, why, I’ve got you a lodging, child; and I hope it will please you, the people of the house are very civil, and I’ll see every thing made as easy as I can for you: she’s ready for you now, and as soon as you’ve had your breakfast, you had better go with me, and see how you like it: for,” added he, “ the bargain is’nt struck yet.” Adela replied she had much more reliance on his judgment in the present case than her own; and if he approved of the lodging, wished to go to it immediately, as it was very distressing to her to remain at an inn, “ why as for that, child,” returned Mr. Winkit, (who adopted the familiar epithet of child, from a sort of affectionate interest

interest he felt in our heroine's favor) this house is certainly as good a house as you can be in the public way; but I think a private one is certainly properer for a young lady like you, and as you depend upon me, I do'nt think, I could meet with a better than the one I have spoken of, so when you have had your breakfast, if you please, you may go to it. If you don't like it there is no obligations to stay after you are there, for you must only take it for a week certain." Our heroine readily acquiesced, and dispatching breakfast with alacrity desired a hackney coach to be called, which conveyed them to their destined habitation. It was situated in a clean and reputable neighbourhood in the vicinity of one of the Inns of Court. Its owner was one, whose fellow, if you search the world around will scarce be met with. A natural curiosity in every sense of the word. Bred to a genteel calling, he pursued it with credit, though with great repugnance many years. At length wearied with machanic

pur-

pursuits, and conceiving himself entitled to a superior walk in life, he threw aside his apron and commenced dentist, for which profession, to do him justice, he was eminently qualified, for when he called on his customers to know how their new teeth pleased, he never failed to furnish himself with some flattering, or scandalous anecdote, (according to the taste of the party) by which happy expedient they had an opportunity of displaying their newly acquired beauties, and if situated opposite a faithful mirror, they never failed of evincing uncommon complacency, pronouncing the dentist a most pleasant creature, and accompanying their smiles with something far more welcome. Yet notwithstanding all this pleasantry when interest called, view him in his domestic circle, and you would surely fancy him some Eastern Bashaw; for never was there a more despotic tyrant. The care-worn partner of his life trembled at his nod, and mourned in secret the ill fared hour that made her, wife. His friends de-
spised

spised and left him. His narrow selfish soul the exact counterpart of himself, haughty, petulent, and conceited, taught him to domineer even over the mother that bore him.

Mistaken man. Unjust and cruel father, thou art leading thy offspring into a path which must inevitably tend to utter destruction. Instructing him like thyself, to hold in contempt every shadow of religion, and trample on the rights of thy fellow mortals. Such was the master of Adela's new abode. I have said he could smile, flatter and cringe, when he had any self gratification in view, and Adela being young, elegant, and he supposed, possessed of a little ready cash, he deemed it necessary to be most amazingly polite. Mr. Winkit who had very wisely concealed her real situation, fearing it might expose her to many inconveniences, and with people in general could be productive of no good, represented them as a lady and her maid from the Continent, who were to be in Town a short
time

time on business, and wished to live as private and unexpensive as possible; and very earnestly cautioned Adela against placing the least confidence in the people of the house, until she was assured they were worthy of it. "For," says he, "Miss, I'm sorry to say it; but 'tis certainly true, the world are all up in arms against distress. Poverty is a crime few can forgive, therefore let nothing but necessity induce you to divulge it." "But my good Sir, we must work for bread:" replied Adela, "and how is that to be done, unless people know I am poor?" "Why as to that, child, I have got a scheme in my head," returned Mr. Winkit, "that I hope will answer for you; but Rome was not built in a day, so make yourself easy now, and to-morrow I will call and let you know all about it."

Again, and again, did Adela thank her disinterested friend, and giving him a commission to send for her trunk from Mrs. Delamaine's, he took his leave, exhorting her

her to keep up her spirits, and lavishing encomiums on her, to the dentist and his wife. The former was infinitely delighted with his new lodger, pronouncing her, "A fine young dog, a pretty little fellow." Epithets which he never bestowed on any but his reigning favorites, but which he indiscriminately applied without distinction of sexes. From some cause or other this said personage had contracted an oddity of manner in his unguarded moments, which not unfrequently gained him the appellation of madman! Whether he deserved it or not, I cannot take upon me to determine; but certain it is, he had much the appearance of it; such as muttering to himself, starting suddenly from his seat, striking his forehead, uttering incoherent sentences, stamping with his foot, and after being re-seated a few moments seeming to forget the whole transaction. Poor man! he was certainly whimsical; but if really insane, I take upon me to affirm, it was not much learning that made him so. The son imi-

tated his father's *politesse* to our heroine, and the lady of the house durst not utter her real sentiments; but she did not greatly admire the strange lady, and as for Nannette she was soon the object of her fixed aversion, but fear made her civil and attentive, and Adela was perfectly satisfied.

After Mr. Winkit's departure Adela retired to her own room. It was really such as she wished, neat and humble. It contained no useless ornament. Four rush bottom chairs, an old fashioned worm eaten dining table, not very modern, tea ditto, and a piece of furniture that reminded her of a certain poetical description,

“ A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.”

was the principal part of the contents. Nannette looked round with a kind of suppressed disapprobation, then gazed ardently in her mistress's face, who knowing her thoughts mildly said, “ It is good enough
for

for me, Nannette, here I can work and weep, far from

“ The cruel scorn,
Which poverty will never fail to meet,
From giddy passion, and low-minded pride.”

“ But far be it from me to make you a partaker in my adversity. If your needle can here procure you a support equal to service, I scruple not to assure you, your society will be an infinite comfort to me; But if not, we must part, no consideration shall prevail on me to suffer you to injure yourself from a mistaken tenderness to me. I can suffer whatever it pleaseth Heaven to inflict on myself, I hope with resignation; but I cannot bear to be the cause of afflicting others. I cannot now hope to procure you an eligible service here, as I have you see, no friends, and my own recommendation would be of no effect, because I am poor.”

Nannette uttered many an emphatical *mon Dieu!* during this harangue, and eat

away an entire finger of one of her gloves. " I know not what we shall do about dinner," said Adela, again considering their dress. " We are neither of us fit to be seen; perhaps, the people of the house can get us some." She was very ill, but wished to conceal it. Her head ached violently, and she rested it for a moment on her hand. A gentle tap at the door of their apartment, Nannette opened it. It was Master Jacques with his Papa and Mamma's compliments to the lady, and as she was not settled yet, begged the favor of her company to dine with them. Adela was very reluctant, but Nannette seconded them, and she complied with their request. The repast was evidently more splendid than usual, in compliment she vainly supposed to herself. But soon was she undeceived by the appearance of two ladies from the City. Very accomplished sweet girls, as Mrs. Jacques repeatedly told them, but Adela had not taste enough to relish their conversation, therefore could not attend to it; indeed, had it been

been more calculated to give her pleasure, her indisposition of body and mind, would certainly have prevented it. She sat, except immersed in thought, except when a horrid panegyric from Mr. Jacques roused her for a moment. "Only observe, said he in an audible whisper to one of the females above-mentioned, "do take notice of that lady's teeth, they are really charming! admirably arranged, and only want scaling to be the most perfect set I ever beheld."

"Has your teeth ever been scaled?" said he to Adela in a louder key. "Never, Sir;" was her reply. Jacques stared her in the face, and grinned horridly a ghastly smile. "Never scaled!" repeated he, ha, hum! that's very amazing! never scaled you say? Why, where have you lived?" Adela blushed, but remained silent. "Some old dad's fault, I suppose, hum, hum, is'nt it so?" She looked rather contemptuously, but still was silent. "Well, well; can have it done now without asking leave, hey! Got clear off now, hey! Your own mis-

trefs now, hey! No longer under discipline! Ah! its a fine thing to get free." Ha! Jem, all fathers are'nt like me, what say you, my boy? you're not dumb too, I hope?" Indeed, Papa, we all know you're very good;" replied Jem, pertly sneering at Adela; who he saw was already in the train of Papa's good graces. She was really ill. The head ach was as she feared only a prelude to something worse. Her face was flushed with crimson, a kind of tremulous agitation shook her whole frame. She apologized to the company and withdrew. Various were the strictures passed on her. The ladies pitied her, poor thing, she had very little to say. "Faith I, I liked her very prodigiously at first," said Mr. Jacques, "thought her a clever little fellow enough, did'nt you, Miss Sally?" addressing his wife. She had scarcely seen her. Could not pretend to form such hasty judgments. "No; nor any judgment at all, I believe;" replied the don, "always keep your mouth shut, don't let every

every body know you're a fool. Judgment indeed ! you must talk of judgment. Poor thing, I wish you knew what common sense was." Poor Miss Sally made no reply, and his guests knew him well. He chucked one of them under the chin. " Well, you little dog, how d'ye come on with your French ? let me look at your teeth ?" She grinned. Oh ! for the picture of an Hogarth to delineate the scene). A sad fellow, a sad lazy fellow, neglected them shamefully, must have them scaled again." A visiter was at this moment announced, and in walked Mr. Winkit. " How is the young lady ?" he repeatedly enquired before he obtained a reply ; at last, they would let her know he was there, believed she was not very well ; Nannette obeyed the summons, her mistress was very ill, she thought feverish, and was just lain down and fallen asleep. " Don't disturb her," said Mr. Winkit, " I will come again before night. I have only brought your trunks now, according to the lady's

desire; I fetched them myself in a coach, and they are put in the kitchen till you can get them carried up stairs. Give my respects to your mistress when she wakes; poor thing; indeed, I'm sorry to hear she's so poorly, but I hope, 'twill soon go off, its only fatigue. But you must keep up your spirits, and not droop too." With these words Mr. Winkit left Nannette, who returned to watch the starting slumbers of her much loved lady." But very differently were the parlour circle employed, they were busied in literally mangling the good name of our heroine.

The Miss Chittys knew Mrs. Winkit intimately before she married that low fellow; but since that period had dropped all acquaintance with her: however, they were really sorry for her poor woman, though she had been so imprudent as to enter into a connection beneath herself, it was a pity her money should be squandered away on others. " If I thought that was the case," replied the sagacious Jacques, " Miss fine
airs.

airs should not stay long under my roof, indeed, from her melancholy look at dinner, I am led to believe she is some poor distressed thing that he has met with; and you know it is very uncomfortable to have those sort of people in one's house, if they are no worse than poor, especially such dainty ladies as this, that seems to expect as much deference paid her, as if she was somebody." Well, Mrs. Jacques was not at all surprised, she thought the first moment she beheld her, there was a something very suspicious in her. "Hush, Mrs. Sagacity," returned her imperious lord, "hush, I beseech you, we want none of your wise remarks."

This conversation was carefully treasured up by a servant maid, who was removing the dinner apparatus, and faithfully transmitted to Nannette, to whom she carried up a share of the fragments.

Passion again shook every nerve of this sensitive French woman; but from the real attachment she bore her lady, she suppressed

fed the effects ; however, vexation deprived her of appetite, and the maid disappeared with the viands just as Adela awoke.

“ Have you ate any thing, Nannette ? ” was her first enquiry, “ *oui Madame,* ” was the chearful reply, but *la rouge* started into Nannette’s face, and our heroine doubted the truth of what she said. “ I fear you deceive me, Nannette, you have not dined I am assured.” Nannette blushed still deeper, and was silent ; but instantly recovering herself, instead of answering the question, she enquired with energy, if her dear lady was still ill ? “ No, very slightly indisposed,” and she begged for a cup of coffee. Nannette flew to her new friend, she promised to get it for her, and Nannette returned to inform our heroine of Winkit’s visit. It was most welcome intelligence, their habiliments were much deranged, others were now procured, and Adela found herself much refreshed. The coffee entered, and with it another message from Mr. Winkit, he was desired to walk
up,

up, and congratulated our heroine on the alteration in her looks; " yes, she was much better, and hoped the Almighty would support her." " No doubt, no doubt of that, Miss," repeated Mr. Wink-it, " your trunks are all right, I hope; the servants where I went for them was very curious about you; but I obeyed your commands, did not satisfy them a word about you, and now you seem a little recovered and settled, I'll tell you what I have been contriving for you. You must know, child, I have got an acquaintance that keeps a great toy-shop. I have been speaking to her this morning, and if you know any thing about doll dressing, you may have your hands full of work: and they tell me, it is a very good trade; I told her, you were just come from France, and that is a great recommendation, so if you like, you may have some to make trial directly." " Most joyfully," was her reply; and again she expressed her acknowledgments, while Nannette danced round the room. Her

volatile spirits were recalled by these happy news. She had been flattered with a good taste, and her highest ambition was to console and assist her mistress. Nannette's pride too was no less concerned than our heroine's, and it could only be gratified by being useful. Mr. Winkit again left them, desiring Adela to be as merry as a little queen. All would go on well enough now, she should soon have employment, and must be sure to keep the people of the house to their agreement, which was to let her sit in the back parlour, to have the use of the kitchen, and the maid to instruct Nannette in the customs, &c. of London. Adela applauded the bargain, and assured him she would observe his injunctions.

Nannette assisted by her new intimate brought the trunks up stairs. They were unpacked and adjusted, just as a large parcel arrived from the toy-shop.

A dozen wax dolls to be dressed as soon as possible. It was an employment Adela had often undertaken to please her infant favorites,

favorites, little supposing it would ever procure her bread: yet such was the event. Nannette and herself immediately set to work, two of the inanimates were soon accoutred, and when the toy-woman's servant called the next day they were sent as a specimen, before they attempted more.

CHAPTER XL.

OUR heroine's performance and that of her ingenious assistant, was highly satisfactory. The toy-vender was delighted with their taste, and sent an additional supply. The Jacques's were at first very troublesome, perpetually obtruding themselves on Adela, and assailing Nannette with impertinent enquiries. But at length wearied with the reserve of one, and the rather tart replies of the other, they left them

them (to adopt their own language) to their meditations. Our heroine devoted her whole time to her needle: Nannette was her kind consoler, disinterested friend, and most attentive servant.

Their business went forward with alacrity, and notwithstanding some delays from indisposition they earned fifteen shillings and ninepence the first week. "This my good Nannette," said Adela as she was examining the silver, "this will secure us from want, and while I can earn my share, never, no never will I experience again the galling yoke of dependence: a state, even at the best ill qualified for a mind like mine. The contemptuous air, the haughty accent! what superior soul can bear it?

"Oh, dependence! bitter! bitter draught! deep have I drank of thee! Often have I tasted thy ostentatious luxuries, and as often felt thy most tyrannic scourge. Exquisite misery dwells even in thy smile, far better in my estimation is the poorest morsel labour can procure, the draught of water, and

and the bed of straw. You, Nannette are independent too, in that I rejoice, you will love me the better for it; reciprocal good offices are the bonds of unanimity. Think not ye who aim at trampling down the spirits of your fellow beings, reproaching them in the hour of distress, adding sorrow to the afflicted heart, and keeping them in base subordination. It is not for such as you, vain graspers at worldly applause to experience the Divine pleasure of being beloved. You may be sought after for the hunger-fating morsel, but be assured thy most ungracious manner of bestowing it strikes, at the very head of the receiver, and while he satisfies the cravings of nature with thy gifts, he remembers the insulting donor; and perhaps, his cruel taunts; and washes his meal with the tears of repugnance."

"We will go a marketing, Nannette," added our heroine. But Nannette opposed the intention, "she might perhaps meet some of her fine acquaintance, and she would be very much hurt; no, she wished

Madame

Madame would not go out, except it was in the morning, when there was no chance of seeing them; she knew Madame was very delicate, and could not bear any hurries, or flurries. Adela paused, then with a smile of ineffable sweetness assented to Nannette's well meant intreaty, and suffered her to go alone. A guittar which Mrs. Lennard presented her with was now her sole amusement. She was a passionate lover of music, and whenever more than usually depressed, its soothing influence afforded her comfort. She took it up when Nannette quitted the room, and played a variety of tunes accompanying it with her voice; when she was interrupted by a gentle tapping at the parlour door. She opened it, and beheld Sir William Urfell!

"She started! and let the guittar fall to the floor. Sir William ran to her, supported her in his arms, and begged her forgiveness. "I heard your angelic voice," said he, "and knew not what I was about."

Adela

Adela silently disengaged herself from his embrace, then begging he would be seated, she enquired for his lady and daughter. He parted from them lately, he replied, in Edinburgh, he could not say well; for Lady Urfell had been long confined in that country by a severe fit of illness. But Harriet was in perfect health, and he supposed our heroine had heard of her intended union with Mr. Melville. Adela said she had heard of his addresses to Miss Urfell, but knew not they were crowned with success. "Yes, the attachment was reciprocal, and their nuptials were only delayed by Lady Urfell's illness." Here Sir William paused, —then, "may I Miss Northington without incurring your censure enquire the reason of your being thus immured?" She paused in her turn, and after some hesitation, briefly related the events that had thus reduced her; and Sir William seemed to partake in every vicissitude. "Dear amiable creature!" exclaimed he clasping her hands, "Lovely patient sufferer! What a pity thou

thou should'st ever know distress? Indeed, I sincerely wish it was in my power to assist you, I should be infinitely happy to be enabled to dispel the present gloom, for your situation is certainly most pitiable!" Adela could ill bear the last sentence, it sunk deep into her soul, and every mental wound bled afresh. It was certainly most pitiable to be reduced to indigence, but was it delicate to tell her so? She thought not. Sir William arose. "Be comforted, Madam," said he, "I will do all in my power for you. I will very soon see you again." He was going, but Adela detained him a moment to beg he would not divulge the place of her abode. She had nothing to expect from her friends; but pity! and as that availed but little, she wished not to trouble them, but preferred living thus unknown, and eating the humble bread of her own industry. "And did she really wish to live thus?" "Yes," she assured Sir William it was now her only ambition. A strange whim it must be allowed, however,

ever, she should be indulged at present. When her present dejection abated she would think differently. But he gave her his honor her secret should be inviolable, until he had her permission to discover it. Again Sir William repeated his professions of sympathy and friendship, and Nannette knocked at the door as he was bidding our heroine adieu. The French woman gazed at him with a look of curiosity, and carried her marketting into the kitchen. But no sooner was Sir William gone, then Adela summoned her, and related the particulars of their interview; Nannette was thunder-struck, she had often seen that gentleman with Mr. Jacques, he was there almost every day, she never heard his name before, but Betty told her he was a great man, and she hoped he would be a true friend to her dear sweet lady, and help her to find out Madame Delamaine, when she came from abroad. "That is my only wish," replied Adela, "and that I am assured Sir William will do; but I was really so surprised at see-
ing

ing him, that I failed to enquire about that ever dear lady. But he will call again, and I shall, I hope, be more composed."

Nannette then gave an account of her stewardship, boasting of the knowledge she had obtained in the ways of the town, and the tricks of trade by Betty's instructions; none of the Londoners could impose on her she declared, producing a very fine looking lobster she had bought for sixpence. "It looks well, Nannette," said our heroine. It was accordingly prepared for their supper, when, oh! sad mishap, this said fine lobster of which Nannette had talked so much, proved to be, little better than a mass of putrified slime. Nannette shed a torrent of angry tears, cried out against the fishmonger and all his race. "*Morblieu*," she repeated, snatching up the fragments of the lobster, and putting on her hat, "where are you going?" enquired Betty. She was going to be revenged of the cheat. But Betty advised her to be patient, and get something else for her mistress's supper.

No,

No, nothing else would do. Well she, should be gratified, another was accordingly procured, and our heroine knew nothing of the deception put on Nannette.

Mr. Winkit was their frequent visiter, ever friendly and attentive. The people of the house civil, but distant. A constant supply from the toy-shop, and a never failing spring of happiness in the gentle bosom of our heroine. But Sir William Ursell proved no acquisition. He came indeed, again and again; but to what purpose? only to remind Adela that she was poor. To applaud her goodness, and humble her soul, already bowed down to the ground by effusions of ostentatious pity.

“He could not conceive how she lived, poor thing. Indeed, he felt sincerely for her situation. She was a most charming woman, and he sincerely wished she was rich.”

Often did the tear of sensibility tremble in our heroine's eye, at these unceasing proofs of, may I not term it, cruel insult.

’Till

'Till now, she never believed a character existed who delighted in the contemplation of misfortune. But that Sir William did so was evinced by his conduct, and confirmed by every sentiment of affected compassion that he uttered. He was her daily visiter, and her poverty was, to use a vulgar expression,

“ The constant burthen of his Song.”

“ I am not poor, Sir William,” she would often say, “ while I am thus independent, I can never be poor.”

A wretched independence this, was his constant reply, and a deep sigh as constantly attended it, while he glanced his eye round her humble apartment.

“ How different a being,” would she often say, “ did I imagine Sir William Urfell, while prosperity danced around me in the gay habitation of Mrs. Lennard. But this is the period, when the world appears without disguise: for who will be at
the

the pains to dissemble with poverty. Yet she wished Sir William Urfell would desist from visiting her. He really disturbed the small share of felicity now in her power, and surely he could derive no satisfaction from her society, for she could not divest herself of reserve in his presence, and from an unaccountable depression of spirits which he always brought with him, was unequal to the task of satisfying his senatious enquiries. As for Mrs. Delamaine, he knew very little about her, never cultivated her acquaintance much, but believed she was somewhere abroad. Mrs. Lennard he had quite given up since her unkindness to our heroine, and had heard nothing of her since.

This was all the intelligence our heroine could obtain from Sir William, and at length, perfectly wearied out with him, she resolved to change her lodgings: and after advising with Mr. Winkit and obtaining his acquiescence, told Mr. Jacques her intention. He seemed greatly surprised, and enquired

enquired her motive for leaving him. Intimidated at his manner, she pleaded a design of going into the country; but he seemed very ill-satisfied; and muttering something unintelligible left her, and soon returned with his bill, wherein was a charge for five weeks lodging, (the whole time of her being there) and a variety of kitchen utensils broken, and injured by Nannette: the whole amounting to upwards of five guineas. Adela started at the sight of it, saying, she always had discharged the lodging every week. "To whom was it paid then?" was Mr. Jacques, enquiry, "he, nor his wife, had never seen a farthing of her money yet."

"She had regularly sent it by Betty."

"By Betty, oh! a very pretty way, indeed? It might be so to be sure, he could not contradict her, for Betty had left them that morning, bag and baggage. But he must be paid at any rate, she could not expect he should stand to the loss." Adela owned it a most unlucky incident, but
hoped

hoped Mr. Jacques would make some enquiry after the girl, he most probably knew where she was. "Not he indeed, he never troubled himself about servants after they quitted his family; but if she thought proper to remain in his apartment, she might take her time about the payment of the debt."

Adela's cheek flushed. "No she could not stay on any consideration. She could not consent to be tied any where." She pulled out her purse. Its whole contents were three guineas and some silver, she put the gold into his hand, and told him he should have the remainder the following day. He left her with a sullen air, and she began to contrive by what means she should raise the money. "She must sell something; but what could it be? She had many valuable trinkets, but they were all endeared by their several donors. Them she could not part with. But her watch, ay, her watch it should be."

Nannette had been carrying home some work during this transaction, and returned full fraught with more. But no sooner was she acquainted with the charge against her friend Betty, then one of her phrenzy fits took absolute possession of her; "how could Madame believe it? These people were bad people. Betty was a good girl. But she heard both Mr. and Mrs. Jacques picking a quarrel with her, when she was going out with the work. They had sent her away on purpose, she knew they had; but she hoped Madame would not pay them.'

Adela told her she had already paid a part: and by what means she purposed discharging the whole. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Nannette in agony. "Madame, Madame; you shall not do so! "Indeed, but I really will," replied Adela coolly. Nannette recollected herself, blushed at the impropriety of what she had uttered, and begged her lady pardon. They went out together, sold the watch, and paid Mr. Jacques his whole demand, just as Mr. Winkit

Winkit called to escort our heroine in search of another habitation. She related the proceeding, and he was not much less agitated than Nannette. "It was all chicane," he said, "she was wrong to trust the maid, though he suspected the higher powers; but there was no knowing the truth now. She must be more wary in future. But he was sorry she had been so hasty, he could have helped her to a little cash without selling her watch."

"You could, could you, you good for nothing vile, abominable wretch! exclaimed a very diminutive woman, bolting into the room like a fury, "what right have you to help her to cash? why you did not know what cash was till you married me, you did not, you sniveling villain you; but I'll teach you to squander my money away in this manner." So saying, she flew at the poor man's periwig, and after beating all the powder out in his eyes, she threw it into the fire. The poor patient sufferer all the time

repeating, "Peggy, Peggy, you are mistaken. Listen to reason, Peggy."

Oh! for the pencil of an Hogarth to delineate the scene. The people of the house pretending to effect a peace; but in reality adding fuel to the flame. Nannette with open mouth and eyes extended, gazing in silence, and our heroine almost petrified with horror! and amazement!

"Reason," echoed the termagant, bestowing such discipline on her unoffending husband, as made his eyes flash fire. "Yes, yes, I'll reason with you, and her too, with a vengeance to you," turning to attack Adela. But though Mr. Winkit bore his own wrongs with true philosophic temper, he could not bear to see another injured through his means; but seizing his virago by both her hands, confined her in a chair, and she screamed herself into strong hysterics. Our heroine exceedingly alarmed, used every means to facilitate her recovery to the no small vexation of Nannette, who ever the vengeful champion of her lady,
earnestly

earnestly entreated her not to touch the viper, for she would surely get some mischief. But she could not now prevail. Humanity was the darling attribute of our heroine's soul. Pity was all she could feel for Mrs. Winkit. She hung over her with earnest solicitude, and chafed her temples, while Mrs. Jacques applied the volatiles to her nose, exclaiming, "ah! poor woman 'tis no wonder, she has had provocation enough, no doubt, she did not come here for nothing." Mrs. Winkit began to recover, she opened her eyes and beheld Adela, then shut them again, and remained in this situation some minutes, when starting from her seat, she fixed her talons in the lovely cheek of our heroine, who screamed out, and instantly fainted. Mr. Winkit caught her in his arms. The furious wretch endeavoured to tear her from him, spit and treated her with every sort of indignity. Every unemployed person in the room in vain endeavouring to calm the virago; but the glory of this deed was

reserved for Nannette. She quitted her fainting mistress, and flew to the assailant, whom she commanded to be gone, and when refused, enforced her mandate by strength of arm, and was triumphantly dragging her out of the room, when Sir William Urfell entered.

“What was the matter?” he enquired, Mrs. Winkit told her tale, and Nannette contradicted every syllable. Sir William looked astonished, and flew to our still lifeless heroine, still repeating his enquiries. The Jacques’ shook their heads significantly, and Mr. Winkit said, “as soon as the lady recovers, Sir, you shall know all.” But she was long insensible. Nannette contemplated her heroic deed, and locking the offender out, returned to lament over her much injured mistress; who as soon as she recovered, was conveyed to her apartment, and Mr. Winkit returned to satisfy the curiosity of Sir William Urfell. He recited every circumstance of his meeting with Adela, and the reasons that induced him to
be

be her friend. Sir William shook his head, and Mrs. Winkit again intruded. She repeated her wrongs, and Sir William seemed inclined to believe her. It was a disagreeable affair, he knew the lady in question well, was an intimate friend of her family. Should in future be her protector himself, and as a preventative against any mischief of this kind, begged leave to preclude any future visits from Mr. Winkit. Believed he might mean very well, but the lady was greatly injured both in health and reputation he feared, therefore hoped Mr. Winkit would think this a reasonable decision, and be reconciled to his wife.

“ Oh! by all means, God forbid, he should injure the sweet young lady,” was Mr. Winkit’s reply, “ He was glad she had found a better friend, his services proceeded from pure good will, and as for Peggy he heartily forgave all that was past: never bore malice in his life,” and ratified his assertion by a cordial embrace.

The reconciled pair now departed arm in arm, and Sir William assured Mr. Jacques, he would persuade his young friend to remain with them. He did not think she could be more happily situated; and imagined her design of leaving them was entirely owing to the person who had just left them; not that he believed any thing of the woman's assertions. She was certainly blameable in placing any confidence in such a low being; but still he believed her a very good girl, but very poor, exceedingly distressed. He must support her, he doubted, till something better could be done. He was always meeting with some such occurrence, and he deemed it fortunate to be enabled to assist his unhappy fellow beings.

Jacques showered encomiums on Sir William, and his wife went to enquire for Adela. In a few moments she returned, saying, the lady was very ill, and she thought it necessary to get some assistance for her. A petty physician in the neighbourhood was called in, and pronounced it,

a ner-

a nervous fever. Her whole nervous system was indeed much affected. She was long confined, her expences were great. All the mementos of friendship she had so carefully preserved, went to procure the necessities of life. Sir William came, witnessed, and was *vastly* affected with her distress without relieving it. The people of the house supposed it was from his purse she lived.

Various were their conjectures respecting his motive; but they knew him not, and while they daily lavished blessings on his liberality: and fed his ostentation with their plaudits, little did they suspect that the woes of his fellow-mortals, never cost him a single *sous*. He was in words the most generous of mankind; but his purse strings were tied in a ten-fold guardian knot, which all the efforts of pleading misery were insufficient to open. Nor was this all. Long had he beheld Adela with the eyes of admiration. He really thought her the most lovely of women. She resembled the

choice of his youth. Lady Ursell was ever to him an object of indifference. Interest united them, and, although dissimulation concealed their real feelings, mutual disgust succeeded. He therefore judged it politic to let Adela be plunged into the tempestuous sea of distress, and when she was sinking he would extend his niggard hand to save her. But the Almighty frustrated his designs by an event still more calamitous than any she had yet experienced. The fever raged with fury, every nerve was agitated. She was mentally accusing Mr. Winkit of unkindness for never having enquired for her since the affray. Nannette had finished their last supply of work, while she watched her mistress's couch, and carrying it home, without any reason assigned, was refused more. She insisted on knowing the reason, and was rudely pushed from the door with many opprobrious epithets. In her rage she returned, and thoughtlessly repeated the indignity to Adela, who with herself was equally at a loss to account for it.

“ It

“ It was as inexplicable as Mr. Winkit’s absence, and perhaps proceeded from the same cause,—his virulent wife, she knew no other.

She was unacquainted with Sir William’s prohibition, as the Jacques’ were enjoined silence on that head. In the hour of afflictive visitation, the mind is ever apt to hoard up evil, and brood unwearied over every ill. Such was the case with Adela. The Doctor paid his evening visit, declared her something better, received his fee, the last poor pittance she possessed from the sale of her trinkets, and Nannette administered the prescription. She had not slept for many nights, and our heroine now insisted she would come to bed, assuring her there was not now the least occasion for watching. After much altercation Nannette submitted with reluctance, and overpowered with fatigue, she soon entered the dominions of Somnus. While her less happy mistress lay revolving her various calamities, and listening to the melancholy clickings of an old

that stood in the corner of the room. Often had she welcomed the returning watchman, and wished for the sound of morning, when it came with an addition truly alarming. Past one o'clock was pronounced, and fire, fire! echoed through the street. She sprang out of bed, and the flames almost burst in her face.

"Nannette, Nannette!" she repeatedly cried in interrupted accents, but Nannette heard her not. She attempted to wake her, and fell senseless on the floor. Nannette started from her slumbers. The horrid sounds from every quarter almost reduced her to the same state. The flames crackled around them: and unable to stir she sat shivering on the side of the bed, when the door was burst open, and the smoke issued, and almost suffocated her, she had only power to shriek, when a friendly hand seized and forced her out of the room. My lady, my dear lady is lost! was all she could utter, and was again returning to the sinking room, when she met the

the noble minded Winkit with the apparent corpse of her mistress in his arms. "Fly, fly!" said he to Nannette. She followed him, and they entered at the first open door. The people of the house were humane. The master was luckily a petty-fogging practitioner in Surgery and Physic, *alias* a Bleeder and Tooth-drawer, with a few shillings worth of drugs, and a vast number of galipots to ornament his shelves. This son of Esculapius was now invoked, he opened a vein, and our heroine again breathed to the infinite joy of her two attendants: whose faculties were so absorbed in their anxiety for her, that they heard not the clash of their late habitation when it sunk in ruins. But dreadful was the view which the returning light afforded. The havock of the flames could only be equalled by the rueful aspects of the sufferers. Among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Jacques, weeping, and with up-lifted hands exclaiming they were undone. From some of the humane spectators our heroine and Nannette obtained

obtained the charitable loan of some apparel. A small miniature picture that hung at Adela's bosom, was now her sole earthly possession. It was the last gift of her mother, and she solemnly promised never to part with it. She looked at it stedfastly, the image of the donor arose with it, and she dropt a tear to her memory. "May thy spirit," said she, casting her fine eyes upward, "may thy spirit, dear departed excellence accompany thy destitute child." "Every good spirit will attend you," said Mr. Winkit with energy, "I am sure of that; but I have never had an opportunity to beg pardon for the fright my wife gave you. But to be sure, I should have paid my respects to you, Miss, long ago, only I did not chuse to run any risque of disobliging the gentleman your friend, who desired I would never trouble you again." "And who dared to take that liberty?" enquired Adela. The truth was now divulged. Adela's mild spirit revolted at the unwarrantable authority of Sir William, by whose charity

charity she found both the Jacques's, and Mr. Winkit believed she had been lately supported. But she undeceived them all, and the former being invited to a neighbouring house, Mr. Winkit explained the cause of his wife's late indecent behaviour. The Miss Chittys were the malignant representers of their acquaintance, and execrating their malevolence, he asked Adela, "if she really would forgive him all the evil it had caused her?" "Forgive you," said she, looking in his face in a manner not to be described. "Oh! Mr. Winkit, what do I not owe you?"

CHAPTER XLII.

THEIR host was a true child of benevolence. His heart bled for the distresses around him: and he did his utmost to alleviate them.

When the first alarm was in some degree subsided, Adela's fever returned with accumulated violence. Breakfast was brought, but all the entreaties of those around her could not prevail on her to touch it.

"She could not, she was sick at heart," was her reply. Nannette seemed a fountain of tears, she supported her mistress, and weeping, declared, "she could not eat neither."

Mr. Winkit avowed the necessity of leaving them for a short time; he would not stay long: and hoped to procure a home for them. His absence was indeed short, he returned with a very agreeable woman, who addressed Adela with much tenderness, and

and told her she had a house open for her reception. She knew Mr. Winkit to be a respectable man, and his word was sufficient. Adela bowed her head. "I have brought a coach for you, Ma'em," added Mrs. Laymond, "and I think there is no time for delay." Adela acquiesced, and Mr. Winkit assisted by the humane wielder of the lancet, lifted her into the carriage.

Mr. Winkit conducted her to her new habitation, and after some consoling arguments bid her adieu.

The gentle manner of Mrs. Laymond was infinitely soothing to our heroine, and Nannette showered blessings on her goodness. This faithful creature was not much less indisposed than our heroine; Mrs. Laymond prevailed on them to take some refreshment, and go to bed. Sleep paid them both a visit. Nannette was perfectly recovered, but Adela continued still ill. Mrs. Laymond sent for a gentleman of the Faculty that attended her own family, and he declared Adela to be in a very dangerous condition.

condition. Her spirits naturally delicate in the extreme, were he said, too deeply injured ever to expect a perfect recovery. Nannette was almost frantic at hearing this. "What! what will become of us," said she, "we have neither money nor friends." Mrs. Laymond told her, "Despair would only add to their distress. Adela, she hoped, would yet recover; she might be assured, they shou'd'nt want nothing while under her roof: and as for herself, being a Parisian, she would engage to provide." Nannette shook her head, saying, "she would never leave so good a lady," And Mr. Winkit arrived full fraught with intelligence. "Another large demand from Mr. Jacques," he said, "they wanted to know where Adela was; but he knew a trick worth two of that, however he should settle the matter, and have done with them, but enjoined Nannette secrecy. Don't hint a word to your mistress, said he, Sir, what's his name? there he, that was so sharp upon me about Miss, he has been making strict enquiry,

enquiry, but I seem quite ignorant of the matter, I know she don't wish to be troubled with him, poor dear lady, she has plagues enough already; and as the doctor says, all we have to do now is to keep her as composed as possible. Mrs. Laymond approved of his conduct, adding the lady's reputation might be injured by admitting the visits of such a man; it was a thing she could not permit in her house: for the world was so prone to scandal, people could not be too much on their guard. She looked significantly at Mr. Winkit, who paused, then in a quick manner, "Why true, Madam, true one can't be too cautious. Poor Miss has been like to have her eyes scratched out already by my wife." "Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Laymond. "Ay, indeed, 'tis very true, though I'm sure, she's as good, and as innocent, as the child unborn;" "but as the world will be meddling, shall come very seldom, Ma'em, only call at the door now and then to know how she is, replied Mr. Winkit, "but

“ but beg she may not want any thing that is comfortable; I'll pledge myself for the pay 'till she recovers, and we can look about us and see what is to be done.”

The countenance of Mrs. Laymond (o'er which a cloud hung at the former part of Mr. Winkit's conversation) now brightened, and she assured him, she would do all in her power for the lady, and applauded Nannette to the skies, justly calling her the most affectionate of beings.

Nannette was summoned to our heroine before Mr. Winkit's departure. “ I want to dispose of this,” said she, “ holding in her hand the miniature, o'er which she had so lately uttered an emphatical prayer, “ Will you sell it for me, Nannette? it will procure us a few necessaries: for you must not wear these worthy people's cloaths.” “ I thought, Madame, you would never part with it,” said Nannette, taking the picture from her. “ I thought so too,” replied Adela with a deep sigh, but necessity tears it from me. Go good Nannette, there

there is no alternative." Nannette obeyed, and with reluctant steps returned to Mrs. Laymond. The picture was displayed, examined, and admired. Mrs. Laymond kindly undertook to dispose of it advantageously, and Nannette left it in her possession, desiring it might be done as soon as possible. A lucky opportunity soon presented. A gentleman who came there with one of her customer's, (for Mrs. Laymond was a mantua-maker) took fancy to it, and immediately paid her full demand, ten guineas. With this sum she flew to her guest: who gratefully thanked her; though she could not suppress a starting tear, on seeing the price of her valued portrait. Clothes were procured for Nannette and her mistress, equally humble, and what they had borrowed was returned. Peace, and the attention of Nannette, and Mrs. Laymond, contributed more than medicine towards Adela's recovery. Mr. Winkit was still the same steady friend, and often peeped in, (as he termed it when she was able to come down

down stairs. They all united their endeavours to amuse her mind, and ward off dejection; but in vain. That unwelcome guest never failed to intrude with the painful idea of her distressful state. She was in arrears to the Doctor, to Mrs. Laymond, (and she thought) to Mr. Jacques; without the smallest probability of paying them.

What was to be done? Whither should she should turn for relief? was her daily, but unsuccessful study. The first visit she paid, after her recovery was to the humane Gaylard.—He was a young and spirited Caledonian, who had served a regular apprenticeship to a surgeon and apothecary; but being disappointed in various plans of settlement, having few friends, able to assist him, he was reduced to great distress; and was obliged for a subsistence, to engage with the late possessor of the shop, that is now his own. Ill could his haughty spirit bear the humiliation. His poverty; but not his will, consented", and after was he heard to mourn his lot; but after some months

months painful servitude, his employer died, and left no family. His skill and industry procured him many friends, and he was unanimously voted in, for the successor.—Severe were the mortifications he daily encountered. But gain sweeteneth every ill, and he literally *pocketed the affront*.

“ But he is a very fine young fellow, and very much of a gentleman,” was the panegyric, with which Mr. Winkitt concluded the above anecdote—Adela smiled. Mrs. Laymond nodded graciously, and they entered the shop.

But Mr. Gaylard having stepped out on business, they were desired to walk into a small parlour. A brewers servant entered the shop, enquired for the master, and was desired to wait a few moments. Mr. Gayland soon appeared.—Dont disturb him about us, till he has finished his business,” said Mr. Winkitt.

Come friend, “ said the operator” I know your business, by your face, you seem to want a touch of my hand. “ Ay that I do”
returned

returned the drayman seating himself.—
 “Pull off your coat friend”—“My coat,
 what for?”—“Why how can I bleed you?”
 Bleed me! exclaimed the fellow.—I want to
 be shaved. The crimson mantled into
 Gaylard’s face. “Shaved! come here to be
 shaved! You scoundrel I’ll kick you as long
 as I can find you,—Fly be gone! How dare
 you insult a gentleman.”

The poor fellow seemed rooted to the
 spot. Stared at him, with open mouth,
 then repeated the word *gentleman*, very em-
 phatically: adding, “Why what’s the
 matter? is’nt this a shaving shop.” The
 enraged Gaylard, able to bear no longer,
 was going to execute his threats; when Mr.
 Winkit seized him by the arm, and the
 drayman took to his heels.

“Moderate your anger, see what visitors
 I have brought;” said the peace making
 Winkit, presenting our heroine to him.
 Mr. Gaylard, appologized for the incident,
 and expressed his joy at again seeing Adela;
 and congratulated her in terms really polite,
 on

on her restoration to health. She in return, expressed her grateful thanks for his late protection, and they parted mutually pleased.

Adela repeated to Nannette, the adventure, and interview.—Nannette blushed, and pronounced him, “un honnête homme.”—“But not so handsome as the Flemin,”—said Adela. Nannette blushed still deeper, and instead of answering, informed her, that “Mrs. Laymond’s only daughter, une belle femme, was expected from the country (where she had been visiting some relations) that evening.”

Scarce had Nannette finished her intelligence, when a thundering rap was heard at the door, and Miss Laymond with her Mama, trip'd up stairs; she was presented to our heroine, and seemed infinitely pleased with her. Miss Laymond's person was agreeable, she had an abundant share of spirits, and as large a portion of good-nature; but alas! from the baleful flattery of many with whom she associated, she forgot the command of herself, gave the reins to
G. petulence,

petulence, and too often fury of temper, and played the tyrant to the annoyance of every member of the family; particularly her mother and our heroine. The former of whom remonstrated in vain, and the latter, was much disgusted by her frequent alarms.

It was vulgar; it was shocking; it was no longer the peaceful family, she had first found it.—Anger is dreadful in all its various forms; but here superlatively so, when it obtains dominion over a female breast; how does every soft and amiable attraction fly before it. It transforms an angel into a fury, and every sensible beholder, turns from the horrid sight: guard yourselves against this evil, you who feel in your natures a propensity to it; for surely there is not a being more truly pitiable than *a furious woman*.

The kindness of Mrs. Laymond knew no diminution, health began to display her banner on our heroine's cheek; but her spirits remained weak, in the extreme degree. Every trifle agitated her, and the shrill voice
of

of Miss Laymond pierced her very soul; she trembled at her improper and masculine expressions, and sometimes looked disapprobation; she wished her to reform; to controul this most unamiable propensity; but Miss Laymond mistaking her motive, returned her well meant silent reproofs with an insolence she could ill brook. In the moments of calm reflections, she professed the warmest esteem for our heroine, and owned her faults with seeming contrition; but what availed it? Again she returned to them, embroiled the house, and kept the gentle nature of Adela in a constant ferment. Mrs. Laymond since her recovery, had given Adela employment enough to defray the expences of board, but being a novice in the business, she could not expect to be paid as a regular assistant; but thought even this a great acquisition, in her present very uncertain state of health.

After a great deal of persuasion, remonstrance and intreaty, Nannette consented to engage herself as lady's maid to a woman of

rank daily expected in England. Lady Wimple was the person commissioned to engage an attendant for this lady, and a French woman she was sure would have the preference. Lady Wimple was one of Mrs. Laymond's best customers, Nannette was therefore equipped and sent to wait on her. Her Ladyship was infinitely delighted. The creature had a taste, and elegance about her perfectly characteristic, English servants were horrid bores. Nannette was instantly hired. Mrs. Laymond loaded her with encomiums, and Lady Wimple desired she would be at her house until her friend arrived.

The name of Lady Wimple was familiar to our heroine's ear.—Often had she heard that Lady mentioned at Mrs. Lennard's; but never saw her.—Often had she seen her carriage stop at Mrs. Laymond's door: and as often had she been told, that Lady Wimple had the most elegant taste, of any woman in the three kingdoms.

The name of the lady for whom Nannette
was

was engaged, was kept a profound secret.— She was a friend lately married, was all her Ladyship chose to reveal.

The day of separation came. With infinite reluctance Nannette tore herself away, and a torrent of tears expressed her emotions. “Be happy my dear lady, I will see you often,” was all she could say. Sensibly as did our heroine feel her loss, (for the idea of servant, had long been lost in that of faithful friend,) she yet sincerely rejoiced at this event; nor doubted but Nannette’s grateful and affectionate nature, would procure her friends wherever she dwelt.

The very scanty wardrobe of Nannette, and her own still meaner habiliments drained her of all the produce of her much regretted picture. Still was she indebted to the doctor, to Mrs. Laymond, and to Mr. Winkit. Gladly would the latter have paid every demand; but she knew of his generosity, respecting the Jacques’s, and would hear of no more. They would have patience with her she hoped, and she should be enabled to discharge

charge the whole. Business encreased with Mrs. Laymond as the town filled, and Adela making a rapid progress in the art of mantuamaking, Mrs. Laymond offered to retain her in that line, and give her a salary. She thanked this worthy woman; but owned it, to her, an irksome life. Miss Laymond's temper, was a source of perpetual anxiety, and the conversation of the low-bred women, that crowded Mrs. Laymond's work-room, often shocked her. She therefore declined the kind offer of Mrs. Laymond, and expressed her preference for a situation similar to what Nannette had just embraced.—“You know not what servitude is,” said Mrs. Laymond.—A disposition like yours is ill qualified to bear the caprice of a whimsical lady of fashion; “why it would kill you in a month.”

“I have had some little experience Madame,” replied Adela:—long have I been the slave of caprice; but I prefer a service for this reason, I shall be more secluded from the world: for it is not here I would accept

cept of any situation. It must be in some sequestered spot; where I may conquer this repining spirit, and weep unseen.

Mrs. Laymond participated in her emotions, and assured her she would be indefatigable in her enquiries. Nannette entered abruptly, and threw herself into a chair to regain her breath. Adela enquired the cause of her agitation? "I will not go, I will not go;" was all she could get from her. "Where will you not go Nannette?" "I cannot, I must not leave you madame," was her reply. After many pauses, and as many unintelligible exclamations, this proved to be the real source of Nannette's grief. Her master and mistress were just arrived, and proved to be the identical Mr. Harcourt who accompanied them from France, and had now run off with an heiress of rank: and finding themselves pursued, they were necessitated to set off for the Continent.

"But I won't go with them," said Nannette. "Let me intreat you, (replied Adela)

not to be your own enemy; it is the happiest opportunity that ever could offer for you. You know Lady Ismena Massingham was fond of you, and would willingly have retained you in her service. To her I have alway (since my distresses) wished you to return; do not then reject the proffered means, do not add to my anxiety: for I know my ever valued Nannette, the world affords few such mistresses as Lady Ismena Massingham. She will reward your fidelity to me."

"I want no reward, (replied Nannette sobbing) but I will go, I must go if you desire it." She arose and darted out of the house, without speaking another syllable.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE RESCUE.

DEEPLY affected by this recent reproof of Nannette's firm attachment, but still more deeply interested in her welfare, Adela dispatched a note after her, repeating her injunctions, to accept the offer of Mrs. Harcourt; but scarcely was it gone, when a paquet was brought Mrs. Laymond. It contained a letter for Adela, and another for herself from Nannette, in which was inclosed, a bit of paper curiously folded, with these words written on it. *A pledge of fidelity.* The letters were in French. That to Mrs.

Laymond contained a grateful acknowledgement for her kindness to Adela and herself, with an ardent intreaty still to continue her attention to that lady; and a request that she would open the bit of paper, and take from thence a guinea and some silver, which she had got, by presents from Lady Wimple, &c. and which she begged our heroine may not be made acquainted with; but desired it may be appropriated to pay the Doctor. Mrs. Laymond readily complied. The pledge, was a glass locket, with Nannette's name, worked on white satin, with her own hair.

It was delivered to Adela, with the letter, which contained a most pathetic adieu, assuring her that nothing but her too rigid mandate, should ever force her, from one she loved next to heaven; calling her all that is good and amiable—The saviour of her soul, her rescuer from perdition, in developing the dark designs of Lambert, forgiving her offences, and taking her even into her bosom. She dared not throw herself at
her

her feet, she dared not trust herself with a personal adieu; already her resolution began to waver: and she concluded with imploring the blessed saints to guard Adela.

The paper was blotted with her tears. Our heroine was surprized, and although she at first felt the keenest regret, at being deprived of one so valuable, in all probability for ever, yet a moment's reflection reconciled her to the loss; and she silently, applauded her own conduct, which alone had concealed it. "I will keep this tribute of fidelity (said she) while I exist; necessity will not be tempted to tear it from me: it is too poor a prize." She tied the locket round her neck with a ribbon, and returned to her work.

Mrs. Laymond was summoned to a lady, and re-entered to Adela with an inflamed countenance. "Why have you thus deceived me?" said she, looking sternly at Adela, who not understanding her, gazed steadfastly in her face.

Mrs. Laymond in a very impassioned tone repeated her enquiry. "Why have you

thus deceived me? I say, why entered my house, under the mask of innocence?" "The mask of innocence my good madam," repeated our amazed heroine.—"What mean you?"—"I mean, replied Mrs. Laymond, I will have no people of your cast in my house. A pretty person to recommend indeed; but its well I have found you out, or God knows where it might have ended. But however I beg you to provide for yourself as soon as possible, you must not expect me to get you a situation; I cannot think of troubling myself about such a person. I find you refused a very great match, and ran away from your friends, with a young libertine lord: who, (as you might very well expect,) left you somewhere abroad in great distress; and so you deceived that poor French woman, I suppose as well as me, for I really believe she is a good girl, and really thought you married I dare say. Well I am glad she is gone, for you are all an imposition.—I know even your real name—it is not Amfbury.

Lord

Lord help me I tremble every inch of me, to think how my charity has been abused.— It was only illness that made you assume the troublesome disguise of virtue. I shall send for Mr. Winkit and to take him severely to task, for imposing upon me; for I always thought his zeal in your cause rather unaccountable.”

Thus Mrs. Laymond ran on, and might have done so for ever, without the least interruption from our heroine, who deprived of the power to defend herself, or answer such injurious accusations, clasped her hands in silent anguish, and mentally supplicated the interposition of him, who is ever the friend of innocence.

Well I am glad, (rejoined Mrs. Laymond) to see you are not so far lost as to deny this charge; for then I should really have no hopes of you. But if you will really own the truth; tho' I cannot keep such a faulty person in my house. I will yet perform my promise, I will endeavour to get you a service upon second thoughts, because it
may

may keep you from ruin; but I am afraid you are too far gone, I am afraid you will disgrace my recommendation. Indeed I don't know what to do. If I thought you would be a real penitent, I would endeavour to keep you from starving; tho' its a great risque.

“ Penitent,” said Adela.—“ Oh! ye bright choirs above, where is the child of mortality but needs repentance.” She looked the very soul of mild and patient suffering—Not an angry frown, ruffled her placid countenance. She felt infinitely! deep was the wound given; but she was too just to be offended with the well meaning, but much deceived Mrs. Laymond. “ I blame you not;” said she recovering herself, “ but indeed my good Mrs. Laymond you have been misinformed. The tale you have heard is all a cruel slander. Never, never have I deserved so black a charge. I have been unhappy madam. Most eminently marked by sad misfortune. Pursued by dark malignant persecutors But still my soul maintains its dignity; from such a falsehood it
wants

wants no vindication. It soars above it. And but for you madam, whom from regard I wish to undeceive, I would not stoop to notice such foul scandal. I ask not its author's name madam, possessed of conscious innocence, they cannot injure me. I am the care of a superior power, and only pity them. But you madam, I wish still to esteem; fain would I believe you to be above the reach of every poor detractor.

“ Poor, (repeated Mrs. Laymond emphatically,) no, they are not poor, who gave me this information. I should not have credited low bred people, but they are persons of consequence Ma'em who know you well, and more than I have told you, about a miniature picture, which you stole from a lady, who took you, and supported you like her own child: perhaps the very picture I sold for you. God knows, I tremble at the very thoughts of it; but I am told the lady in pity to your youth, was prevailed onto pardon you; otherwise I should certainly be taken up for the vender of stolen goods; for notwithstanding

withstanding your fine speeches, I cannot avoid believing it, coming from such good authority as lady Wimple, for she is my informer, and I am not ashamed to own her, tho' you're too proud to ask it. She wou'd not say any thing while the French woman was here, because she says you have already persuaded the poor creature to perjure herself, and certainly had an amazing ascendancy over her, and her ladyship was glad to get the poor girl out of your clutches. Oh! her Ladyship is a charming woman, one of my best customers, and was very unwilling to mention the affair now, but only I led to it, by asking if she knew any family that wanted an English governess, for I thought you were vastly well calculated for that station. At which her ladyship smiled and said" yes; "I then beg'd her ladyship's interest for you; but she smiled again, and said she must decline it. I wished to know the reason, she was very reluctant. It was a delicate matter" she said, "she despised tattling; but she regarded me, was sorry I shou'd

shou'd be impos'd on, was so good as to
 pay me many compliments, and so the whole
 truth came out: and not all your sayings
 shall make me doubt her ladyships veracity.
 She is so affable and so condescending," says
 she " Mrs. Laymond. Nothing but my
 esteem for, and vast opinion of you, wou'd
 have induced me to speak of such a creature;
 but I would not have you go to extremities,
 get her a service if you can, perhaps she
 may reform, I would fain try her; tho she
 does not merit it; but as for governess, she
 really is not capable of such a thing: for tho'
 she certainly has had great opportunities,
 from the levity of her mind, she is vastly
 ignorant." " And so" continued Mrs.
 Laymond, " I promised to follow her lady-
 ship's good example, and be merciful; and
 if you had owned the runaway story, and
 seem'd repentant, I shou'd not have men-
 tioned the rest, but have done what I cou'd
 for you: however as you are so obstinate,
 and have dared in a manner to give the lye to
 her

her ladyship, and despise her, I retract my designs; and leave you to follow your inclinations."

"Indeed," replied our heroine, "I do despise her, and every other base calumniator. A retailer of slander is mean, whatever rank they hold in life. And as for you madam, you shall be obeyed; no longer will I prove troublesome."

She laid down her work, and arose. "You may dinner, if you chuse," said Mrs. Laymond. "No madam," returned Adela, "I have too long trespass'd on your charity." "But I have sent for Mr. Winkit," added Mrs. Laymond; "and insist on your staying at least, until he comes." "Yes," returned our heroine, "in that I most readily acquiesce; he will perhaps indemnify you for my expences, and I prefer an obligation to him." "I believe you," said Mrs. Laymond sneeringly. Her work-women tittered, and all our heroine's assumed spirits fled. Her natural timidity returned, and she sunk into a chair that stood near, pale and trembling.

ing. The relief of tears was denied her.— Often do we find in the moment of exquisite distress, an inability to express our griefs, or ease our hearts by weeping. The fountain of our tears is blocked up, the bitter torrent falls internally, and often perforates the very cords of life.

After deeply revolving the present event, and recollecting every circumstance she had heard of Lady Wimple: she was as much as ever at a loss to account for her conduct. Her ladyship had never seen, therefore could have no personal dislike to her. Surely she must be imposed upon by some malignant tattler. She tied up the very few garments she possessed in a bundle, put on her hat and cloak, and returned to the work-room to await the arrival of Mr. Winkit. The blood rushed through her veins, with that kind of rapidity, which is often occasioned by an extreme alarm.— Agitation marked every feature and tinged her complexion with various hues. A loud rap at the door, and she started from her seat; but

but shrunk back on beholding, instead of the friendly Winkit, his virago Wife ! who rushed forward distorted with poison, and demanded, " What she wanted again with her husband ? could she not be satisfied with ruining him and his whole family but must she be sending after him again ? "

" I ruin him and his family ! " exclaim'd our heroine. " What do you intend to do with me ? father of mercies ! this is more than I am able to bear. " She rung her hands in agony.

" Yes, and it is more than I am able to bear, to see such a hussy as you, brazening out your wickedness in this manner, when I know it is thro' your means, that my poor husband is gone to prison. Ah ! you jade, " said she, going up closer to our affrighted heroine, " but 'ill be revenged. Here's somebody coming shall take care of your dainty ladyship, till you can pay for this, " holding out two papers, one an account of what Mr. Winkit had paid Mr. Jacques, and another to Mrs. Laymond : who to her
infinite

infinite surprize she now found had no demand against her. “ Ay, ay, I’ll have you secured, for all such a delicate stuck up madam as you are. Oh ! if I had my will, I’d mark you with a pen of iron—that I wou’d—I’d teach you to take away men from their wives—that I wou’d.”

As she uttered the last sentence, she caught hold of Adela’s head, and shook it with such violence, that her hat, cap, &c. fell to the floor; and Miss Laymond, who was now her best friend, and whose humanity was roused at seeing her so mal-treated, flew to her assistance, with streaming eyes bad her be comforted, supported her in her arms, declared she did not believe the things alleged against her, and in a severe tone, commanded Mrs. Winkit to leave the room. But this being refused with acrimony, produced a most virulent altercation between the assailant and vindicator of our heroine. Mrs. Laymond in vain, endeavouring to effect a peace.

Nothing

Nothing was heard but loud and vehement epithets of abuse, till Miss Laymond darting furiously at her opponent, caught her by the shoulders, and having much the advantage in size and strength, forced her out of the house, spite of murder! murder! with which she made the street resound; and returned to Adela, severely rating her mother, for going such lengths. "You're always ready to believe every nonsense; but if you turn her out of the house, I'll go too, depend on that: for I don't believe a word of Lady Wimple's stories.—Ladies may be liars as well as other people."

Mrs. Laymond frowned. Adela was unable to speak. Her ideas were all confusion. She looked mournfully wild, and insensible of what was going forward, leaned her head on Miss Laymond's shoulder. A carriage stopped at the door. A rap of more than common authority called Mrs. Laymond from them.

Miss Laymond intreated our heroine to lie down, who silently consented, and in a few

few minutes, Nannette bathed in tears entered the chamber on tip-toe, preceded by Mrs. Laymond apparently much agitated. Miss Laymond was seated on the bed side but sprang from her seat, on seeing Nannette, and uttered a loud exclamation! Adela stared, and springing from the bed threw her arms around that faithful creature, and in a tone and manner not to be expressed, enquired—"How long she had been dead?" adding "she had been waiting for her a long time that they may go to heaven together."

"My dear, dear lady," said Nannette, kissing her forehead; "it is your own Nannette, that loves you better than all the world, and is come to make you happy. Dont you know me? come sit down and be composed, your enemies are all gone, they will never trouble you again; I have brought you joyful news!" Adela smiled in her face, with a mournful vacancy, that alarmed all present; then shook her head, and sighed deeply.

deeply. They laid her again on the bed, and Nannette with a heavy heart returned to the parlour; where she had left Mr. Melville.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CHARMING COUPLE.

"**S**HE is quite beside herself!" said Nannette sobbing, "my good sir, my lady is quite beside herself! knows nobody, and talks about going to heaven; oh! she will die! she will die! But not now I hope, your fears exaggerates, perhaps trifling indisposition," replied Mr. Melville with emotion, she is alarmed I know, but not fatally I trust. May I not see her?" Nannette described the situation of our heroine, and Mr. Melville owned the impropriety of now obtruding on her.

The terrified Mrs. Laymond had drenched Adela with cordials, and entered with the welcome information, of her being fallen into a slumber. Where we shall leave her, and in pity to the reader, whom at this moment we figure to be on the rack of suspense, hasten to explain the cause of Nannette's return, and Mr. Melville's no less surprizing appearance.

The mistress of Nannette, the lovely heiress with whom the all accomplished Harcourt eloped, was no other than, Miss Urfell. At a ball they met, and became mutually enamoured. No longer were the fine person and elegant manners, of the all amiable Augustus Melville regarded by his intended lady. Harcourt was as handsome, more tractable, flattered admirably, trifled elegantly, and was in short, infinitely more to the fair one's taste. She had known Bude-nal an age, been engaged to him near three months, liked him at first, but now he was become quite a bore; Harcourt was dying for her, at least he told her so. Could she

she be cruel to such an Adonis? Forbid it love;—forbid it vanity; such a fine fellow, would make her the envy of the whole world. Mamma was far from well, often confined to her room, Melville quite easy and unsuspecting waiting the arrival of papa, to make her his for ever.

Well good folks they would all be bilk'd; such an immense fortune, and not please herself, that would be hard indeed. No time like the present. A few tender billetdoux passed; one stolen interview, and off tripped the incomparable pair, leaving the disconsolate parent, and lately favored lover in *the lurch*.

Great was the concern of Lady Ursell, but long had the eyes of Melville been freed from the gold-dust, which at first blinded them. Long had he regretted the engagement, and tho' he felt for the afflicted mother, he was sincerely thankful for his own release.

A few days after this event, Sir William joined them. Ambitious of being connected with superior blood, he raved like a mad-

man at the disappointment, denounced vengeance against the fugitives, and intreated Mr. Melville to accompany him in the pursuit of his daughter. Knowing her intimacy with Lady Wimple, thither they immediately repaired, saw not her ladyship, but by a well-timed bribe, obtained intelligence of their route from the servants, and reached Dover just as the charming couple was going to embark. Curious was the rencontre, Nannette was the first they saw on entering the house, to which they were directed. The sight of her surprized Sir William. Eagerly he enquired for her lady. "She, she was not to be seen," was the unguarded reply. "Not to be seen," repeated Sir William, "why is she here too?" "No not my old lady, that you know," returned Nannette with hesitation. Sir William stared, and enquired who was now her lady?

The mystery was unravelled.

But who can paint Nannette's distress, when she found Sir William was the offended father of her present mistress. She re-
jected

jected his bribes, "no, she scorned to betray her trust." She would not shew him to her apartment, and severely did she condemn her imprudent answers.

"Honored madam! no by heavens! I dont think myself at all honored, by worrying such a poor idiot that can so far depart from the standard of taste as to compare me to Melville" exclaim'd an impassion'd voice near them. "Strike me ugly, if I think there's any comparifon. Why madam, it has been my misfortune to cause desolation amongst the fair, wherever I appeared. Often have I lamented the fatal effects of my accomplishments, the poor girls have suffered confoundedly it must be owned, and it has often been to me, a melancholy consideration; but to be put on a level with Melville, is what I can't bear. He as handsome as me! he like me! by Jupiter madam, if you say so again, I'll throw you out of the window."

Sir William followed the voice, and rushing into the room, "no, no, my Narcissus,"

exclaimed the knight, "I'll spare you that trouble, for i'll do it myself then degenerate wretch," said he, seizing the affrighted bride by the arm. Melville interposed. The bridegroom's rage was converted into the most profound humility; by the recollection of what had impelled him to rattle the matrimonial chains.—Sir William's dirty acres. He knelt, Harriet wept, and Sir William finding they were really married.—Forgave them from policy.

But dissatisfaction sat heavy on his brow, and gloomy would their return to town have been, but for the loquacity of Nannette. She spoke of the subject next her heart. Sir William was on the rack. Wished Nannette gagged. Winked at Melville, but all to no purpose, Nannette must praise her charming lady. "Ah! what a world of trouble she had gone through, had insisted on her leaving her, and returning to France, and tho' it almost broke her heart, she did obey her." Her broken English, and energetic manner amused Mr. Melville, and

Nannette

Nannette added, "she hoped madame, would find that good lady, Madame Delamaine;" Melville stared! and enquired "if she knew Mrs. Delamaine?"

"No, but she was the good friend of her mistress." "And who is your mistress?" he was told her name, but still, all was mystery.

Sir William sat ruminating what course to take, he wished not for a discovery, it would overturn his whole plan, he had fed on the hopes of again devolving the abode of our heroine; on the other hand, should he be detected, shame must be his portion. He therefore resolved, on the safest side, and satisfy the curiosity of Mr. Melville, alledging his solemn promise to Adela, as a reason for hitherto concealing it. Melville admitted; could but not think it just. "I will fly," said he "to this most charming injured woman; will convey her to Mrs. Delamaine, and think myself the happiest of men."

"Is Mrs. Delamaine in England?" enquired Sir William in a tone of affected sur-

prize—" Oh! yes" return'd Mr. Melville, " could you be ignorant of that? She it at home I know, for I lately saw a gentleman in Edinburgh, that accompanied her from Germany; but my long absence has made me a truant. I blush to say, I have now a letter of hers unanswered, of a very old date. This neglect, has likewise kept me in ignorance of the lovely Adela's fate, but I will strive to merit her forgiveness, and guide her to safety." Nannette clapped her hands, and vociferated her joy, to the no small disturbance of Sir William, who heartily chagrined by her noise and his own reflections, stopped in Harley street with his son and daughter in sullen mood; and Mr. Melville proceeded in quest of his long lost favorite.

CHAPTER XLV.

ADELA's repose was long and undisturbed, great was Mr. Melville's impatience to see her; but still greater his anxiety for her alarming situation. He resolved not to quit the house, without knowing the event, and therefore consented to partake of Mrs. Laymond's frugal dinner. But just as the table-cloth was removed, our heroine made her unexpected appearance, pale as the whited sepulchre, at seeing Mr. Melville she gave a violent scream, and threw herself into a chair. He flew to her assistance, strove to alleviate the extreme surprize he had given her; and was successful. She recovered by degrees, enquired

what happy chance conducted him to her, and uttered the warmest effusions of grateful friendship.

She had waked just as Nannette was summoned to dinner, and finding her lately ruffled spirits composed, by the soothing influence of sleep, arose and entered the dining room, unsuspecting of the guest it contained. Mr. Melville related the occurrences, that led him to her, assured her that Mrs. Delamaine was in England, and accounted for his ignorance of her present abode, by his long stay in Scotland. But added unwelcome intelligence. The worthy Mr. Lancaster was no more. He breathed his last in Germany, and our heroine's heart paid the tribute of sorrow to his memory. "I will go" said Mr. Melville "instantly in search of Wentworth, he will guide me to Mrs. Delamaine."

Long had the name of Wentworth been a stranger to the ear of Adela, ever attended with perturbation, it was now doubly so. She made no reply, and Mr. Melville instantly

stantly left her, with an appearance of all possible expedition.

Numerous were the apologies of Mrs. Laymond, and as numerous the congratulations of her daughter. The suspicions of the former still remained; but finding the connexions of our heroine so powerful, she condemned herself, for having so plainly expressed them. She even solicited forgiveness of her lovely guest, which was most readily granted; or rather Adela would not admit she needed it. "If any are blameable, it is those who have misinformed you madam," said she, holding out her hand to Mrs. Laymond, in token of her amity.

But the misfortune of the worthy Winkit recurred to her, that she should be accused as the cause of it. How dreadful! never could she taste of peace, until his philanthropy was rewarded, and he again enjoyed the blessings of freedom, and the power of exercising the benign faculties of his mind. Nannette who had much to explain, and much to communicate, prevented the ab-

sence of Mr. Melville from appearing tedious. He returned without seeing Lord Wentworth, but not without the expected information,—some unpleasant ones.

The late beautiful, and much admired Mrs. Lennard, no more would grace the brilliant circles, no longer revel at the midnight ball. Her prediction was verified, she did not long survive her letter to Adela. A fever settled on her spirits, and all those celebrated graces were conveyed to the same chambers that hold deformity, age, and disease.—Such is the lot of mortality.

The grim tyrant levels all distinctions and blends the ashes of the beauteous fair one: ah! melancholy consideration, with that of the detested, vulgar!

Mrs. Lennard returned to England.—Lord Wentworth saw her breathe her last, at Bath, and was now at Low-wood with her inconsolable Henry. Thither Mr. Melville determined to repair, assured by that means, of tracing Mrs. Delamaine. He spent the evening with our heroine, heard of the good-
ness

ness and distress of Mr. Winkit; and the false assertions of Lady Wimple.

At the latter Adela expressed her wonder. "By what could an entire stranger, thus be induced to injure her?"

"A stranger my dear madam," said Melville, "you are no stranger, to that worthless female, Miss Grilliard. Often have I seen you blush for her follies and malevolence." The late much pitied Lady Wimple, really died with a broken heart, (as the world alledged) from the disappointment of her jewels, and the mournful exit of her beloved *lap dog*.

And Miss Grilliard, (wonderful instance of modern stability,) listened with infinite complacency to the vows of that horrid bore Sir James, and actually bestowed her adorable self, on the plodding creature. Perhaps from a wish of reforming him.—But here she was disappointed, Sir James maintained his principles, and despised hers. Interest was the motive of his addresses. Her gold repaired his shatter'd fortune; but he
could

could not conceal his disapprobation of her conduct; and they were no less famous for their dissensions than the former union.

This relation at once cleared up the mystery of Lady Wimple; Adela was no stranger to her heart, nor the sensations undesignedly excited by herself.

Superior attractions is a crime, which the narrow mind can never forgive, and in a child of poverty is doubly aggravating. Mr. Melville at first was for confronting the vile detractor; but Adela declared her unworthy of so much regard, none would believe her assertions, whose opinions were of any consequence, and they left her to the punishment of herself.

But the deserving Winkit, must, and should be rewarded, was the assurance with which Mr. Melville concluded his visit; and wishing our heroine a good night, he left her with a felicity playing about her heart, to which she had been long a stranger. It was rather more than the weakness of her spirits could bear. The approaching interview,

was

was ever present to her imagination. Fear and hope kept her in constant agitation.— Her mind was busied in painting the meeting at Low-wood, and she was wishing Mr. Melville's return, when a visitor almost as welcome was announced.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. Winkit entered with precipitation and flung himself at Adela's feet. "How can I thank you? how excuse the trouble I have caused, dear, dear, lady," said he in interrupted accents.

"Thank me! what is this! rise, indeed I merit no thanks, nor can I hear any apologies, rise my good sir, believe me you are mistaken," replied Adela, extremely affected by the emotions of her kind preserver. "Not merit thanks. Ah! I know better madam, returned Mr. Winkit, I am not to be deceived so, I know none but such an angel as you are, could send that gentleman to take me out of prison. He would not tell me who he was, and you may deny it if you

you please ; but I'll never give it up, because I have been comparing notes with Mrs. Laymond; and she describes the gentleman to a hair, and says he is come to carry you to your friends. Blessed be to God, for all his goodness," added Mr. Winkit devoutly, " I always said you would come to honor, but Peggy madam, there's the rub, I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face, she has made me miserable for ever, by her behaviour to you. I can say nothing in excuse. I would rather have died in prison, a great deal, than such a thing should have happened."

" Oh! fie!" said Adela, " you really make me angry. I have quite forgot what you allude to, must hear no more repetitions; but am sincerely rejoiced to see you again, and hope we shall all be happy."

Mr. Winkit looked abashed, paused, then recovering himself, " forgive me worthy lady; but indeed I shall never have peace, until you own your generosity. I humbly beg madam, you will let me know the truth."

" I solemnly

"I solemnly assure you, I am not your deliverer," said Adela. "But here he is," exclaimed Winkit, on seeing Mr. Melville alight at the door, "that is the gentleman who came to me last night." His raptures again returned, but Adela heard them not.

Joy was imprinted on Melville's features. He entered with the welcome sounds of "Mrs. Delamaine waits to embrace you. I come to conduct you to her." The effusions of the grateful Winkit was lost. "Where, where is my friend?" said Adela. A coach was called, she pronounced a hasty adieu to the Laymonds and Mr. Winkit, and entered it with Mr. Melville. Winkit followed her to the door, and when the carriage drove off jumped up behind; and attending them to Mrs. Delamaine's habitation, he departed unobserved.

Such a meeting, I leave others to describe, I am incapable. All was I feel, but I cannot describe it. In the first effusions of joy on such occasions, the language is that of the soul,

foul, little has the lips to do. Mrs. Delamaine introduced Adela to a female, who sat working in one corner of the room.—“I wonder who this can be,” thought Adela, on observing she seem’d quite at home. She quitted the room, and the mystery was explained.

She was, like herself, a daughter of misfortune. Like, did I say? Indeed it was an error of my pen.

Adela never experienced, what could stand in any competition, with the heart rending woes of Julia Howard. Longer had she groaned under the lash of poverty. More had she been oppressed, and more unknown. But Mrs. Delamaine was sent to her rescue, she found her in the hour of distress, and took her into her bosom. She loved Adela even before she saw her, and the finest attractions of sympathy, now endeared them to each other. The natural spirits of Julia were crushed by early misfortune. A dejection would sometimes intrude, spite
of

of her utmost efforts; but she was happier, far happier than she had been, and endeavoured to look forward to brighter prospects opened by the friendly hand of Mrs. Delamaine.

Mrs. Delamaine was more than ever secluded from the fashionable world. Her habitation was humble, but not the less happy. No snarling discord dwelt beneath her roof; but unanimity, gave *gout* to every enjoyment. She was beginning her narration to Adela, but interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen.

Late acquisitions of Mrs. Delamaine, and truly valuable ones, they have been indefatigable in serving her, and removing a variety of difficulties with which she had been surrounded. One had an infinite share of humour, both of good sense, that would dignify any sphere in life. Their visit was merely *en passant*. They were introduced to our heroine and Mr. Melville; chatted away a half hour, and took their leave.

“ Now

“ Now let me congratulate my Adela,” said Mrs. Delamaine; but taking a letter from her pocket-book, “ this” said she “ will best explain my meaning.”

LORD WENTWORTH,

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE.

Low-wood:

I am just informed of your return to England, and cannot one moment defer congratulating you and your friends on that much wished for event: by none more ardently wished for than myself, as I doubt not but it is in your power to obviate the extreme anxiety I at this time experience. When
you

you left England you were no stranger to the dejection under which Mrs. Lennard laboured, a dejection which increased rapidly spite of the unremitting tenderness of her fond returning husband, the best of men. That letter from you, dedicated by cruel necessity, seemed to increase the disorder, the disorder of her mind. I strove, perhaps in vain, to conceal my own distress: happiness and all the smiling train of love which danced so blythe in my imagination, veiled their fair faces and departed mourning. I proposed returning to England, but deferred it a few weeks in compliance with Mr. Lennard's earnest intreaty, and we arrived at London *en trio*. The first advice was obtained for Mrs. Lennard, every symptom of a deep decline was visible, and she was ordered to Bath. My injured spirits sought retirement. I longed for the silent shades of Belle-vue; but it could not be, the misery of Mr. Lennard increased, with the danger of his beloved Emma, and humanity forbade me to leave them. I accom-

panied

panied them to Bath, witnessed their adieu, received her last injunction, and saw her remains laid in the family vault, in this place, Mrs. Amsbury was her last, and dearest concern: repeatedly did she execrate her own credulity, respecting Mrs. Alton, and begged our joint forgiveness.

Since this event, I have been the only companion of Mr. Lennard, we mingle our woes together, they are similar, and we find some consolation in the whispers of friendship. But I have not been an unactive mourner. The loveliest of women is still my care. To me is allotted the task of communicating the gifts of fortune, the only tribute of gratitude, (to use the dying words of Mrs. Lennard,) now to be made. "Alas!" added the expiring beauty, how insufficient to conceal the memory of my unkindness. Oh! my Lord there are no more Adela's." She grasped my hand with inexpressible energy, and her spirits winged its immortal flight.

Noble is the provision for Mrs. Amsbury, I have endeavoured to fulfil my charge.
Ignorant

Ignorant of the exact place of her abode, I went to Barton, but what an account did I there receive, I am unequal to the minute recital. Our Adela is in England, madam, widowed, poor, and friendless. Your assistance I earnestly supplicate to discover her retreat. Where can the lovely mourner be retired? I have been most vigilant in my enquiries, but can only trace her to your late abode. There she came some months since, in apparent distress; but I can learn no more. You will I am well assured join with me in endeavouring to discover her retirement, and give a new existence to your devoted

Wentworth.

A variety of painful emotions glistened in the fine eyes of our heroine, as she returned the letter to Mrs. Delamaine; but they were not without some faint irradiations of joy, occasioned by the fervor with which Lord Wentworth named her. "Am I so dear to him?" said she mentally. "Oh! where is the

the diadem for which I would exchange his friendship."

"This," said Mrs. Delamaine, "is but the introduction to my tale. By Melville am I acquainted with your recent sorrows. You are no stranger to the fate of your letters on that subject; but you are yet a stranger to the good in store for you. You know not by what means Mr. and Mrs. Lennard were reconciled; you know not that the noble Alfred is all your own; nor am I equal to the relation. Again must I have resource to a better narrator." It was Mrs. Lennard's letter to our heroine, which Mr. Hughes had returned from Naples: Adela perused it over and over, then returned to Mrs. Delamaine, while blushes dyed her lately palid face. "Does not the prospect heighten?" said Mrs. Delamaine.

Adela sighed deeply; the crimson again deserted her cheek, and she replied, "The wish of Mrs. Lennard can never be realized."

“ Say not so,” returned Mrs. Delamaine, smiling ; “ injure not the gifts of Heaven with gloomy fears ; nor interrupt my story with that mournful look. Come, be as happy as you ought to be,” continued she, “ and give your active fancy leave to anticipate approaching felicity, and view the halcyon days in store for you, with an unjaundiced eye.”

“ I have been at Low-wood since the receipt of Lord Wentworth’s letter ; strove to console this mourning pair, but only got myself infected with their melancholy. In vain have I added my researches after you, to those of his Lordship ; and as a last resource had just determined on advertising you, when Augustus Melville entered and made the discovery.”

“ And now tell me, my Adela, how can you dare to contradict the evident design of Providence, who has only led you through those thorny paths, to make you more worthy of its smiles?”

"Twenty thousand is your immediate right, and Low-wood devolves to you and your heirs after the death of Mr. Lennard."

"Oh! Madam, it is too much, I do not merit it," replied Adela.

"Not merit it," rejoined Mrs. Delamaine; "what tribute is a sufficient reward for your disinterested zeal. Is it not through you she was preserved from guilt and misery? Was it not you who convinced her husband he had wronged her, sent him in the moment of danger, to offer every possible reparation, and convince her how cruelly she had been misled. Her life was the sacrifice of those enemies who led to that fatal union. But her lost hours were soothed by the tenderness of her Henry: she evinced the utmost contrition; for, having trifled away the means of honoring her Maker, and serving her fellow-beings. Riches and rank had only been made subservient to pamper luxury, vanity, and ostentation."

"This was one of her last opinions; this cool season of reflection shewed her the

world unvarnished ; her own good heart exerted itself ; she lamented her failings, made her peace with God and man, and breathed out her soul in the arms of her reconciled husband."

" You will, I hope," added Mrs. Delamaine, " inherit her virtues, and avoid her faults. But I have another narration, which will serve as a desert after supper."

The two gentlemen who had before paid a transient visit, again entered, and spent the evening with them. Mr. Middleton told Mrs. Delamaine, he had just called on Miss Budenal, and she would be with her in the morning.—Adela blamed herself for not having before enquired for her little favorite ; but she now made ample amends for the neglect. Mr. Faulkener, one of their visitors, assured her, that the increased loveliness of Olivia's person, could only be equalled by the opening beauties of her mind.

The evening passed with that delight which was ever found in the well-chosen parties

parties at Mrs. Delamaine's: mutually pleased they parted with reluctance, and Adela warmly testified her approbation.

They were of the very few in whose society she was truly happy. Their conversation delighted while it improved. They were unskilled in the puerile topics of the age; but thoroughly versed in every useful attainment. Sound morality and real piety guided their actions. They were not enough fashionable to laugh at religion, despise good sense, or trample on the rights of humanity. They were no strangers to the name of Adela; were interested in her cause by the partial description of Mrs. Delamaine, and their conduct evinced no marks of disappointment.

The adventures of Budenal was the desert Mrs. Delamaine alluded to; but ill did it merit the appellation. It could not fail of recalling anguish to our heroine's heart.

After wandering awhile, laden with a tortured mind, he listened to the consoling arguments of Romish eloquence, purchased a

dispensation at a high rate, and was admitted within the pale of their church as a reverend father.

“ What horrid prostitution is this ? What abuse of every thing sacred ! were he a true penitent, far different would be his conduct. He takes the sacred name of religion as a sanctuary from murder !” said Adela.

“ But how, Madam, has he disposed of his effects ?”

“ Half to the monastery of which he is a member ; the residue to be equally divided between his wife and child.”

“ And where is the amiable Ezalinda ?” rejoined Adela.

“ She has,” returned Mrs. Delamaine, “ been a recluse at Heath-hill, since the last desertion of her wretched husband ; for wretched must such a monster undoubtedly be. She was the last person I visited before I left England. I have written to her in the course of my researches for you, and last week received her melancholy answer, containing an account of Budenal’s seclusion
from

from the world, together with a contrite confession of the injuries he had done you, and a wish of being forgiven by both you and her."

" Unhappy Ezalinda," said Adela, " thou art deserving of a better lot." It was a painful subject, and Mrs. Delamaine forebore to enlarge. It had been, literally, a day of adventure. Adela's spirits greatly needed refreshment. " I have transgressed," said Mrs. Delamaine, " I have kept you up too long; you are an invalid, and can ill bear such incroachments." Adela declared the conversation of her friends was a never failing cure for every ill, and wishing Mrs. Delamaine good repose, retired with her newly acquired friend Julia, just as the watchman announced past two o'clock.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE following was a day of business. Mrs. Delamaine wrote to Low-wood, and Adela sat down to employ her pen likewise; but the vicissitudes she had so lately experienced, ruffled her mind, and rendered her unequal to the task. She wrote and blotted, and wrote again; but at last was obliged to give it up, and employ Julia Howard, as her amanuensis to Lady Ismena Heighdelnam, to whom she considered herself indispensibly bound to communicate the present revolutions. She was likewise anxious to address Mrs. Budenal, but that must be reserved for a more tranquil moment; there no other pen could be accepted.

Julia

Julia had just finished her performance, and Adela was looking it over, when Mrs. Delamaine joined them, followed by two ladies, whose faces Adela knew she had seen before, but could not recollect their names, until the elder addressing her with a manner peculiar to herself, she instantly recollected the amiable Mrs. and Miss Melvin, whom she had known in France, when her acquaintance with Mr. Lennard commenced; and from the description of Mr. Hughes, were extremely prepossessed in her favor; which since their return was increased by the encomiums of Mrs. Delamaine.

Mrs. Melvin embraced Adela with ardour, and congratulated Mrs. Delamaine on the acquisition restored to her. There was a grateful warmth in every look, word, and action of Mrs. Melvin, which won the heart of Adela. She was blessed with a mind truly benevolent, and knew how to give it expression.

Few knew the world so well, or despised its follies more than Mrs. Melvin. Few

possessed so much sound sense, unerring judgment, strength of memory, brilliancy of repartee, and politeness of manners, as Mrs. Melvin. She communicated cheerfulness whenever she appeared, and reluctance followed her departure. She turned to Julia Howard, kindly enquired how she did, and smiling, told her she was not forgotten. Miss Melvin spoke little; but that little marked her a woman of no common mold. A gentle unassuming character; she avoided the sun-shine, but displayed its beauties in the retired walk of private life. To cheer the drooping spirit, visit the sick and feed the poor, were the earthly paradise of Miss Melvin.

Those are the actions which procure that inward approbation, which nought else can give, and raises the human heart almost to Heaven.

Mr. Melville was their next visitor; he brought Olivia with him. The lapse of time had not effaced the idea of Adela from her memory: she threw her arms around her

her neck, and sobbed her joy. Then wiping away the falling tears; "My uncle is below," said she, "waiting to see you." The artless error extorted a frown from Mr. Melville, and a crimson blush from Adela.

Mrs. Delamaine threw down the letter which she had just written, and left the room. Adela cast an enquiring look at Mr. Melville, and he ratified Olivia's assertion; Lord Wentworth was really below! a few tumultuous moments, and he entered with Mrs. Delamaine. Adela had just summoned every particle of resolution, with which nature had endowed her; but when the door opened it instantly vanished in air.

Nature assumed its empire over her heart, and kindly took the faithful lover's part. She hid her face in Julia Howard's bosom, and Alfred seated himself in silence by her side; then seized her trembling hand, and pronounced some incoherent sentences; (Julia withdrew.)

"I am unequal to this," said Adela, rising. She was about to quit the room, but

the no less agitated Alfred prevented her; repeated his warm effusions in accents more articulate, and surprise was succeeded by felicity, pure and unmixed.

The vivacity of Olivia, aided by the efforts of Mrs. Delamaine, soon dispelled their mutual restraint; and the happy Wentworth informed Adela, there was yet another zealous friend of hers waiting to be introduced; one, (added his Lordship) who is the cause of my present intrusion."

This really zealous friend was Mr. Wilmot. He was himself the voluntary bearer of a large packet of letters from Barton. She knew the hand of her Louisa, and opened it with impatience. The inclosures fell on the floor; these were their several contents.

MRS. RHODES

TO

ADELA.

Faern-hall.

I WILL not attempt to describe what I have experienced within these few hours, for you, my lovely persecuted friend and sister. May some propitious power guide this to your hand, and alleviate the sufferings with which you have been oppressed.

My father is again with us; but the inclosed will explain every thing,—and I forbear repetitions.

Come to us, my Adela; happy in being enabled to offer you an asylum. I earnestly conjure you to hasten to Faern-hall, where
a groupe

a groupe of friends wait with impatience to embrace and welcome you with heart-felt love.

You will perhaps doubt my assertion. You have found enemies in the possessors of Faern-hall; but they are no longer so: I married even without a hope of happiness: I bestowed my hand in compliance with a fond parent's wish; and I am rewarded for the filial deed. The power I possess over the heart of Mr. Rhodes, has effected a change, almost as extraordinary as the fabled metamorphosis of Cymon. Accuse me not of vanity; only to the friend of my earliest remembrance, could I make such a confession. The motive will, I hope, plead a sufficient excuse: I mean to assure you, the inhabitants of Faern-hall will no more offend, but are anxious to obtain your pardon for the past. The strong passions of Mrs. Rhodes frequently blinds her judgment, and leads her into errors; immediate opposition makes her furious; but each reflection brings her back to reason. She is not (however
appear-

appearances may be against her,) she really is not capable of deliberate injustice.

To me she has candidly owned her repugnance for the cruel insults offered you at Naples. That villain Lambert was the chief aggressor; he urged her on to what she did; but she was surely wrong to listen to him; and now, what would she not do to be restored to your esteem?

Suffer me, my Adela, to plead for her. Come and convince us you are truly generous. Come and see your friend happy, spite of the boding world. Perhaps there is not another existing, who could be so, in my situation. It is only such cool insensibles as Louisa Amfbury, who should venture on similar connexions.

Formed of less refined materials than women of exquisite sensibility, we tread the beaten track of common life; strangers to every extreme. I love my friends with a kind of peaceful tenderness. I regard my husband, and strive to promote his happiness, and the welfare of all around me, from principle;

ciple ; but I am incapable of those enthusiastic ardors, that govern the destiny of such as you.

Yet, think not, my Adela, though less distinguished by the brilliant gifts of genius, deep sensibility, and all those polished graces that adorn your mind ; think me not incapable of the pure and exalted flame of never-dying friendship.

You are the only mortal beyond the pole of consanguinity, that ever agitated the tranquil bosom of

LOUISA RHODES.

LADY

LADY ISMENA,

TO

ADELA.

Flanders.

BY the kind assurance of Mr. Amfbury, I am encouraged to hope this letter will reach my much loved Adela, and convey some faint idea of the anxiety I have experienced since our separation.

Scarcely could you have reached your native land, when your friend, or rather father, arrived here, totally ignorant of every recent misfortune.

The cruel and unjustifiable enmity which Mr. Fontinay harboured against you, alone induced

induced him to draw his brother, and family, from England ; thereby hoping to realize his barbarous wish, and deprive you of every earthly resource. But an over-ruling power interposed. Mr. Ambsbury instantly disproved the slanderous assertions urged against you: his upright soul revolted from such glaring injustice, and he seemed to forget his own immediate loss in his generous efforts, to clear your injured fame.

But, vain were all his arguments ; instead of the wished-for conviction, a quarrel ensued, and they parted with mutual disgust. Mr. Ambsbury was hastening to return, when report made me acquainted with his truly noble conduct, and I sent him an invitation to my house, which he readily accepted. We consequently spoke of you, and information was mutually communicated. The worthy man has been some weeks my guest, but there yet appears no hopes of a reconciliation with his implacable relative, whose unjust resentment seems likewise extended to me.

From

From the sadly soothing converse of Mr. Ambsbury, the image of our murdered Theodore, seemed to receive a new existence in my heart, and my soul hovered perpetually over the woe-fraught visionary scene, with a kind of mournful infatuation. This excellent man observed the fond delirium of my mind; and, like you, accusing himself as the promoter of it; he soon resolved to leave me to the uninterrupted possession of my sorrow. Ardently have I importuned him to bless me with his society, until the return of my much wished for Gathaway; but, with reluctance, he tells me, it cannot be.

“No,” he exclaims, while the big tear stands quivering in his eye, “No, dear Lady Ismena, my soul pants for home; she springs forward to embrace her long adopted daughter; her charming, injured, and I fear, unfriended Adela. In Barton she will find no home: her Louisa will not be there to receive her. Where then can the lovely wanderer

wanderer expect an asylum? where direct her solitary way?

Ah! let me hasten to alleviate her present anguish and defend her from future evils!"

After such a declaration, can I one moment wish to deprive my Adela of her friend and father? Oh, no, forbid it, ye sacred powers that deign to impress the precepts of virtue on the human mind, and for ever defend your faithful votary, from such a crime. On the contrary, since I am made acquainted with the real motive of his impatience to be in England, I have employed every means in my power to facilitate his laudable wish. The worthy man folds me in his arms; he bids me be blest, and our tears mingle together.

May he find my much-loved Adela, happier than his fears forbode! May he be empowered to apply the balm of consolation to your wounded spirit, and whisper peace to your every care.

Be

Be this most ardent prayer of my soul realized ; and the world contains not another object that can henceforth disturb the tranquility of my mind. I shall become an uninterested spectator in this busy mart of existence, and my only remaining wish will be, to spend my future days in your society, to imitate your unnumbered excellencies, and aided by your example look forward to an infinitely higher and more lasting felicity, than the visionary blissful scene, that has so lately eluded my too eager grasp, and to whose memory I still drop the involuntary tear of unconquerable regret.

I wait only for the return and approbation of my revered Gathaway, to quit a spot now become irksome, and hasten to embrace the being on earth, most dear to my soul.

Oh, excellent parent of the most beloved of mankind, how I envy your mournfully luxurious interview with the lovely memento of his unequalled graces, the object of his
early

early *only love*; and the softened image of his mind and manners?—Go, fraught with every felicity that righteous Heaven can impart:—go, and convey to our charming friend, the heartfelt blessings, the unremitting prayers and tender solicitude of her,

ISMENA.

MR.

MR. AMSBURY,

TO

ADELA.

Faern-hall.

MAY these faithful transcripts of sincere affection, be safely wasted to the dear daughter of my heart, and be the means of conducting her to the arms of her anxiously expecting friends ; whose late sufferings on her account, surpasses all description, and can only be equalled by the cheering hope of being again blessed with her society.

Let no scrupulous fears, no delicate apprehensions prevent your immediately hastening to Faern-hall, where a father, a sister, and a circle of friends, wait to embrace and welcome

welcome you. Come then, my amiable child, come and partake the happiness of those endeared to you, by the most binding ties ; come and forget your early misfortunes in the bosom of friendship.

Mrs. Rhodes (unequal to the task herself) solicits, through me, your generous forgiveness, and joins her altered son, and his Louisa, in most earnestly intreating you will forget every embittering remembrance, and endeavour to regain your native serenity, amid the soothing shades of this sweet solitude.

Your fair friend, Lady Ismena, would likewise join our ardent importunity, did not distance deprive us of her aid. Delay not then, one moment, to make us all happy. The amiable Wilmot will be your glad conductor. Oh, hasten to bless the declining days of,

Your Friend and Father.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

“**Y**ES,” said Adela, giving the letters to Lord Wentworth, and Mrs. Delamaine, “yes, I will fly to this dear friend and father, this amiable sister of my earliest choice ; endeavour to give that consolation, which they think I need convince them, that I have profited by the salutary lessons of affliction, and am resigned to the dispensation of eternal wisdom.” She paused, then clasping the hand of her enraptured Alfred ; “Suffer me,” added she, with all that captivating simplicity, and artless innocence, that ever distinguished her actions, “to go, and strive by every exertion that philanthropy can dictate, to make some expiation for the woes I have occasioned. And you

likewise, dearest Madam," continued she, looking ardently in Mrs. Delamaine's face, " you will, I know, applaud my design. My injured spirit seeks no other restorative then the calm enjoyment of itself.

This blessing is now offered me in the charming solitude of Faern-hall. There too I may, in some degree, acquit myself of the duty I owe that dear youth, who sacrificed his brightest hopes, for the poor possession of a reluctant hand. There I will hope to atone for my criminal acquiescence with his impetuous love, by an unwearied attention to his worthy parent; at whose heart, I well know, his loss will long sit heavy; nor can happiness find a resting place in my bosom, till I have, at least, softened the anguish I have caused in his. For Louisa, I have now no fears. Youth, novelty, and affluence, will drown the voice of sorrow in a mind, turned like hers; but who can answer for the effects of such a stroke, on an enthusiastically fond and aged father?

Awhile

Awhile then, my much-loved friends, let me withdraw even from your society. Retirement will restore me to my former tranquil state. I shall acquit myself of the charge that hangs around my heart; become, perhaps, more worthy your inestimable regards, and when I have buried the remembrance of my errors, I will return and share your felicity."

Mrs. Delamaine looked her amazement, and Lord Wentworth gazed silently at her, with a glow of melancholy tenderness. But neither of them offered to oppose her resolve. Mrs. Delamaine forbore from motives of delicacy, although she mentally pronounced it an excess of refinement; but Lord Wentworth was too much an enthusiast in love, to view the actions of his adored Adela, with the cool eye of common reason. With him, all that she either said or did, were the stamp of perfection. The purity and ardor of his passion, rendered him superior to each selfish wish; and where a com-

mon lover would have murmured—he rapturously approved.

The respect which Adela felt and owed to the memory of Mrs. Lennard, added to the tender regret excited by her loss, was likewise another motive for this delicate delay.

A few blissful hours glided by in the delightful interchanges of virtuous tenderness, and the extatic assurances of inviolate fidelity. The only being that Heaven formed, capable of truly distinguishing the excellence, and worthy of being united with a spirit so pure and so enlightened, that it seemed an emanation of the eternal mind; was permitted to hope, that the completion of all his wishes was not far distant. The charming Adela, the sole possessor of his undivided heart, sent to convince an unbeliever, that love is no romantic illusion, and kindle in his till then, unruffled breast, the brightest flame of that exalted passion; listened enraptured to the soft avowal of his tender sufferings, and sweetly blushed her own:
then

then clothing the empaffioned language of her heart, in gently interrupted accents, bade him, fince his happinefs was in her power, be happy.

“ I go,” faid ſhe, “ to pay the tributes of duty and gratitude.” She threw her eyes on the ground, paused, then added, “ The remainder of my life is love, and yours.”

A few filently extatic moments were conſecrated to this bleſt affurance. Already, the deſerving Alfred, felt the dawns of felicity burſt on his mind, and when his firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he marked, in glowing colours, every gradation of his attachment, from the moment of its birth, when

“ He watched the early glories of her eyes, as men, for day break, watch the eaſtern ſkies.” Until that heart-rending period, when the ſad tidings of her union with another, ſeemed to bury all his hopes, in the tomb of deep deſpair. But, again was the veil that hung between them, removed ;

and the *sanctum sanctorum* of earthly bliss, appeared in view.

An early day was named for her departure for Barton, and the intermediate time glided away in the participation of every mental luxury, that virtuous and congenial souls are capable of tasting. Our heroine found in Julia Howard, a valuable acquisition ; she added to an uncommon brilliancy of understanding and elegance of manners, a deep sensibility, soothing tenderness, and winning condescension, nearly equalled. Adela discovered in her, all the amiable ardor of Lady Ismena, and the engaging sweetness of her friend Louisa, adorned by far superior endowments, than either of them could boast. Her sentiments breathed a delicacy of refinement, unallayed by affectation, and an innate dignity of soul that soared far above any revolution of fortune, rendered her respectable in the lowest abyss of penury ; and truly great, in the very depths of misfortune. The society of Adela beguiled each sad remembrance of her latent

tent sorrows, and her native vivacity again began to disclose its beauties. She attended with delighted ear to the accents of genius, learning, truth, and philanthropy, that fell from the lips of Wentworth, and often declared with the poet, that surely,

“ Eternal wisdom ! that all-quick’ning sun
Ne’er with a larger portion of his beams,
Awaken’d mortal Clay.”

His Lordship likewise beheld, and listened to her, with a sort of tender approbation, and repaid her flattering eulogium, by avowing, that, his beloved Adela excepted, he had never seen, or conversed with a female, in his opinion, so formed to captivate. But, highly qualified as Julia was, by the applause of a character, so eminently distinguished, and always charmed with society ; her heart experienced far different emotions in the presence of the accomplished and amiable Augustus Melville. Her eyes sparkled with unusual radiance, her cheek received a deeper glow, and her throbbing heart, and fal-

tering accents, betrayed unusual agitation, whenever he approached. An immediate metamorphosis always succeeded his entrance, no longer attentive to please all around her : her looks, word, and action, seemed all, by an involuntary impulse, to be directed to him ; and she appeared, during these intervals, totally insensible of the existence of any other being.

Mrs. Delamaine unsuspecting of the real cause, attributed those frequent absences, and evident perturbations which Julia was too artless to conceal to the weak state of her just recovered spirits ; but Lord Wentworth, and Adela, aided by recent experience, viewed the case through a truer medium ; and while they fancied the tender contagion had likewise reached the no longer volatile Augustus, they could not but regret an attachment apparently more hopeless, than ever theirs had been ; for Lord Wentworth's possessions were large, although incumbered, economy might release him from these galling fetters, which the profuseness of his
ancestors

ancestors had entailed ; but futurity presented no hopes for Augustus Melville, but what arose from the liberality of his more wealthy relatives. His father was one of the brightest characters that ever adorned the British arms ; but, like many other distinguished ornaments of their country, he died in disgrace, indigence, and obscurity, leaving his infant son, the heir only of his virtues. The pride of blood, in those, to whom he was allied, afforded the lovely boy that support, which their unjust resentment to his parent would gladly have denied him. His personal and mental graces, bloomed without culture, and in the excellent Alfred, he early found an invaluable friend, a faithful counsellor, and kind instructor, whose generous attention amply compensated for the neglect of his other friends ; and no sooner did he attain maturity, then by his vigorous exertions, he procured for his orphan favorite, the restoration of a part of his father's fortune, which had been unjustly withheld from him, and was sufficient to

keep him above abject dependance. His birth was equally noble, as that of his generous friends : indeed, the blood of Wentworth flowed through his veins, and he was the next heir to that title and estate, in case his Lordship died without issue ; but this might almost be deemed a hopeless inheritance ; at least, it was such as Augustus Melville never wished to profit by.

The peculiar beauty of his person, and the no less striking graces of his manners, induced many of his professing friends, to advise him to direct their irresistible power at some sighing damsel of affluence : but his spirit rose indignant at the idea of so base a prostitution, and he turned with honest disdain from the mean and despicable traffic of his honor. What ! should the blood of Melville, so often shed in the cause of glory, and immortalized in the annals of Britannia, by a long succession of illustrious heroes, be now contaminated by a wretched fortune-hunter ? No, his soul revolted at the base suggestion ! Poverty may still be honor-

honorable ; but no succeeding turn of fate, could, in his estimation, wipe off so deep a stain. He therefore nobly withstood every allurements, that the encouraging smiles of many approving fair ones, threw in his way.

His heart felt no advocate in their favor, and he scorned to submit to that most miserable of slavery, a wretched dependance on a despised woman. Spite of the unkindness of fortune, he resolved to possess the native freedom of his mind ; when a false idea of gratitude to the memory of Fanny Ursell, added to the apparent attachment of her sister, and aided by a combination of subsequent circumstances, baffled all his resolutions. His heart naturally inclined to the side of compassion, and what he refused to the calls of interest, he yielded to the claims of generosity.

He submitted to devote his happiness to the absurd whim of a being, whose mind was all a vacuum. Some faint irradiations of reason, just raised her above animal life, but her heart was equally a stranger to every

amiable sensation, and inaccessible to every attempt, to dictate and improve, as her understanding was impenetrably shut against the voice of truth and instruction, “and refused to hear the voice of the charmer—charm he never so wisely.” Such was the woman, that Augustus Melville heroically determined, in the first ardors of gratitude, to make the partner of his future days. But a very short time shewed him the glaring folly of his conduct, and maddened with remorse, in vain he looked around, for means to retreat with honor, when the gentle Harcourt happily stepped in, and kindly rescued him from the dreaded enthrallment.

Julia Howard was certainly a striking contrast to his faithless Harriet; who was beautiful, without being interesting;—Julia, interesting, commanding, facinating, without being beautiful, add to this deficiency in beauty, a still greater deficiency in fortune.

Alas! Julia Howard, possessed of every soft attraction to captivate the soul, was very poor. Augustus Melville was poor likewise;

wife; and they were both equally imprudent, as poor.

Julia sought incessantly, the sweet elysium of that enchanting converse, which discretion warned her to avoid; while Augustus, hung with charmed ear, over the soft language of her heart, listened to the artless narrative of her hapless orphan infancy, and more unfriended youth; and as she traced each sad vicissitude that reduced her to the deplorable state, whence the benevolence of Mrs. Delamaine snatched her, overwhelmed with all that absolute want, illness, and cruel oppression, can inflict; with no other refuge in view but the horrid alternatives of suicide or infamy; his soul breathed the most empasioned sympathy, and as the frequently betraying sigh escaped, he told the charming narrator, that if there was a man on earth she loved to tell her woe-wrought tale, and that would win him.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW thick does the envenomed arrows of affliction fly incessantly around; and how suddenly pierce the unsuspecting mortal, in the midst of fancied security.

Such was the experience of the little society that crowded the happy, humble dwelling of Mrs. Delamaine.

True to his appointment, Mr. Wilmot returned from his visit to a friend, who resided near the metropolis, to conduct Adela to her anxiously expectant friends at Barton. The parting scene was such as may be easily imagined. The temporary separation of according minds was softened by the cheer-

ing

ing assurance of approaching felicity : and while a tender regret stole across Adela's spirits, when Mrs. Delamaine pressed her to her bosom, and Julia Howard pronounced a reluctant adieu ; the flattering image of unembittered happiness presented itself, and smiling with undisguised, unalterable love, on the silently admiring Alfred, every gloomy sensation winged his flight, and was succeeded by the brightest hopes, the most unclouded serenity.

In this sweet enchantment of soul till then unfelt, our heroine had proceeded some miles on her journey, seated between the happiest of men, (who absolutely insisted on his right, of being her conductor) and the friendly Wilmot, and attended by her faithful Nannette, when stopping for refreshment, at a small inn, by the road side, the postilion whispered Lord Wentworth to observe a carriage behind, which had dogged them from town, and he doubted, meant no good. His Lordship smiled at the suspicion, and directing his attention as desired, observed a
hired

hired post-chaise, with the blinds drawn up, which followed closely after them, and likewise stopped; but unmindful of the postilion's sagacious information, he led Adela into the house, and thought no more of what appeared to him of so little moment.

But scarcely were they seated, when the door of the room burst suddenly open, and a tall masculine figure, habited in sable, entered with an air of fury. His countenance seemed inflamed by passion; every atom was convulsed, his eyes flashed fire, and rivetting their fierce regards on Lord Wentworth.

“ Presumptuous boy ! ” (he exclaimed with a voice almost choaked by rage)
 “ base, despicable wretch ! haste thou dared to pollute thy name, and contaminate thy high descent, by a base alliance ? And is this minion (turning to Adela) her, whom, for the indulgenc of a romantic whim, thou hast presumed to dignify with the illustrious honors of the house of Wentworth. ”

Petrified with amazement, Lord Wentworth arose to reply, but his enraged interrogator, lifting

lifting a massy club that he held in his hand, levelled him in a moment with the ground; and Adela uttering a piercing shriek, fell insensibly into the arms of Mr. Wilmot; whose sorrow could only be equalled by his surprize. The haughty assailant then stamped vehemently with his foot; several ill-looking fellows instantly appeared, and pointing sullenly to the lifeless form of Adela, he bade them execute their orders. They hastened to yield obedience, and tear her from the sustaining arms of the heart-grieved Wilmot, who firmly avowed his resolution to defend her; and confirmed the sincerity of his design, by the most active exertions, till stunned by a blow from one of the assailants, he fell by the apparent corpse of the injured Alfred; and Nannette being retired to another apartment, entirely ignorant of the passing scene; the victors bore off their prize without farther opposition.

“Where am I?” languidly demanded Adela, at length awakened from her deep stupor, by the rapid motion of the carriage
into

into which she was conveyed ; then raising her eyes to the wretches that guarded her, again she uttered a fearful shriek, and striving to disengage herself from their hold, she started from her seat, frenzy glared in her eye, and she wildly enquired, “ Why they had done this horrid, horrid deed ! Where they had hid her murdered love, her dear, dear Alfred ! ” Then, unable to sustain the violent conflicts of her soul, she again sunk into insensibility ; and when the dawnings of animation once more illumed her form, her wildly plaintive sorrow returned with accumulated force.

The apartment in which she found herself immured, seemed designed for ever to exclude the chearful beams of day. The solemn silence that reigned around, added to the glimmering light of a taper that diffused a faint reflection over the surrounding objects, impressed Adela's unsettled judgment, with a belief, that she was already descended into the gloomy mansions of the dead ; and an emaciated female figure that she

she beheld gliding toward her, served to confirm this belief. She started from the bed, as the supposed spectre approached near her, and with streaming eyes, asked if she knew where they had laid her noble, generous Wentworth; for her spirit longed to contemplate his loved remains. "Spirit!" exclaimed the woman with a frighted aspect, "What spirit?" She glanced her eyes fearfully around. The taper twinkled against the wall; Adela repeated her pathetic enquiry: the woman replied, "No, no," with a hollow voice, shut her eyes, muttered an ejaculation, to be defended from all ghostly perils; and turning suddenly from the lovely beseeching form, who (to enforce her ardent request) had prostrated herself at her feet; she darted out of the room, with the swiftness of thought.

Incapable of reasoning, Adela still continued on her knees, invoking every gentle shade that viewed her deep distress, to pity and conduct her to her Alfred; until the door again turned sullenly on its hinges, and the

the cruel causer of her soul piercing anguish stood before her. She gazed on him for a moment, in mournful silence, then springing on her feet, with frantic agility ;

“ Are you, too, come,” she cried “ to join me, and my dear, devoted, fainted Alfred, in these dread caverns of eternal night? Are you come with his blood upon your head, to disturb this awful scene, and agonize still more, my poor perturbed soul? Or, are you sent by the just and sacred powers to make atonement for your past offences, your fatal cruelty, and gently lead me to his cold, cold clay ?” She paused, and her visitor stood aghast.—“ Do this ; do but this,” continued she ; “ and from my heart, I forgive every thing ; and may your spirit dwell with ours in bliss, for ever. But else you cannot, indeed you cannot. I am wronged, cruelly wronged ; and, I tell you, the supreme avenger will not forgive till I do.

He will not suffer injured innocence, and martyred love, to plead in vain. I can pardon ; indeed, indeed I can : but you must

must learn to pity, and deserve it: and if you don't know how, I'll teach you in this dismal prison-house: then I know you will rejoice to make the only expiation I require, and shew me the remains of my Wentworth, ere our spirits are again united above the reach of mortal enmity."

"Poor wretched, deluded girl!" exclaimed the stranger; disappointed ambition has made thee mad." "Mad!" repeated she, seizing him by the arm: "Yes," said he, putting her roughly from him, "I say, thou art mad:—go," added he, seating her forcibly in a chair; "I see thou art incapable of understanding, or complying with what I designed to propose. I would not obtrude such a creature, on my lowest menial: but I will have thee conveyed to a proper place, where thou mayest end thy miserable days in obscurity."

But Adela heard not the conclusion of this speech. Every idea that had so lately possessed her mind, was vanished. Even the image of Wentworth, was no longer distin-

distinguished. A deep stupor lapt her senses in death like lethargy ; and totally insensible to all her woes, she smiled vacantly in the face of her un-renting persecutor, as he quitted the room : and when the female guardian, whose fears were so much awakened by the word, spirit, was again prevailed on to visit her ; she found her, sunk into an, apparently profound sleep.

CHAPTER L.

FROM that mournful suspension of life, which Adela's attendant mistook for the cordial restorative of balmy sleep, the lovely sufferer awoke in all the agonies of a high delirious fever, which ended in a deep melancholy. The feat of memory seemed totally erased. The name of Alfred frequently dwelt on her lips, but without appearing to have any connected ideas annexed to it. Her extreme bodily sufferings had reduced her to a perfect skeleton. She could seldom be prevailed on to take any nourishment; but would sit whole days and nights on the ground, leaning her head on her hand, while her fine eyes, that so lately sparkled with irresistible beauties, and spoke the

the unnumbered graces of her mind ; robbed of all their lustre, now served only as the sad intelligencers of her dejected state.

A wretched lapse of time ensued. She was conveyed, by the command of her un pitying preceptor, to one of those receptacles where the miserable lunatic oft groans beneath the scourge of vulgar tyranny.

There her disorder daily gained strength, and near two sad years elapsed in this wretched deprivation of Heaven's most valuable gifts ; when, one evening, walking in a small inclosure, adjoining the house, where, with an attendant, the miserable inmates were sometimes permitted to wander ; a dreadful clash of swords assailed her ear, followed by dismal groans, that seemed to vibrate on her heart, and awaken every native feeling of her soul. A gleam of reason darted across her benighted faculties ; bitter recollection burst in a torrent on her injured mind ; and flying toward the spot, from whence the alarming sounds proceeded. " Oh," she cried, " murder has again resumed her bloody

bloody work !”—The tumult within increased. She could no more, but seating herself on a flight of steps, that descended into the garden, looked steadfastly up to Heaven, heaved repeated sighs, and clasping her hands mournfully together, remembrance was again lost, in the chaos of infinity. A long interval of silence reigned around, when a well known voice recalled the irradiating spark that had just deserted Adela's mind ; and, “ Where, where are the dear lovely sufferers ? ” was repeated in a tone of the most impatient ardor, the most animated tenderness. Adela started from her seat, and exclaimed, “ It is—it is him, my dear, my amiable deliverer ; he is again come to guide me to peace ! ”

The door of the house flew open, as she uttered these words, and Augustus Melville, pale and trembling, caught her in his arms ; but the surprize was too great for her ; she no longer knew him, for her long tried friend ; but smiled gloomily in his face ; then reclining her aching head on his bosom,

ed what benignant angel he was, who thus sweetly compassionated her sorrows ; and if he was come to conduct her weary soul to rest ?

“ Do you not know me ?” said he, kissing her cheek, and bathing it with pitying tears, “ Do you not know your friend Augustus Melville ?” She raised her head from his bosom, and again smiled in his face.

“ Loveliest victim of undistinguishing pride,” added he, “ awake to the gentle voice of truth and friendship. I come to lead you to the arms of love, and Alfred ; to guide your fainting steps, where cruelty can no more molest you, but the soothing whispers of sweetest consolation, will bury the past in oblivion, and erect on its tomb, the noblest temple, dedicated to virtue and conjugal bliss.”

But, all was lost on Adela ; she seemed to listen with attention, repeated such of his words, as particularly dwelt on her ear, just as a pleased infant lisps the instructions of its nurse ; but their impression instantly died
away ;

away; and, she no more remembered to have heard them; but disengaging herself from the embrace of her much interested friend, she again seated herself on the garden steps, and reclined her head on her hand.

Melville regarded her some moments, with a look of tender sorrow; and measuring his steps back to the house, returned in a few moments, leading the emaciated remains of Julia Howard.

“Behold,” said he, as they approached the dear object of their fondest care, “only the faint memento of our once charming friend. Her lovely form is sunk in ruins, and her angelic mind seems totally destroyed. But come,” added he, “my dear, and equally injured Julia, come and try, by thy gentle efforts, to communicate a ray of light, and hope, to this amiable sister in calamity.”

Julia threw herself on her knees, by the side of her unconscious friend, in silent anguish; and, pressing her hand to her lips,

ardently besought her, once more, to bleis, with her kind regards, her poor, unfortunate, Julia Howard. But, she seemed still more unmoved, then she had been by the soothing assurances, and gentle endearments of Augustus ; and gazing at them with fixed insensibility, she started from her melancholy posture, and her attendant conducted her into the house.

The passage was stained with blood. The horrid sight seemed to penetrate her soul, and again call forth her native sensibility. She refused to ascend the stairs, but kneeling down, clasped her hands together, in all the agony of woe, and uttered the most piercing lamentations.

“ Behold,” she cried. “ the blood of my Alfred ascending from the grave. I come, I come, thou flaming messenger ; I languish to attend your call. — Hush ! who spoke of vengeance ? Can this weak arm avenge ? No, I tell you, none can avenge, save one. Oh, impotent children of corruption, how do

do ye presume? What, dare to snatch the rod from divine justice? Oh, impious!"

Augustus and Julia stood weeping over her, but she observed them not. A groan of deep anguish echoed through the house. Adela started from the ground. Melville caught her again in his arms. "Do you not now know me?" said he, "And will you not go with us, and be happy?" "Happy!" said she, looking quietly in his face. Another groan reached them. "Hark!" she cried, endeavouring to disengage herself. "Hark! I am called again." "Oh, no, my Adela, you must not leave us," said Augustus, still holding her in his affectionate embrace, "indeed we must not part." She rivetted her eyes angrily on him; then, by an exertion, much beyond her apparent strength, she eluded all their endeavours to detain her, and rushed into the room, from whence the dreadful sounds had proceeded.

There, agonizing on a couch, and supported by several domestics, lay the being that had reduced the unoffending Adela to

her present deplorable state, in all the terrors of death.

A palid corpse, with garments all ensanguined, presented itself to her affrighted eyes, in another part of the room.

“ Oh! who hath done this!” she exclaimed with a scream of horror. “ What presumptuous mortal has dared thus to revenge the cause of my injured Wentworth? He did not send you, I am sure he did not. No, he was too, too good, ever to take delight in scenes like this.”

The expiring form rolled his languid eyes fearfully toward her. “ Tell me,” said she, approaching nearer, and tenderly pressing his extended trembling hand between hers; “ Ah! tell me who has done this wicked deed! Indeed I did not, nor my Wentworth did not.” The dying man again groaned piteously.

“ Stay, stay, stay,” she cried; “ don’t go away so fast. Take my forgiveness, my sincere, chearful forgiveness, and then we will go together, and search for Alfred.”

He

He raised her hands to his lips. A ray of peace relumed his beclouded aspect. He made repeated efforts to speak, but nature was too far exhausted. The unformed words died away in silence, on his quivering lips, and fixed his ardent eyes on the three pitying forms by his side, he sunk into the arms of death."

"He is gone," said Adela, with streaming eyes, "he is quite gone, and will none of you release me out of this misery?"

"Yes," cried a dear, and long lost object, rushing into the room, and snatching her to his bounding heart,—“Thy Alfred, thy own Alfred will!” She wiped the tears from her cheek, smiled mournfully in his face, and asked if he was not that bright seraph Raphael, who was ever the willing messenger of sovereign goodness: and, if he was indeed come to guide her erring steps to the blissful abodes, where, enthroned in happiness, dwelt her long lamented, long loved Alfred."

“ He is here,” he exclaimed, in an agony of emotion, “ thy adoring Alfred is himself come, to wipe all sorrow from those charming eyes, and share with his Adela, the lavish gifts of Heaven. To learn from thee, the practice of every virtue ; and endeavour to derive happiness superior to the ravages of time or misfortune, by contributing to that of others. I came, likewise, to relate all the amazing turns of fortune, that I have experienced since our separation, and plainly demonstrate to thy listening soul, that through whatever bye-paths, and indirect crooked way, the highest summit of earthly glory may be attained.

“ Even handed Justice,
Returns the ingredients of our poisoned chalice,
To our own lips.”

“ Of which axiom,” continued he, turning to the murdered forms before them, “ we have here, two sad mementos. But come, my injured love,” added he, “ let me at least conduct you from this scene of horror.”

She

She started wildly from him, and throwing herself prostrate by the lifeless form, whose forgiveness she had so lately sealed ; she hid her face with its garments, and burst into a violent passion of tears.

“ Alas,” cried the agitated Alfred, “ what means this, dear, and only choice of my heart ? Will you not once more look up and bless him who lives but for you ? Look up, my life,” added he, kneeling beside her, “ and let him whom you have professed so long to have lamented and loved, conduct you to joy ; and shew you the most enchanting prospects of happiness.” She raised her head from the bosom of the corpse, and seeing Julia Howard encircled in the arms of Mrs. Delamaine, she ran towards them ; then stopping suddenly, flew (as if for shelter) into the embrace of her nearly distracted lover ; looked fearfully around for some moments, and then fell into such strong convulsions, that her spent soul seemed every instant quitting its almost ruined mansion.

“ Alas !” added the heart-wrung Alfred, as he held her struggling in his arms, “ those bright and delicate spirits that diffused blessings all around, are, I fear, for ever chased from their native abodes.” He gently pressed her glowing forehead to his lips. “ And for me it is,” said he, looking at his friend Augustus, “ this loveliest of creatures, is thus destroyed.—Oh Melville ! is this the happiness I panted for ? Are these the delights I vainly hoped to share, with the only woman my heart ever selected ? What now avails the smiles of fortune ?—Oh, father of mercies, if I lose her, where will such a wretch exist, as me ? Insufferable torment is in the thought !—See ! see ! the living principle droops in her fading eyes. Those violent conflicts cannot long exist with a poor being, before so cruelly reduced.”

“ Fear not,” said the sympathizing Julia, in a tone of sweetest consolation, “ she will live to make us all happy.”

“ Oh, no, flattering Julia,” he replied, “ she cannot : I see she cannot : she will
not

not live for me. It is over," cried he, 'as she sunk motionless in his arms ; " and sorrow hath done her utmost !" He was quite overpowered, and after holding her awhile in his bosom, he suffered the intreaties of Melville to prevail on him, and quitting his still dear charge, he imprinted on her ashy cheek, the parting signature of unutterable anguish, and unconquerable love ; and leaning on the arm of his compassionating friend, he accompanied him with sad reluctant steps, out of the house.

CHAPTER LI.

EXTREME sollicitude is ever apt to use the sombre pencil, in delineating the dangers or distresses of a beloved object.

It was the effects of this propensity, that impressed the excellent Alfred with a firm belief, that the pure spirit of his Adela had winged its immortal flight. But a very short time removed this torturing reflection, and fully convinced his revigorated heart, that what he had mistaken for the final stroke of death, was only the semblance of it; for, having remained some hours in a state of deep insensibility, she awoke, from a sweet restoring sleep. Some benignant

nant influence had dispelled the horrors of delirium, and gently soothed her troubled soul. The remembrance of past sorrows, stole with milder step, and softened aspect, across her becalmed spirits, and she was only ignorant of what had occurred, during the absence of reason. She knew not where she was, but she saw herself attended by those, endeared to her heart: and as her tears mingled with those of the amiable Julia, who hung over her with the most tender anxiety, she felt the affectionate pressure of another friendly hand; and the kind consoling whispers of Mrs. Delamaine sounded like sweetest music to her charmed ear, and diffused their gentle influence over her mind. But the latest scene, to which her senses now gave testimony, quickly overclouded this moment of peaceful serenity. She beheld the image of her Alfred fall lifeless under the stroke of cruel ambition; and, starting from her pillow, she pathetically enquired what was become of him.

“ He

“ He lives,” cried Mrs. Delamaine, straining her to her bosom, “ he lives crowned with an increase of honor and affluence, to make our Adela happy ! To bury the remembrance of past evils, in the rapturous oblivion of mutual bliss ; and join her in acknowledging, that

“ Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
 “ Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
 “ Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.”

“ Does he indeed !” exclaimed Adela, with brightened aspect, “ does my Alfred still live ; my kindest, best consoler : and shall I again see him ?”

Mrs. Delamaine repeated her welcome assurances, and felicity opened to her view in proportion with increasing strength. Again she heard the cheering voice of her enraptured Alfred ; shared his transports, and received from his lips, a narration of the checquered vicissitudes, that had intervened, since that well remembered day, when, just within sight of happiness, **unfeeling** tyranny
 forced

forced asunder, two hearts, united by the most sacred ties ; but, by a wondrous chain of events, led by painful gradations to their present, still more unclouded prospects. From him she learnt that the being whose unruly passions had at length plunged the fatal steel in his own misguided heart, was the Earl of Lanwarn, nearly allied to the house of Wentworth, who, having lost his only son, in an affray in Italy, hastened his return to England, to adopt his long distinguished favorite Alfred, (to whom his title devolved, in case he died childless) the future heir likewise, of all his immense possessions ; and to use his utmost efforts to unite him with a lady, exalted only by birth and fortune, who had long been destined the wife of his son. But scarcely had he reached the British shores, when the busy tongue of rumour informed him that the favored object, whom he had resolved thus eminently to distinguish, was already united to a poor, unknown, dependant. Disappointment and rage took instant possession of his mind, and aided by
a false

a false sense of honor, he formed the cruel plan of separating them, and put it into immediate execution. But what language can paint the anguish, despair, and madness of Alfred, when he found himself thus barbarously torn from all his soul held dear. He loudly demanded where they had conveyed his Adela; but this enquiry was only answered by another, from his haughty relative, desiring to be informed if the female, who had thus fascinated him, was indeed his wife; and superior to falsehood, the distracted Alfred related impetuously, all that he deemed likely to actuate the heart of their tyrant persecutor, in her favor, and prevail on him to recall his cruel sentence. But it only produced the contrary effect, and served to render him still more immovable.

“ Foolish, infatuated youth,” he exclaimed with a contemptuous smile, “ rash romantic madman. Couldst thou not have secured this object, that thy soul so pants for, without intending to disgrace thyself by an unworthy alliance? But, I rejoice to find I have

have stepped in thus opportunely, to prevent the completion of thy base design ; and save thy name from dishonor. Still you may be great, honored, envied, and happy ! Still you may be crowned with glory and riches ! I hastened hither to invest you with all in my power ; to load you with abundance, to remove all your present difficulties, and open brighter prospects for your future enjoyment. I met an ungrateful return ; but yet, I perhaps may condescend to pardon, when you deserve it." He paused, then rising gloomily from his seat ; " This sable garb," added he, " is the faint symbol of the pangs I have lately endured for the loss of my son : you know he was the last of a once numerous progeny ; whom I have followed mourning to their early graves. With him, all hopes of happiness in my own offspring died ; and I therefore resolved to transfer them to you. I purposed likewise to unite you with a noble lady ; and if you can now resolve to acquiesce with my wishes, sacrifice your degrading predilection to your dignity,

dignity and interest, and resolve to merit what I have designed in your favor. I will bury the past in oblivion, and you may again see, and in secret, possess this woman, that your heart so doats on."

The generous passions that glowed in the bosom of Wentworth, displayed their crimson banner on his cheek, at the conclusion of the Earl's speech. His eyes sparkled with a noble scorn. "What," he cried with an indignant air, "unite infamy with the idea of my Adela? No, Sir, this heart will never renounce the woman it has selected, on any terms. The possession of this vast universe could not compensate for her loss. My little stock of earthly happiness, centres all in her. Can you then cruelly persist to tear it for ever from me?" "Fond fanatic!" returned the Earl, "Have I not already said, you may possess her, without injuring yourself, or rejecting my offers?" "Forbear then to tempt me farther, and forfeit all claim to my regard, for the sake of a mean, low-born, unworthy woman!"

"Unworthy!"

“ Unworthy !” repeated Alfred, with energy, “ It is plain, Sir, you are a stranger to her unequalled merits. Recall, I beseech you, your intentions towards me. I am likewise, unworthy of them. Restore me that happiness you have chased away. Restore me the only treasure, my heart can ever delight in, and keep your boasted greatness, I want it not. I am incapable of ever deserving or enjoying it in the way you require. My whole soul is devoted to this mean, low born, fair-one, whom you despise, and I can never taste of peace, or know a thought of joy, but in the honorable possession of her exalted virtues. This, Sir, is my firm, my unalterable resolve. I will neither relinquish her, nor injure any other woman, by the base offer of an alienated heart.

My mind has already marked the distinction between real and false honor ; and no temptation, however alluring, no threat, however terrible, shall ever induce me to
err,

err, against that principle of right, which has erected its standard in my breast.

These, Sir, are my fixed sentiments, and however absurd you may pronounce them, be assured, no earthly power shall ever make me change them.

I reflect, with horror, on an insinuation you have thrown out; and should, indeed, merit the appellation of mean and despicable, were I capable of degrading the woman I love, even in her own opinion. This, Sir, is a conduct, that passion may adopt; but a heart really attached, will ever reject with disdain. Pardon the expression, Sir, it was dictated by a just sense of injury, and is justified by reason, for the honor of her I adore is united with mine; and when that is wounded, mine must consequently suffer. Transfer, therefore, your liberality to some object, that can in your estimation merit it, and restore me only, the blessing you have snatched away." A moment of silence ensued, when unbounded fury again took possession of the doubly incensed Earl.

"Fly,"

“ Fly,” said he, “ insolent wretched boy, from the effects of my just resentment. Thou art already punished for thy arrogant presumption ; thy incorrigible folly : fly therefore, with the stings, which error and obstinacy has planted in thy bosom ; but never again hope to see the cause of thy depravity. I will still be so much your friend, as to prevent the completion of your ruin : and although I shall, indeed, transfer my bounty to some more worthy object, I will endeavour to preserve the honor of your name, from disgrace.”

Nannette at that moment entered the room in all the wildness of sorrow. “ Where is my Lady ! my dear Lady ?” she repeatedly exclaimed. Mr. Wilmot, who had been in search of her, followed, with dejected air. Lord Wentworth arose, and striking his forehead with his hands, darted out of the room. The Earl bestowed on them another furious look, and jumped into the waiting carriage that brought him hither, which soon conveyed him to one of his country

country seats, allotted for the reception of Adela; where their interview has been already related. He then turned his thoughts towards Augustus Melville, who stood next in relationship to Lord Wentworth: and forgetting the deep-rooted resentment he had borne his noble father, in his present more violent one toward the offending Alfred; he resolved to bestow on him the favors he had designed for his friend; and hastened to London for that purpose. He had witnessed the dawning graces of Augustus, and frequently had listened to those warm encomiums, which the voice of fame bestowed on his maturity; but now pronounced them infinitely short of what he merited; and buried the remembrance of Alfred, in the pleasing society of his new favorite. But this enjoyment was of very short duration. The various conjectures that this unlooked for kindness occasioned in Augustus, and the pleasing sensations it excited, were soon converted into sorrow and disgust, by the testimony of Mr. Wilmot,

mot, and an ample explanation from the Earl. The appearance of his distracted generous friend, heightened his concern, and he turned with horror, and unconquerable aversion, from the Earl's proposals. The Lady before designed for Alfred, was now marked down his prize. She could not, the Earl assured him, withstand the power of his accomplishments; and on her smiles, his exaltation was chiefly to depend. But unfortunately, she had long been the object of his fixed aversion. Her person was deformed by nature, and rendered loathsome by hereditary diseases, but her heart was still more warped by extreme pride, avarice, and cruelty; and polluted by almost every evil propensity. Her understanding was mean, her notions sordid and vulgar, her voice frightful, and her manners insolent. Augustus honestly avowed his deep-rooted dislike, adding, that no reward could, in his opinion, compensate for such a sacrifice. Madened with pride, anger, and disappointment, the Earl struck him, and Augustus fled

fled from the further effects of his violence. But scarcely had he related his adventure to the melancholy party at Mrs. Delamaine's, when an officer of justice entered, and tapped him on the shoulder, for a considerable sum of money he had borrowed of the Earl, some months before, through the means of Lord Wentworth, to pay off a mortgage from the estate his Lordship had secured him from his father. He was hurried to prison, without time to solicit the aid of his friends, or ever inform them of his misfortune. He soon found means of writing to Lord Wentworth, but received no answer; and after many days of tedious suspense, abandoned himself to all the horrors of despair: when one day, as he was seated, full of bitter reflections, at a solitary meal, the door of his apartment opened, and he beheld Mrs. Delamaine, accompanied by the lovely Julia.

The knife and fork dropped from his hand, and he clasped them both in his
trembling

trembling arms, while his bosom glowed with a kind of luxurious sorrow.

"Is it thus we find you?" cried the amiable Julia: "Indeed, you know not how much we have suffered for your loss."

"But I know," replied Augustus, pressing her again to his beating heart, and gently kissing off a stealing tear, "the inexpressible obligation, this generous visit, and these still more generous words confer." Julia looked tenderly at him, and withdrew, blushing, from his ardent embrace. He eagerly enquired for Wentworth.

"To number him," said he, "among the perfidious, or unfeeling, would be no less weak, than base and unjust. I know the upright integrity of his heart; and I know that nothing but some unkind chance, or cruel misfortune, could have thus long kept him from me. A deeper gloom marked the expressive features of his fair friends.

"Has any additional evil befallen him?" cried Melville. "I hope not," replied Mrs. Delamaine, "but we have lost him."

"Lost him!" echoed Melville. "Yes," returned she, "very suddenly, and very mysteriously. We have never seen him since you were at my house together."

"Nor heard of him!" exclaimed Melville.

"Amazed at not seeing either of you as usual," said Mrs. Delamaine; "and very anxious about his Lordship's state of mind.

I wrote to enquire the cause of his absence, but received no answer. I then wrote to you, but was alike unsuccessful. Alarmed at this silence, I hastened to his Lordship's house. It was shut up. A gentleman that I knew assisted in the management of his affairs, then occurred to me. I instantly applied to him, but without obtaining any satisfactory information. His behaviour was such, as I am still at a loss to account for.

His manner was confused: his answers ambiguous, and sometimes verging an insolent. He affected an air of mystery, and all I could learn was, that his Lordship had quitted the kingdom; ordered his house and furniture to be disposed of, and meant to reside

reside abroad for some years ; perhaps for life ; but where, he refused to acquaint me. I then enquired if he knew any thing of you, but was answered by a peremptory negative ; and every endeavour to trace you, has proved equally unsuccessful : when, this morning, walking through the street, this dear little faithful animal," stroaking the head of a beautiful Italian greyhound, whose gambols had entirely escaped the transported Augustus, in the joyful surprize of again beholding his long lost friends, " caught the eye of Julia, and darting from my side, she flew like lightning to the opposite side of the street, and as quickly returned, holding him in her arms."

" Here, Ma'am !" she cried, gasping for breath, " it is him, indeed it is !" She hugged him to her heart, kissed him, and evinced every mark of extravagant joy. " Poor Pompey was lost in my remembrance ; and I thought she was bereft of her senses. She read my heart, and pressing

M 2

her

her check against the head of the grateful, and equally enraptured Pompey."

"Oh," said she, "have you then quite forgot poor Melville, and his little favorite?"

"It was enough. I bade her set him on the ground, and we would follow him."

"Oh, no," she replied, "he will out run us, and we shall for ever lose him." "I believed otherwise, so high was my opinion of Pompey, however, to indulge her fears, I fastened this ribbon to his collar; and how far our expedient was successful, I need not say. Augustus could not give language to the emotions of his heart; but lavish caresses on the faithful partner of his solitude, and while his eloquent eyes beamed with tenderness and gratitude on the lovely blushing Julia, his tongue faltered out ardent acknowledgements to Mrs. Delamaine.

They prolonged their visit to the utmost limits of their time; planned a variety of schemes to effect his enfranchisement; but they all proved abortive. Every heart seemed shut against him. The superior power
and

and influence of the inexorable Earl universally prevailed, and Mrs. Delamaine found herself only capable of softening the severity of his fate, by the frequent visits of herself, and charming ward: but the attack of indisposition, deprived him awhile of her valued society. Julia was then his sole companion; and in those delightful moments of soothing indulgence, the supposed secret escaped his lips. He breathed the purest vows of generous ardent love; and Julia all enraptured, scrupled not to bless him with the delicate avowal of an equal flame.

From this extatic period, confinement no longer wore the habit of sadness, in the eyes of Augustus: on the contrary, he blessed from his soul, every being, and every circumstance, that had thus united to convince him of the fond, disinterested attachment of his beloved Julia. Mrs. Delamaine's restoration to health, procured him again the pleasure of her converse. She

found him chearful, nay vivacious, and perfectly happy, and she congratulated him on his astonishing fortitude and resignation; but she knew not the cordial balsam, that had been applied to his heart; she knew not that during her absence, he had received the sweet assurance of an inestimable treasure that taught him to look with composure on misfortune, and submit without repining to his lot, while cheered by the gentle smiles of her soul, loved and venerated.

But, one day after expecting them, as usual, at their accustomed hour, and counting with impatience, each succeeding minute, Mrs. Delamaine entered unaccompanied, pale and trembling.

“ Good God ! has any thing befallen my Julia, Madam ? ” was the language of nature that flowed from Melville’s lips.

“ Your Julia,” exclaimed Mrs. Delamaine, looking stedfastly at him ; “ Yes, mine, dearest Madam, my generous, inimitable Julia ? Has any evil reached her ? ”

“ I know

" I know not," said Mrs. Delamaine, with emotion.

" Not know ! " exclaimed Augustus, " Oh ! for pity, keep me not in this torturing suspense."

" I wish," replied Mrs. Delamaine, " some compassionate being would remove my own. But, indeed, I fear we have lost our amiable Julia."

Augustus hid his face.

" She was torn from my side," continued Mrs. Delamaine, " during our return from you, last evening. I heard a carriage drive instantly from the spot. Her piercing shriek, her pathetic intreaty, still vibrates through my soul, but the surrounding darkness, prevented my distinguishing objects ; and I fear I shall never see the dear child of my heart again."

Augustus started from his seat ; he stamped with his foot, and traversed the room in all the madness of sorrow and rage.

Mrs. Delamaine wept passionately, and her tears softened the violence of his grief, into a milder but more affecting anguish.

CHAPTER LII.

The Developement.

DAYS, weeks, and many, many painful months revolved with Mrs. Delamaine, and the almost desponding Augustus, in the sad participation of perplexing uncertainty, and terrifying fears; when, one evening, seated together, deeply engaged on their constant themes of Alfred, Adela, and Julia, a messenger entered abruptly, and summoned Augustus into the presence of the Earl of Lanwarn, whom, he declared, laying at the point of death. Augustus instantly obeyed, and accompanied by Mrs. Delamaine, followed the messenger, to the

scene of death and horror, already described. They found the Earl, exchanging forgiveness with his antagonist. They both stood trembling on the borders of eternity.

“ Draw near,” said the Earl, as Augustus entered, “ and hear our latest confession.” Augustus cast a fearful look at the being, weltering by his side, and traced the features of the Earl’s bosom friend, the Duke of Clareville. The ghost-like form of the noble Alfred, at that instant, darted into the room. The Duke extended his expiring hand to him, and his spirit departed with a deep groan. A longer interval of time was allowed the Earl, and he hastened to avail himself of it, and release his soul from the heavy load of injustice and cruelty, with which it was encumbered.

“ Behold,” said he, “ two long linked brethren in guilt, punished by each others hand. Our crimes recoil with redoubled fury on our own heads. Forgive me ye injured pair of noble youths. Heaven will, I trust, accept my deep repentance ; do ye
so

so likewise. "You are," continued he, after a pause, pointing to Augustus, "you are the lawful heir of all I leave." Augustus sprang back. "Hear me in silence," added he, "I have but a short time given me, and it is precious to us all. You are likewise the true representative of the house of Wentworth." "There," fixing his ardent eyes on Alfred, "stands one that I joined to deprive of a still nobler inheritance, from the double motive of exalting that companion of my iniquity, (pointing at the corpse) and depriving your father, to whom from early youth, I bore inveterate enmity, of his just rights. "You," said he, "with whose happiness I have taken such, every way, unwarrantable liberties, are no longer Lord Wentworth, but the Duke of Clareville." Alfred stood aghast. "I conspired with that cruel brother," added the Earl, "to snatch your noble parent from a world that revered him. We impeached him privately, while at a foreign court, with his amiable lady, of a treasonous design against the state :

and, as his rank and merits rendered him of consequence to England, at whose tremendous name, her enemies then trembled, impelled by the fear of having our conduct investigated, and a kind of cowardly remorse, that rather wished our victim to linger in misery, than suffer the excruciating torment that must otherwise await him ; we obtained a solemn oath of secrecy, ere we revealed our plan ; and fixed his punishment to be imprisoned for life, in a dungeon, where the philanthropic eye could never penetrate ; and where he languished near twenty years ; but is now no more." Alfred lifted his clasped hands to heaven. " But your fate," added the Earl, " was long ere that decided. You were, by the fraud of two bribed domestics, conveyed, when but a few days old, into the house of the late Lord Wentworth, and laid without suspicion by the side of his lady, whose infant son having expired suddenly, in convulsions, was deposited in your place. It was near eight years after this event, that our scheme

against

against your father so fatally succeeded. A disease, which we deemed fortunate, had robbed them of four lovely pledges that followed you : and when your amiable mother heard the agonizing tidings, that severed her for ever from the adored object of her virgin, only love ; the enraptured sharer of her happiest days ; the gentle soother of each intruding care ; the being, sent by heaven to administer the cordial cup of mingled blessings, that sweetened all her days. Delirium seized her faculties, and in that state she again became the mother of a lovely female infant, torn likewise from her supporting bosom, and consigned to a doubtful fate, from the protection of a wretched mercenary servant in your father's family, who took a solemn oath for the acquisition of a very considerable sum, instantly to quit England, and change his name and in some foreign land ; bring up the apparent heiress of Clareville, as his own child ; and living or dying never to divulge the secret of her birth. This cruel vow has been, I fear,

fear, too well observed. All that now remains, is to inform you, that in this house dwells, secluded from each others sight, those daughters of obscurity, whom your hearts have so partially, and I now think, worthily selected from all the race of woman kind. The one has, through my shameful cruelty, been rendered a fit inhabitant for those walls. Oh bitter reflection! through me she is robbed of the most invaluable blessings. The seat of reason is, I fear, utterly rooted up; and thou, injured Alfred, will curse my memory. But the fate of Augustus wears a milder aspect. That still more obscure, but ah, too charming Julia, who soothed the hours of his sad imprisonment, was by my mandate, torn from the arms of friendship, and under the pretence of insanity, consigned to this sad solitude. But here the reign of triumphant villainy ceases. She came, armed with justice, and all its awful terrors. The supreme appointed her to avenge your wrongs, and strike the dagger at our polluted hearts. Anguish, inexpressible

sible anguish, writhes each agonizing artery. Let no flattering tongue cheat me, with a hope of longer life. The bitter pangs, arrest my unfinished tale. The universal conqueror draws his thick wove veil between us. Oh let some pitying messenger conduct the much wronged lovely Julia to my side, that I may supplicate your joint forgiveness, ere the gate of mercy is for ever shut !”

His request was instantly granted, Augustus retired. His wounded spirit shrunk from the approach of his Julia. It sought relief, and the firmer Alfred led her to the woe-frought scene. She mingled her tears with those of the dying penitent, and blessed his soul with pardon. The plaintive tones of her voice, stole on the charmed ear of Augustus, as he gave utterance to the conflict of his soul, in an adjoining room ; and again kindled the native fire of his mind. The image of the martyred Adela burst on his fancy : and starting from the ground, he uttered the words, that so forcibly struck her ear.

“ Where

“ Where, where, are the dear lovely sufferers ? ”

The moment of overflowing tenderness now succeeded in the bosom of Alfred. He languished to behold and embrace the dear injured, chosen of his heart ; but Mrs. Delamaine whispered the language of prudence, and prevailed on him, to retire with her, and try to compose his perturbed spirits, while Augustus kindly endeavoured to conduct her to them, and illumine with a ray of hope, her beclouded soul.

The result of his friendly efforts is already known. A sad interval of silence, marked its recollection, and Alfred proceeded in his narration.

“ Let me now,” said he, “ lead the attention of my Adela back to the period that consigned our valued Augustus to a cheerless prison ; and hurried me far from the soothing whispers of friendship ; and as far from the supporting hope of exploring your retreat. The same band of ruffians, before employed to snatch you from me, made an
equally

equally successful attempt on my own person, as I returned home, late one evening, from the mournful society, which your loss created, at our worthy Mrs. Delamaine's. I defended myself with my sword, some minutes; but their numbers overpowered me. I was instantly deprived of all possibility of procuring assistance; forced into a coach, and conveyed to a place, where the blessing of light was excluded; and where, deprived of all, but the scanty support of a loathed existence. I sighed and mourned away my miserable days, in total ignorance of every thing, but the most profound sorrow; until the moment that I was summoned into the presence of the dying Earl. Information then rushed on my mind like a cataract; and I saw that all our sufferings had flowed from the fear, pride, and revenge that held dominion over him. He panted for my destruction. He resolved I should no longer enjoy what was not mine, nor know what was. Melville had likewise offended in no less a degree. His pride was

was wounded by his refusal, and he planned the most ample humiliation for us both. He was obliged to employ an emissary to complete his designs. This was the person to whom Mrs. Delamaine applied for information of me. They forged letters from me, saying, I meant in future to reside abroad; and appointed this wretch, the manager of my affairs. The Earl promised him the annual income of my estate for his reward; but conscious guilt, filled them with perpetual anxiety, and held them in slavery to each other. The watchful Earl was informed of the visits, and attachment of the amiable Julia to Augustus, and to complete his revenge, and gratify his pride, wounded, by what he termed, so groveling an inclination, he determined to tear her from him. How successfully he pursued that determination, it is needless to say.

But there his punishment commenced. He felt himself fascinated by the eloquent artless sorrow, and striking graces of Julia; and from the double motive of gratifying his
own

own wish, and completing his triumph over my unfortunate friend, he made her an offer, which he judged it impossible she could reject.

Till then, he never believed that the love of virtue ever existed in the bosom of poverty; nor once supposed that her pure and sacred flame, could burn with undiminished lustre, amid every temptation that affluence could offer; every threatened evil that power could inflict. But Julia Howard taught him thus late in life, the lesson of truth; taught him, that the truly virtuous spirit, is supported by an unseen hand, under every affliction, gains strength and beauty as it presses forward, and finishes its course, crowned with the unfading laurels of glorious victory. She convinced him likewise, that no sufferings, no dangers, no fears, can conquer a real attachment, in the bosom of an enthusiastic female; but that, led on by the cheering hope of his unvarying regard, with whom her all of earthly happiness is centered; every evil, but where he suffers

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is disregarded, and she anticipates with chaste rapture, and delightful confidence some future auspicious day, and bears her trials without repining, cheered by the sweet assurance of meriting his love.

Struck with the unaffected noble pride, with which the humble Julia rejected all his splendid offers, the Earl paused awhile, and gazed at her in fixed astonishment; then forgetting what he had so violently condemned in others, when justified by unity of ages, tastes, and hearts, he resolved at once to gratify the inclination with which this lowly female had inspired him, and satiate his deep resentment against Augustus. The blood of Melville, Wentworth, and Lanwarn, spoke unheard, and with great solemnity he made the wondering Julia, the offer of his hand. But he was equally unsuccessful as before. "My Lord, I have neither heart nor hand to give," replied Julia, "they are both devoted to Augustus Melville. Think you I will ever relinquish my interest in his heart; or do you suppose me vile enough
to

to desert him in the hour of calamity? Ah, no, it is now I glory in avowing my attachment, my firm and grateful attachment.

“Your rank, Sir, I am unworthy of. You, Sir, must think so too, because you lately thought me unworthy Melville. Why then subject yourself to the stigma of such glaring impropriety. Recall your intentions towards me, I beseech you. I will bury it for ever in silence; and Oh, restore but the unoffending Augustus, that liberty you have snatched away, and I will (however hard the sacrifice) I will withdraw myself from his generous love, to appease you; although I can never suffer another object to enter my heart.”

“Away,” cried the enraged and disappointed Earl, “away, deluding siren! thou art fit only for the society of thy sister maniac. Yet, no, ye shall not associate, lest ye cherish and perpetuate this fatal disease. But be assured, the presumptuous instigators of your folly, shall not escape my vengeance.”

With

With these words he left her, and she was hurried to the habitation that held my Adela, with strict orders, never to pass the limits of her apartment, nor converse with any, but the person allotted to guard her.

There she resided upwards of twelve months, in the most dreary, joyless solitude, that can be imagined. The Earl was her frequent visitor. His first inclination, increased thus late in life, to a violent passion, and he never failed to use every argument he deemed likely to effect his wish. But always left her, with his heart full of madness, and wounded pride, when one day as he was quitting the house, he met the Duke of Clareville, contending with the people for instant admission. Amazed at seeing him, whom he believed in a foreign land, and still more so at seeing him there, he expressed his surprize, enquiring how long he had been in England.

“ But a few hours, my dear friend,” replied the Duke, and was hastening to embrace
you,

you, but beholding you here most fortunately to assist me. I have seen at a window of this house, a lovely girl, that I knew and followed in France. She eluded my ardent pursuit. She fled, I could never learn whither : but in this house she now is. Oh, be indeed my friend ! Remove the absurd scruples of these people, and procure me an interview with my charming Julia Howard." The Earl started. " My friend," said he, with assuming mildness, " you must not intrude here. It is the sacred asylum of the miserable."

" But it is the prison of Julia," cried the Duke, " and I fly to snatch her from it." He was pushing by the Earl. " You do not enter," said he, opposing him. " Not enter !" echoed the impetuous Duke, " who dare oppose me ?" " I do !" exclaimed the Earl : " you have no claim on Julia Howard ! " And have you ?" fiercely demanded the Duke.

" I have,"

“ I have,” replied the other, “ I am going to marry her !” “ Marry her !” repeated the Duke, quivering with passion. “ Drop your vain pretence.” “ Never, Sir !” cried the Earl.

“ I tell you,” reverberated the Duke, “ mine is a prior claim, and the man who dares oppose my entrance is my mortal enemy.” He laid his hand on his sword, and again endeavoured to push by. The Earl drew : a few moments determined both their fates, and the first request the Earl made, was, to send for Melville and myself from our gloomy abodes.

“ These my restored love,” added the no longer persecuted Wentworth, but the blest, the happy Clareville, “ are the sad particulars we have gathered from the people of your late abode.

But happiness now diffuses her most radiant smiles upon us, and the partakers of our late sorrows. No longer then let sadness, or anxiety, pervade my Adela’s heart ;

heart; the future will be a complete recompence for the past."

The prediction of the Duke of Clareville was fully accomplished. He and his friend were united to the lovely sufferers; and their joy and mutual love were heightened by a miraculous discovery. Julia was no other than the sister of the Duke of Clareville, who by the machinations of her father's implacable enemies had been consigned to poverty and disaster. I have no power to describe the rapture occasioned in these happy families by this discovery, which was made after Adela and Julia had each become a mother. It seemed as if the event had been reserved to add to their felicity when human imagination could hardly suppose it would bear increase.

Having concluded the story of Adela, it remains only to say, that her nearest and most valued friends partook of her happiness. Even the gentle Ismena, who had returned to England to pass the remainder of her days with Adela, forgot the acute-

ness of her grief in partaking of the innocent amusements of her friend's beautiful offspring. Gathaway was the tutor of the two noble families, and of that of the worthy Mr. Wilmot who married Olivia ; and Nannette was the happiest of creatures in assisting Adela in all her maternal cares,

FINIS.