A

HERO OF SALAMANCA;

OR,

THE NOVICE ISABEL.

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A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY H. M. MORIARTY,

AUTHOR OF "BRIGHTON IN AN UPROAR,"

&c. &c. &c.

"Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense—good health—good conscience, and good fame?"

VOL. II.

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HERO OF SALAMANCA,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

What am I—who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind:
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts—
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

On Lady Gordon's arrival at Oxford, she insisted upon Cora's having medical advice; and it was with sincere regret that she learnt from Dr. Julap, that he thought her young friend in a very deli-

cate state of health; but that, as the malady proceeded from grief, he recommended only air, exercise, and amusement. Miss Rivers had a letter from the Priory, mentioning Albert's melancholy misfortune in a very unfeeling manner. She considered this an insult beneath her notice, and exerted herself still more than ever to erase from her recollection the image of Mandeville. Had he proved himself unworthy of her esteem, she could have resigned him without a sigh; but, on the contrary, Albert fell crowned with laurels, beloved and lamented by every one.—The University of Oxford now occupied much of her time and attention.

From the period of the Ancient Britons it has been consecrated to the muses; and

previous to the time of Alfred the Great, students resorted to Oxford. Alfred is supposed to have been the first who endowed this University, by erecting halls and schools.

Richard Cœur de Lion was born in Oxford, at a palace named Beaumont, built by Henry the First. Henry the Eighth converted Oxford into a see. It stands on an eminence, in a gravelly soil, environed by rivers and meadows; and the surrounding prospects are highly picturesque.

The most magnificent and extensive college is Christ Church. It was built on the ground where St. Frideswide, and some other religious houses, stood. Cardinal Wolsey was the founder. The original plan for this college was most mag-

nificent; but the Cardinal being disgraced, it was never put in execution, as Henry seized on the college, and, by the advice of Lord Cromwell, contracted the design. This foundation consists of a dean, eight canons, and one hundred students, the greater part of which are annually elected from Westminster School; it has also eight chaplains, eight singing-men, with the same number of schoolmasters, choristers, and organists.

Christ Church has four courts: the west point of the quadrangle is three hundred and eighty-two feet; each end terminates with a handsome turret; in the centre of the gateway is a beautiful tower, in which hangs the celebrated bell Tom, which, at nine o'clock at night, is the signal for the students to retire to their

apartments. The statue of Cardinal Wolsey in this court is worthy of attention.

You ascend to the hall of this college by a very fine stone staircase, the roof of which is supported by one slender pillar. On entering this hall, the party were much struck, and filled with admiration, at its grandeur and immense size. The cornice is divided into numerous compartments, in which are coats of arms richly blazoned.

At an eminence at the farther extremity, which runs the whole length, is placed the high table. The hall is decorated with fine portraits of the great men who have received their education, or have been benefactors to Christ Church; but they are too numerous to be mentioned individually.

At the east end of this quadrangle are the houses of the Dean, Canons, &c. &c.; in the centre of the square is a bason and fountain, and a grand terrace walk surrounds it.

Peckwater Square will ever immortalize the name of Dean Aldrich. Three sides of this square are uniform; the second and attic story are of the Ionic order, the lower one is Rustic. In each side is a projective pediment, raised on columns of the Ionic order; the entablatures and balustrades are supported by pilasters.

On the south side of this square is a superb library of the Corinthian order, which measures one hundred and forty-one feet in length; its ornaments and furniture are magnificent; the book-cases and stucco work highly finished: in this

library are deposited the valuable collection of pictures, presented by General Guise. Cora was particularly delighted with a fine portrait of a person unknown, by Titian; Jesus embracing John, by Raphael; the flight into Egypt, by Guido Reni; St. Francis, in a trance, supported by angels, by Annibal Caracci; a painting of an altar, with figures, by Corregio; also a figure of an old grenadier paying for meat. Some of these paintings belonged to Charles the First, who was an excellent connoisseur in the fine arts.

After having seen Peckwater, Canterbury Square appeared to great disadvantage; but, although it is diminutive, it is undoubtedly an elegant building.

This superb college is assuredly more magnificent than any English palace. The

church, which is also the cathedral of the diocese, belonged to Frideswide's Abbey; the shrine of St. Frideswide, who died in 739, is still in excellent preservation, in the north aisle. One of the windows represents St. Peter being delivered from prison by the angel; the painting of which is executed in a very masterly style.

The monuments in this venerable pile are very ancient, but remarkable for their beauty and elegance of inscription.

An elm walk, which extends nearly half a mile, is the only promenade for the gentlemen of this college. In the summer it is a delightful walk; but, unfortunately, the overflowing of the Isis renders it insalubrious at some seasons of the year.

On Lady Gordon's return home, from having seen this beautiful college, she was

agreeably surprised by receiving a letter from Colonel Rivers, which he sent by a private hand to England; from which cause it had been delayed several weeks: it was to entreat her ladyship to break to Cora the fate of Albert, but the colonel wrote as if he thought that his young friend might recover; and instead of having lost his hand, he had only lost two fingers: this intelligence was of more service to Miss Rivers than change of scene, or all the medicine in Oxford, and a few days after she had the pleasure of reading, that in consequence of his bravery, his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief had appointed Lieutenant Albert Mandeville to a company in the 48th regiment of foot. Cora was now convinced that Mandeville not only existed, but that he merited her

affection, which a long letter from the colonel confirmed, as in it he mentioned the good conduct of Albert, and regretted that a young man, who was such an ornament to society, should not know who were his parents. The colonel also informed Cora that he heard from India, that Mr. Vansittart was dead, and had left his immense fortune to his widow, who he believed was now on her passage to England, as she determined to end her days in her native land—that she had not any children, consequently, that Cora would have a desirable home in her house, till the colonel would retire from a military life; he also gave her hopes of recovering her fortune, as he had seen her aunt, and Madame Tabert had in her possession the register of her mother's marriage, in which her

father was styled Frederick Rivers, and at the bottom of the certificate a note was added, mentioning that he had, for some private reasons, assumed the name of Belmont; but that Madame Tabert had written to some friends of hers in Amsterdam, who she had no doubt would find out Mrs. Vansittart's address, when there was every probability that the unpleasant business, respecting Cora's property, would be settled. Cora of course felt sincere pleasure at the contents of her uncle's letter; and although she was very religious, and offered up her grateful thanks to that Providence who had conferred so many blessings on her, and was displeased with herself for having borne her late affliction with so little composure, yet her gentle bosom could not feel peace while those she

loved were fighting in their country's cause; she never mixed in cheerful society, but she felt a pang at her heart, for fear at that moment her uncle or Albert might be in action, and frequently would she indulge in solitary rambles, and invoke the goddess of peace to give her fortitude.

Come, gentle peace! when wilt thou deign
To be my bosom's guest?
Ah! when resume thy tranquil reign,
In my perturbed breast?
Oh! come, thy healing aid impart,
And soothe the anguish of my heart!

But where to seek thee shall I rove,
What path shall I pursue?
While still distress'd by hopeless love,
While distant from my view,
The graceful youth, whose form divine,
Hard, hapless fate! can ne'er be mine.

But, oh! Religion, heavenly maid!
While in this vale of tears,
To thee alone I flee for aid,
'Midst all my hopes and fears;
'Tis only thou canst purest bliss bestow,
Since peace with thee alone is found below.

Clairville endeavoured to rouse Cora from her despondence, by continually making parties to view different places, but she confessed to him that she was convinced that if she recovered her fortune, it would for ever divide her and Albert; as she knew the very strict notions which he had of what he termed honour. Clairville acknowledged that he was of the same opinion; for that Mandeville had made him his confidant on this subject.

The next day they again visited the University. Lady Gordon and Matilda with their party were much delighted with

the magnificent front of University College. Alfred the Great erected several halls on this spot for the use of students, but these being alienated and the pensions suppressed, William Archdeacon of Durham founded a college with a small endowment; subsequent benefactors have given large donations, and it now consists of a master, twelve fellows and independent students.

The windows of the chapel are beautiful painted glass; the one over the altar is remarkably fine. In the hall is a statue of Alfred.

The physic gardens are well worth attention to every lover of botany. Henry, Earl of Danby, founded them; they contain five acres of ground, walled all round. They entered through a gate with iron

palisades; over the archway is a bust of the founder, and on each side a statue of King Charles the First and Charles the Second; on each side the entrance is a green house, in which are many curious exotics; the lecture room is on the left hand of the entrance, in which is deposited many curious and valuable books.

Lady Gordon took up her residence in Haddington, a village to the east of Oxford; she was induced to reside there as the air is reckoned so salubrious, that invalids and convalescents are frequently ordered there for the re-establishment of their health. This was a favourite situation of Cora's; the view of a fine still evening was very picturesque; she looked down on the lofty turrets of the Univer-

sity, and the solemnity of the scene was consonant to her feelings.

Radcliffe's extensive library they inspected; it was erected by the gentleman after whom it was named. It stands in the middle of an area, surrounded by public buildings. Mr. Radcliffe left 40,000l. for the building of this library; 150l. as a salary annually for a librarian, and 100l. per annum to purchase books, with the same sum to keep the building in proper repair. The cupola is sixty feet high.

Brazenose College is on the western side of the square. William Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton, Knight, of Presbury, in Cheshire, were the founders of this college, on the site of two ancient seminaries of learning, Brazennose and Little University Hall.

In the middle of the first triangle is a statue of Cain and Abel. On the south side is a spacious refectory, in which are some portraits and paintings on glass. The bust of Alfred the Great is over the door; there is also a bust of John Eugene, who was the first lecturer in University Hall.

The library and chapel are both modern edifices, and are in the second quadrangle. The society consists of a principal, twenty fellows, thirty-two scholars, and has ten exhibitions. On the opposite side of the square is All Souls, a beautiful edifice founded by Dr. Henry Chichele, of Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire, who was one of the fellows of William of Wykeham, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Chichele's donation was very handsome; but subsequent bene-

factors have increased the revenues and improved the building. In one of the quadrangles is a curious dial, which shews the minutes of the hours.

The grand court is 172 feet long, 155 broad; the chapel is on the south side, the hall on the north, the common room on the east, and a cloister on the west. The Gothic towers are in the first style of architectural beauty. The altar-piece in the chapel is of clouded marble. Over the communion table is a beautiful painting, representing our Saviour's first appearance to Mary Magdalene after his resurrection.

In the hall are portraits of Archbishop Chichele, Sir Nathaniel Lloyd, and Colonel Codrington; also a bust of Judge Blackstone. On the 14th of January

every year is the celebration of the mallard; in remembrance of a mallard of immense size having long ranged in a sewer, and which was discovered in digging the foundation of the college.

In All-souls are a warden, forty fellows, two chaplains, six clerks, and choristers. Most of the fellows are gentlemen of rank and fortune; they are at liberty to follow what profession they please, but divinity and law are the prevailing objects.

Hertford college has only one court; it maintains only one principal, two senior fellows, a few junior fellows, or assistants, and other subordinate members.

The theatre is of a circular form, and, including the galleries, can contain three

thousand persons. The ceiling is by Streater, and is in imitation of Roman theatres. In the centre is the seat of the chancellor, raised on an eminence; the noblemen and doctors sit on the right and on the left; there are particular chairs for the doctors; the masters of arts, bachelors, and undergraduates, fill the area.

After having viewed the theatre, the ladies, attended by Clairville, and several gentlemen, visited the public schools and the Bodleian library; and here they saw the Arundelian marbles, with the Pomfret collection of busts and statues, which were at Easton, in Northamptonshire, previously to their being presented to the University. The upper story of the quadrangle forms a continuous gallery

for pictures: in it is the statue of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, in brass; also cabinets of curiosities, of medals, manuscripts, &c.

The University, or Bodleian Library, forms the west side of the square.

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, bought some land, and assisted the University in raising this building. He presented the library with many valuable books. Sir Thomas Bodley built two wings to the library, and bequeathed an estate for the maintenance and repairs of the institution. The Greek and Oriental manuscripts make the Bodleian Library the admiration of the learned.

The museum is on the west side of the theatre: it was erected by the University to receive the curiosities of Elias Ashmole, Esq. of Windsor, herald to Charles the

Second. It is ornamented with some excellent paintings. In three other libraries, one of which is named Ashmole's study, in which are his manuscripts, also those of Sir William Dugdale; another is filled with Dr. Lester's library; and the third contains Antony à Wood's collection.

The professor of philosophy gives his lectures on the first floor, and has a suitable apparatus for chemistry in an apartment below.

From the profits of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, a printing-house was built. His Lordship gave the copyright to the University, and, in compliment, it is named the Clarendon Printing-house. It is a beautiful structure, 115 feet in length, and has two lofty stories. Towards the street is a Doric portico; on

the top are the nine muses; and, on the south side, a fine statue of the Earl of Clarendon.

There are different sides for those compositors employed in printing books of literature, from those who are occupied with religious books.

Lord Edward B—— was the particular friend of Clairville; he paid great attention to Cora, and prevailed on Lady Gordon to dine in the University, and, in the evening, attend the concert. The young ladies used their eloquence on the occasion. They passed a very delightful day, and were much gratified in hearing an excellent concert. The next morning they again proceeded to the University: they first went to Queen's College, which was founded by Robert Egglesfield, who

was the confessor to Philippa, wife of Edward the Third. The grand entrance is on the north side of the High-street; on the top of it is a statue of Queen Caroline, under which is a cupola, supported by pillars. In the west cloister is a gallery and common room, with several apartments for the professors and students.

The painted windows in the chapel in the one over the altar is represented the nativity of our blessed Saviour, under which is a fine painting, copied from Corregio, on the same subject.

Through a passage between the chapel and the hall, you enter the second court; on the west is the library, with chambers for fellows and students. The library is beautified with statues in niches, and fine

stucco work; it has an orrery, and the manuscripts and books are very valuable.

On every new year's day, a needle and thread is presented to every member of the college by the bursar, saying, "Take this, and be thrifty." Another singular custom observed here is the boar's head, which is introduced into the hall on Christmas day, with a celebrated monkish song. Report says, the origin of this proceeded from a student, with Aristotle in his hand, walking out in the vicinity of Oxford, being attacked by a boar. The young man crammed the philosopher down the animal's throat, and thus escaped with his life.

Edmund Hall has about forty students; it stands opposite to the east side of Queen's College.

Magdalen Hall, dependent on the College of the same name, has a great many exhibitions, which are held by the students for a limited time; it has a large grammar-school adjoining. It was built by William Wainflete. Not far distant is Magdalen College, founded by the same William Patten, of Wainflete, the place of his nativity, in Lincolnshire. He received his education at Winchester School, and afterwards became master of that seminary, and at length Provost of Eton, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Chancellor. He obtained the grant of St. John's Hospital from Henry the Sixth, and converted it into a college, for a president, forty fellows, thirty demies, a divinity lecturer, four chap-

lains, a schoolmaster, an organist, eight clerks, and sixteen choristers.

The president's apartments are on the left hand of the entrance; the chapel on the right. Five small figures of beautiful sculpture represent William of Wykeham, St. Mary Magdalen, Henry the Third, and St. John the Baptist. The painted windows of the chapel are very large, and the painting finely executed—representing the apostles, the primitive fathers, saints and martyrs. The west window is painted in claro obscuro—a design of Schwartz; it is the last judgment. In the anti-chapel is a monument, erected to the memory of Mr. Littleton's two brothers, who were drowned.

The altar-piece represents the day of judgment, under which is a very fine pic-

ture of our Saviour bearing his cross, done by Guido: it was given to the college by Mr. Freeman, of Hertfordshire, who also gave the organ, and two peal of bells.

The tower is very handsome: it was begun by Cardinal Wolsey. The interior of the cloister is adorned with hieroglyphics. At the south-east end of the cloister you ascend to the hall, in which are several whole length portraits of eminent men and benefactors. Through a narrow passage, at the north end, you enter a narrow court, which leads to the new buildings. Only one side of this splendid edifice is finished. An arcade supports the front, which constitutes a beautiful piazza: for situation and prospect it can scarcely be equalled. Several

head of deer, which range here, gives a rural aspect. Behind is a grove; and the water walks, surrounded by the Cherwell, amidst the trees, are sufficiently beautiful to grace the grounds of a palace. It was in this charming retreat that Addison and Bishop Horne passed their hours of recreation.

The approach to New College was such, that the ladies, being fatigued, would gladly have dispensed with seeing it, but Lord Edward B—— and Clairville assured them, that they would depart from Oxford without having seen a college which was particularly worthy of attention, as it contained many internal beauties. William of Wykeham was its founder; he was a native of Hampshire, and a great favourite of Edward the

Third: he became Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of England. He was a religious man, and a good politician; he devoted his mind and fortune to benefit mankind. He had the happiness of seeing his college flourish, but several benefactions have been left since his death; and the college now consists of a warden, seventy fellows, ten chaplains, sixteen choristers, and several inferior members.

The first quadrangle they entered by a portal; in the court is a statue of Minerva; it also contains the hall, the chapel, and the library.

The chapel is reckoned the most beautiful in Oxford; the anti-chapel is supported by elegant moulded pillars; the painted glass windows represent scripture characters and histories. The west win-

dow is particularly beautiful; it is in seven compartments. In the lower range are painted the Four Cardinal and the Three Christian virtues. Temperance, pouring water out of a large into a small urn; resting her hand on a broken column is Fortitude, with a lion couchant—she is clad in armour. Looking to heaven, and bearing her cross, the symbol of Hope, is Faith. The centre group exhibits a fond mother dividing her attention amongst her children, in the figure of Charity. Next is Hope, springing forward to heaven; then comes Justice, with her scales and sword. The last is Prudence, holding a mirror to regulate her own actions by viewing those of others. But these beautiful figures are only the base of the design; as no pen can do

justice to the superstructure, representing the nativity, comprising thirteen figures. The light which is supposed to proceed from the body of the infant, and the attitudes of this group, are finely executed. The remaining space is filled up with the likenesses of the two artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Jervais, and some others.

The choir is a hundred feet in length; the altar-piece is Gothic workmanship; above the communion table are five compartments, representing the salutation of the Virgin, the nativity of our Saviour, the taking down from the cross, the resurrection, and the ascension. In this chapel is preserved the crosier of the founder: it is silver gilt, ornamented with a variety of Gothic ornaments. The organ is a remarkably fine one; and in

this chapel cathedral service is performed twice a day.

In the hall is a fine portrait of the founder, William of Wainflete, and Archbishop Chichele.

The library occupies the greater part of the east side of the quadrangle; it consists of two apartments, containing very choice manuscripts, and valuable books. The garden is entered by an iron gate and palisade, through which those who lodge in this building have a beautiful view of an artificial mount.

Lady Gordon and Cora expressed the great satisfaction which they had experienced in seeing New College; and, although they confessed themselves to be extremely fatigued, yet they declared that, sooner than not see the whole of

the University, they would return in the evening to view the other colleges; but Lady Gordon postponed her journey to town, that the young ladies might gratify their curiosity at leisure; and, on entering their lodgings, were most agreeably surprised by finding a large packet, containing letters from Sir John, Colonel Rivers, and several friends. The one from the Priory informed Cora, that her uncle and Lady Rivers would pass the winter in London, as he expected Mrs. Vansittart by the first ships, and should have every thing prepared for her arrival; by which time he supposed that she would have finished her tour, and not object to joining him in town. It was a very kind letter, but Cora thought that it was written in a melancholy style, and she was

fearful that Sir John was not happy in his mind, as she had frequently observed that he was thoughtful; and she had sometimes seen him in an agony of grief; but as he always appeared to conceal his feelings, she never took notice of it.

Colonel Rivers communicated the glad tidings that Albert was nearly recovered; that he could not be prevailed on to return to England, even till his wounds were cured; and that he now was making preparations to join his regiment. The colonel spoke of him with the affection of a father. He also gave her further hopes of recovering her fortune; and Cora, after reading her beloved uncle's letter, felt her heart so light, that, in spite of all her reasoning, she once more encouraged

a hope that she and Mandeville should be united.

Ask what is human life, the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive, false good;
A scene of fancied bliss, and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair!
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak if he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee!

CHAPTER II.

See yonder hallow'd fane, the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up—hark! how it howls!—methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary;
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansion of the dead.

CORA arose the following morning in more cheerful spirits than she had felt for some time; and Lord Edward B. took an

opportunity of making known to her his sentiments. She was greatly distressed at his liberal offer, because she could not accept of his hand, and it gave her pain to afflict a young man so every way deserving of her esteem—added to which Lady Gordon, although she was extremely partial to Mandeville, yet a coronet had many charms in her eyes, and she was so fond of Cora, that she was anxious to see her placed in the first rank in society. Miss Rivers rejected his lordship, by giving him a candid statement of her situation; and Lord Edward B. made her promise, that if she ever got the better of her attachment to Albert, she would never marry any other than himself; to this Cora consented with cheerfulness; for, excepting Mandeville, she never saw a

man she liked so well as his lordship—and she was convinced that she should never change her sentiments respecting Albert: by this arrangement the party were restored to perfect good humour. Lord Edward appeared perfectly satisfied, and they proceeded to Wadham College. This college was endowed by the widow of Nicholas Wadham. It has a warden, fifteen fellows, fifteen scholars, two chaplains, sixteen exhibitions: as it was founded after England and Scotland became subject to one sovereign, the fellows may be elected from any county in Great Britain, but they are compelled to resign after having completed eighteen years from the time of their regency, and what is extraordinary, the warden loses his situation if he marries. It consists of one quadrangle.

The hall is a beautiful Gothic apartment; the library has not any thing remarkable to excite particular attention.

The window in the chapel, representing the passion of our Saviour, is extremely well executed, and those on the sides are not inferior.

The painted cloth at the altar, is reckoned a very great curiosity; the colours having been pressed in with hot irons, it has the appearance of an oil painting.

The chapel of Trinity College fronts a wide avenue; the tower is very handsome, under which they entered the first court; the hall and library merit great attention. The carving of the cedar screen in the chapel, is done in a masterly manner.

The ascension is painted on the ceiling;

the resurrection of our Saviour, in needle work, is extremely curious; it was a present from Miss Althea Fanshaw:—under an alcove is the tomb of the founder and his wife. Thomas Wharton is buried in this chapel; he was a fellow of the college, and poet laureat to his majesty.

The library has some valuable books, and the windows are handsome.

The gardens are spacious and pleasant.

Sir Thomas Hope, of Hertfordshire, privy counsellor to Queen Mary, was the founder of Trinity College: it has a president, twelve fellows, and twelve scholars. Near to Trinity is Balliol college, founded by John Balliol in Yorkshire; his widow, Divorquilla, a daughter of Alexander the Third, king of Scotland, finished the college, and endowed the society with lands;

it has since had several considerable benefactions. Warner, bishop of Rochester, and John Snell, Esq. gave several Scotch exhibitions, which have been the means of drawing several youths, of great ability, from the north. This society has the power of electing their own visitor: it consists of twelve fellows, fourteen scholars, and eighteen exhibitions.

The part of Balliol college which fronts the street, is erected in a very elegant modern style. The library has a fine collection of books and curious manuscripts: a Mr. Fisher built it, who was formerly a fellow of the college. Opposite to this college, Bishops Latimer and Ridley were burnt in the reign of Queen Mary; it is extraordinary that there is not a monu-

ment erected to commemorate the horrid tragedy.

Sir Thomas White, alderman and merchant tailor, of London, endowed St. John's College. The immense revenues he left have had considerable addition by other learned characters. The society has a president, fifty fellows, two chaplains, an organist, five singing men, and six choristers. Young gentlemen educated at Merchant Tailors' School have great privileges in this college; the fellows are generally nominated from amongst them.

You enter the first quadrangle by a Gothic tower and gateway; the chapel and hall are on the north; and the lodging rooms on the opposite sides.

In the chapel is a marble urn, in which is the heart of Dr. Rawlinson; it is enclos-

ed in a silver vase; he was a great benefactor to this college.

Through a passage, on the east side, they entered the court, where they were much struck by the beautiful piazza in the Grecian style.

The library occupies the south and east sides; it contains the picture of Charles the First, with the book of psalms written in the lines of the face and the hairs of the head. One of the windows is ornamented with several coats of arms.

The gardens of this college are considered particularly beautiful.

From St. John's they visited an infirmary, built by Dr. Radcliffe, whose name it bears; it can accommodate a considerable number of patients, and has a medical school for students.

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough gave a piece of ground adjoining, on which is erected the Radcliffe observatory; the situation is well adapted for astronomical observations; the professor has spacious and elegant apartments.

Worcester College was founded by Sir Thomas Cookes; Drs. Finney, Clarke, and Mrs. Eaton, were also benefactors. It has a provost, twenty fellows, seventeen scholars, and some inferior members; its situation is airy and salubrious: it stands on an elevation above the Isis, entering at the eastern portal; the chapel is on one side, the hall on the other. The library is a fine Ionic structure; it contains Inigo Jones's copy of Palladio, with his own manuscript notes. The provost has some handsome apartments on the north-west side.

New Inn Hall stands at the west end of the city; opposite is the gateway of a monk's college, of the Augustine order; here the great Erasmus resided.

Lady Gordon began to think there would be no end of visiting colleges, independent of which they had formed such a large acquaintance, that they were every day engaged out to dinners, balls, &c. &c. but the young ladies were so anxious to see all the colleges—and, indeed, they represented to her ladyship, that after having come such a distance to see the University, it would be highly ridiculous to leave Oxford before she had accomplished the end for which they came, that her ladyship consented that they should the following morning begin their perambulations at an earlier hour than usual; and Lord Edward

B. prevailed on the party to breakfast with him. Clairville and Matilda had come to an eclaircissement, and as soon as he had finished his studies, as he was intended for the bar, they were to be united. Cora was much pleased at this alliance; she thought her friends perfectly calculated to make each other happy—in Clairville she now found an affectionate friend and brother. Albert constantly corresponded with him, and by this means Cora had frequent intelligence of Mandeville, as she would on no account write or receive letters from him, unless sanctioned to do so by Colonel Rivers; and he particularly objected to her corresponding with Albert; it was his opinion, that unless the parties were engaged to each other, and such engagement approved of by the family on

both sides, it was highly indecorous for a delicate female to correspond with a gentleman; and that, in the present situations of Cora and Albert, he saw no probability of their ever being more to each other than acquaintances.

Pembroke College was the next object which attracted the notice of the ladies. It was founded by Mr. Thomas Tesdale, of Glympton, near Tavistock, and Dr. Richard Whitwich, and was named after the Chancellor of the University. It is a very neat building: the altar piece in the chapel is beautiful. King Charles the First, and Queen Anne, were both great benefactors to this college. Dr. Samuel Johnson and Judge Blackstone were of Pembroke.

Corpus Christi College was founded by Dr. Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester, in

the time of Henry the Seventh and Eighth. It has had several other benefactors; and it now consists of twenty fellows, two chaplains, twenty scholars, and several inferior members. It is a modern building; consists of one handsome quadrangle, on the east side of which is the hall, which is very large. The chapel has a remarkably fine cedar screen. In the library is the first edition of the Classics, and the Crosier of the founder, in great preservation.

Merton College is separated from Corpus Christi by a grove of elms. This college is one of the most ancient in the University. Walter Merton, Lord Chancellor of England, founded it in 1264; the society first resided at Malden, but were removed to Oxford. The laws by which this college is governed are so excellent,

that they form the basis of similar regulations in both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The society consists of a warden, twenty-four fellows, fourteen port masters, four scholars, and two chaplains.

The inner court of Merton College is large, and commands a fine prospect. The terrace and garden are on the ancient city walls; the gardens are laid out with great taste. In the library are some choice manuscripts. The chapel is also the parish church of St. John the Baptist de Merton; it is a fine Gothic building. In this chapel are the monuments of Sir Henry Savile, Sir Thomas Bodley, and others.

Alban Hall is adjoining to Merton College; it was named after Robert de St. Alban, a citizen of Oxford. Dr. Lam-

plugh, Archbishop of York, and William Lenthall, speaker of the long parliament, received their educations in this hall.

Edward the Second founded Oriel College, reported to be by the request of his almoner, Adam de Brome. It is named from Edward the Third having given the establishment the messuage called Le Oriel: the society is now one provost, eighteen fellows, and thirteen exhibitioners.

It has a spacious and beautiful quadrangle. The apartments of the provost are on the north side; the hall on the east, and the approach to the chapel; the apartments for the fellows and students are on the other sides.

The eastern window, in the chapel, represents the offerings of the Magi.

The library is an elegant building, but Oriel College is very confined.

St. Mary Hall stands on the north side of the last-mentioned college. It was erected by Edward the Second; it has only one quadrangle; it has a great number of students. Sir Thomas Moore and several great men received their education in St. Mary Hall.

Lincoln College was founded by Richard Flemming, bishop of Lincoln. Thomas Rotheram, one of his successors in the same see, augmented it. Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, was also a great benefactor to the college. The society consists of a rector and twelve fellows, beside inferior members.

You enter the first court of Lincoln College under a tower; in it is the rector's

lodgings, the library, and the refectory. The hall is neither deficient in size nor beauty.

The library is handsomely fitted up, and contains some very valuable manuscripts and books.

But the chapel of this college, built by Dr. Williams, is well worthy of attention. The cedar screen is a very great curiosity; the ceiling is of the same wood, embellished with several coats of arms and other devices. The windows are very beautiful.

You enter Exeter College under a magficent gate:—the lodgings of the society, the hall, and the chapel, form the principal triangle. Walter Stapleton, bishop of Exeter, and lord treasurer of England, founded this college, and by statutes obtained that the fellows should be nomi-

nated out of his own diocese. The members consist of a rector, twenty-five fellows, one scholar, and two exhibitioners.

The library is well filled with valuable books, but has nothing remarkable to attract particular notice. The gardens have a cheerful appearance.

Queen Elizabeth founded Jesus College. Dr. Price, of Wales, was also a considerable benefactor to the institution. The society consists of a principal, nineteen fellows, eighteen scholars, besides exhibitioners.

The first court of this college makes a good appearance, the chapel is on the north side, and the hall on the west. In the inner court is the library and other apartments. The gentlemen who enter this college are from the principality of Wales.

O! may fair science in these precincts smile,
And shed her lustre o'er this happy isle:
To guard the laws—religion's flame maintain,
Still may worth issue from her fost'ring reign.
Rais'd as a barrier 'gainst the insidious band,
Here may the Christian chieftains take their stand,
Repel the arrows of the threat'ning foe,
And bring the champions of confusion low.

When Cora returned to her apartment, she sunk into a reverie; what she had viewed in the different colleges made a forcible impression on her mind;—her education at Siam had been very confined, and she had read very few English authors, but those she had perused had been selected for her by her father: he had instructed her in Latin, and she had read some of the Classics.—She now determined to devote the greater part of her time to reading, and she was resolved to apply to Clairville

to direct her studies. She was convinced that by travelling and reading, the mind enlarges and acquires firmness, and, by giving us resources in ourselves, improves the temper and the heart; but when she mentioned her wishes to Clairville, he seriously offended her, by laughing at the idea of a young lady being desirous to continue the Classics; and he assured her, with an appearance of candour, that if he had been apprized of her knowing the dead languages, he never could have had courage to have paid his addresses to her; for that a learned woman was of all persons in the world most to be dreaded. Cora looked all amazement;—she expressed her astonishment that a nation who had erected such seminaries for learning, and who, by the most expensive monuments, perpetuat-

ed the memory of the learned, should be so illiberal as to wish to keep the female part of the creation in ignorance; that she thought, in this enlightened age, it was deemed adviseable, both in a moral and religious point of view, to instruct every class in society; consequently, she considered it a duty to cultivate the mean abilities which she possessed, as far as she was capable, and she trusted by so doing she should become a more useful member to the community.

"It is dangerous, Cora, ever to enter into an argument with you," replied Clairville, "because your judgment and manner are both irresistible; therefore, I will get you such books as I consider will prove both of service and of entertainment; but take my advice, and keep secret your manner of

killing time;—for I assure you, that all the young men of the present age dislike the blue stockings—and I question if even the adoring Lord Edward B. would not be cured of his passion, if he saw you reading Virgil: by the bye, Mandeville mentions his Lordship, and hints that report circulates, that he is a favoured lover."

"You can satisfy Albert on that point, as you know exactly my situation with Lord Edward B. and I must confess, that I anticipate our leaving Oxford with great satisfaction, because I really dislike having his Lordship constantly of our parties—but as Lady Gordon invites him, it is impossible for me to object to her friends."

After having seen the beautiful seat of the Duke of Marlborough, and made some excursion in the neighbourhood of Oxford,

Clairville accompanied the ladies to town, where an elegant house had been taken in Grosvenor Square; as Sir John, Lady Rivers, and family, had prepared that residence for the reception of Mrs Vansittart, who they heard would reach town as soon as themselves; which was actually the case, as they all met the same day in London. The meeting between Mrs. Vansittart and her brother was extremely affecting; he was so overpowered by the acuteness of his feelings, that his daughters were fearful the consequence of such agitation would prove fatal. Cora sat by the bedside of her uncle, and for ten days never left him; he was sensible of her attention; and Mrs. Vansittart was convinced that the beauty and elegance of her niece was her least recommendation; she was so delighted with

Cora, that it was a constant subject of altercation between her and Lady Gordon, with whom Miss Rivers was to reside; but at last the ladies settled the dispute, by agreeing to pass the ensuing year together, when Cora would be with both. Lady Rivers and her daughters were constantly in public. The eldest had the good fortune to meet with an elderly gentleman of independent fortune, who was pleased with her. Mrs. Vansittart was still beautiful—she was in her thirty-seventh year, but her residence in India had not impaired her beauty. As soon as she heard that her niece had an offer from Mr. Saville, she sent for her, and told her that it was her intention to make her nieces independent, that they might never be induced to marry from lucrative motives; there-

fore, she presented her with Bank receipts to the amount of five thousand pounds stock; but that she hoped that, although she was now in some respects her own mistress, she would never act without the sanction of her father;—she made the same present to each of her nieces; and when she presented Cora with hers, they had a very interesting conversation respecting Albert. Mrs. Vansittart expressed great impatience to see her little foundling, as she called him, and at the same time she gave no encouragement to Cora's partiality to him.

Lady Rivers, who was a weak, vain woman, as soon as she heard of the munificent present of Mrs. Vansittart to her daughters, wished to prevail on Miss Rivers to discard her old beau, as she

thought now she might, with her beauty and independence, pick and chuse. But her daughter was much improved in disposition and sentiments, since she had been in Cora's society; and she assured Sir John and Lady Rivers, that she married Mr. Saville, not only from gratitude, but from choice;—as his disinterested offer, when she had no fortune, proved that his attachment to her was sincere; and that she preferred the prospect of passing her days in the tranquil bosom of friendship, than to run the risk of placing her happiness in the hands of a fashionable young man; for she had watched them very minutely since she had been an inhabitant of the gay city; and they appeared to her to resemble automatons: they had a set manner—a set of phrases;

and seemed to be dead to every feeling of sensibility: that they appeared entirely devoted to themselves.—In fact, she was so disgusted with them, that she would much rather run the risk of leading apes hereafter, than be plagued with one of these fashionable husbands. Her sister was not of the same opinion. She thought that the Honourable Mr. Sansons was a very charming creature; and so elegant, that when he was driving his beautiful barouche, he looked exactly like a stage coachman. And his friend Mr. Splash was a delightful creature. His curricle was the wonder of all the fashionables; that in Othello he was captivating beyond description; and that his brilliant buckles were of immense value; that she had the good fortune to be introduced to

him by Mrs. Snatchall, and that he had engaged her to dance the two first dances at Willis's Rooms; he had presented her with a ticket, as he was a subscriber to the elegant ball and supper, which was to be given there on the Thursday following. Lady Rivers hoped that she would play her cards well, and get Mr. Splash for a husband; for she should like to have one of her daughters united to a man who had some dash—that she might now and then come to town, and not always vegetate at the Priory.

"And is it really possible," said Mrs. Vansittart, "that you would consent to my niece's marrying any one—suppose I say a man of colour, for instance—if he was rich?"

"And pray why not?" said her Ladyship.

"I can see no reason to reject a man on account of his complexion," replied her daughter.

"L'ivor avec l'ebene sont des joli bijon."

Lady Gordon shook her head, and the conversation took another subject for discussion.

Mr. Saville soon after entered, and proposed that they should all, the next day, go to Greenwich, as the hospital there was one of the most beautiful buildings in England, and must prove highly interesting to every feeling heart. All the party accepted the invitation, with the exception of Lady Rivers and her youngest daughter, who declined, thinking the fatigue would be too much for their deli-

cate constitution; and her Ladyship added, that seeing cripples she thought a very disgusting sight—indeed, she did not possess sufficient strength of mind, or nerves, to endure such spectacles. Mrs. Vansittart pitied her brother for having such a helpmate as a companion. Mr. Saville had a cottage on Blackheath, and the party partook of an elegant collation, which he had prepared for them; after which they proceeded through Greenwich Park to the Hospital. Cora was more gratified, she declared, in seeing the comforts provided for the brave defenders of England, than at even viewing the magnificent colleges in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. She contemplated the beautiful structure before her with sentiments of admiration, praise, and the loving kindness

of a charitable disposition. She went into the wards; the neatness of them, and the cheerful countenances of the venerable veterans, convinced her that in Greenwich Hospital no abuses existed, and that the comfort of the inhabitants was attended to by every person who held places in the hospital.

Britannia—she thought—may proudly raise her brow above the clouds, when she reflects upon her innumerable charitable institutions; if even spots of the darkest hue could be discovered in her orb. The myriads of bright emancipation which she has bestowed on myriads of human beings, who have participated in her bounty! O what of good and great does not that bounty effect! Speak, ye miserable of all characters and countries;

confess its blessed force; has it not dried your tears—healed your wounds—and, in the time of scarcity, driven famine from your habitation? Has it not fostered the helpless infant, when deprived of a mother's care, and nourished it with the milk of human kindness? To the aged it extends its benevolence, by smoothing the pillow of sickness by the tender hand of a parent or friend. Charity is medicine to the sick, food to the hungry, and consolation to the afflicted; and all other nations will unite in extolling the benevolence of thee, Old England! For where charity is the theme, the British heart knows no alien, has no distinct idea of stranger in the code of humanity.

An old veteran, who had lost both his legs, had such an intelligent and melan-

choly countenance, that Cora felt an interest in his fate, and requested that he would tell her in what action he had so severely suffered.

"It was indeed, Miss, a sad affliction to lose both my legs, because I am rendered incapable of serving my country; but I trust, as long as Jack Cordage had his limbs, that he did his duty. The fortunate day in which I lost my legs, England was victorious off Trafalgar;—an action too dearly purchased by the life of our brave commander. I was by him when he fell. Happy would it have been for my country had we exchanged situations; and Jack Cordage would most willingly have parted with his life to have saved the immortal Nelson.

"The shot, my dear Miss, which sepa-

rated my timbers, deprived my poor Betty of existence.—My wife had been by my side during seventeen actions"—(he wiped away the tears)—"and in losing her, I have lost all wish to live. She would now have been a great comfort to me; and how I could so long have existed without her is very wonderful. We had been married thirty years, and never separated for one day: she was a good woman—she is happy; and to repine at the dispensations of Providence is sinful—and it cannot be long before we are united. It was indeed a bloody action; I had been in many engagements, and never saw such carnage: from the stem to the stern of the ship the blood ran in torrents; the carcasses laid in such heaps, that we had full employment in tossing them overboard; and the

remainder of our messmates were so disfigured by wounds, that it was scarcely possible to know them. But, young lady, you look pale; such a tale is not fit for you to hear. God bless his Majesty for providing such a comfortable asylum for us in our old age: to be well fed and clothed is a great blessing, and I am thankful to my God for them. I have now only to make up my account with heaven, before I resign my breath. When I have been the conqueror, I hope that I have been merciful; and that I have divided my morsel with my fellow creature in his necessity, let him have been of whatever country or persuasion."

This affecting recital of the old seaman was too much for Cora's spirits; she placed some silver in his hand, and joined

her party. But she appeared so faint, that they ordered the carriages, and drove to Woolwich—saw the arsenal, &c. &c.—and returned to town to a late dinner. It was several days before Cora regained her cheerfulness; she never thought of Jack Cordage, that she did not figure to her imagination Albert in the field of battle; and most willingly would she have purchased his safety by all which she possessed.

Miss Rivers consented to marry Mr. Saville, and the marriage took place immediately, as Sir John was compelled to return to the Priory on some very pressing business. Lady Rivers and her youngest daughter wished to remain in town, but Sir John said that he had an invincible objection to their continuing in London;

and, although her ladyship pleaded the strong interest which her daughter had made in Mr. Musti's affections, yet he continued inexorable. Mrs. Vansittart and Cora promised to join them at the Priory, as soon as they had again accounts from Colonel Rivers; and Lady Gordon, with Matilda and Clairville, were also to accompany them.

Lord Edward B. who had been some weeks in town, had also an invitation to the North. All Cora's relations appeared to favor his pretensions to her. Clairville had spoken to her in such a mysterious manner lately, that she could not comprehend his meaning. Just before his return to College, he took her hand,

"Let me beg of you, my dear Cora, not to judge over-hastily of Mandeville's

actions, or place confidence in any reports which relate to him. Albert, I am convinced, possesses a sound heart; he may be led probably away by the passions of youth, but he will never act dishonourably."

With these words he left her, and she fancied that Lady Gordon and Mrs. Vansittart had lately looked at her with compassion in their countenances, and for some weeks no one had mentioned Mandeville. Lord Edward B. appeared in great spirits, and his attention to Cora was so pointed, as to distress her extremely.

CHAPTER III.

What is that vice which still prevails
When almost ev'ry passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with the setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The purest flow'rs, and choak the soil?—
'Tis slander, and with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.

LETTERS came from Colonel Rivers, and Cora was all anxiety to know the contents; she watched Mrs. Vansittart's countenance while perusing the packet addressed to her, and she saw evidently that it contained some intelligence which gave

her pain.—She heard her exclaim inwardly, "Is it possible that he can be such a villain?"

"Do, pray, my dear Mrs. Vansittart, ease my mind, and tell me that my uncle, and those that are dear to me, are safe.—How is it that I have not a letter from the colonel?"

"He is well, my dear Cora, and as soon as I feel sufficiently composed, I will relate to you a very mysterious event which has recently happened; but you must muster up all your fortitude to bear the intelligence with firmness."

"Good God! then it concerns Albert—Oh! in pity keep me no longer in suspense—is he well—and does he still merit my affection?"

"Cora, Albert is well—but he no longer is deserving of our regard, and surely

your good sense will induce you to forget a man, who has proved himself unworthy of our notice." The orphan was so agitated, that Mrs. Vansittart was obliged to give her some drops, and would willingly have postponed the communication she was about to make—but Cora on her knees intreated that she would proceed.—Accordingly she informed the orphan, that her uncle wrote in a very affecting and afflicting manner, that Albert had proved himself unworthy the name of an officer or a gentleman.—That a few leagues from the neighbourhood where he was quartered there was a convent, in which a beautiful girl had been placed, and had nearly completed her noviciate; this young creature had been sent into this religious house to prevent her uniting herself to a young

man who was much her inferior—but she soon forgot him, and became perfectly reconciled to taking the veil; consequently, she was permitted the same liberty as the nuns.—That it is supposed that she became acquainted with Mandeville through some of the Spanish officers, who came to see their relatives—but this is only conjecture; but the unhappy girl eloped from the convent. Albert was afterwards seen with her, and she remained for some time concealed in a cottage, where he visited her; her former lover is supposed to have discovered her retreat; in consequence of which it is presumed that he had some altercation with Mandeville;—but certain it is, that the poor lad has fallen a sacrifice, as his cloak and other parts of his dress have been found almost steeped in blood. The

novice again has absconded, and Albert for several days has not been heard of.—"This," adds Colonel Rivers, "is the account which I have had from one of his brother officers, who expresses the greatest concern that a young man, who had hitherto conducted himself, on all occasions, in a most exemplary manner; and who had so recently experienced the favour of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, in consequence of his gallantry, should thus for ever tarnish his name, and become an outcast of society—a libertine—and a murderer."

"Albert a libertine! and a murderer?" repeated Cora; "that I should ever have to blush for my preference to Mandeville, is indeed what I never expected—and it is assuredly a very painful circumstance.

But you will see, my dear aunt, that I can bear with resignation this severe trial; my affection for Albert proceeded from what I considered a similarity in our dispositions and pursuits. I thought him possessed of every virtue—this was the man I loved, and with whom I would willingly have passed my life, even in obscurity; indeed, I am now ashamed to acknowledge, that my partiality for him was so great that I would have even left my relations and resided with him in the remotest spot on earth.

"But Albert is now a libertine and a murderer, and I despise him. I now feel only the same pity and compassion for him, as I should do for any other unhappy creatures who had rendered themselves not only amenable to the laws of society, but offended our heavenly father, before

whom we must all be judged; and fervently will I pray that, by a contrite heart and sincere repentance, he may make his peace with heaven. You, I am certain, will excuse my appearing again to-day. I shall remain in my apartment, and by a strict scrutiny of my feelings, be able to regulate my future conduct."

Mrs. Vansittart saw the propriety of Cora's request. The orphan, as soon as she entered her chamber, indulged herself in a violent flood of tears, which appeared to relieve her oppressed heart;—she then took herself to task, and scrutinized her present sentiments. Mandeville's picture she looked at, and contemplated his fine open countenance—"Can it be possible," she repeated, "that Albert is a libertine and a murderer?"—She closed the case; and

again sat for a considerable time in almost a state of stupefaction—at length she started from her seat, took the resemblance of her once beloved Mandeville, and erased it from the ivory—she determined that his beautiful smile should never more influence her reason.—It was a dreadful struggle, but virtue resumed her power, and Cora resolved that in future she would encourage Lord Edward B. This resolution was not the consequence of a hasty resolve; in her bosom she could never retain affection for a licentious and wicked character. Lord Edward B. was every way, she thought, capable of rendering her happy, but she was still determined not to marry him till she was perfectly convinced that she had not a decided preference for any other person. Probably, Cora would

rather have remained single, but she was religious; it had been early planted in her mind, that to exist, to suffer, and to die, was not the only end for which she was created; that she had many important duties to fulfil in this life; that she was not suffered to breathe merely for herself, but to become useful to society; and if she did her duty here, a crown of glory awaited her hereafter.—That, because she had been disappointed in her first attachment, was no reason that she should lead a life of celibacy, as her disappointment originated in her having painted to her imagination what never existed—perfection in man. It must be acknowledged, that Cora disliked old maids; at the same time, she candidly allowed, that she had met with some few who had remained in single

blessedness from choice—who were every thing which was good and amiable; but the generality of neglected venerable spinsters were a set of disagreeable, unreasonable beings, who stood up for a species of liberty, inconsistent and contrary to the laws of society, and in defiance of nature, pretended to prefer the solitary pleasures of celibacy to the domestic comforts and social endearments of matrimony. She had ever found these spinsters vehement in their declamations against the other sex, and she could not help thinking, that persons who, on all occasions, declaim against men, have the greatest penchant for them; she considered the chastity of old maids resembled the courage of cowards, that it dwelt more on the tongue than in the heart.

She had reasoned herself into some composure just as Matilda tapped at her door—Cora let her amiable friend in, who came to offer all the consolation she could, by participating in her sorrow; but the orphan assured her, that so far from being an object of compassion, she considered herself a very fortunate girl in having escaped being united to such a worthless character as Albert; for she was certain that Colonel Rivers would not have written on a subject of such horror, unless he had been thoroughly convinced of the truth of it.

Matilda said she had heard from Clairville; that he had not received any letters from Portugal; but that a fellow collegiate had heard from his brother, and communicated the story of Albert, which was the

general topic of conversation with the army; but that Clairville intreated that too hasty a judgment might not be formed of Mandeville's conduct, for that he was still convinced that he was not the monster represented. That previously to his leaving town, he had heard a report respecting Albert's having eloped with a novice; in consequence of which he had addressed Cora in a manner which he knew would alarm her fears.

"Generous Clairville!" replied the orphan, "you are indeed a valuable and sincere friend—and Matilda alone is worthy and capable of rewarding and appreciating your merits."

The friends remained the rest of the evening together; and before Cora retired to rest, she had quite reconciled herself to

receive the addresses of Lord Edward B. and she thought of Albert with detestation and pity—but in her sleep the image of Mandeville appeared to her agitated imagination—bleeding — wounded—and imploring mercy. She awoke in such perturbation, that she jumped out of bed to ascertain whether she had really seen Albert or not.—It was some time before she could again close her eyes; and a second time the same dream disturbed her fancy, but the effect was more alarming; she again left her bed, and seating herself in a chair, she incessantly called on Mandeville. Mrs. Vansittart slept in the next room; the noise induced her to open the door, when she beheld Cora in this deplorable state;—her eyes wildly staring, and her hands clasped. She took no notice of

her aunt, but continued calling on Albert. The family were soon alarmed, and by the interference of Lady Gordon, Cora was again put to bed; but by the morning she was in a high fever and perfectly delirious; when this subsided she fell into a stupor, and it was several weeks before she came perfectly to her recollection. Her anxious and tender friends had never quitted her during her illness; and when she became sensible of their kind attention, she expressed the most grateful sentiments for their goodness; and assured them, that in future she would prove deserving of their good opinion; that as to Mandeville, she now felt no other sentiment for him, than for any indifferent acquaintance, and appeared gratified at hearing that Lord Edward B. made constant enquiries after her

health; but she said she should be ashamed of seeing him, as he would impute her recent indisposition to her regret at Albert's having left her for another; which she assured them was not the case; for she felt only sorrow that a young man whom she had thought a pattern for his sex, should have proved himself such a hypocrite. As soon as she was capable of entering the drawing-room, Lord Edward B. was invited.—The meeting on both sides was extremely distressing. Cora, with that candour which marked her character, frankly confessed to his lordship the sentiments she had formerly, and those she now experienced for Mandeville. He was grateful for such confidence, and took the opportunity of reminding her of a promise she made to him at Oxford;

and he presumed to hope, that as she confessed that her sentiments were changed, and that she no longer even wished to hear Mandeville named, that she would venture to place her happiness in his care. To this Cora consented, which was a subject of great joy to all her relations and friends. Her health mended very slowly, but she was cheerful, and appeared pleased with the constant attention and assiduities of Lord Edward B.

Colonel Rivers wrote again to his sister, and also to Cora; he never mentioned Albert in either letter; congratulated the orphan on her prospect of happiness with Lord Edward B. and also informed her, that Madame Tabert had heard from her friend at Amsterdam, who had seen Mr. Van Dam, and that he had no doubt,

from the contents of the letter, that he should soon have to congratulate her upon the recovery of her property. The same post brought a letter from Sir John Rivers, in which was enclosed one addressed to Miss Belmont or Rivers; it came from Messrs. Ball and Co. to inform her that, in consequence of intelligence received from their correspondent at Siam, they requested that the late Mr. Frederick Rivers's executors would call on them with a copy of his will, when they would deliver into their hands the property which they had belonging to that gentleman, upon having a proper release for the same. Cora gave a deep sigh when she perused this epistle; from what cause it proceeded no one knew; but Matilda thought, in spite of all Cora's

affected cheerfulness, that still she thought of Mandeville too frequently for one who was soon to plight her faith to another. More than once had she discovered her friend in tears, and she suspected that her great flow of spirits proceeded from an idea, that by vivacity, and constantly being in public, she should overcome any remaining predilection for Mandeville.—But if Matilda only mentioned his name, Cora looked extremely displeased; therefore she refrained from mentioning a subject, which she saw only gave offence.

Lord Edward B. was desirous of an early day being named to complete his felicity; but Miss Rivers decidedly objected to her marriage taking place, until Colonel Rivers could act as her father on the occasion.

The weather became so extremely warm, that to remain longer in London would be intolerable; Lady Gordon proposed that they should all proceed to the Priory, remain there a few days, and then visit the north of Scotland, as she had some business to transact there; and she assured them that, without being too partial to her own country, she had not seen any views in the south which could be compared to those in the *Land of Cakes*. Mr. and Mrs. Saville consented to join the party. At the Priory they found Lady Rivers in a very sullen mood, as Sir John would not permit her and her daughter's going to a fashionable watering-place, where they might meet with some great man who would fall in love with her favourite child. The party

wished them to go to Scotland; but her Ladyship protested that, so far from going there, if she once again had the good fortune to leave the Priory, she would never bend her steps northward.

Lady Gordon, Mrs. Vansittart, and Mrs. Saville had their landaus, but the gentlemen had two curricles; and in these conveyances, by easy journies, they reached Kildrummy, near which Lady Gordon had an ancient seat. The rugged precipices of dark and uncultivated hills, through which the road winded, were so gloomy and forbidding, that the party began to regret having come north. Matilda read in the intelligent countenance of her sweet friend, that she was disappointed at the scenery before her; but in a few hours they entered a beautiful road,

by the side of the Don. The prospect opened to a great extent; amongst well-cultivated fields they now saw the Castle of Towie; every winding of the river presented fresh views; the most beautiful seats peeped amongst the woods and in the opening glens; and the venerable castles which appeared on the hills gave a finish to the landscape. In some parts, the road was broken and craggy, leading up to mountains of singular picturesque appearance, of various forms, nearly bare, and composed of rocks; and their melancholy shades obscured the little verdure to be found in the vale. On one of these hills, they saw the tomb of a chieftain: he erected a massy mausoleum, to prevent his ashes being mixed with the vulgar,

and that the foot of a vassal might not trample on the earth which covered him.

On the summit of one of those astonishing alpine scenes, whose greatness fills the mind with astonishment, they viewed, immediately beneath them, a wide-extended dreary valley, covered with brown heath, beyond which was a range of magnificent mountains, which appeared to touch the sky; clouds broke on their tops, and floated in the intermediate spaces, and gave evidence of their magnitude and distance. Towering above are the high cliffs, and their gigantic form had a most imposing appearance; but it is scarcely possible to convey any idea of the hilly regions of Braemar.

The gentlemen occupied much of their time in shooting in Mar Forest, and the

ladies rambled amongst the beautiful scenery. Cora would frequently indulge in a solitary walk, before the rest of the party had quitted their downy pillows. One morning she was tempted to descend, by a rugged path, into a valley by the bank of a river. The view was the most wild that fancy could form; the luxurious fields of waving corn, the mountain's hoary brow overhanging the dale, the cheerful cottagers attending their flocks—and, on the opposite side, the towering cliffs, projecting rocks, and lofty pines, claimed her unbounded admiration.—Amidst some blossoming trees stood a neat hamlet. Cora rested for some minutes, observing the elegant simplicity of the little garden which surrounded the humble tenement, at the bottom of which

was an opening, through which you saw the river; willows, in the greatest luxuriance, formed a shady walk; the clashing noise of the impetuous torrent gave a solemnity to the scene; and she involuntarily took her seat on a piece of timber. How her thoughts were occupied, she never communicated to her dearest friends; but she acknowledged that she was so deep in contemplation, that she never heard the sound of a human step, when, upon looking up, she discovered a venerable old man, with silver hair, leaning both his hands on a stick, earnestly viewing her: she started—

"Just so looked poor unfortunate Jessy!—Do not," continued the stranger, "let me frighten you away. I am a poor harmless old man—heart-broken. In

your countenance I trace a resemblance to my lost child; you also have her interesting, dejected look.—God forbid! that you, sweet maid, should, like her, unite your fate with a libertine!"

Cora shuddered!

"Poor girl! she was innocent; and I hope she is now receiving the reward promised to those who are deserving of the blessing of our Redeemer. My wife, the partner of all my joys and sorrows, sunk under the heavy calamity; being deprived of our only child robbed her of her senses, and she became a miserable maniac!"

The tears fell from his aged eyes, and dropped on the hand of the orphan; this was too much for her feelings, and she mixed her tears with his. At this mo-

ment an elderly female came from the hamlet; she addressed the old gentleman by the appellation of Campbell; she told him that his breakfast had been some time ready; then, seeing his agitation,

"What has happened, my good sir, to cause this grief?"

He pointed to Cora, and said,

"Alas! my poor Jessy!"

The woman now looked at the orphan.

"You are, indeed, like my dear departed young mistress; it is a sad tale! But how came you in this retired spot?"

Cora told Margaret she had prolonged her walk till she reached the valley, and the beauty of the scenery induced her to take a seat, and listen to the gushing torrent; that, from what had dropped from Mr. Campbell, she had a strong curiosity

to hear his history, and also to see the inside of the hamlet; that it was now so late that, if she staid longer, she was fearful they would be uneasy at her absence at the castle. Margaret told her that she would ask her master's permission to relate the cause of his sorrows; and if she would return the next morning, she had no doubt but that she would be admitted into their humble dwelling.

Cora made all the haste she could home, and reached the parlour before her friends had assembled there; they rallied her upon her early rising. Lord Edward B. begged that he might be indulged with accompanying her in her morning excursions; but she requested to pursue them alone, as she was fond of meditating. Mrs. Vansittart declared, that she would

also rise by day break; for she should then lay in a sufficient quantity of rouge to serve her all the winter; and she was sure her niece would be the envy of all her companions, for her bloom was more beautiful than ever.

"You see, however, that it can be heightened," said Clairville; "and I will not have my friend distressed, by making her the subject of conversation when present. Therefore, to change the topic, I beg to know when we are to leave these charming rocks and mountains, as I must keep my term at Cambridge? Willingly would I take you all back with me—what says your Ladyship?"

"That I am ready to return to town; but, as soon as I arrive there, I shall proceed to Wales; for the autumn, I am

told, is a fine season for visiting that country; and, Clairville, you can join us there."

It was then settled, that in a fortnight they should leave the north.

Cora was so anxious to see Margaret, that she arose by five o'clock; and although it was a Scotch mist, she walked to the valley. Mr. Campbell met her, and desired that she would enter his hut. The outside was covered with woodbine, roses, jessamine, and a vine, which grew in such luxuriance, that you could scarcely see the casements; but when she entered this rustic habitation, she was struck with amazement. She was shewn into a parlour, the walls of which were decorated with moss, shells, and fossils, intermixed with looking glass. The floor and ceiling were

of mosaic work finely executed; the windows painted glass; the seats clumps of trees, decorated with ivy.

"This," said Campbell, "was the favourite retreat of my poor Jessy; her hands decorated and painted this root-house. Here she once lived, and here will I die!"

At the end of the apartment were two doors, but concealed with such nicety, that it was impossible to discover them; by touching a spring they flew open:—one led into Mr. Campbell's bedroom; it was fitted up in the same manner as the apartment which she first entered: his couch was in a recess, at the end of which was a small painted window, which cast a light on the picture of the most beautiful woman Cora had ever be-

held. She could not withdraw her eyes from the portrait; the countenance seemed familiar to her. Margaret assured her, that the painting scarcely did justice to her young mistress, who was the greatest beauty she ever beheld; and she added, she was as good as she was beautiful. The other room was Margaret's, exactly ornamented the same as her master's. Excepting that in hers was the picture of the late Mrs. Campbell, who had been as handsome as her daughter.

A true Scotch breakfast was prepared, and Cora partook of it: when finished, Mr. Campbell said, "I leave you with Margaret; for I am incapable of reciting the part—let me see you frequently, for your resemblance to my Jessy endears you to my poor old heart; and I think since

I have seen you, that I feel more consolation than I have experienced for these last twenty years."

Cora assured him, that while she continued in the north, she would visit him every day. As soon as he had closed the door, Margaret informed the orphan, that her master had permitted her to tell his history.

" Mr. Campbell is a gentleman of independent property; he married a lady of family and fortune, by whom he had one daughter. You, Miss, have seen her picture, consequently will not wonder that her parents were proud of such a child. No expence was spared in her education, and this hamlet was built by her direction; she decorated it, and, in the summer, my master and mis-

tress made frequent excursions here to please Miss Jessy. This rural retreat was then the scene of festivity and joy. Miss Campbell had been educated in Edinburgh, and she had formed a great friendship with a Miss M'Intosh, who asked my young mistress to pay her a visit during the period of the Leith races. To please Miss Jessy, my master and mistress accompanied her there, and remained some time at Edinburgh; but, at the intreaties of Miss M'Intosh and family, they left Miss Campbell with them.

"My master, on his return home, said—'Margaret, I have left my Jessy at Edinburgh, and returned with a heavy heart, for I think we shall lose our child; for there is a young Englishman that appears much devoted to her.'—'Well,

my dear,' replied my mistress, 'suppose he is; if Jessy likes him, it is a very suitable match; and I am certain every one will allow that she will grace a coronet!'—Poor soul! she little thought that the alliance she sanctioned would break her heart!

"Miss Campbell was reckoned the beauty of Leith races, and Lord Ducarrel, who had just entered his twenty-fourth year, with some companions, were making the tour of the north of England and Scotland; they attended the races. His Lordship being much struck with Miss Jessy's beauty, danced with her at the ball; and at that time the fatal acquaintance commenced. Lord Ducarrel lost his parents when quite an infant: he was placed at Eaton, and passed through that

school with great applause: at seventeen he was entered as a gentleman commoner, in St. Mary's Hall, at the University of Oxford, and put under the care of a private tutor, until he reached his twentieth year. He applied with considerable diligence to his classical and mathematical studies; he investigated the principles of the constitution, the system of laws, and the administration of justice; he inquired into the several branches of commerce and manufactures, the state of the arts; he also examined the reasonableness of national religion. His guardians were delighted at the progress which he had made, and Lord Ducarrel was considered a prodigy. That his education might be completed in the first style of elegance, and that he might have the advantage of

perfecting himself in foreign languages, of conversing with learned persons of different nations, and, by such intercourse, the errors on the interesting topics which he had studied, with the vague systems of theory, would be rectified by observation on the existing state of things. When Lord Ducarrel first visited the continent, he continued to devote all his time to the gaining such knowledge as would hereafter make him a senator. He avoided all English society, and entered into no perilous amusements. As he conversed fluently in the French, and with great ease both in the German and Italian languages, he possessed the best means of procuring satisfactory and genuine information; and, at twenty-two years of age, in person, learn-

ing, and accomplishment, Ducarrel was surpassed by none of his sex. But, unfortunately, his heart was not, by a virtuous attachment, guarded against illicit amours. His highly cultivated mind, and the elegance of his manners, rendered him a great favourite amongst the ladies. His tutor, an amiable clergyman, who had accompanied him from England, was compelled to leave him in the land of vice and dissipation, as some family affairs obliged him to return to England. Mr. Priestly regularly corresponded with his late pupil, and, as far as depended on him, continued to impress virtuous sentiments on his mind. But these friendly admonitions were not sufficient to steel Ducarrel's heart against the fascinating charms of Signora D'Orvilla, a celebrated singer at

the opera. He was passionately fond of music, and the artful syren gained such an ascendancy over his Lordship, that he not only kept her in the most extravagant style, but emerged with her into the most dissipated societies; and, in two years, he appeared to have entirely obliterated from his recollection the morals which he had formerly appeared to venerate, and became a notorious libertine. He now surveyed the best specimens of ancient and modern arts with perfect indifference; harmony of colours, symmetry of parts, and the works of a great master, which, a few months before, he would have neither spared trouble nor expence to have seen, he now did not consider worth looking at. In Rome and Florence, his chief residence ori-

ginally was fixed, because the fine arts had deposited their most valuable treasures there; but now he only remained in Italy, to indulge in the most disgraceful amours; and was a melancholy proof how high a polish a *British diamond* will take, and how soon it will lose its *lustre*. Lord Ducarrel was passionately fond of Signora D'Orvilla, but he had a strong tincture of jealousy in his disposition; her conduct gave him room to suspect her constancy; he watched her actions, was convinced of her perfidy, and taxed her with it. The violence of her temper now effected what even her infidelity could not have done. His Lordship was disgusted with finding the woman, whom he had considered as an angel, to be a very devil. He resolved to get rid of her; therefore

he left Naples, and had just returned to his native country, when he was introduced to Miss Campbell. He was still the learned companion, the polished man of fashion, handsome in person, and, where he chose to make himself beloved, was irresistible.

"Jessy Campbell, artless herself, had no idea of deception in others. His Lordship's attention was flattering to her vanity, and his assiduities gained her heart; but Ducarrel was not a marrying man. Having only conversed with the most worthless part of the female sex, he had formed a bad opinion of the whole; yet the beauty of Miss Campbell, and her simplicity of manners, made such an impression on him, that he even had brought himself to becoming a Benedict;

and made such proposals as could not reasonably be rejected by a *man of the world.* But Mr. Campbell had taken a decided antipathy to his Lordship; this proceeded from his having heard him express himself on religious subjects in a very light and disrespectful manner. My master is a religious man, and, with his notions of his duty to his God, and to the community, he could not consent to uniting his daughter to an unbeliever. My poor lady pleaded for the lovers; Miss Campbell implored her father to consent to her happiness, as she was convinced his Lordship's affection for her was such, that he would renounce principles which must make her miserable; but Mr. Campbell, where he considered that he was doing his duty, could not be induced

by tears or remonstrance to accede even to the wishes of his beloved wife and only child: he remained inexorable. Mrs. Campbell saw that her daughter's happiness depended on her marrying Lord Ducarrel; and, in an unlucky moment, consented to her being privately married to him;—and Jessy Campbell became Countess of Ducarrel."

Cora heard the clock strike ten, and she was under the necessity of leaving Margaret; but she promised to be with her the following morning, for she felt an uncommon interest in the fate of the beautiful Jessy.

CHAPTER IV.

These awful words,—"till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart;
No after-thought when once a wife,
The die is cast—and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way;
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock's scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles of her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire, and weds a fool,
Want enters at the guardless door,
And love is fled to come no more.

CORA attended her appointment the next day, and heard a continuation of Lady Ducarrel's story. Mr. Campbell was so

indisposed, as to be incapable of leaving his chamber. Margaret continued the narrative.

" As soon as Miss Campbell was married, she was so fearful of seeing her father, that her mother consented to her immediate departure with her husband to the south, and that she would break the intelligence to my master—which she did; but never shall I forget that day.—Mr. Campbell pressed his wife to his bosom—'May the Almighty forgive you as cheerfully as I do, and may you never repent what you have done; but my foreboding mind tells me, that misery will be the lot of my darling Jessy;'—and he burst into such an agony of grief, that we thought he would have expired. As soon as he was capable he wrote to his daughter and to

Lord Ducarrel.—He forgave them, and requested that they would return to Scotland, and pass some time at the castle. Lady Ducarrel immediately replied to the letter, assuring her parents that she was as happy as any mortal could be; that his lordship had taken her to a beautiful cottage in the Isle of Wight; as, till they had Mr. Campbell's forgiveness, he thought it would not be proper for her to appear in public. That they were so delighted with the rural situation where they now were, that they proposed remaining some months in the island.—After which they would gladly embrace their beloved parents.

"For nearly a year Lady Ducarrel continued to correspond with her mother; but her letters were written in a melan-

choly style, and Mr. Campbell felt displeased that his lordship kept his daughter in such retirement, and that he did not bring her to Scotland. At last he was so impatient to see his child, that he wrote to say, that he and my mistress would immediately pay them a visit in the Isle of Wight; and we left Scotland the week following;—but on our arrival at Newport, a letter was put into Mr. Campbell's hands, from Lord Ducarrel, to say, that the most urgent and unexpected business had compelled him to leave England; but that he would write more explicitly when he reached the continent. A few lines from Lady Ducarrel to her mother were enclosed, only to say, that she was well and happy, and felt no other regret at leaving Eng-

land, than not having her beloved parents with her.

"Mr. Campbell looked at his wife with such despair and compassion in his countenance, that she sank on her knees, and hid her face with her hands. 'I do, indeed,' she said, 'repent having sanctioned a union which you disapproved."

"From this period, my master and mistress knew no comfort. They desired me to make inquiries concerning the family at Grove Cottage; and I learnt that it was generally supposed that Lord Ducarrel kept his mistress there. It was to be let, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell went to see the house which had contained their beloved daughter. It was a little paradise—but was in a state of confusion. The tables and chairs stood in the places where Lord and Lady

Ducarrel had been accustomed to sit. Loose papers lay about; the first my mistress took up contained these lines:

Love said, that wedlock was design'd,
By gracious heaven, to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust;—
That wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart—
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

"'Good God!' exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, 'my child is miserable!' and she took up another scrap, on which she read,

Ah! but to die! to bid adieu!
An everlasting farewel too!
Farewel to ev'ry joy around—
O! the heart sickens at the sound.

" Mr. Campbell forced my mistress from a place which presented only sorrow to her view. He ordered horses, and we returned home. From that time Mrs. Campbell became deranged; she accused herself of having been the ruin of her child.—Sometimes she would dress herself like the poorest mendicant, and traverse the country; her eyes sorrowfully cast down—then, ever and anon, affectingly turning them up to heaven, would sigh most bitterly;—in her hand she would carry a stick, fancifully ornamented with flowers; and she would, in the most humble and affecting manner, solicit those whom she met for charity, that she might be able to fetch home her child who had been stolen from her;—she would assure them, that guilt had not reduced her to

to her present tatters; but that she had disposed of her clothes, to send money to buy food for Jessy.—'If she was here,' she would add, 'she would be the solace of my old age—I should then have no cause for woe; perhaps she is now a wandering mendicant like myself.'

"I always kept at a distance, that no harm might happen to her. She was so well known that every one gave her a trifle (which my master returned to them) and food; otherwise, we could not prevail on her to eat. She continued in this miserable way for nine years, when it pleased the Almighty to release her from her afflictions.

"Mr. Campbell spared no expence to make her as comfortable as her unhappy malady would admit of; she was indulged

in every wish she formed, and was always perfectly harmless. I, Miss, was a half boarder at the school where the late Mrs. Campbell received her education; and from that period we have never been separated, as I was her humble companion and friend. While my master lives I shall remain with him; indeed, excepting yourself, I have never seen him address any person since the death of his wife; and the servant who does the necessary services required, never comes into his presence.

"About a year after the death of my poor mistress, a letter came to my master; it was so dirty and old, that it was with difficulty he could decypher it; as there was no date to it, he could not tell how long it had been written, or from whence

it came: it contained only a few lines written in Lady Ducarrel's hand.

" 'Why have you not, my beloved parents, eased the heart of your miserable daughter, by saying that you have received what I sent you safe? I love you most affectionately.'

" This note had no signature, and it was perfectly an enigma to Mr. Campbell; he had made every inquiry respecting Lord Ducarrel and his daughter; and for the first year he traced them from Paris to Switzerland, but since that time could never obtain any intelligence of them.

" This, my young lady, is the history of Mr. Campbell's sorrows. He never now leaves this hamlet: his only pleasure is the recollection of the happy days he passed here in his daughter's

company. Of course you will not divulge what you have heard, as Mr. Campbell does not wish his misfortunes to become the topic of general conversation."

Cora assured her, she participated too sincerely in the affliction of Mr. Campbell to be capable of wounding his feelings, by mentioning the subject; and that she was nearly as anxious as himself to know what had been the fate of Lady Ducarrel.

The orphan continued her daily visits to the valley. She found Mr. Campbell possessed a mind which had been well cultivated; and, from his conversation, she gained great knowledge on religious subjects. He permitted her to take a copy of his daughter's picture; and when she left the north, she parted from the old man with sincere regret.—He also was much

affected at taking leave. Cora had recited to him what had hitherto been her destiny, and he desired her, whenever she found that peace and quietness would constitute her happiness, that she would take up her residence in his hamlet.

Cora was much pleased with her Scotch excursion. She visited the castle of Bracmar;—the building was greatly demolished, but its having been the hunting seat of the kings of Scotland, made her anxious to see it. The rock on which it stands, is worked on three sides by cascades which fall into the Dee. The romantic winding valley of Glen-quoisch, bounded by sloping mountains, whose declivities are covered with wood, has a very beautiful appearance. In the glen are seen young pines, forcing their way

through the chinks of the rocks, and amidst layers of stones, through which one would think vegetation could not penetrate.

A rivulet and deep cascades fall beneath the overhanging rocks; the crags shagged with bushes, and the venerable remains of decayed trees form a most romantic landscape. A few miles from Bracmar Castle, a spacious plain is divided by the windings of the river, enriched with variety of wood, surrounded by immense mountains, which presents a combination of rural beauty and magnificent scenery.

Close to Glen-dee, a craggy hill so much attracted the notice of the ladies, that, although the weather was misty, yet they ventured up. It is named Craig Phatrié. It appears to be composed of huge stones

and broken rocks, rather than a solid mass.

Between two high cliffs, into which the point of the mount is divided, there is a distant view of precipices, with vast trees, as if projecting from the naked rocks. The river, which rushes through the chasms, forms a white torrent, and the rugged channel grown dark by slime and age, is lighted by the dashing of the water; at the foot of the fall is a bridge, composed of trees and sods, which leads the way to some cottages, sheltered by the rock. These dwellings, from their rustic appearance, adds wildness to the scenery. Further in the forest are romantic solitudes, encompassed with precipices. In one is a cavern, as awful as hermit ever

retired to; it stands over the end of a dreary lake.

Cora confessed that her blood chilled when she entered it. By a winding path, among trees, they proceeded to the valley of Derry, which is singularly wild and beautiful; and Mrs. Vansittart said, "that she was so delighted with what she had seen, that she was resolved to pass a year in Scotland, that she might make a complete tour through it; and she was sure that Cora would be glad to accompany her, as she could then renew her acquaintance with the hermit of the valley;—and she protested, that if she was Lord Edward B. she would insist upon knowing who the man was, who robbed him of the company of his intended."

His lordship said, "that he had not the smallest curiosity to know; unless that, by being acquainted with the person, he could oblige Cora, by contributing to the comfort of her friend."

The orphan assured him, that the person to whom he alluded, was not in want of any pecuniary assistance; that he was an unfortunate father—that she was not at liberty to recite his sorrows; but if Lord Edward B. really felt uneasy at her conduct, she should be happy to come to any explanation he wished, for she considered herself amenable to him for her actions; and she had not any doubt but, upon her stating her situation to the hermit of the valley, (as the country people called Mr. Campbell) that he would give her permission.

His lordship assured her, that he would

not now, or ever, pry into her secrets, and intreated she would never wound his feelings by supposing him to possess such a little mind, as to wish to unite himself to a woman who did not possess his unbounded confidence.

Mrs. Vansittart desired that in future they would not misinterpret her meaning; for she only mentioned Cora's hermit in joke, and never thought that it could have brought on such a serious conversation;—that she felt jealous that her niece had not taken her to the valley, and given her a chance of captivating Mr. Campbell.

As they returned to London, they again visited the priory. Lady Rivers would now have gladly joined the party, but Sir John declared that he felt himself in such

a precarious state of health, that he had no intention of leaving the north again.

Cora frequently fell into a reverie ;—the fate of Lady Ducarrel she felt an interest in which she could not account for, and she continually thought of her. Several letters had been received from Colonel Rivers, but he did not mention Mandeville in them. Clairville heard from Albert; he wrote in his usual manner ; mentioned that he had the honour of being appointed brigade-major to General L. in consequence of having fortunately proved useful to him in a late action. The truth they soon read in the public prints, in which Captain Mandeville was spoken of in the highest terms of approbation.—He had not only by his gallantry at Salamanca saved the life of General L. but he had

himself, in that action, taken two eagles from the French. Wherever was the post of danger, Albert was to be seen;—his conduct had been observed by Lord W. who recommended him once more particularly to the notice of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, not only for the services which he had rendered his country in a military capacity, but for his benevolence and humanity. After the action, Mandeville, with a few of his soldiers, and a surgeon, visited the scene of slaughter, examined the bodies, and where he found respiration, had the sufferer immediately attended to; every thing which had been provided for his own comfort he distributed amongst these afflicted heroes, and his exertion were crowned by success; as he assisted in removing fifteen wounded

soldiers into a place of safety, and thus preserved their invaluable lives to their country—otherwise they must have perished for want of assistance. He was so beloved, that wherever he appeared shouts of joy and blessings followed him. The miserable widows of the men who had been slain, received every comfort and assistance from Albert, as the whole of his pay he devoted to meliorate the sufferings of the unfortunate.

This was the account that Clairville heard from an officer who had just arrived from the army. When he asked the gentleman respecting Mandeville's having violated the sanctuary of a monastry; he was answered, that in love and war all stratagems were allowable.—He confessed that there had been a very unpleasant report

circulated about Captain Mandeville and a novice, also of a murder; that it was the talk of the whole army; but all at once it was hushed up; and as Albert was constantly noticed by Lord W. with whom he was in high favour, no one of course now ever mentioned the subject of the fair Isabel or her lover.

Clairville was at a loss how to act, or how to form a judgment of Mandeville's character.—It appeared to be made up of contrarities.—He was brave, generous, charitable, and humane, yet he was also reported to be a libertine and a murderer. Clairville was extremely attached to the foundling, and he resolved to tell Cora what he had heard; that she might decide whether she still would prefer Lord Edward B. to a hero of Salamanca. She lis-

tened with silent attention to Clairville—frequently her tears dropped during the recital.

When finished, she said, "I know how to appreciate your generosity and kindness, my inestimable friend, but Lord Edward B. I shall marry from choice. Captain Mandeville, recollect, has still a stigma on his character, which all the laurels gained at Salamanca cannot efface. My uncle does not even name him in his letters.—Surely, your friend would not have been forgotten by him, if he had deserved to be remembered."

To this argument Clairville could make no other reply, than lament that Albert had lost a jewel which was beyond price. He set off the next day for Cambridge. The orphan felt such different sensations in

her heart, after hearing of Mandeville's conduct at Salamanca—and hear of it she did wherever she went; the men did justice to his valour, and the ladies in general declared, that they would meet him on the road on his return, so impatient were they to see a hero, who they understood was as handsome as he was brave and humane.

The history of his pedigree now became the common talk. Mrs. Vansittart had to recite how and where she had found him, which she did in a very concise manner, and never said any thing further about Albert; but these inquiries were frequently made in the presence of her niece; and in spite of Cora's silence, it was perceptible that she felt an interest in Mandeville's welfare.

Lady Gordon was very anxious for the

marriage of Matilda and Cora to take place on the same day, and she really was so desirous to hear her favourite addressed by the title of my lady, that she would even have consented to Matilda's marrying Clairville before he had finished his terms, if she could have prevailed on Cora to have met her wishes, by uniting herself to Lord Edward B. immediately; but as all her ladyship's eloquence could not accomplish this desirable event, she hastened her tour into Wales; as, in such retirement, Captain Mandeville's name would not, she thought, be so frequently mentioned.

Mrs. Vansittart did not know how to act; she wished Cora happy, but Albert's character appeared to her to be involved in mystery, and a letter she just then received from him affected her extremely.

He addressed her in the same modest simple style in which he had always been accustomed to write to her; expressed his surprise at her silence, and intreated that she would ease his anxious feelings respecting her beautiful niece, as he had heard that Cora was soon to become Lady Edward B. That her happiness was dearer to him than his life; and that if he had the world he would place it at her feet. That he had flattered himself that Miss Rivers had honoured him with her esteem; and he confessed that he could not bring himself to believe that she had altered the favourable opinion she once entertained for him, so decidedly to become the wife of another.

After consulting with Lady Gordon, it was thought advisable by those ladies that Cora should be kept in ignorance of

Albert's having addressed her aunt. Previously to their leaving town, Cora was to be introduced to the Duke of Clonmel, who was uncle to Lord Edward B. He was not long returned from abroad, and had for some years laboured under a very dejected state of mind. He had recently buried the Duchess, and, as he had no children living, Lord Edward B. was his presumptive heir, as his mother had been sister to the Duke. Several days the ladies were in a state of preparation to receive his grace, and were as frequently disappointed, as his nerves were in such a miserable state, that he felt incapable of leaving the house; therefore, although he knew it to be contrary to etiquette, he proposed that all the party should dine

with him.—To this they made no objection.

Cora felt this introduction a very awkward piece of business; it appeared to her as if she were putting up for sale; but whether it was by accident, or whether it was her vanity which prompted her to dress more becoming than usual, cannot be determined but by herself; but certainly she never looked so lovely as on that day. Her dark hair was confined by a single string of long pearl; her necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, were also of pearl; her frock was of amber crape, over white satin; but no sooner had she advanced to be presented to the Duke of Clonmel, than his grace sunk back in his chair, and seemed in great agitation. He was in his appearance emaciated; but the

elegance of his manners were so extremely captivating, that no one could be in his company without being pleased with him, and leaving him with regret. After dinner, he placed his snuff-box on the table; Cora was next to him; it was surrounded with brilliants; she took it up, but had scarcely cast her eyes upon it, when she turned very pale. His grace perceived it, and gave her such a penetrating look, that it soon brought the colour back to her interesting countenance.

"Have you ever seen any one who resembles that picture?" said his grace, again shewing her the box.

With hesitation, she replied in the affirmative.

He looked at her with fixed attention—"Where, oh! tell me where?"

"I am not at liberty, my Lord Duke, to say where."

"Astonishing—most astonishing!" said his grace, "that you should so much resemble this picture, should also be struck with it, and that a mystery should be attached to the discovery!"

Cora made no reply; all her party looked amazed at what had passed. The Duke did not let the subject drop here, but intreated that Miss Rivers would satisfy his curiosity.

"At present that is impossible; but probably, hereafter, I may be able to give your grace every information that you may wish."

He then requested Cora would retire with him, for a few minutes, into his study, which she did. What passed be-

tween her and his grace never transpired; but she requested that the journey to Wales might be postponed.

Cora saw the Duke of Clonmel several times in private; and his nephew rallied her on her partiality for his uncle. He protested that he was quite jealous; for that since her visits to his grace, he was more composed than ever he had seen him; that he now was, at times, even cheerful. She assured Lord Edward B. that she should not divulge the purport of her visits to his uncle; that, if he did not mind how he behaved, she should discard him, and implore the Duke to make her a Duchess; for that the more she saw of him, the more pleased she was with his company. Lady Gordon said that she intended to set her cap at the Duke; Mrs.

Vansittart put in her claim also; but as all the ladies were in love with him, Lady Gordon said that she would not exert her attraction, till some of her opponents were disposed of; therefore, she ordered every thing to be ready for them to set off for Wales the next day, as Cora said she could now accompany them. Previously to her leaving town, she had consented to marry Lord Edward B. on their return from Cambria, as Colonel Rivers had requested, in a letter which he had addressed to the Duke, that the nuptials of his niece might not be postponed, as his return to England was very uncertain. But after she had thus finally settled her fate, she lost much of that vivacity which was so particularly fascinating in her character.

Mrs. Vansittart had many admirers, and she amused herself with discarding them in a very laughable manner, by assuring them that her income was only life-hold, and that even then, if she married, she lost all of it but one hundred per annum. She was induced to do this, to prevent being pestered with fortune-hunters; who, hearing that she had recently arrived from the East, with immense riches, beset her wherever she appeared. But, independent of these gentlemen, she had several very eligible offers, all of which she declined; as she said that she would never become a second time a bride, unless she was convinced that by so doing she should increase her happiness, and that, hitherto, she had not seen the man whom she should like to obey.

Lady Gordon and Mrs. Saville, and all the party who had visited the north, with the exception of Clairville, set off for Wales.

Cora had taken some sketches while in Scotland, and she proposed continuing this delightful amusement in Cambria; but she had been so pleased with the wild, magnificent, and rustic scenery of the north, that she had no conception she should find any views in Wales which she could compare to them.

CHAPTER V.

Fair morn ascends; fresh zephyr's breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath,
Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where sweetly pensive silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky,
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.

It was the end of September when the party began their Cambrian tour. The weather was most inviting, and they all

appeared disposed to be pleased with their journey. Cora had read that Wales, on the score of romantic views, had a pre-eminence to all other parts of his Britannic Majesty's dominions; but she had seen so many spots in different counties in England, which exhibited such delightful scenery, that she could form no idea of their being surpassed in beauty; but she soon changed her opinion, and confessed, that Wales, in variety of scenery, exceeded all that the most extravagant imagination could fancy. The fine exposure of the sea—the rocks—romantic shell-work, and the surrounding shores, on the coast of Wales, struck her as the finest sea view she had ever beheld.

The decaying castle and romantic scenery of a little village called Langhorne,

in Carmarthenshire, particularly attracted the notice of Lady Gordon, and she staid some days there, that the young ladies might exercise their pencils; they also remained some weeks at Omansig, which was crowded with company; but the weather being sultry, they preferred taking up their residence in rural villages, and after leaving that fashionable place of resort they had no settled residence, but kept travelling from one town to another. The places which they particularly admired, were Aberystwith, Caernarvon, Penmorva, Bagnor, Anglesea, and Bermouth. The immense mountains in these parts can only be described by the poet:

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;

Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The mountain cataract, whose white form is precipitated by the torrent down its rugged sides, and rolls in the distant vale over dark rocks, made still more dismal by the darker oaks which overhang them. Cora was so charmed with the country, that she could scarcely be drawn from these romantic scenes; even when evening made them more dismal than pleasing, she appeared to court solitude, and Lord Edward B. who anticipated her every wish, would not let any person intrude upon her. Lady Gordon was averse to these rambles, for she was fearful that her favourite still thought too favourably of Albert, and solitude she considered as the nurse of love.

The hospitality which the party met with was extremely grateful to their feelings, and frequently would they partake of the oat bread, milk, butter, cheese, and beer, which was presented to them on a clean platter, with a can of cider; by the rosy children from the farm houses, who appeared happy that they could oblige strangers, and it was some times difficult to prevail on them to accept any remuneration for their kindness. The higher classes also extended their hospitality to Lady Gordon and her party; and they had great difficulty in declining without giving offence, to take up their residence in their houses, as they insisted upon accommodating them. The Welsh gentry still keep up the old-fashioned custom of ancient days, and retain their harper, their

hawker, and their domestic bard, and to strangers they shewed the greatest attention. But throughout Wales the tattered tribes of beggars that you meet with are as numerous as were formerly in France, the begging brotherhood of St. Francis; and they never cease tormenting you till they are relieved. As the Welsh appeared to be an industrious set of people, Cora could not account for their permitting children to follow such a disgraceful occupation. She inquired of the landlady at Aberystwith, why such poor miserable objects were not relieved by the parish; when, to her astonishment, she learnt, that these little mendicants were sent by their parents to ask alms, and that, although they were themselves ashamed of begging, they felt no compunction in existing by

the exertions of their children, and that they found this method of gaining a livelihood more profitable than bringing them up to labour.

Cora said she had a great curiosity to see the inside of one of the Welsh huts; and the hostess said she would, if she pleased, accompany her. This offer was very acceptable, as Miss Rivers did not think it prudent to go alone; and she wished much to group some mendicants in a landscape which she had sketched.

They entered a miserable-looking hut; a being, not unlike one of the witches in Macbeth, requested them to enter.—Such filth and poverty presented itself to their view, that Cora turned sick at contemplating such extreme wretchedness; yet they all looked healthy and appeared cheer-

ful. Neither father, mother, nor children, had shoes or stockings, or scarcely sufficient covering to be decent—nor was the habitation in a better condition than its inhabitants: it consisted only of one small room, a window, the half of which was mended with oiled paper, the walls unadorned mud. The family were composed of seven persons, all of whom were busily employed in counting over the gains of the five little mendicants, the eldest of which was not above ten years of age. Cora was shocked to see the parents of these children rewarding them according to their gains. Several articles which were produced, she suspected they had not obtained honestly. She endeavoured to ascertain this from themselves;—but their language was unintelligible to her, and

they flocked so close to her, that she dreaded robbing them of some insects, which she considered would be no agreeable acquisition.

After having made use of her pencil in delineating a scene which, in painting, would be highly interesting, she consulted with the landlady, who was really a very intelligent person, whether it was not possible to prevent a continuance of such beggary. She found that no school of industry was established in that neighbourhood. Cora had long been in search of some plan to dispose of the five thousand pounds which her aunt had given to her. Mrs. Vansittart would not take it back, but requested that it might be expended in jewels for her niece's nuptials.

Miss Rivers consulted Lord Edward B.

she related to him the scene of poverty which she had witnessed, and expressed her wish to erect a school of industry, and endow it with the money, instead of purchasing baubles.—To this he not only assented, but immediately purchased a piece of land for the purpose, and requested Cora to accept of it. This was the most acceptable present which he could have made her, and raised him higher in her opinion than ever. She was so desirous of seeing the building commenced, that they continued longer in Wales than at first was intended. Clairville had joined them, and he was very impatient to return to London, as he wished to call the amiable Matilda his. Several times he mentioned Albert to Cora. He taxed her with still having a partiality for her first favour-

ite; assured her, that she would repent discarding him when too late.

But she told Clairville she was convinced that could never happen, for her religion and reason taught her to despise a libertine and a murderer; at the same time, she acknowledged that she married Lord Edward B. from sentiments of esteem and confidence in his honour. That she did not feel that affection for him which she had once done for Mandeville; but she assured him, that any conversation on the subject was extremely painful to her feelings; which did not arise from any remaining partiality to his friend, but from the shame she felt, that, contrary to the wishes of her nearest and dearest connections, she had entertained such favourable

sentiments for a person whom they disapproved of.

On Lady Gordon and party arriving in town, to their great surprise, the first person they saw was Sir John Rivers.—He looked extremely thoughtful, and his sister evidently saw that something had happened to afflict him. Lady Rivers was also out of spirits. Cora asked after her cousin, and Mrs. Saville was inquiring for her sister, when Lieutenant Amphibious entered. Sir John drew back, but the young officer intreated that he would pardon his daughter. Lady Rivers advanced, and in no very sweet tone of voice addressed her husband, by saying,

"That it was all his fault that his daughter had eloped; for how could he suppose that a young girl could endure to

be shut up in the priory; that the very rooks were sufficient to drive her mad."

Words now became so high between my Lady and Sir John, that Mr. Saville, taking compassion on the lieutenant, who stood the picture of despair, intreated that he might be permitted to investigate the affair, and settle the business with Mr. Amphibious.

As soon as they had left the drawing room, Lady Rivers, in a violent passion, informed the ladies, that her youngest daughter, the beauty and hopes of her fond mother, had a week since eloped with a recruiting officer from Newcastle, who was the gentleman they had just seen. They all endeavoured to comfort her ladyship; but the more they said, the worse she was. When Mr. Saville, lead-

ing Lieutenant Amphibious, introduced him to the party as his brother in law. He said, he felt proud of being related to an officer in the Royal Marines, a corps which was so justly appreciated by every patriotic heart—by having so repeatedly saved their king and country, by quelling the mutinies in the navy; that there was not a laurel which decorated the British crown, which had not, either by sea or land, been purchased by the lives of the truly loyal and brave marines. The lieutenant made a suitable acknowledgment for this handsome compliment.

Mr. and Mrs. Saville returned with him to fetch Mrs. Amphibious, when a reconciliation took place. Her husband behaved in the handsomest manner, insisting that all her fortune should be settled on her.

Sir John left Mr. Saville full power to act for him, and the young couple had no reason to find fault with his generosity, as he contrived to make up their income five hundred per annum, independent of the lieutenant's pay.

Sir John Rivers had several conferences with Mrs. Vansittart. He said, that he had such a load on his conscience that he could not rest.—He then confessed, that, instead of his brothers and sister being in indigence, at the death of his father, the wood on the estate had fully paid off all the mortgages, and from the personals, &c. that the younger children were entitled to fifteen hundred pounds each. This news much afflicted Mrs. Vansittart, for she knew that Sir Eugene's life was shortened by the neglect and unkindness of her

brother.—She also had been banished, and married a man sufficiently old to have been her grandfather; but when she saw her brother in tears, and imploring her forgiveness, her gentle nature could not refuse to pardon him, and to promise that she would also obtain Colonel Rivers's forgiveness.—He offered to make restitution, this she objected to—requesting that her share he would leave to Mrs. Amphibious's children.

Every day was now engaged in preparations for the weddings; the house crowded from morning till night, with all the fashionable trades-people from Bond Street and its vicinity. The Duke of Clonmel was in the country; he frequently wrote to Cora, and promised that he would be at her wedding. He sent her several magnificent presents; and if a title,

riches, and beauty, can constitute happiness, the orphan was supremely blessed;—whether she was so or not her friends could not determine, for she neither expressed great joy nor sorrow.—She was placid—attended to every thing concerning her future settlement in life with great composure; and Lady Gordon sometimes accused her of being an insensible girl; for in her ladyship's opinion, Lord Edward B. was the most accomplished and elegant man she had ever seen.—He was, indeed, a very amiable character, and deserving of Cora; nor was she blind to his perfection.

Mrs. Vansittart said, she had always seen those matches prove the happiest, where the greatest love was on the man's side; that in her opinion, man was such

a strange sort of an animal, that as soon as they knew themselves to be beloved, they ceased to love, and too frequently to respect the person who loved them;—that in her idea, a woman should have a high opinion of the sense of the man she married; that, on all occasions, she might consult him, being convinced of his superior judgment; that she should prefer his society to all other; and that, with such sentiments, she could not fail of being happy:—that to be what is called in love, was not necessary to be happy in marriage.

Matilda could not agree with Mrs. Vansittart; she said, she even thought it impossible for any woman to love twice; and that, if they did not marry the first object of their affections, they must be miserable with any other. Cora was silent, nor

could they prevail on her to give her opinion.

The marriages were to take place in three weeks. Lady Gordon was the busiest of the busy.—She was fond of travelling, and laid out jaunts for at least three years. Matilda's fortune was very considerable, and as she was an only child, her mother thought that she could never do too much for her; she, therefore, purchased a beautiful villa in Windsor Forest, and had it fitted up in a very stylish manner: no one knew of it but Mr. Saville. When it was completed, he invited all the party to go to Windsor, as they had not seen the castle. They drove up to a gate, which was scarcely discernible from the thick foliage which surrounded it. He requested Matilda to advance with him

through the wood ;—when she entered the villa he gave her the keys, on which were her initials. It is much easier to be imagined than described, the sensations she experienced at this liberal proof of her parent's affection. Lady Gordon said, she had no reason to thank her, for she was induced to make the present from selfish motives ; that the north was too cold a climate for Matilda, and the castle at too great a distance for Clairville ; therefore, that the villa she considered would be a desirable situation, and much more healthy than always residing in London. Clairville made such acknowledgments as convinced Lady Gordon that in uniting her beloved daughter to him, she should secure to herself an affectionate son. They passed a delightful day at Windsor, saw every

thing worth viewing, and returned in the evening to meet with another surprise.—As Colonel Darcy was just arrived from Portugal, the meeting between him and Mrs. Vansittart was extremely affecting; it brought forcibly to their recollection past scenes.—He had suffered in appearance since they had last met, considerably more than she had done; but he was still the same generous, amiable, Darcy; and she frankly told him, that renewing their acquaintance was the happiest moment she had experienced since they last parted.

He brought home the agreeable intelligence, that Colonel Rivers would soon follow him; and that they both now should end their days in Old England. Of Mandeville he spoke as a hero of Sala-

manca.—He said, as a military character too much could not be said of him; that he had written several times to Albert for an explanation of the story of the novice, but that he never replied to that part of his letter; that Colonel Rivers also remained in ignorance of the subject, and it had really given him much concern, as at one time Mandeville was spoken of in the most disrespectful manner by all the army; and that, even at the present moment, they remained unsatisfied; as to how the report originated, also how it was all at once dropped. It continued a subject of wonder in general, that Lord W. who was himself such an exemplary character, should countenance a young man who had thus violated the laws, human and divine; but that, to the surprise of every one,

Albert was always with his lordship; and as far as his military character was concerned, he merited every attention that could be paid to him. Darcy then spoke of him in the younger part of his life, in such terms of approbation, that Mrs. Vansittart began to repent not having shewn Albert's letter to Cora, for she never could think of Mandeville without recalling to her recollection the hapless state in which she had found him—the pleasure she had experienced in administering to his comforts—and the interest she had ever felt in his welfare; but, alas! pride is such a powerful enemy to even merit when not accompanied by rank or fortune, that she could not reconcile to her feelings Cora's rejecting the presumptive heir to a dukedom, and uniting herself to a foundling.

Colonel Darcy was consulted on the subject, and he advised that his little girl, as he called Cora, should remain in ignorance of every thing respecting Mandeville's present situation; that, when once she was married, her duty and good sense would make her contented and happy; that every one spoke in the greatest praise of her future lord; consequently, that she must consider herself a very fortunate woman to have such a husband.

Lord Edward B. was to meet his uncle in the country, and to return with him to town the day previously to his marriage. Matilda was all joy on the occasion, and impatient for the hour which was to unite her to the man of her heart. Not so with the orphan—she had every prospect of happiness in view, but whenever she thought

of becoming a bride, a depression of spirits followed it, for which she could not account, and which was extremely painful to endure.

> But where is happiness? I cried.
> My guardian turned, and thus replied,
> Thou who hast twenty winters seen,
> (I hardly think the past fifteen)
> To ask if happiness can dwell
> With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
> Go to the school boy—he shall preach
> What twenty winters cannot teach;
> He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
> That thy pursuit is all a dream.

Lady Gordon accused her of being an insensible girl, and not worthy of being united to such an elegant, accomplished man as Lord Edward B. whom she protested was the handsomest man of the age; that he really looked like a man of fashion. She then said, that she could not

help imputing the disastrous state of a neighbouring nation, in a great measure, to the nobility, who degraded themselves; and, consequently, lost their respectability:—that now my Lord Duke, and the Marquis, when driving their curricles and barouches, could not be distinguished from their servants; and the ladies, with their simple straw bonnets and cottage gowns, resembled Dolly the milk maid; she then would fetch some old prints, with the dresses in the reign of George the Second, —shew their grandeur and magnificence— but she could not prevail on the young ladies to adopt such fashions.

Colonel Darcy watched Cora; but she was so guarded in her behaviour, that he could not fathom her sentiments respecting Albert; nevertheless, he could not feel easy on the subject. Mandeville was a

great favourite of his; and when he reflected upon his conduct from childhood, his generosity, humanity, and the strict honour he had, on all occasions, evinced, he could not bring himself to believe that Albert was a libertine and a murderer; and no other man than Lord Edward B. would have induced him to favour his suit against Mandeville. But Lord Edward B. possessed every virtue and accomplishment, and was presumptive heir to a dukedom, and Alfred was a foundling, and certainly a great stigma attached to his character.

The two brides elect were dressed exactly alike; their heads had no other ornaments than their beautiful hair, and a Brussels lace veil, fastened on one side by a tiara of brilliants; their gowns were also

of Brussels lace over white satin; a figured white satin mantle, ornamented with swansdown, finished their dress; and probably two more interesting and beautiful women never were seen.

All the party had most elegant new carriages for the occasion. The servants' liveries were as rich as could have been made in the reign of George the Second, according to Lady Gordon's orders. Superb silver favours decorated the domestics and horses, and a more splendid wedding had not been seen for several years. No less than sixteen carriages attended, as all the females of the family were permitted to go in procession.

An immense crowd had collected, and it was really some minutes before the brides elect could get to their carriages;—by

the time they reached Colonel Darcy's, the mob, in a great measure, had dispersed; but a man, blowing a horn, followed them, and as soon as they stopped, he hallowed, "An express! an express!"

The ladies became extremely agitated. Sir John Rivers handed them into the house; when the person, who brought the dispatch, put it into his hands; it was for him, and had come from the priory. On opening it, he came to a letter, addressed to Mrs. Mandeville, Miss Rosa Rivers, Captain Darcy, or their heirs.

Astonishment kept all the party silent. Mrs. Vansittart took the packet and read as follows:

"My good friends,

"Your benevolent hearts will, I am

convinced, receive a great pleasure in learning, that, after a period of twenty-two years, the parents of Albert Mandeville have at length come forward to claim him. It is, indeed, a tale of mystery.—You have been, through the hands of Providence, the means of preserving and educating a youth of noble parentage; and his recent brave and humane conduct proves that he is worthy of your benevolence, and of the honour and good fortune which await him. This news will, indeed, be most acceptable to your affectionate hearts.

"I am become so infirm, that a journey to London will prove a great fatigue to me; but I cannot reconcile to my old-fashioned ideas of propriety, that I ought to open the tattered habiliments in which

you discovered your late protegé, but in the presence of one of you.—How little were we aware that they contained such a valuable deposit. I am sure that it is needless for me to add, that I hope some of you will meet me in town on the third instant, when you will then deliver into the hands of his father the documents which will secure to Albert an immense inheritance.

"It will give me great pleasure to see you all, my kind friends, and what I little expected in this world.

"With every good wish for a continuance of health and happiness to you,

"I remain,

"Your sincere friend,

"DAVID READ.

"*Deal, Dec.* 1812.

"Address a few lines to me at the Chapter Coffee House."

The silence which had prevailed, now gave way to expressions of surprise and disappointment, that Mr. Read had written in such an ambiguous style. Cora's colour forsook her cheeks, and a violent trembling seized her.—Matilda, the amiable Matilda, saw the situation of her friend, and, as if by accident, threw down a bottle of eau de luce. This roused and recovered the orphan; who, with a presence of mind, and a resolution, which did her great credit, advanced to the breakfast table, and asked Colonel Darcy, if she should do the honours of it. The Duke and Lord Edward B. were expected every moment; and, as it was then past eleven,

the two brides were desired to pour out the chocolate, and as for the gentlemen, they declared that they meant to decline the sumptuous fare.

A band of music now began playing.

Wondrous it is to see in divers mindes,
How diversely love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds;
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway,
Are wont to cleave unto lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

He suffereth uncomely idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,
He suffereth it, thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble breast;

But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still do call.

END OF VOL. II.

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