
TEMPER,
OR
DOMESTIC SCENES:
A TALE.

EMPER,

Royal. 1827

OR

SCENES:

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REE VOLUMES,

MRS. OPIE.

becometh headstrong, and a child
ful."

VOL. I.

EDITION.

LONDON:

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REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

OSTER ROW.

1812.

TEMPER,

A TALE.

“SHUT the door, Agatha,” said Mr. Torrington to a beautiful girl of four years old; “the wind from the passage is intolerable.”

But Agatha stirred not.

“Did you not hear what I said?” resumed her father: “shut the door, for I am cold.”

Still, however, the child continued to build houses, and her father spoke in vain.

“I will shut the door myself,” said her ally indulgent mother:—“Agatha is yet old enough to understand the virtue of obedience.”

"But she is old enough to understand the inconveniences of disobedience, my dear Emma, if properly punished for disobeying."

"Surely it would be cruel to punish a child when she is incapable of knowing that what she does is worthy of punishment. When she is old enough to have reason, I will reason with her, and make her obedient and obliging on principle."

"It is lucky for society, Emma, that the keepers of lunatics do not act on your plan, and allow them to follow all their propensities till they are reasonable enough to feel the propriety of restraint."

"There is a great difference between mad people and children, Mr. Torrington."

"Undoubtedly, but not in the power of self-guidance and self-restriction. A man who has lost his reason, and a child

child who has not gained his, are equally objects for reproof and restraint, and must be taught good and proper habits by judicious and firm control, and occasionally by the operation of fear."

"Fear! Mr. Torrington, would you beat the child?"

"If you were a foolish mother, and by weak and pernicious indulgence were to *brutify* Agatha so much as to render her incapable of being governed in any other way. But in my opinion, if corporal chastisement is ever necessary, it can only be where the parents by neglect and folly have injured the temper and destroyed the mind of their offspring."

"Could you ever have the heart to beat Agatha, Mr. Torrington?"

"If Agatha's good required it. —If it were necessary that she should take medicine in order to cure her body, even you, Emma, would not hesitate, I con-

clude, to force the medicine down her throat."

"Certainly not."

"And is not the health of her mind of even greater importance? and should we hesitate to inflict salutary punishment in order to preserve *that* uninjured?"

At this moment Agatha, unconscious, poor child! how important to her future welfare was this conversation between her parents, interrupted it by seizing a pair of sharp-pointed scissars, and carrying off the forbidden plaything to the furthest part of the room.

"Agatha, bring back the scissars this moment," cried Mr. Torrington: but Agatha kept them still.

"Give them to me this instant," he repeated, rising from his chair, and approaching to take them by force; when Agatha, unaccustomed to obey, as she was when not in her father's presence

sence always used to command, instantly threw the scissars on the ground with violence.

"Take them up, and give them to me."

But Agatha only turned her back, and putting her hand under her chin threw out her raised elbow at her father with the gesture of sulky defiance.

Mr. Torrington now found that he was seriously called upon to practise as well as preach.

"Agatha," said he firmly but mildly, "obey me, and give me the scissars, or you shall go to bed this moment, and without your supper." But as the child continued obstinate and disobedient; in spite of her cries, blows, and kicks, Mr. Torrington took her up in his arms, and carried her into the nursery.

"Put Miss Torrington to bed directly," said he; "and on pain of instant dismissal

missal I forbid you to give her any thing to eat or drink."

He then returned to her mother, in the midst of the screams of the spoiled and irritated Agatha. He found Mrs. Torrington in tears.

"Why are you distressed thus, dearest Emma?" cried he affectionately.

"I cannot bear to hear Agatha cry, Mr. Torrington."

"It does not give me pleasure," coolly replied he.

"Ah! Mr. Torrington, but you are not a mother."

"I know it, my love. I have had, it is true, many comical nervous fancies; but I never fancied myself a mother yet."

"This is a bad joke, Mr. Torrington."

"I grant it."

"And I, Mr. Torrington, am in no humour for joking: this is too serious a subject."

"Emma."

"Emma, I joked, to show you that I, at least, did not think this temporary affliction of our violent child a cause for sorrow."

"No? Hark how she screams! Indeed, Mr. Torrington, I must go to her."

"Indeed, Emma, you must not."

"Her agonies distract me; I cannot bear it, I tell you."

"You must bear it, Mrs. Torrington, or forfeit much of my respect."

"O, a mother's feelings——"

"——are natural, and therefore honourable feelings: but I expect a rational being to be superior to a mere brute mother."

"A brute mother, Mr. Torrington!"

"Yes; a brute mother. The cat that lies yonder, unable to bear the cries of its kitten, would, from mere natural instinct (the feelings of a mother, Emma, which I have not, you know), fly at the
animal,

animal, or human creature, that occasioned those cries; and the cat, wholly guided by instinct, could not do otherwise, though an operation were performing on its offspring that was requisite to save its life. But from you, Emma, who have reason to aid and regulate the impulses of mere instinct,—from *you* I expect better things than a selfish indulgence of your own tenderness at the expense of your child's future welfare; nay, even of its present safety. For had she been allowed to retain the scissars, she might have destroyed an eye, or laid open an artery with them. If you must weep because she weeps, let it be for the alarming obstinacy and violence which she is now exhibiting; a violence which may, perhaps, be big with her future misery and ruin."

"I am a weak, a foolish woman, Mr. Torrington, and——"

"No

“Not so, Emma. If you had been weak and foolish, though young, rich, and beautiful, and I only a younger brother, I would never have made you my wife. No: I saw in you a woman capable of being a rational companion, and the instructress as well as mother of my children; and I do not recognise you, my dear Emma, in the puerile tenderness that shrinks appalled at the cries of an angry child.

“Let me put a case to you, Emma:— Suppose in one house a mother informed by the surgeons attending, that her beloved daughter must undergo a painful operation in order to save her life, or prevent the progress of a pernicious disease: suppose that mother unable from maternal tenderness to remain in the room while the operation is performing, and giving way to tears and hysterics in the adjoining apartment:—

“Suppose in another house a mother

under similar circumstances, suppressing all selfish emotions, by thinking only of the beloved sufferer, and hastening to the scene of trial, to cheer by her presence, to soothe by her caresses, and to support in her arms, the object of her anxiety; while maternal tenderness checks the tear that maternal tenderness urges, and firmly, though feelingly, she goes through the painful task assigned her by affectionate duty. Now in which of these two do you recognize the highest order of motherly love?"

"In the latter, undoubtedly."

"And such, my dear Emma, is the conduct of those wise parents who, in order to ensure the future good of their children, refuse them indulgences pernicious to their health, or inflict on them salutary punishment regardless of the pain they themselves suffer from giving pain to the resisting and angry child, and consoling and comforting themselves with knowing that, though the duty they are performing

performing is even an agonizing one, the good of the beloved object requires it of them;—while the parents who suffer their children to tyrannize over them, and have their own way in every thing, because, forsooth, it gives them pain to deny and afflict them, are like the hysterical mother, who had rather indulge her own feelings in tears and exclamations, than punish and constrain herself in order to endeavour to be of service and of comfort to her child.

The cries of Agatha at this moment began to grow fainter and fainter, and at length ceased altogether; for she had cried herself to sleep. But now a new alarm took possession of Mrs. Torrington.

“Bless me!” she exclaimed, “perhaps she has screamed herself into convulsions! I must go up and see her, indeed, Mr. Torrington.”

“No, Emma. I will spare you the trouble, and go myself.”

Accord-

Accordingly he did so, and found Agatha in a calm and quiet slumber; though on her full and crimson cheek still glittered the tears of turbulent resentment.

Mrs. Torrington, whom love and reverence for her husband made submissive to his will, did not venture to follow him into Agatha's bed-room; but she stood in the hall, anxiously waiting his return.

"Away with these foolish fears," said Mr. Torrington, "the child is in a most comfortable sleep:—or, if you must fear, let it be, as I said before, for the health of her mind, not of her body; and avoid in future the conduct that may endanger it. Should the child with which you are about to bless me be a son, Emma, I shall expect you to assist me in forming him for a hero, or a legislator; and you must not disappoint the expectations

so honourable to you, and so dear to me."

What is there that a wife, a woman so flattered and encouraged, would not have promised, and would not, at the moment, have felt able to perform? Mrs. Torrington fondly pressed the kind hand that held hers; declared her consciousness of past weakness, and her hope of future strength, and retired to rest one of the happiest of human beings.

A very few weeks beheld an amendment in the behaviour and temper of Agatha, under the firm but gentle authority of her father, assisted by the now well-regulated indulgence of her mother. But, alas! in a few weeks more this husband so devotedly beloved, this father so admirably fitted to take on himself the awful responsibility of a father, was carried off, after a short illness, by consumption, the hereditary scourge of his family; and

and his almost distracted widow, overwhelmed by the suddenness as well as violence of the blow, gave birth to a dead infant, and was for some time incapable of attending in any way to the duties which she was lately so solicitous to perform.

But when time had ameliorated her grief, and Agatha regained her usual power over her affections, she was continually saying to herself that she would show her regard for her late husband by acting implicitly on his system for the education of Agatha. Still at first she gave way to the childish whims of her daughter, from want, she said, of energy in her afflicted state to contradict her; and afterwards, from want of power to distress, even momentarily, the beloved being who reminded her of the husband she had lost; and as that lamented husband was the only person who had ever possessed power to overcome her usual obstinacy

obstinacy of decision, and indolence of mind, and prevail on her to use her understanding uninfluenced by the suggestions of temper or prejudice, with him for ever vanished Mrs. Torrington's inducements to the exertions which he recommended, and Agatha became the tyrant of her mother and her mother's household, and the pity, the torment, and detestation of all the relations and friends who visited at the house.

But when Agatha approached the age of womanhood, and with her years the violence of her uncorrected temper increased, she became an object of fear even to her mother; for, having been long accustomed to tyrannize in trifling matters, she showed herself resolved to govern in matters of importance. Mrs. Torrington, however, loved power as well as Agatha, and a struggle for it immediately took place, which gave rise to

to a great deal of domestic discord, and had no tendency to improve the already impetuous temper of Agatha. Still she loved her mother, for her affections were as violent as her disposition; but her virtues, her beauty, and her talents were fatally obscured by the clouds thrown over them by the obliquities of temper.

There is nothing more likely to soberize the intoxications of self-love, than the reflection how soon even the most celebrated of men and women are forgotten; how soon the waters of oblivion close over the memory of the distinguished few, whose wit or whose beauty has delighted the circles which their reputation had attracted round them; and that even they, when they cease to be seen and heard, at the same time also cease to be remembered.

Mrs. Torrington (when Emma Belenden) had shone brightest of the birthday

day beauties, and besides being nobly born, was rich both in personal property and estates ; consequently she was the little sun of every circle in which she moved. But when, at the age of eighteen, she gave her hand and her heart to Mr. Torrington, and retired with him to a remote residence in the country, where, like a virtuous and affectionate wife, she found her best pleasure in the enjoyment of her husband's society, and in attention to her husband's comforts ; the circles which she had herself forgotten, forgot her in their turn ; and some new beauty, some new heiress, filled the place which she had vacated, and soon banished all remembrance of the once celebrated Emma Bellenden.

The seclusion which love had taught, affection and habit continued ; and when Agatha became old enough to be introduced to general society, her mother found

found that, having for so many years dropped those acquaintances whose knowledge of the world would be of use to her daughter, she should reappear in "those scenes so gay," as a stranger, or one long since forgotten, where she had once shone "the fairest of the fair," and should be forced to form new connexions, or to solicit a renewal of friendship with those whose self-love she had wounded by long and undeviating neglect. She knew, notwithstanding, that the effort must now be soon made, and Agatha be presented to that wide world which she seemed formed to adorn.

Previously, however, to their taking a journey to London, it was agreed upon that Agatha should be allowed to visit a relation a few miles distant from home, unaccompanied by her mother, who was confined to the house by attendance on a sick friend ; and the beautiful heiress,
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in all the bloom of seventeen, made her appearance at a race ball in the neighbourhood of her relation's abode.

"I conclude," said Mrs. Torrington to her daughter before she departed, "that my cousin will take care to prevent all possibility of your dancing with improper partners, and forming improper acquaintance."

"I flatter myself," replied Agatha, "that my own judgement will enable me to avoid such risks without the interference of any relation whatever."

"You forget that you are very young, Agatha, and new to the world; but I trust your pride will teach you the propriety of dancing with men of rank and consequence only, even though they be neither single nor young."

"I will not answer for obeying my pride, if the only rich and titled in the ball-room be the old, the ugly, and the married;

married ; for my taste certainly leads me to prefer the young and the well-looking at least."

" But it is my request, Agatha, that—"

" Hush, hush," cried Agatha, laughing, and jumping into the carriage, " I will not allow you, dear mother, to fetter my first moments of liberty with any restraints." Then singing,

" My heart's my own, my will is free ;
No mortal man shall dance with me,
Unless he is my choice,"

she kissed her hand to Mrs. Torrington, and drove to the house of her relation.

Agatha had not been long in the ball-room before her hand for the first two dances was solicited by the eldest son of a viscount, and she began the ball with a partner such as her mother would have most cordially approved. But as her partner was neither young nor handsome, Agatha resolved that, having done ho-

mage

mage to pride and propriety in her first choice, she would either dance no more that evening, or dance with one more calculated to please than the right honourable partner whom she had just quitted.

At this minute her attention was directed to a very handsome young man, who, apparently uninterested in any thing that was going forward, was leaning against the wall and seemingly looking on vacancy.

“Look, Miss Torrington, look ! that is the handsome Danvers,” said the young lady on whose arm Agatha was leaning : “There he is ! in a reverie as usual ! and though almost all the women in the room are dying to dance with him, the insensible creature looks at no one and dances with no one ; but, after exhibiting his fine person for an hour, he will lounge home to bed.”

“Perhaps,” said Agatha, “the poor man

man is in love with an absent lady, and thence his indifference to those who are present. He is very handsome."

"Yes, and very agreeable too, I am told, when he pleases; but he is so proud and fastidious, (for he is not in love, they say,) that he does not think any lady in this part of the world worth the trouble of pleasing."

"Who is he?" asked Agatha; "and whence does he come?"

"What he is I know not; but he came hither from London, on a visit to captain Bertie, who is quartered here, and who assures me that he is a man of family, though not of fortune."

"And so he never dances!" said Agatha, whom this handsome and indifferent man was beginning to interest, while her self-love piqued her to wish to conquer the indifference of which he seemed to make so provoking a parade.

While

While these thoughts were passing in her mind, she and her companion were approaching the spot where Danvers stood ; and as he chanced to glance his eye on Agatha, an obvious change in the expression of his countenance took place, and with evident interest and admiration he gazed on the beautiful girl before him ; and when she moved to another part of the room, his eye followed her with undeviating attention.

Agatha, blushing and delighted, observed the effect which she had produced ; nor was it unseen by her companion, who could not forbear, in an accent of suppressed pique, to rally her on having subdued at once a heart supposed to be impregnable. In a few minutes more Mr. Danvers was presented to Agatha by a lady of whom she had a slight knowledge, and led his ready and conscious partner to join the dance. In vain did her relation tell her
she

she had engaged her to one baronet, and that another had also requested the honour of dancing with her, and that it was quite improper in her to dance with a man whom nobody knew. Agatha persisted in her resolution to dance with whomsoever she chose; and when Danvers came to claim her, she curtsied with a look of proud independence to her monitor, and joined the dancers.

To be brief: Danvers found opportunities to see Agatha often enough, in spite of the vigilance of her chaperone, to deepen the impression which his appearance, his manners, and still more the marked preference which he had given her over every other woman, had made on her heart; and when two gentlemen of rank and fortune asked Mrs. Torrington's leave to address her daughter, Agatha peremptorily rejected their addresses, and replied to her mother's letter of expostulation

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tion on the subject, in terms which wounded both the love and pride of Mrs. Torrington. Soon after her relation informed her that Danvers was endeavouring to gain the affections of Agatha, and that it was evident he would only too soon succeed. On hearing this, the alarmed mother resolved to summon Agatha home; but as she well knew that, being a stranger to the virtue of obedience, her daughter would refuse to obey the summons if the cause of it were told to her, Mrs. Torrington had recourse to the weakness and vice of falsehood; the same weakness which led her to spoil Agatha in her *childhood*, naturally enough prompting her to make use of fraud in order to influence her in her *youth*; and she wrote to her, requesting her to return home, as she was very ill and required her attendance.

The filial affection of Agatha imme-

diately took alarm. She fancied that her mother had caught a fever of the friend whom she had been nursing. Without a moment's delay, therefore,—for even Danvers and the pleasures of a growing passion could not detain her from the sick-bed of her mother,—she set off for her mother's seat, and arrived there even before Mrs. Torrington could think her arrival possible. But when Agatha saw in the unimpaired bloom of her mother's cheek the evidence of uninjured health, and observed on her countenance at the same time the expression of grave resentment, she felt that she had been sent for home on false pretences. Consequently she understood the motive for her recall, and with a sullen haughty demeanour she received without returning her mother's unendearing kiss, and, throwing herself into a chair, awaited in angry silence the lecture which she had no doubt was prepared for her.

No

Nor was she mistaken. But unfortunately the angry mother reproached her daughter for encouraging the attentions of a man whose fortune was contemptible, whose character was equivocal, and of whose connexions she had no satisfactory knowledge, in terms so violent and provoking, that they aroused all the rebellious feelings of the equally angry daughter; till at length, overcome by a variety of conflicting emotions, Mrs. Torrington gave up the fruitless contention; and yielding to the suggestions of maternal tenderness, alarmed for the future happiness and welfare of its object, she melted into tears of agony and affection, and told her daughter, that if she persisted in marrying Mr. Danvers, she would give her consent; but she knew that she should not long survive an union which would utterly destroy her peace of mind.

The proud rebellious heart, which anger and reproaches could not subdue, was overcome by gentleness and affection; and Agatha, throwing herself on her mother's neck, promised that she would endeavour to conquer a passion which was likely to be so inimical to her mother's peace. But the next day Mrs. Torrington, on a renewal of the subject, and on being more and more convinced, even by the confession of Agatha herself, that an union with her lover would be the most imprudent of actions, gave way immediately to a new burst of passion, and desired Agatha to remember, that by the will of her father she was left wholly dependent on *her*, and had only ten thousand pounds left her by her godmother which she could call her own. This ill-timed remark was of all others the most likely to awaken the pride and irritate the feelings of Agatha.

“Do

“Do you then threaten me, madam,” cried Agatha indignantly, “after having had the meanness to impose on me by a tale of feigned illness?” then, with a look and gesture of defiance, she suddenly left the room, and retired to her own apartment, where she remained all day.

That evening, that fatal evening, she received a messenger from Danvers, to inform her that he was waiting to speak to her in a wood near the gate of the park; and urged by the dictates of ill-humour, and resentment against her mother, even more than by the suggestions of affection, she stole out unperceived to the place of rendezvous, whence her lover, who had a chaise waiting, had little difficulty in persuading her, in the then irritated state of her temper, to elope with him, and become his wife without the privity or approbation of Mrs. Torrington.

rington. In order to avoid pursuit, Danvers took care to have it reported in the neighbourhood that he had carried miss Torrington to Scotland: but he preferred taking his victim to a village near London; and at the end of a month, Agatha was led to the altar by a man who knew that at the moment he pledged his faith to her, he had left a wife and family in India.

There were two circumstances, relative to the ceremony that united Agatha to Danvers, which it is proper for me to remark. The first is, that the only person present at it, besides those concerned in it, was the mistress of the house where they lodged, who, though far gone in a decline, which carried her off in two months afterwards, chose, as she had never seen a wedding, to accompany Agatha to church. And the second is, that the clergyman who married her was in

in a few weeks after their marriage killed on the spot by a fall from his horse.

Agatha for a few weeks thought herself happy : but she soon found that it was easier for her to violate her duty than to be easy under the consciousness of having done so ; and with the entire approbation of Danvers she wrote in affectionate and even humble terms to Mrs. Torrington, to implore forgiveness. But the still irritated parent did not even vouchsafe an answer to her letter : and this silence soon became intolerable to Agatha ; for, ere she had been a wife six months, she discovered that she had married a man of no tenderness, no affections, and who, now the novelty of her beauty was passed, and her fortune nearly expended in paying his debts, regarded her in no other light than as an incumbrance, and ran from the loud reproaches of her indignant spirit, and soon irritated temper, to the society

society of other women, to the tavern and the gaming-table. Nor was there any chance of his ever being reclaimed: for it was not in the nature of Agatha to soothe any one; and still less could she subdue her feelings so far as to endeavour to please a man who was now on the point of becoming the object of her contempt as well as her resentment;—and Agatha, the repentant Agatha, was as a wife, in every point of view completely miserable.

“Well, sir,” said she one day to her tormentor, “if you will not give me your own company, let me seek that of your friends. Introduce me, as you promised you would do, to your relations.” Danvers turned round, looked at her with a smile of great meaning and contempt, saying “Never!” and left the room in disorder.

Agatha was motionless with amazement

ment and fear of she knew not what ;—for why should she not be presented to his friends and relations? From this moment a feeling of forlornness took possession of her mind, which not even the consciousness that she was soon to enjoy the happiness of being a mother could overcome,—and she again sat down to address Mrs. Torrington; who, though she had not written to her daughter, had so far relented as to send her trunks and trinkets, as soon as she knew where she was to be found. On this indulgence Agatha built hopes of future pardon, and she wrote in the fullness of her hopes and of her gratitude. Mrs. Torrington answered her letter : but she told her she would never forgive her ; and, had not a tear evidently dropped upon the paper, and proved that she was more full of grief than indignation when she wrote, Agatha would have despaired perhaps of ever being pardoned.

But in the first place her mother had deigned to write, and in the next place she had wept while she wrote.

“Courage!” said Agatha to herself; “I will write to her again when I am become a mother; and I think, I am *sure* that the image of her only daughter giving birth to her first child, unsoothed and unsupported by her presence, will soften her heart in my favour, and she will receive me and my poor babe into the safe asylum of her bosom:”—and then she shed tears of bitterness at the recollection that, though a wife, she was likely some time or other to need such an asylum.

At length Agatha gave birth to a daughter; and my heroine came into the world welcomed, fondly welcomed, by the caresses and tears of her mother, and received with sullen indifference by her vicious and cold-hearted father.

“Now then,” thought Agatha, “I will
write

write my intended letter :”—but in a few days she became so ill that her life was despaired of ; and Emma was four months old before Agatha was able to announce her birth to Mrs. Torrington. Indeed she had scarcely courage to begin the task ; for she had to entreat from her mother's bounty the means of living separate from her husband, if she would not receive her and her child into her own house ; and Agatha hesitated to narrate the sad tale of her sorrows and her injuries.

Danvers was now never at home ; but she observed that he went out more carefully drest than usual, and commonly returned homesober, and at a decent hour. She also observed that he wrote notes frequently, and in a very neat hand and on expensive paper ; and from these and other circumstances she conjectured that the present object that drew him so frequently from home, and seemed to engross his thoughts when

when there, was a woman of character and respectability, who might perhaps encourage his addresses, not knowing that he was already married, and whose affections might become irrevocably and fatally engaged.

Soon after, as she was taking an evening walk in St. James's Park with her child and its maid, feeling herself tired, she sat down on one of the chairs in the principal promenade,—when she saw her husband approach, in company with some ladies elegantly dressed, and apparently of great respectability. To one of these ladies, who leaned on the arm of an elderly gentleman, she observed that Danvers paid the most devoted attention, and that he addressed her in a low voice, while she replied to what he said, with evident confusion and delight. She had sufficient leisure to make these observations, as the party walked backwards and forwards slowly and frequently; and as she wore
a thick

a thick veil, she could observe them without any fear of being known even by her husband, if his attention had not been wholly engrossed by his companion ; while the nursery-maid, though she wondered why the husband and wife did not notice each other, was too much in awe of Agatha even to say “ Look, madam ! there is my master ! ”

What Agatha now beheld confirmed all her suspicions. She saw in Danvers that dangerous expression of countenance and gentle insinuation of manner which had won her inexperienced heart, and she left the Park resolved to expostulate with him the next morning.

That night Danvers returned early and in good humour, —so much so, luckily for Agatha, that he threw a purse of thirty guineas into her lap, and told her that he had won the money at cards, and that she had a right to share the luck which she
had

had occasioned: "for," added he laughing, "you know the proverb says, That if a man has bad luck in a wife, he has good luck at cards." The fullness of Agatha's torn heart deprived her of the power of answering him, and she deferred her intended expostulation till the next day; when, in all the bitterness of a wounded spirit, she told Danvers what she had witnessed; and disclosing to him her suspicions of his intentions towards the young lady whom she had seen, she declared that she would do all in her power to warn her of her danger.

"She is in no danger," replied Danvers, thinking the moment was now come for him to throw off the mask entirely, "as you are no obstacle to my marriage with her; for I am a single man now, and you never were my lawful wife. Know, madam, when I led you to the altar, my friends and relations could have informed your mother,

mother, if you had given her time to make the proper inquiries, that I was married six years ago in India, and that when I married you I had a wife living in that country."

Agatha heard him with speechless and overwhelming horror. Now then his aversion to her seeing or corresponding with any of her relations and friends was explained, and his refusal to present her to his own :—now then the whole hopeless wretchedness of her fate was disclosed to her. She saw that she was a mother, without being a wife ; and that she had given birth to a child who had no legal inheritance, and though not the offspring of a mother's guilt was undoubtedly the victim of a father's depravity ! With the rapidity of lightning these overwhelming certainties darted across her mind, and with the force of it they stretched her in a moment senseless on the earth.

• Slow and miserable was her recovery ; °

very; and such was her frantic agony when she took her child in her arms, that though her manners, too often under the influence of her temper, had not conciliated the regard of the persons where she lodged, the mistress of the house, whom Danvers had sent to her assistance previously to his leaving home, when he found her senses returning, hung over her with the appearance of compassionate sympathy; and at length by her soothings moved the broken-hearted Agatha to tears, which in all probability saved her from immediate destruction.

In a few hours she was able to form some projects for the future. To remain even a night longer in the house with Danvers was now, in her just conceptions of propriety, criminal:—But whither should she go? Would her mother consent to receive that child when proved to be only the mistress of Danvers, whom she had refused to receive when she appeared

peared to be his lawful wife? She dared not anticipate the probable answer of Mrs. Torrington :—but to fly from Danvers and implore the protection of her mother was now her sole hope, her sole resource.

While she sat lost in mournful reverie, she heard Danvers return ; and shutting himself into his own apartment with great force, he continued to walk about some time in violent agitation. At length he entered the room where she was, and looked at her in silence with a countenance of such savage and cruel defiance, that the original violence of her sorrow returned, and she was carried to bed in a state of insensibility.

Had Agatha suspected the cause of Danvers's agitation, and the severity in his expression when he looked at her, she would have felt emotions of thankfulness, not of sorrow ; for he had that morning
received

received intelligence which defeated the expectations of his love, and showed him that his villany towards Agatha had been wholly unsuccessful. When he informed her that he had, at the time of his marriage with her, a wife living in India, he told her what he imagined to be true, (as he had received information of his wife's death only a few days preceding that conversation;) and she, to whom the practice of falsehood was unknown, implicitly believed the horrid truth which he asserted. But he had scarcely left the house when a letter was put into his hands, containing not only a detailed account of his wife's illness and death, but also the exact day, and even hour, when she breathed her last; by which he found that she had been dead full three weeks before he led Agatha to the altar, and that consequently AGATHA TORRINGTON WAS HIS LAWFUL WIFE! He also met at the house of his agent a
 woman

woman of colour just arrived from India, who was inquiring his address, and who, by the mother's advice, had brought over to England his only child, a beautiful boy of five years old: and from her he received ample confirmation of the intelligence which burthened him so unexpectedly with a wife whom he disliked, and made it difficult and dangerous perhaps to prosecute his endeavours to marry the woman whom he loved.

But as he grew calmer, he began to reflect that he had told Agatha she was not his lawful wife, and she believed him; therefore he hoped he should have no difficulty in keeping the real state of the case from her knowledge. But in order to make "assurance doubly sure," he resolved that the woman of colour before mentioned should be introduced to Agatha, in order to confirm his statement.

Nor was this woman averse to do so,
 • when

when she heard his reasons for requiring this service from her. In early life this unhappy being, then living at Calcutta in his father's family, had been the favourite mistress of Danvers; and she had ever remained so warmly attached to him, that when he married, her affliction, and her hatred of his wife were so great, as to make it advisable for her to be sent up the country, lest in a transport of jealous fury she might gratify her hatred on her innocent and then beloved rival. But when she heard that this rival was in her turn forsaken, and was separated from her inconstant husband, she forgot her animosity; and hearing that Mrs. Danvers was in want of a nursemaid to attend on her child, she returned to Calcutta, where Mrs. Danvers resided, and became the attached and confidential servant of that lady, who on her death-bed consigned her son to her care, and charged

charged her to see him safe into his father's arms.

This charge of her dying mistress the faithful creature punctually obeyed; and when inquiring for Danvers of his agent, he, as I have stated before, unexpectedly entered, the sight of him renewed in all its force the passion of her early youth; and when he told her that he had a wife whom he hated, and whom he wished to get rid of, she was very ready to assist him, in the weak but natural hope that she might, for a time at least, be his again. Had she known that Danvers wanted to get rid of Agatha in order to obtain another woman, she would not have shown such a pernicious alacrity to oblige him: but she now readily promised to tell the falsehood which he dictated; and the next morning, while Agatha, buried in thought, was leaning on her hands and endeavouring to decide on
some

some immediate plan of action, Danvers entered the room, leading in his little boy, and followed by the woman of colour.

At sight of the author of her misery, Agatha started, trembled, and rose from her seat, with a look so terrible and so wild, that the frightened Indian gazed on her with mingled awe and terror. Agatha, in compliance with the wishes of Danvers, had never worn powder; she usually when at home wore her hair, which was very thick and glossy, and had a natural wave amidst its other beauties, parted on the forehead, and hanging down on either side of her long and finely-formed throat. This flowing hair, which was commonly kept in the nicest order, was now neglected, and it fell disordered and dishevelled, while a long white bed-gown, loosely folded round her, completed the disorder of her dress, and added to the
frantic

frantic appearance of her countenance and action.

"Who are these?" she demanded in a tone of desperation.

"This," said Danvers, "is the faithful servant of my late wife, who attended her in her last moments; and I have brought her hither, lest you should be inclined to disbelieve my assurance that you never were my lawful wife, in order to tell you the very day and hour on which she died, namely, two months after my marriage with you."

"It was wholly unnecessary, sir," said Agatha, turning still paler than before; "for I believed your own statement implicitly. But surely, sir, you are liable to a prosecution for bigamy?" added Agatha.

"Undoubtedly I am," replied Danvers; "but even if you had it in your power to adduce evidence of my two marriages,

marriages,—which you have *not*, nor ever *can* have,—still, I know your pride and delicacy to be too great to allow you to proceed against me, especially as by so doing you would neither establish your own marriage, nor legitimate your child.”

“True,—most true,” said Agatha, shuddering. “But what child is this?” said she, drawing near the little boy, who hid his face in his nurse’s gown, as if alarmed at the approach of a stranger.

“It is my son,” replied Danvers.

“Aye,” returned Agatha, “your legitimate son. But what then is *this* innocent babe?” snatching to her heart the child sleeping on a sofa beside her.

Danvers, spite of his dauntless calmness of feeling, turned away in confusion.

“Poor boy!” continued Agatha, “why shouldst *thou* hide thy face, as if in shame? for *THOU* art not the child of shame. Nor art thou either, poor unconscious victim!

victim! Let me do myself justice," she exclaimed, pressing her child closely to her bosom: "it is for thy father thou wilt have to blush, not for thy mother!" Then with an air of proud insulted dignity she bade Danvers and the woman of colour to be gone immediately:—and as if awed by her manner, and conscious of her superiority, they instantly and rapidly obeyed.

The rest of the day was spent by Agatha in forming plans for her future conduct; and after long and varied deliberation, she resolved to write to her mother again, but not till she could date her letter from a roof unpolluted by the presence of the man who had betrayed her, and inform her that she had parted with him to behold him no more.

That night Danvers, to whom the dread of a discovery, in spite of the pains which he had taken to prevent it, occa-

sioned considerable agitation, indulged more than usual in the excesses of the bottle at the tavern where he dined, and was brought home and put to bed in an apoplexy of drunkenness. In the middle of the night, Agatha, who, unable to sleep, was pacing the floor of her chamber in morbid restlessness, thought she heard an alarming noise in Danvers's apartment, from which she was separated only by a dressing-room; and aware of the state in which he returned, she stole gently to his door, from an impulse not of alarmed affection, but of principled humanity. She listened a few moments, and all was still again; and the stillness alarming her as much as the previous noise, she entered the chamber, and anxiously surveyed her flushed and insensible betrayer.

But a few moments convinced her that she had nothing to apprehend for his life,
and

and she was gently returning, when she saw on the floor papers that had evidently dropped from the pocket of the coat which was thrown in a disordered manner on the chair by the side of the bed. Involuntarily she stooped, in order to replace them, and her eye glanced on an open letter, sealed with black, addressed to George Danvers, Esq. Bruton-street, Berkley-square, London, *England*. An impulse not to be resisted urged her to read this letter. It probably was the one he alluded to, containing the account of his wife's death ! and setting the candle on a table, she opened it, and read the contents ; which were such as immediately to throw her on her knees in a transport of thanksgiving. It was indeed the letter giving an account of Mrs. Danvers's last moments, and also of the very day and hour that she died : and Agatha, as Danvers had done before, saw that beyond the

power of doubt she herself was THE LAW-FUL WIFE of Danvers, and her child the offspring of a LEGITIMATE MARRIAGE. When the transports of her joy and gratitude had a little subsided, she folded the letter up and deposited it in her bosom, resolved to keep it as a defence against the evidently villanous intentions of Danvers; and with a lightened heart she returned to her own apartment.

The next morning she made a small bundle of the clothes most requisite for herself and child; and leaving a note for Danvers, informing him of the discovery which she had made, and of her intention to take every legal means to substantiate her marriage, bidding him at the same time farewell for ever, she walked with her child in her arms to a stand of coaches, and, having called one, desired the coachman to drive to a street which she named, at some distance from Danvers's

vers's lodgings, and then to stop wherever he saw "Lodgings to let" in the window.

Luckily for Agatha, she found two apartments to let, on the ground floor, in a distressed but honest family; and having taken them for one week, she sat down to deliberate on her best mode of proceeding. To obtain a certificate of her marriage seemed a necessary step: but first she resolved to write a full detail to her mother, flattering herself that, as the conduct of Danvers was calculated to injure the fame of her daughter, Mrs. Torrington's pride might be roused to resent it, though her tenderness might remain unmoved.

Unfortunately for Agatha, Danvers was of the same opinion; and as soon as he found that Agatha was in possession of the letter, he took every possible means in his power to frustrate the success of her application to Mrs. Torrington,

rington, and to deprive her of every evidence that a marriage with him had taken place. Danvers knew, though Agatha did not, that her mother was at a retired watering place, about a day's journey from London; and thither he immediately sent the woman of colour, and his little boy, whose deep mourning and excessive beauty were, he well knew, likely to attract the attention of all women, but more especially of *mothers*.

Nor was he mistaken in his expectations. Mrs. Torrington observed and admired the perhaps orphan child, who was constantly led along the walks which she most frequented; and at last she could not help stopping the servant to inquire the name of that beautiful child, and the cause of the deep mourning which he wore.

“He is in mourning for Mrs. Danvers, [at this name Mrs. Torrington started,]

started,] his poor mamma, who died a little while ago in India."

"But has he no father?" asked Mrs. Torrington.

"O dear! yes," replied the woman of colour, "a fine gentleman indeed, Mr. George Danvers, formerly of ——— regiment, who lives in Bruton-street, Berkley-square, just now."

"Impossible! quite impossible!" answered Mrs. Torrington, tottering to a bench which was near her. "Surely that Mr. Danvers has a wife living!"

"A wife!" resumed the artful Indian with a look full of sarcastic meaning. "No! my master never had any wife, I am sure, but my poor dear mistress. That miss (miss Torrington I believe her name is) who lives with him only goes by his name, and is only his miss."

It was too much for a mother to bear;
and

and believing implicitly a tale which seemed so plausible, Mrs. Torrington fell from her seat in a state of insensibility, and it was many hours before she recovered her senses and her recollection. But at the very moment she did so, a letter from Agatha was put into her hands, and torn unread into a thousand pieces; while the woman of colour remained a few days longer at the watering-place, in order to avoid any appearance of having come thither merely to effect a purpose,—and then returned to the delighted Danvers, who had no doubt of the success of his scheme in order to prevent the money and power of Mrs. Torrington from being exerted in her daughter's favour.

But his machinations did not end here. In the clerk at the church where they were married he had recognised an old friend and his assistant in the unprincipled seduction

duction of a farmer's daughter ; and who, though he had to his great surprise, when he last saw him, found him in a situation of trust and respectability, he was very sure was a being so completely unprincipled as not to scruple any action, however bad, for which his avarice was to receive a single gratification. Accordingly he set off for the village where he had been united to Agatha ; and while the church register was lying in the library of the rector, for the purpose of having extracts made from it, the clerk, bribed by Danvers, contrived to tear out the leaf which contained the evidence of his marriage ; and as, owing to circumstances, no copy had yet been taken of the register, Danvers returned to his own apartments with the consciousness of successful guilt.

Agatha, meanwhile, watched the ar-

rival of the post every day with vain and fruitless anxiety, till her feelings approached the very verge of insanity, and the nourishment which she had hitherto afforded her child began to be dried up ; for dark and hopeless was the prospect before her. At length she wrote again to her mother. And the letter Mrs. Torrington opened ; but seeing that Agatha, presuming as she conceived on her superior understanding, was trying to impose on her, by making her believe that she was the deserted *wife* of Danvers, she read only the first sentence or two ; then, in a letter of reproach and invective, she returned it to the expecting and half-distracted Agatha.

Agatha received her own letter back, and read her mother's with the calm firmness of desperation, and also with the indignant pride of conscious and outraged

raged innocence. But where could she turn for assistance, advice, and redress? She was too proud to confide in inferiors, too proud also to apply, in that equivocal situation, which even exposed her to be called infamous by a *mother*, to the scorn or suspicions of her own relations and friends.

Yet something she must do; and her good sense taught her, as before, that she must try to obtain a certificate of her marriage. Accordingly she hired a coach, and drove, as Danvers had done, to the village where they were married. She was directed to the clerk's house; and little did Agatha suspect with what malignant joy this base agent of her unworthy husband saw her arrive at his door, and knew the errand on which she came. For during the childhood of Agatha, this man had been a hanger-on in her mother's kitchen;

kitchen; and his little girl, a most lovely child, the darling of his heart, had been often the playfellow of Agatha, and the slave of her tyrannical humours. But one day this uncorrected tyrant, in a fit of passion, gave a blow to the poor child, who was forced into the misery of playing with her; and though the blow itself could have done her little injury,—in endeavouring to avoid it, she struck her head against a marble table so severely that she was taken up stunned and apparently dead; and while the terrified and therefore penitent Agatha was by her criminally weak parent soothed and comforted as tenderly as her little victim was by the parents who feared for her life, the father of the endangered child breathed curses on the head of the unamiable Agatha, and wished from the bottom of his soul to be revenged on her.

True—

True—Agatha meant not to hurt so seriously the offending child, but who can say where may terminate the consequences of a blow aimed by the hand of passion! True—many presents were lavished on the child, when she recovered, both by Mrs. Torrington and her daughter:—but the darling of a father's heart had suffered pain, and had experienced danger; and the man hated the being that had inflicted them; for this darling did not live to womanhood, and her father always believed this blow was the occasion of her death.

Soon after he left the neighbourhood, and he never saw Agatha again till he beheld her at the altar. He now saw her once more, and he had had the *revenge* on her which he desired. But his vengeance was going to be more *amply* gratified:—

he

he was going to see her writhe under the misery to which he had contributed.

Agatha was requested to alight, and the well-remembered face of the clerk met her view. Still she had no idea *where* she had seen him, and he had no inclination to inform her ; while with suppressed agitation she begged to have a copy of the register of her marriage, mentioning the day and hour when it was solemnized. The clerk feigned astonishment, and looked at her as if he doubted her being in her senses. But Agatha persisted in her statement and her demand, and the clerk at last accompanied her to the church, having procured the keys of the vestry closet from the sexton ; and the register was opened at the month which she mentioned. But in vain did she seek the record which she required ;—it was not there!

there! and speechless with surprise stood the helpless and injured Agatha. At length, however, indignation gave her words, and turning scornfully round to Cammell—

“You are a villain!” she exclaimed, “and the mean agent of a greater villain still. Let me see your rector himself: to his justice I shall appeal.”

Cammell bowed; and said, if the lady insisted on it, he would go to him.

“No,” replied Agatha; “I will accompany you, nor shall you quit my sight till I have seen him.”

The clerk again bowed, and saying The lady must be obeyed, led the way to the rector’s house. At the door the servant said his master was dressing, but that the clerk might be admitted; and Agatha was, unwillingly, forced to submit to this separation.

Her

Her suspicions of its consequences were not unfounded. The clerk described her as a maniac; a woman, he had heard, deprived of her senses by the marriage of a man who had seduced and abandoned her; that she was become mad on the idea that she was his wife; and was in the habit of going to different churches demanding a copy of her marriage register. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the clergyman should, when he beheld Agatha, discover immediately in her looks the phrensy attributed to her:—and to her appeal for justice, and her accusation of her husband and Cammell, he replied with shrugs of the shoulders, shakes of the head, and “Really, ma’am, I can’t say, — I cannot believe . . .” which drove the proud, irritable, and aggrieved Agatha into the real phrensy which the clerk had feigned.

And

And when the clergyman wished her good morning, and attempted to leave the room, she, to his great consternation, suddenly seized his arm, and commanded him to stay. Then turning to Cammell, she started, mused a moment, and exclaimed,

“Where have I seen that dark and gloomy face before? It haunts my recollection like some miserable remembrance of pain endured long since!”

Here the clerk and the clergyman exchanged significant glances; and the clerk, prefacing his words with a look of pity, and “Poor, distracted creature!” assured him that he had never seen her before in his life.

“You are both in a league against me, I perceive,” said she, “and where to turn, and what to do, I know not.—Sir,” (turning round so quickly as to make the clergy-

clergyman start,) "sir, who keeps the keys of the place where you deposit the register?"

"Myself."

"And you never trust them to others, except as I have myself witnessed this day?"

"Never."

"You never have it at your own house?"

"Yes; but then it is never out of my sight."

"Never! And this you would swear in a court of justice?"

"I would."

"And there, sir, you *shall* swear it then," replied Agatha.

Then darting at them both a look of ineffable and fierce disdain, she walked majestically away; and, having found her coach, returned in an agony of unspeakable

able wretchedness to London; while those whom she left behind remained differently affected, though equally glad that she was gone. The clergyman was really afraid of her, on account of her imagined disorder, though at the same time he felt charmed by her beauty, and awed by the evident dignity of her manner—the natural result of conscious importance: while Cammell, though he rejoiced in his revenge, was every moment afraid that Agatha would recollect him and his name, and prove beyond a doubt that he had lyed in declaring he had never seen her before.

Meanwhile Agatha, with despair in her heart, arrived at her lodgings, and was eagerly knocking at the door, having scarcely waited till the step was put down; while, so anxious was she to see her child, whom she had never left before, that she forgot to ask the driver his fare. But he
surlily

surlily reminded her of her neglect, and made a most exorbitant demand.

Agatha, however, complied with it immediately; and taking the purse which Danvers had given her, and which once contained thirty guineas, but was now reduced to much less than a fourth of the sum, she paid the man what he required. But he, his avarice being awakened by a compliance he so little expected, seized her arm, and told her she had not given him enough, and he must and would have more.

Against this evident imposition even the fast-clouding intellect of Agatha revolted, and she refused to comply; but alarmed at the violence of the coachman, and the crowd that began to gather, her hand dropped the purse, which scattered the guineas around as it fell.

The coachman immediately let go his hold; and Agatha feeling herself at liberty, and hearing her child cry, rushed into the
 then

then opening door, and was not conscious she had dropped her purse till the maid of the house brought it to her a few minutes afterwards, declaring that the coachman and the crowd had run away with all but one solitary guinea.—But she spoke to one who heard her not.

The mistress of the lodging-house had met Agatha on her return, holding her screaming child in her arms, who had been vainly for some time requiring the food which her fevered and agitated mother even when she arrived could no longer bestow on her. And while the poor woman, who had never been a mother herself, was lamenting her inability to offer either advice or assistance, Agatha sat in a sort of desperate silence, clasping the gradually sinking child to her heart, and ruminating sad and desperate resolutions.

At length she started up, and, wrapping

ping her child in a large mantle, with outward composure, but inward perturbation, told her landlady that she was obliged to leave the lodgings directly, and begged to know what she was indebted to her; while she heard with horror, that the sum exceeded, far exceeded, the guinea which, Agatha now comprehended, was all that remained of her once well filled purse!

“Do not distress yourself thus, madam,” said the kind-hearted woman, to whom her own sorrows had taught sympathy with those of others, “it is not much, and we can wait; and if you never pay us, it does not signify.”

“I shall never be able to pay you if I do not pay you now,” replied Agatha in a mournful and solemn tone: “but I believe my clothes are more than worth the money. I shall therefore leave them behind me; and if you do not hear from me in a month’s time, look on them as your property.”

• The

The woman, alarmed she scarcely knew why by the manner of Agatha, earnestly entreated her to remain one night longer where she was, and offered to go in search of a wet-nurse for the child. But Agatha, by a commanding look, imposed silence on her importunities ; and, borrowing a shilling to pay her coach-hire, desired a coach to be called, and took a feeling, though distant, farewell of her anxious and kind hostess.

The coachman had driven Agatha, who knew little of the geography of London, as far as Windmill-street, on her way to Westminster-bridge, when she recollected that probably a shilling would not be sufficient to pay her fare thither. Accordingly she stopped the coach, and, desiring to be set down, got out, offered the shilling as payment, and was relieved to find that it was immediately accepted.

“I can ask my way thither,” said
Agatha

Agatha to herself, "it is the only trouble I shall ever again give my fellow creatures;" and she pressed her sleeping because exhausted babe, still closer to her bosom; while the grave appeared her only place of refuge. For Agatha was married, yet had no husband; had a mother, yet was motherless; she was herself a parent, without the means of prolonging the existence of her child; she was spotless in virtue, yet was believed criminal even by the mother who bore her in her bosom; she had uttered her just complaints, and had been treated as a maniac: and discarded by the only being who could enable her to redress her wrongs, where on *earth* could she look for succour and for sustenance!

"I will seek the mercy and pardon of my God!" she exclaimed, and with a firm voice she desired to be shown the way to Westminster-bridge. But she was told

told it in vain ; and in Cockspur-street she was again at a loss, and was debating of whom she should next inquire, when, just as a most severe summer shower began to fall, she was forced to stand up against the door of a shop in order to avoid a carriage. The pale face of Agatha was slightly shaded by so very costly a lace veil depending from a small straw bonnet, and around her tall majestic figure was wrapt a laced muslin mantle of such curious texture, and her air and mien were of so pure and commanding a nature, that it was impossible for her to be mistaken either for a servant, or for a depraved woman, or indeed for any thing but what she was—a gentlewoman. Yet this lady, as every thing about her proved her to be, was wandering alone in the streets of London, and carrying, like a menial, an infant in her arms.

“This is very strange,” said a Mr.

Orwell to himself as Agatha stopped against his door ; and his wife's countenance expressed equal surprise with that of her husband.

It was a bright evening in the first week of July, undimmed even by the shower then falling, for it still glittered with the evening rays ; and many of the inhabitants of Cockspur-street stood at their doors to enjoy the genial season. The door of Mr. Orwell's shop was very near that of his parlour, which also stood open, and he and his wife were drinking tea, and seeing the carriages and people pass ; when Agatha, after throwing a wild unconscious look into the shop, stood up, as I before said, for safety. There was something in her look, her dress, her air, which irresistibly impelled Mr. Orwell to start from his seat and approach her ; and an impulse equally strong led his wife to follow his example. Coach after coach continued

to

to impede the progress of the passengers, and barrow after barrow; while the increasing rain made all who were not provided with umbrellas seek shelter in some friendly door-way. But Agatha remained in the wet, unconscious that it rained; when, turning round, her wild yet sunk eye met that of Mr. Orwell.

“Pray, madam, come in,” said he in an accent of kindness, an accent made kinder than it was wont to be by recently-experienced affliction; “it rains very hard, and you will be wet through, ma’am.”

“Aye, pray do come in, and sit down till the rain is over,” said his equally kind wife; and Agatha, though she scarcely knew why she did so, complied with their request, and entered the shop.

“Here is a chair, ma’am,” said Mr. Orwell; and Agatha took it; but to sit

was impossible. She hastily arose, and began, ill-suited as the narrow bounds of the place were for the purpose, to pace backwards and forwards with the maniacal walk of overwhelming misery. Here a faint cry from the infant called her attention to it, and awakened still more forcibly that of the Orwells.

"I thought it was a child you were carrying, madam," said Mrs. Orwell; "May I, without offence, beg leave to look at it?"

"It is not worth looking at *now*," replied Agatha, unclosing the mantle: and Mrs. Orwell brushed away a tear caused by a painful recollection, as she saw in its pale and sunken cheek the evident approaches of death. Agatha saw her tear, and understood it.

"It will not suffer long!" said she; "neither shall I:" and she pronounced
this

this in a tone of voice so deep, so solemn, and with a look so expressive of the resolution of despair, that Mr. Orwell, who was gazing on her when she spoke, guessed the misery, and suspected the desperate purpose of her soul.

“I will follow and not lose sight of her,” said he mentally; “but first I will endeavour to draw her into the relief of conversation.”

Agatha had resumed her walk, and extended it into the parlour, where the tea yet smoking in the cups and the new bread attracted her unconsciously, and she recollected that she had not eaten food for days. Mrs. Orwell observed the eager look she cast on the well-filled table, and with great humility,—for she saw that Agatha, as she afterwards expressed it, was “somebody,”—asked her to take a cup of warm tea to counteract the cold, should her wet clothes have exposed

posed her to it : and Agatha, her wonted pride yielding to her sense of fatigue and hunger, gave a ready assent ; and in a moment more she was seated at the humble board of Mr. and Mrs. Orwell.

“ Well ; I am degraded for the last time ! ” said Agatha to herself ; and she immediately began to ask her way to Westminster-bridge.

“ To Westminster-bridge ! ” said Mr. Orwell, looking at her steadfastly : “ It is past eight o’clock, and it will soon be dark : What can a young lady like you, burthened too with an infant, do at such a place at this late hour ? ”

“ I am going to meet a friend there, ” said Agatha, sighing deeply.

“ Indeed ! ” said Mrs. Orwell : “ Well, Mr. Orwell, I’m sure, will see you safe so far, if you will allow him. ”

“ No ! madam, ” replied Agatha haughtily : “ I shall go *alone*. ”

Mrs.

Mrs. Orwell was awed, and begged her pardon submissively: but Mr. Orwell coolly replied, "You shall go alone, or with me, as you please, madam; but not till you have had a hearty meal here: so pray condescend to sit down again:" while, presenting Agatha with some bread and butter, he opened a cupboard, and offered her some cold meat, to tempt and gratify the ravenous appetite with which she devoured whatever was set before her.

"You are very kind," said Agatha, "and this is so welcome to me! I had not tasted food for hours—no, not for days."

"No!—Then to be sure you are not a nurse?" observed Mrs. Orwell.

"I *was* a nurse," said Agatha; "but all is dry here now," putting her hand on her bosom.

Mr. Orwell left the room.

"No wonder:—if you starve yourself, you must starve your child."

Agatha

Agatha started. "True—most true," she replied; "but if——" ("If I have no money to buy food," she meant to say.)

"If you were to eat and drink, the poor little thing might still live and do well," resumed Mrs. Orwell, who in her zeal in the cause of maternity forgot her fear of Agatha; "and I wonder you can answer it to your conscience not to do all you can for it.—In the mean time let us see what *I* can do."

Immediately, and while Agatha, now alive only to the idea of relieving her famished infant, sat gazing in wild but still expectation, Mrs. Orwell ordered some milk to be warmed; and in a very few minutes by artificial means, known to her who had been herself a mother, the exhausted infant sucked nourishment eagerly and copiously while she lay on Mrs. Orwell's lap:—and Agatha, encouraged by Mrs. Orwell to expect
with

with certainty the restoration of her babe, uttered a wild hysteric scream of joy, and sunk back, laughing and almost convulsed, into the arms of Mr. Orwell, who at that moment returned.

“My dear,” said Mr. Orwell, while his wife was administering remedies to her interesting charge, “I trust we have not saved the child only!” And as he gazed on Agatha, tears in quick succession rolled down his cheek. “My dear,” resumed he, “I see a likeness; Don’t you?”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Orwell with a deep sigh; “especially now that her eyes are closed, and she looks so like death. Our poor child, when dying——” Here emotion broke off her speech.

“I wish she was not a lady,” said the old man; “else, for the child and grandchild we have just lost, it should seem that Providence had thus sent us this distracted stranger and her poor babe.”

At length Agatha completely recovered

her senses and her powers, and found her head resting on the compassionate bosom of Mr. Orwell, who if she had been a neighbour's child would have pressed the poor forlorn one to his heart, and bidden her be comforted. But Mr. Orwell's feelings towards Agatha were checked by the cold and haughty dignity of her mien, which not even affliction could subdue; and before she could herself proudly withdraw from his supporting arm, he had resigned her to the care of his wife.

Strange, mixed, and almost insupportable sensations returned with her senses to the heart of Agatha; and pride yet unsubdued,—for I believe the proud are rendered prouder still by adversity,—urged her to leave these kind but lowly strangers, who had stopt her on her way to the peace and independence of death.—“But *must* she die? Could she not live and her poor infant too?” And the moment she had once borne

borne to ask herself the question, the reign of despair was beginning to cease, and that of hope to return.

"It still rains," said Mr. Orwell, "and is now nearly dark : your friend, madam; at Westminster-bridge cannot expect you now ! Allow me to see you to your own house."

Agatha started, shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

"Madam, I wait your commands," said Mr. Orwell, taking his hat down from the peg : "Shall I call a coach, and see you home?"

"I have no home !" exclaimed Agatha wildly. "Nor, when I leave this hospitable shelter, know I where to seek another, except"

Here she remained choked by violent emotions; while Mr. Orwell, replacing his hat, eagerly locked the street-door of his shop, ordered the shutters to be closed,
and

and drawing a chair seated himself by the side of Agatha.

"My dear young lady," said he, "excuse my freedom; but my home is yours for this night at least; and were you not so much our superior, it should be yours as long as we lived, as I am sure guilt has had no share in your evident distress."

"Bless you! bless you for that!" said Agatha. "You, *you* do me justice; you, a stranger, while *she*"

"Allow me," said Mr. Orwell, "to tell you something of the man who thus presumes. Perhaps it is merely the suggestions of my own conceit; but I cannot help thinking you must have considered my language as superior to my situation in life."

Agatha only bowed; for she had not thought on the subject: and Mr. Orwell continued thus:—

"I have known better days, and hav-
ing

ing been heir to great wealth, received a suitable education. But unfortunate speculation ruined my father, and I was glad at last to settle in this little shop, where in the bosom of my family I became obscurely indeed but thoroughly happy; and I blessed the present goodness, without ever repining at the past reverse dispensations, of Providence. I had not, however, yet suffered my appointed share of affliction. I had an only *daughter*:—she married, had a child, and came to die in *our arms*:—she *did* do so: but still we were resigned; despair was never in our hearts, nor its expressions on our lips; but we suffered, suffered deeply, and we still suffer”

Here he hid his face, and wept: and Agatha, though at first half inclined to resent being thus *preached* to, conscious of the obligations she owed him, sat and listened with evident attention and sympathy.

Mrs

Mrs. Orwell meanwhile, was still nursing the sleeping babe of Agatha, and weeping as she did so ; while her husband went on.

“ My dear young lady, you resemble our poor child, and ”

“ Aye, you do indeed,” cried Mrs. Orwell with a violent burst of sorrow ; “ and when you lay just now looking so like death, I could not help kissing your poor pale lips and fancying you my poor Mary. Oh ! that you were not, as I see you are, a lady, though now so sad and friendless ; for then I could throw myself on your neck, and call you my lost daughter, my dear—dear Mary ! ”

Agatha’s heart could not stand this appeal to its best feelings : every emotion of pride was annihilated ; and bursting into a flood of tears, the first she had shed for many days, she threw herself on the neck of Mrs. Orwell, and exclaimed,

“ Do

"Do call me your child, your Mary, if it will relieve your poor heart!" And when composure was a little restored, Agatha, whose oppressed head and bosom had been greatly relieved by crying, blessed her in the most grateful and affectionate manner for having saved her child and her also from destruction.

"Well, but you will stay here till you can do something better?" said Mrs. Orwell.

"You shall have a room to yourself," said her husband; "and you shall pay me what you will, either little or much."

"I have not a shilling in the world!" cried Agatha.

"I am glad of it," replied Mrs. Orwell; "for then you may be pleased to stay with us."

"I fear, *not*," observed Mr. Orwell; while Agatha gratefully and gracefully pressed his wife's hand to her quivering lip.

But

But a sudden thought struck across her brain:—she jumped up, she ran into the shop, examined the contents of the shop-windows; and returning with a countenance radiant with renewed hope and joy, she fell on her knees, and audibly returned thanks to God for having allowed her to be snatched from irremediable perdition.

Her new friends listened, and beheld her with considerable alarm, and feared her phrensy had only taken a new turn. But they were relieved when Agatha, as soon as tears—tears of joy—would allow her to speak, told them she had discovered that they sold prints, patterns, water-coloured drawings, and paintings of flowers.

“To be sure we do,” said Mrs. Orwell; “but what then, my dear young lady?”

“Why then you can employ *me*; and
I shall

I shall be able to maintain myself and child by the exertion of those talents which to the rich heiress were only the source of most pernicious vanity."

"And you are a good artist then, are you?" said Mr. Orwell doubtingly; for he knew something of art, and of what lady-artists too often are.

"You shall see what I can do," said Agatha: and she took from her pocket a miniature of her mother.

"Excellent!" said Orwell: "A copy, I presume?"

"No! an *original*: but that is not all; give me pencil and paper, and let me sketch that dear group."

He gave them to her; and in a few minutes she designed with great skill and accuracy, Mrs. Orwell and her child upon her lap.

"Admirable!" said the delighted and convinced old man. "It is not so handsome

some as my old woman, to be sure; but it is a very pretty sketch. Why, madam, you may make my fortune and your own too. And what else can you do?"

"I can paint much better than those unnatural, stiff, ill-coloured groups of flowers for patterns are painted. In short, I am somewhat skilled in every branch of your trade, and you will save me from distraction and death by promising to employ me to the very utmost."

Words cannot express the joy of the benevolent and affectionate old couple as Agatha spoke thus.

"Then you will *stay* with us now?" said Mrs. Orwell.

"Yes," said Mr. Orwell, "now you can do so without incurring pecuniary obligation:—for I see, young lady, that you have your full share of the pride of a gentlewoman, and have not yet been afflicted

afflicted *long* enough to be humble. However, *who* you are, and *what* you are, you will tell us when *you choose*."

"All I *can* tell you, I will tell you *now*," returned Agatha: "I am a *deserted wife*, and a discarded daughter; but I am *innocent*; and now that I have a prospect of being able to earn a livelihood, I may one day live to triumph over my enemies. Perhaps some time or other I may tell you more;—but now I wish to suspend the operation of painful images on my mind O ye kind, generous, Christian beings, who, though I was a stranger, took me in and cherished me!—may you in the last moments be soothed by the reflection that you were the means of saving from destruction, from *self*-destruction, a wretched, injured, but *virtuous* fellow-creature!"

"Hush! hush! don't speak so loud,"
said

said Mrs. Orwell, smiling through her tears; "you'll wake the dear babe. Well, I'll put it to-bed, for the bed is ready for you, my dear—*madam*, I mean." And Agatha, affectionately pressing Mrs. Orwell's hand, followed her to her apartment. It was a clean and quiet though not a spacious chamber, and Agatha with a relieved and grateful heart retired to the prospect of rest which it afforded her; and having again fed her evidently recovering infant, she soon sank into repose by its side.

In the morning, Agatha, wondering, humbled, sad, yet no longer despairing, awoke to many mingled and overpowering sensations; amidst which, gratitude to her Maker for preservation from a sinful death was the predominant feeling:—and happy would it have been for her, had not the sentiment of grateful adoration to God been nearly paralleled by one of vindictive

vindictive resentment towards a fellow-creature, and that fellow-creature the mother who had given her being. But TEMPER, the bane of Agatha's existence and the ruler of her conduct, towered in all its strength by the side of her religious emotions, and rendered vain the resources against the evils of her situation, to which a person uninfluenced by temper would gladly have had recourse. True it was that her husband had denied her to be his wife, and destroyed as she could not doubt one evidence of his marriage with her:—but did it follow that there was no other remaining, which legal means might not enable her to procure? True it was, that her mother had renounced her, and declared her belief that she was only the mistress of Danvers. But she had powerful though not near relations in London; and it was most likely that the tale she had to tell them, though they might at first

first disbelieve it, would at last find its way to their hearts, and through them to her mother's, by the irresistible and omnipotent power of truth.

But Agatha derived a sad and sullen joy, a malignant consciousness of future revenge, from the idea that one time or other, when no one could know and no one disclose the fate of her lost daughter, the mother who had dared to suspect the virtue of that daughter, and to discard her in consequence of that suspicion, would regret her lost child, would wish she had been less hasty to condemn her, and feel in all its bitterness the agony of a fault for which it was no longer in her power to make any reparation. It was perhaps an angry feeling like this, that, adding force to the other source of misery, prompted her to the resolution of committing violence on her and her infant's life:—for there is little doubt that suicides have been
often,

often, very often, occasioned merely by the vindictive wish of planting an everlasting thorn in the breast of the parent, the lover, the mistress, the wife, or the husband, whose conduct has in the opinion of the weak sufferer, the slave of an ill-governed temper, excited the terrible cravings of a vicious resentment.—Sure is it, that Temper,—like the unseen but busy subterranean fires in the bosom of a volcano, is always at work where it has once gained an existence, and is for ever threatening to explode, and scatter ruin and desolation around it. Parents, beware how you omit to check the first evidences of its empire in your children; and *tremble* lest the powerless hand which is only lifted in childless anger against you, should, if its impotent fury remains uncorrected, in future life be armed with more destructive fury against its own existence, or that of a fellow-creature!

“No,”

“No,” said Agatha to herself, “I will conceal my name and my wrongs in oblivion the most complete. Not even the good and generous beings to whom I owe my life and its continuance shall be informed of them; but sustained by the proud consciousness of my own desert, I will be all-sufficient to myself and to my child; and the injured heiress of thousands shall derive more honourable pride from the exertions of her talents in honest industry, than she ever felt as the idol of an interested crowd.”

And unfortunately the persevering obstinacy of Agatha led her to adhere rigidly to the determination which Temper led her to form. Had she not done so,—had she opened her heart, and told the tale of her injuries to the benevolent Mr. Orwell,—it is possible that his representations might have induced such a line of conduct as would have been the means of
restoring

restoring her to her mother, and certainly it would have enabled her to establish her marriage beyond dispute ; for Mr. Orwell would have advised her to have immediate recourse to legal advice, and would gladly have afforded her the means of doing so ; by which means she could instantly have learnt that, though a villain might have been bribed to destroy the evidence of a marriage in the register of a parish church, it was most probable that a copy of that marriage must nevertheless exist, unsubjected to the daring of a villain, in some register office connected with the parish where the ceremony took place ; and that time and expense alone were requisite to procure for the injured every possible satisfaction from the injurer.

But her resolution was taken, and she never allowed herself to suppose that from her resolutions there could ever be any appeal.

At an early hour Agatha, who with

the feeling of a real gentlewoman wished to conform to the hours of her hosts, took her seat at the breakfast table, and with a quivering lip beheld her child received into the arms of Mrs. Orwell, while her husband took her seat and occupation at the board. Still, spite of the even parental kindness of these excellent people, Agatha felt that she was not in her place: and notwithstanding her efforts to be affable, she was at last only graciously condescending.

“You are not so like our poor Mary, today,” said Mrs. Orwell, attentively regarding her.

“No,” said Mr. Orwell; “our Mary was not a lady, and therefore had not the look or air of one; nor had she this lady’s beauty.”

“Our Mary was very pretty, my dear,” interrupted Mrs. Orwell, “and looked so good and sweet-tempered!”

“She was certainly quite perfect in her
parent’s

parent's eyes," replied Mr. Orwell, the big drops swelling in his eye;—"but she is gone—and it is a comfort we cannot be too grateful for, that we were allowed to administer to her wants during her last illness:—

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies," added he, willing perhaps to show off his little reading to Agatha. But he was interrupted by her starting from her chair, and pacing with distempered haste the narrow floor of the room.

"Excellent people!" said she at length, taking a hand of each, and pressing them affectionately:—"you feel as parents should feel;—and would I had been in reality your Mary! for then I should have breathed my last on a bosom which loved me.—But now....!"

Here her voice failed her, and she burst into tears. And as she viewed her soft-
F 2
ened

ened eye, her languid air, poor Mrs. Orwell again recognised her lost Mary.

“But come,” said Agatha with a more cheerful countenance, as soon as breakfast was over; “let us to business—I long to be earning money: procure me some flowers, and I will paint a group immediately.” And in a very short time Mr. Orwell had procured the best flowers Covent-garden afforded; while Agatha was diligently employed in copying them.

As soon as the group was finished, it was exhibited by the delighted Mr. Orwell in the shop window; and to his and Agatha’s satisfaction it was sold as soon as it was seen. It was bought by a gentleman of some rank and distinction in society, and he bespoke eleven more by the same artist, as he wanted them to decorate some particular room in a villa which he had lately purchased; promising

at

at the same time to recommend Mr. Orwell's shop to all his friends.

"It was a kind Providence for me as well as you, madam," said Mr. Orwell, "that brought you to my house."

"I trust it will turn out so," said the gratified Agatha, who worked with such assiduity, that in a very short time the twelve paintings were completed, and declared admirable by the satisfied purchaser.

By this time Mrs. Orwell, who was become used to Agatha's "grand manner," as she called it, and who naturally enough was attached to her by a sense of the benefit she had conferred, was very desirous to learn whether she meant to continue with them, especially as she had contrived, by removing their own bed to the top of the house, to make a sitting-room for Agatha. But the latter, though her heart glowed with gratitude
towards

towards these excellent people as her preservers, could not prevail on herself to remain an inmate of their house, nor indeed of any other in London. She felt, in this respect wisely felt, that though Mr. Orwell had been a gentleman, and had had the education of one (however his manners might have lost some of their habitual polish by collision with vulgar society), Mrs. Orwell was only a tradesman's wife; and she knew that not only her pride but her taste would be offended by constant association with one so much her inferior; and whose affectionate familiarity she might, however reluctantly, be at times forced to repel. For it is not pride alone, but a sense of fitness, that makes persons prefer living with their equals to association with their inferiors.

It is the want of equal education that makes the great difference between man
and

and man; and the bar that divides the vulgar man from the gentleman is not so much a sense of superior birth, as a feeling of difference, a consciousness of different habits, ways of thinking, and manners—the result of opposite situations.

“No, no,—I cannot, must not stay here,” said Agatha to herself:—“Mrs. Orwell is not a fit companion for me; and I cannot bear to pain her affectionate heart, by throwing her at the distance which the difference of our rank in life and the habit resulting thence would place her:—besides, I long for the country, and some wild sequestered place where my infant may derive health and strength from the mountain breeze, and I may escape all chance of being known.”

But in order to reach “this mountain breeze,” it would be necessary for Agatha to undertake a long and expensive journey,

journey, and live at a most inconvenient and expensive distance from the metropolis. Her drawings and paintings for sale would in that case be some days on the road, and the carriage to London consequently, considerably diminish the profits of her employers. She was therefore at last prevailed upon by Mr. Orwell to reside in a village in Sussex, sufficiently lonely, bleak, and desolate, to satisfy the gloomy and unsocial taste of Agatha; sufficiently near the sea to make it a healthy residence in her opinion for her child; and near enough to the metropolis for the purposes of business:—while Mr. Orwell pleased himself with the idea that he could occasionally step into a stage coach, and in twelve hours time be set down within a walk of the habitation of Agatha. Besides, his benevolence was gratified by being enabled from Agatha's choice of the abode he had recommended

to be of pecuniary service, without her knowledge that he was so.—He had hired rooms for her in the house of a dependent relation of his; and binding the woman to secrecy, he had desired her to ask of Agatha only such a sum for the apartments, paying her himself the real rent which she had a right to demand.

Agatha, when she arrived at her new abode, resolved in solitude the most rigorous to devote her days to unremitting industry, in order to maintain herself and child; endeavouring at the same time to impart to her little Emma those accomplishments and refinements which she had herself been taught, in order that she might be able to acquit herself with propriety and elegance, when (as Agatha had no doubt she would be) she should be called upon to emerge from obscurity, and move in that sphere of life in which her birth had originally designed

her to move. For Agatha was sure, she scarcely knew why perhaps, that her mother would not always remain inexorable; and though resolved never to hold communion herself with her tardily relenting parent, she looked forward with angry pleasure to the time when she would become an object of unavailing regret to her mother, and her daughter an object of pride and of tenderness. In the meanwhile, her natural activity both of body and mind being rendered still more vigorous by an almost phrensied sense of injury and unkindness, she exerted her varied talents to the utmost, and had the satisfaction of knowing that she thereby increased to a considerable degree the profits of her affectionate benefactors; though they could not often prevail on themselves to sell a drawing however good that seemed taken from Agatha or her child; for “if we did not give, we
at

at least saved their lives," said Mr. Orwell; "and every memorial of their persons is precious to us from that recollection."

But to return to Mrs. Torrington,—who, deceived by the arts of Danvers into a belief of her daughter's infamy, gave way to all the indignation which a proud and virtuous woman would feel on such a conviction: and while she returned to brood in solitude over her shame and her distress to her sequestered seat in Cumberland, she was surprised there by a visit from her cousin the honourable Mr. Castlemain, one of her earliest friends and admirers, but whose suit she had rejected in favour of Mr. Torrington.

Mr. Castlemain, faithful to his first attachment, had never married; and hearing of the distress in which Agatha's conduct had involved her mother, he hastened from the continent, where he had long resided, in order to express to her in person

person his sympathy in her sorrow, with a hope, perhaps as yet scarcely defined to himself, that in her forlorn and childless state Mrs. Torrington might be induced to listen to his addresses, and secure to herself an attached and affectionate companion. Nor was he deceived in his expectations. Mrs. Torrington, grateful for his long and faithful affection, and eager to lose in new ties the remembrance of those which appeared dissolved for ever, consented to become his wife; and the birth of another daughter had in a degree reconciled her to the loss of Agatha, when, four years after her marriage with Mr. Castlemain, death deprived her not only of a husband whom she sincerely esteemed, but of the child to whom she looked for a renewal of all that happiness which Agatha's conduct had deprived her of.— At first she almost sank under the blow; but as she recovered her powers of reflection

tion, the idea that Agatha, though disgraced and distant, was yet alive, presented itself, and spoke peace to her wounded mind.—“After all, she is my child!” said Mrs. Castlemain to herself, “and it was cruel to discard her for a first and only fault:—for who knows what base arts were used to mislead her!” And from the moment she had allowed herself to think and feel thus, she became constantly solicitous to discover the residence of Agatha.—But her solicitude was soon heightened almost to phrensy by the following circumstance.

There is probably no heart so callous, no human being so thoroughly depraved, as not to feel at some moment the agonizing pang of remorse and compassion towards the victim of its successful villany.—When Danvers recollected that he had put it out of the power of Agatha to obtain a copy of the certificate of her marriage

marriage at the church where the ceremony took place, and that owing to accident no copy of it had been previously transmitted according to the usual forms to any other register, he knew that he was perfectly secure from any legal prosecution in order to establish the fact of the marriage having taken place, and that his subsequent conduct in order to make Mrs. Torrington discard her daughter entirely had been a piece of villany as needless as it was detestable ; and concluding from Agatha's temper and disposition that her mother's rejection of her on the plea that she was only a mistress, though she endeavoured to make herself be received as a wife, would in all probability drive his unhappy victim to the phrensy of desperation, and involve his child also in all the misery incident to a deserted orphan,—he in a moment of remorse and self-condemnation wrote to Mrs. Torrington just before

before he sailed for the West Indies, to assure her that he had really led Agatha to the altar, and that, as she never even suspected he had a wife living, she was consequently in intention as pure and virtuous as when she left her mother's house :— he added, that as soon as she found she was not his lawful wife, she had fled from him for ever, carrying her child along with her ;—and ended by conjuring Mrs. Torrington to give her innocent and injured daughter an asylum under her roof.

Though no representations from a man of such confessed profligacy as Danvers was, were worthy of credit, still Mrs. Castlemain did not for a moment hesitate to believe even his testimony to the innocence of Agatha, a belief at the same time precious though agonizing to her heart ; and wild with remorse, regret and anxiety, she left no means untried to find out

out the retreat of the sufferer, and induce her to return to the arms of her repentant mother. Danvers, meanwhile satisfied that if Agatha lived she would be restored to the favour of her mother, or that his child at least would receive from her the protection of a parent, left England with a mind lightened of a considerable load, and felt himself less painfully haunted than he had lately been by the image of his victim. Of Mrs. Torrington's second marriage he had never heard, nor of her change of abode. The letter, however, as I have stated above, reached her in safety, and occasioned her repeated and long unavailing endeavours to discover the retreat of her daughter.

But no traces could be found of this long-lost daughter: and at last, despairing of any other means, Mrs. Castlemain caused a paragraph or advertisement, addressed to "Agatha," to be inserted in
every

every paper, desiring that an answer should be directed to her lawyer in London. But as Agatha never saw a newspaper, this advertisement would have appeared in vain, had not Mr. Orwell seen it, who, suspecting that the Agatha so addressed was the interesting object of his benevolence, sent the newspaper immediately down to her.

Agatha in the mean time had been endeavouring to make herself amends for the loss of other ties, by inspiring her child with an exclusive attachment to herself. "She is all to me, and I will be all to her!" was her constant exclamation: and when she fancied "Agatha," as she *now* called her, (since "Emma," the name of her mother, after whom she had christened her, was become odious to her,) was old enough to understand her, she used to delight in telling her the story of her cruel treatment; and she took a sad and savage pleasure

pleasure in hearing her express hatred of her grandmother and her father, because they had been so cruel to her dear mamma :—while the lesson of deep resentment for a mother's wrongs was daily inculcated. But though Agatha hated or rather despised her husband, she was far from feeling sentiments of this nature in reality towards her mother ; for her conscience told her she had violated her duty in marrying contrary to the laws of decorum and the express will of a parent : and though she could not remember without indignation that her mother had presumed to question the purity of her conduct, she felt that it was but justice to make allowance for those violent and resentful feelings which after all were the result of her own disobedience.

Such was her frame of mind when she received a parcel from Mr. Orwell : and the address to “ Agatha,”—an address so worded that she could not but immediately feel

feel that she was the person addressed,—met her eager eye, and convulsed her whole frame with emotion.

“So then,” cried she, “I am at last forgiven, regretted, and solicited to return to the home so long denied me!—Be it so : and when I am on my death-bed I too will forgive, and be contented to be forgiven—but not before.”

Still, in spite of this angry resolution, she read the welcome address of parental affection over and over again ; and several times she caught herself calling her daughter by the long-prohibited name of Emma, the name of her mother : and as she did so the last time, she burst into tears, and folded the astonished child to her bosom with emotions of a various, and contending nature. But the name so recalled to her memory and her tongue was not again banished thence.

“I am Agatha, not Emma, mamma,” said the little girl.

“You

“You are both, my dear,” replied her mother, making an effort to restrain her tears; “and henceforth I shall call you Emma.”

Another and another week elapsed: the advertisement was repeated again and again, and the paper sent down to her every day; while the resolution of Agatha, never to let her mother hear of or from her but on her death-bed, grew weaker and weaker; and she began bitterly to repent of the pains which she had taken to make her child imbibe an aversion to her grandmother.

“Let me endeavour,” said she to herself, “to eradicate this aversion while it is yet time.” But she found the task a much more difficult one than she at first imagined.

Other persons had helped to deepen the feeling of dislike which she had originally inculcated. The surgeon of the village had several children, with whom
Emma

Emma was occasionally permitted to associate, and sorry am I to add that they were frequently sufferers from the violence of her uncorrected temper. The consequence was, that her little play-fellows, finding her grandmother was an object of terror and aversion to Emma, used to frighten her into submission by threatening to send her to her grandmamma. And Agatha found too late, that she had inspired her child with a sentiment of hatred unworthy of a Christian to feel or to inculcate.

Shuddering at this conviction, and at her own guilt in having cherished so vile a feeling in the heart of her child,—“How criminal I have been!” she exclaimed in the anguish of her soul: “but let me now make all the expiation I can.”

“My dear child,” cried Agatha, “you are to forgive your enemies, and to love every body.”

“Yes,” replied Emma, “forgive and
love

love every body :—No, no,—forgive and love every body but grandmamma.”

Agatha was confounded at the tenaciousness of Emma’s memory and feelings, and eagerly answered :—“ No :—you must forgive and love grandmamma too ; for she is a very good woman.”

“ No, no,—she is not a good woman ; she is cruel to you, and uses you ill, and beats you ! ”

“ Indeed she is good, and you must love her, Emma,” replied the distressed Agatha ; “ for she will love you and me very dearly, and perhaps we shall live with grandmamma very soon.”

Words would fail to express Agatha’s consternation at the violent expression of rage and aversion which this information excited in her child : for she was not in the least aware that her mother had long been a bugbear to Emma, through the means of her play-fellows. —And with

with painful surprise she heard the child, stamping with terror and passion, declare that she never never would go nigh so wicked, so very wicked a woman.

“I deserve this,” said Agatha mournfully :—“I violated my duty both as a child and mother, when I tried to pollute that innocent heart with the angry and disturbed passions of mine.” Then melting into tears of tenderness, she sighed over the injury which she had done Mrs. Castlemain by steeling her child’s heart against her : and the feelings of returning affection towards her were deepened by the consciousness.

The next week the advertisement was again repeated ; and Agatha’s heart was completely overcome. “Mother ! dear mother !” she exclaimed, “you shall not long sigh for me in vain.”

It so happened that on the Sunday following the parable of the Prodigal Son was read at church. Agatha listened to
it

it with emotions the most overwhelming : and when the preacher came to those words, “ I will arise and go to my father,” —her feelings became uncontrollable; and throwing herself on her knees, she hid her face on the seat, and nearly sobbed aloud.

Her emotion had not escaped the observant eye of the amiable being who was officiating ; and when service was over he followed Agatha, resolved that he would no longer permit her to reject as she had hitherto done his advances to acquaintance, since he was now convinced that something weighed heavily on her mind ; and he therefore believed that conversation with him in his professional capacity, if not as a friend, might be the means of lightening her sorrows. But he soon found that Agatha was no longer averse to form the acquaintance which he sought. Her mind was wounded by the reproaches of conscience ; and knowing the character
of

of this truly pious man, she hoped that if she unbosomed herself to him he might speak peace to her self-upbraiding spirit.

Accordingly she requested an interview with him, which he readily granted. She then detailed to him the eventful history of her short life, and of the feelings of regret, remorse, and repentant affection excited in her by her mother's advertisement.

"Let me advise you," cried Mr. Egerton, sighing as he spoke, "to lose no time in writing to your mother! Let her feel no longer the agony of 'hope deferred!'" And as he said this, overcome by some painful recollection, he brushed a tear from his eye. Agatha promised that she would write the next morning:—and cheerfully acceding to her request, that he would give her the benefit of his society as often as he could, he took his departure, leaving Agatha full of regret that

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she had allowed the feelings of disappointment and proud resentment to shut up her heart so long against the comforts of society and the consolations of religion.

But, alas! Agatha had neglected to profit by the past and the present, and for her there was no future in store.

Whether the agitation which she had experienced in church was the cause of illness, or whether it was only the effect of an illness then impending, it is impossible to determine; but that night she was seized with all the symptoms of a low and dangerous fever, and was soon pronounced to be past any hopes of recovery.

In one of the intervals of delirium she sent for Mr. Egerton; and after having gone through with him the duties of religion, she earnestly entreated him to take her child under his care, till her mother, to whom she was about to write, should make known her will concerning her.

“ I will

“I will do more,” replied Mr. Egerton; —“I will myself deliver your daughter and your letter into your mother’s hands.”

“What! undertake so long a journey yourself?”

“Can I be better employed!—Remember that your mother will need consolation;—and who so likely to give it to her as the man who attended you in your last moments? for believe me,” continued he, “I shall not leave you till all is over.”

“May God reward you!” cried Agatha, grasping his hand fervently—“O that I had known you sooner!”—Then, making a violent effort, she scrawled with a trembling hand the following lines:

“I presumed to indulge the bitterness of resentment, and towards a mother too; and I am punished for it! for just as I was going to throw myself into your arms, and accept your protection for me and my poor child, I was seized with a mortal
G 2
malady;

malady; and when you receive this, I shall be no more.—Take then my last blessing and farewell! Would I could have seen you before I died!—but I have a child;—love her:—she will be presented to you by the pious and generous being whose kindness has soothed to me the agonies of my last moments. If you and he think it right, let my claims and my Emma's (I called my child Emma after you) on my deluded husband be prosecuted legally; and let him be told, if you bring forward my claims, that with my last breath I forgave and prayed for him!

“A thousand sad and fond thoughts, my dearest mother, struggle for utterance as I write; but—I can no more—I—farewell—I—”

Here she fell back exhausted on her pillow; and in a few hours she expired.

Emma in the meanwhile had been kept as much as possible at the house of
the

the surgeon, as said before, where she had been in the habit of visiting; but the affectionate child could with difficulty be restrained from going home, though forbidden to go thither; for Agatha, as soon as she found that her disorder was infectious, had courageously determined not to see her child again.

When Agatha had breathed her last, Mr. Egerton went in search of the poor unconscious orphan, who eagerly ran up to him, and begged him to take her to her mamma.

"My dear child," replied Mr. Egerton, tears starting in his eyes, "your mamma has desired that I should take you home with me."

The child for a moment sullenly refused to go; but when he gravely added, "And can you have the cruelty to disobey your poor sick mamma?" Emma burst

burst into tears, and suffered him to lead her to his house.

But it was some time before he had resolution to tell the quick-feeling child that she could see her mother no more; nor, when he did so, had he fortitude enough to retain any thing like self-command when he witnessed her frantic agony at hearing it. Of death, indeed, she had but a vague idea; but not seeing her mother was a positive and intelligible evil: and hour succeeded to hour, and still the little sufferer was not consoled. But the next day the violence of her feelings had abated; and though she occasionally gave way to dreadful bursts of sorrow, the pains which Mr. Egerton's house-keeper took to amuse her were not thrown away upon her.

On the fourth day after Agatha died, the funeral took place; but Mr. Egerton
did

did not allow Emma to attend it. He knew how little used to restraint she had been ; and he dreaded, from a degree of curiosity and proneness to inquiry above her years, questions and conduct ill-assorted to the solemnity of the scene.

But he desired that Emma might be put into deep mourning. And on his return from the performance of the last melancholy duties to Agatha, with a heart full of sadness and a cheek pale with emotion, he started and shuddered at witnessing the childish joy with which Emma ran forward to meet him, and showed him her new clothes and her fine black sash.

“Poor child!” said Mr. Egerton, shedding tears as he clasped her to his generous bosom, “one day thou wilt know how dearly they are purchased !”

A few days after, Mr. Egerton, having learnt from Mrs. Castlemain’s agent in
London

London her change of name and her present abode, set off with Emma for the house of her grandmother. But he was careful not to let her know whither they were going, as he was aware of the child's aversion to Mrs. Castlemain, and knew that it would be better to conquer it by degrees, than attempt to overcome it by violence. Mrs. Castlemain still lived in Cumberland, and her house was situated between Keswick and Ambleside: it was therefore some days before Mr. Egerton reached his journey's end, and beheld at the foot of a mountain the beautiful mansion of Mrs. Castlemain. But the journey had not appeared long to him. Emma, though not much more than six years old, had found the way to his heart, and had unlocked his long-dormant affections. By turns he had been charmed by the quickness of her perceptions and had been terrified by the

the quickness of her sensibilities. He soon saw that she required a strict and unusually watchful eye to be kept over her; and long before they were arrived at their journey's end, he had convinced himself that Emma could have no guardian so watchful over her as he should be.

“Poor thing! how useful I could be to her!” he had said to himself:—and having once admitted the truth of that proposition, it was impossible for a man so conscientious as Mr. Egerton not to resolve to act accordingly; and his heart had fondly and for ever adopted the orphan Emma, when the postillion informed him that the house he saw before him was the house of Mrs. Castlemain, and by that means recalled to his recollection that he was going to present Emma to one who had real and natural claims on her, which might entirely annihilate those which he

G 5

had

had resolved to put in force. "But if her grandmother should not be willing to receive her?" thought Mr. Egerton; and he was shocked to find how much he wished that Mrs. Castlemain might give them a cold reception.

While these ideas were passing in his mind, and while Emma, sitting on his lap, was leaning against his bosom, and playfully parting the unpowdered locks that hung over his forehead, among which sorrow, not time, had scattered the gray hairs of age, the chaise stopped at the door of the White Cottage as it was called, and a lady, whose dress and manner bespoke her the mistress of the place, while her appearance proclaimed her worn with sorrow and anxiety, came to the green gate at which they stopped, and in a faint and languid tone demanded their business.

"Do

"Do I see Mrs. Castlemain?" said Mr. Egerton.

"Yes, sir," replied the lady : and struck with compassion at sight of her evident and habitual state of depression, he forgot the wish which he had just expressed, of keeping Emma to himself ; and thought of nothing but the probable comfort which she would prove to her forlorn and miserable relation.

"I have some business with you, madam," answered Mr. Egerton ; "and with your leave I will alight."

In a few moments Mr. Egerton, leading Emma by the hand, whose features were shaded from the view by her ringlets and the bonnet which she wore, followed the anxious and uneasy Mrs. Castlemain into the house, and prepared himself to give her the information which she was too anxious to demand.

But Mr. Egerton felt himself unable to

to speak before Emma : he therefore requested that she might be allowed to play in the garden before the house ; and Emma having eagerly accepted the permission given her, he found himself at last alone with the mother of Agatha.

“ Is that your little girl, sir ? ” said Mrs. Castlemain, while with an anxious and inquiring look she gazed on Emma from the window, and saw her bound along the lawn with all the untamed vivacity of childhood.

“ O, no ! ” answered Mr. Egerton, “ she is not my child ;—would to heaven she were ! She—— ” Here he paused, for he had not yet courage to enter on the mournful task that awaited him.

“ You were going to say something, sir,” said Mrs. Castlemain, seating herself by him, and speaking in a faltering voice, as if her heart foreboded something unusual. “ That sweet child, sir, by her
dress

dress seems to have lately sustained a great loss?"

"Yes, madam, the greatest of all losses," replied Mr. Egerton, making a great effort; "poor Emma has just lost——her mother!"

"Emma! did you say?" cried Mrs. Castlemain, catching hold of his arm, and gazing wildly in his face: "Who was her mother, sir?"

"You——you had a daughter, madam," replied Mr. Egerton.

"I *had* a daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Castlemain, and fell back insensible in her chair.

Mr. Egerton immediately rang for assistance: and while the servants ran backwards and forwards with restoratives, Emma, who saw them pass to and fro, imagined that refreshments for them were preparing, and instantly returning to the house she re-entered the parlour just as

Mrs.

Mrs. Castlemain had recovered her senses, and had learnt from Mr. Egerton that Agatha on her death-bed had bequeathed her orphan child to her care. Mr. Egerton was going to add, that Emma had conceived so great a terror and hatred of her grandmother, that it was advisable Mrs. Castlemain should not for the present be known to her as any thing more than a friend of her mother's,—when he was prevented by her unexpected entrance.

As soon as Mrs. Castlemain saw her, a thousand fond and uncontrollable emotions urged her towards the unconscious orphan; while tears of tenderness trickling down her wan cheek, she stretched forth her arms to the astonished and affrighted child, and dropping on her knees entreated her to come to the arms of her grandmother.

At that name Emma, starting from Mrs. Castlemain's grasp as if from the touch

touch of a serpent, uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and darting through the open doors flew over the lawn; while Mrs. Castlemain, shocked and surprised, sank almost fainting on the floor, and demanded of Mr. Egerton an explanation of this strange conduct.

“By some unfortunate means or other,” replied he, “she has learned to associate with the name of her grandmother ideas of fear and dislike; which her poor mother has vainly endeavoured to remove.”

“But then she did endeavour to remove them?” eagerly remarked Mrs. Castlemain.

“She did,” said Mr. Egerton.

“Thank God!” returned the unhappy and repentant mother; (and Mr. Egerton immediately gave her Agatha’s letter;)—then begging Mr. Egerton to go and find Emma, and endeavour to soothe her, she
hastily

hastily left the room to read it in the solitude of her own apartment.

Mr. Egerton went immediately in search of Emma. He found her in a paroxysm of rage and terror. At sight of him she stamped with all the violence of passion, and protested that she would go away that moment. Mr. Egerton replied that he had brought her there by her poor mother's express command; but that if she would not stay where she was, he must take her away again; still he could not and would not go till he had eaten his dinner: he therefore expected that she should return into the house with him. But the violent child refused to comply; for she said the house belonged to her wicked grandmamma.

"So does the bank on which you are sitting, my dear," replied Mr. Egerton: and Emma started from it immediately.

"The

"The place on which you are standing is hers also ;—every thing you see is hers, except the post-chaise," observed Mr. Egerton : "therefore while I dine I know not what can become of you, as you can't bear to remain on your grandmother's premises."

"I will sit in the post-chaise," said Emma, sobbing violently. And Mr. Egerton having ordered the postillion to put the horses into the stable, and to go into the house himself, he assisted Emma into the chaise ; and then left her to herself, expecting that solitude and hunger would at length subdue her as yet untamed and pernicious anger and animosity.

It was near an hour before Mrs. Castlemain was sufficiently composed to venture into the parlour again : and during that time the cloth was laid for dinner, and he saw that Emma from the chaise window
could

could see the preparations which were going on.

Mrs. Castlemain at length came down; and with a countenance so full of woe that Mr. Egerton could not speak to her when he beheld her, but was forced to turn to the window to hide his emotion.

"Where is my child, my all now?" said Mrs. Castlemain in a voice almost extinct with sorrow.

"I have left her to herself," replied Mr. Egerton; "for at present she is too headstrong for me to attempt to bring her hither."

"Shall I go to her? shall I humble myself before her?"

"By no means. On the first impression which you now give her of yourself will depend her future conduct toward you; and if she finds you submissive, depend on it she is discerning enough to act accordingly."

"No

“No matter,” cried Mrs. Castlemain, “so that she does but love me.”

“But for her sake as well as for yours, my dear madam, it is necessary that she should respect you too. At least allow me to advise you today, and we will see what tomorrow will produce.”

“You shall direct, and I will obey you,” replied Mrs. Castlemain; “for a mind so injured by distress as mine is, scarcely knows what is right:—and indeed,” added she, “I would have seen no one but you, after the sad intelligence which I have just received;—but you have such claims on me! Besides, from you I can learn all the particulars of” Here her voice failed her. Mr. Egerton was at no loss to fancy the remainder of the sentence.

Soon after, dinner was announced, and Mrs. Castlemain as she seated herself at the table asked Mr. Egerton if she must really not invite Emma to join them.

“Cer-

“Certainly not,” he replied: “but let us open the windows, that she may see what is going forward.”

Mrs. Castlemain, whom sorrow kept fasting, sat opposite the window; and as she could not eat, her whole attention was directed to Emma: she saw her continually looking out of the window of the chaise, as if she wished to be a sharer in what was going forward; and Mrs. Castlemain begged to be allowed to carry her some dinner. But Mr. Egerton requested that she would not be so perniciously indulgent. When dinner was ended, and a dessert of fine fruit brought on the table, Emma proclaimed by her gestures and her angry screams the violence of her rage and her disappointment.

“I cannot bear this;—I must go to her,” said Mrs. Castlemain.

“Forgive me, but it is not yet time.”

“But there is a mist rising from the lakes, Mr. Egerton, and she will catch cold.”

“I had

“ I had rather, madam, her health should be temporarily affected, than her temper ruined eternally,—which it must be, if she be allowed to see that by persisting in violence she can gain a point.”

At these words, at this sentiment, Mrs. Castlemain sighed deeply, and became silent ; for she had heard them before : she had heard them from that beloved husband whose precepts she had disregarded, whose rules for education she had neglected to act upon, and had by that means occasioned the ruin of her daughter !

Terrible are the wounds inflicted by self-reproach ;—and Mrs. Castlemain felt them severely.

When Mr. Egerton had finished his fruit, he went out to Emma. He found her quiet, but sullen : and he took care to let her know that, but for him, her grandmother Mrs. Castlemain would have brought

brought her out some dinner ; but that he told her he knew very well that she would take nothing from her hands. The child hung her conscious head on her bosom at these words, and, bursting into a loud fit of sobbing, replied, “ But I am so hungry ! ”

“ Indeed ! ” answered Mr. Egerton ; “ I am sorry to hear it ; for hungry you must remain, unless you choose to eat some of your grandmother’s excellent pudding and fruit.”

“ I am so hungry ! ” cried Emma again : and Mr. Egerton immediately letting down the step of the chaise, Emma allowed him to lead her in silence into the house ; while with all the grimaces and distortions of sheepishness and sullenness she accepted a chair and plate at the table, and turning her back on Mrs. Castlemain, eagerly ate the good things which were set before her.

When

When she had satisfied her hunger, she got up and begged Mr. Egerton to order the chaise, and take her away again.

“Not to-night,” said Mr. Egerton coolly; “for I have promised to stay and sleep here.”

Emma heard him in sullen silence: but it was not long before she gladly consented to be undressed and put into a warm bed; where, with the happy forgetfulness of her age, she soon ceased to remember on whose bed she was, and fell into a deep and peaceful slumber.

“Thank God!” cried Mrs. Castlemain when she heard of it, gratefully pressing Mr. Egerton’s hand as she spoke, “the child of my poor Agatha is reposing under my roof.”

The rest of the evening was passed in anxious and interesting questions on the part of Mrs. Castlemain, and as interesting
answers

answers on the part of Mr. Egerton ; who, though prejudiced greatly against Mrs. Castlemain by knowing Agatha, and the faults in her temper, a character which he attributed to a defective education, was so deeply impressed by her evident distress, so affected by the “venerable presence of misery,” (as Sterne calls it,) that he retired to rest full of kindness and regard for his unhappy hostess, and resolved to do all that lay in his power to console her afflictions.

The next morning, when Emma awoke (and worn out with the fatigue and angry agitation of the day before she had slept much later than usual,) she found two servants watching by her bed-side, and ready to assist her to dress as soon as she was disposed to rise. It is difficult to say how soon a child loves to be made of importance ; and certain it is, that Emma was fully capable of feeling the delight of
being

being waited upon. She was also equally alive to the pleasures of a repast far more luxurious than she had ever seen; and the sight of a breakfast consisting of hot bread, honey, cream, preserved gooseberries, potted char, and fruit, immediately had power to suppress the emotions of terror and aversion which the sight of Mrs. Castlemain again occasioned her.

Mr. Egerton was also careful to let her receive every thing which she desired from the hand of Mrs. Castlemain: and the latter, having received the hint from Mr. Egerton, called the servants into the room; and after introducing Emma to them as her granddaughter and sole heiress, and their future mistress, desired them, as they valued her favour, to show her every possible attention.

Where one association is already powerful, it can be destroyed only by one as

powerful, or still more so. The grandmother, hitherto an object of dread to Emma, and a being with whom she associated nothing but ideas of hatred and aversion, was now, because she had ministered to Emma's pleasure and ambition, become associated with agreeable images only in her mind; and with the versatility of childhood she now no longer shrank from the offered kiss of Mrs. Castlemain, but gazed on her with a propitiatory smile as the dispenser of plenty and happiness.

Mrs. Castlemain beheld with delight the victory which she had gained; and eager to insure its duration, she went in search of some old toys which had belonged to her daughter: and not waiting to indulge the painful recollections which the sight of them occasioned her, she soon returned laden with them into the parlour; where Emma, uttering a scream of joy, ran forward to meet her, and with eager-

ness received in her lap the precious case. The scream, the eager look of joyful impatience, the mottled and extended arms, reminded Mrs. Castlemain so powerfully of her lost daughter, that with a heart oppressed almost to bursting she rushed out of the room, and walked on the lawn to recover herself. But then she recollected how foolish she was to allow herself to be so painfully overcome by a resemblance which must endear Emma to her, and she resolved to re-enter the parlour, to contemplate the likeness from which she had before fled.

But the lapse of years on her return was entirely forgotten, and the illusion complete. Emma was seated on the carpet, encompassed by her mother's toys, and in the same room which had so often witnessed the childish sports of Agatha! and as she shook back her auburn and

clustering ringlets from her face, and smilingly held up one of the playthings to Mrs. Castlemain on her entrance, she rushed forward to embrace Emma, exclaiming as she did so, "My dear dear child!" Then, suddenly recollecting herself, she left the room, overcome by the mixed and painful feelings which overwhelmed her.

At this moment, as she slowly walked down the lawn before the house, she met Mr. Egerton, to whom she expressed the emotion which Emma occasioned her to experience from her strong likeness to her poor mother.

"The likeness strikes even me," replied Mr. Egerton, "who saw your daughter only when pale and faded by uneasiness of mind.—And I fear," added Mr. Egerton, "that the likeness in one respect extends still further; and that in the quickness

quickness of feeling and in the ungovernableness of her temper she also resembles her mother."

"Perhaps she does," said Mrs. Castlemain; "but so as she be but like her, I care not however dear the complete resemblance may cost me!"

Mr. Egerton forgave the irrationality of this speech, for the sake of the feeling which it contained: but he felt it his duty to convince Mrs. Castlemain, that she was bound in conscience to endeavour to correct and eradicate those defects in Emma's temper and disposition which had had so fatal an effect on her mother's happiness. And he did so in a manner so kind and soothing, at the same time that he expressed his sentiments firmly and unequivocally, that Mrs. Castlemain confessed the impropriety of the sentiment which she had before indulged, and promised that it should be the study of her life to
make

make Emma's temper as mild and tractable as her poor mother's had been otherwise.

"But, indeed," said Mrs. Castlemain, "I fear my own weakness, my own want of resolution. Sorrow and remorse have changed almost into imbecility and incapacity of resistance that proud tyrannical spirit to which I attribute all my woes;—and against the child of my injured Agatha, never never can I use severe measures, even though they may be deemed necessary."

"I can enter into the feelings which produce that conviction," replied Mr. Egerton, "and have no doubt but that you will sometimes act upon them to Emma's disadvantage; therefore you will want an assistant in the important office of educating your dear charge."

"I shall:—but where, O! where can I find the person with the proper requisites

sites to undertake that office? If you, sir, would and can undertake it, believe me, my fondest hopes for Emma's welfare would at once be realized."

"To say the truth, madam," answered Mr. Egerton, "I have been wishing to offer you my services."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Castlemain eagerly: "then all my fears are at an end.—Name your own terms, and I will instantly accede to them. I should think my whole income cheaply spent in insuring to my Agatha's child those advantages which I was incapable of affording to her mother."

"Believe me, my dear madam, that the pecuniary reward which I shall ask for my trouble will be very little; my best and dearest reward will be your esteem and respect, and the affection of Emma. I *was* a solitary, insulated, unattached being; but I feel *now* that I have still affec-

tions,

tions, and that my heart is not entirely buried in the grave: and while I travelled from Sussex hither with your orphan grandchild, I learnt to love her so tenderly, that I thought I should never have the courage to separate from her again."

"I hope you never will," replied Mrs. Castlemain.

"I don't mean to do so at present.—In a fit of gloom, and disgust to the world, I solicited the curacy of the village near which your daughter resided; but I found not there the comfort which I sought. I had been used to society, and I saw myself in a desert:—true, there were poor around me, and I could minister to their wants; but they were as ignorant as they were indigent, and I felt the wretchedness which made me leave the world, increased by the fancied remedy which I had chosen. Therefore I was resolved to give up the situation and seek a less gloomy one,

one, when I became acquainted with your lost Agatha, and learnt to know the value of that society which the sullen proud reserve, springing from a consciousness of unmerited misfortune, was always careful to withhold from me.—But this is not to the point in question :—You wish me to assist you in educating Emma, and I wish to afford you such assistance. My terms then are these :—You shall give me the same sum (and no more) which I received as a curate ; and as preaching does not agree with my health, I will give it up entirely, and content myself with performing the other duties of a parish priest, namely, visiting the sick and the afflicted, and bestowing on them the consolations of religion.—But I must have a house to myself.”

“ What ! will you not live with me ? ”

“ By no means ; but as near you as you please. And should any one in the

neighbourhood have another pupil to confer me, I will agree to receive another pupil, either boy or girl."

"Nothing can be more fortunate," eagerly returned Mrs. Castlemain: "Mr. Hargrave, a gentleman who lives about two miles off, is at this time greatly in want of a tutor in some way or other, for his nephew Henry St. Aubyn, whom, from some caprice or other, he has taken from Westminster school: he has a very pretty little cottage on his estate, which is now to let: therefore, if you will not indulge me by living in my house...."

"Indulge you, my dear madam!—What! make you and me the theme of all the gossips in the town of Keswick! No:—we are neither of us old enough to set busy tongues at defiance: besides, as we are to educate Emma, we must not set her the example of a violation of decorum; for I deem an attention to de-
corum

corum one of the first bulwarks of female chastity."

Mrs. Castlemain in a happier moment would not perhaps have been sorry to be told that she was still too young to escape scandal; but she was very sorry that she could not make her arrangements so as to enjoy the comfort of Mr. Egerton's conversation at all times. She however rejoiced at having succeeded so much to her own satisfaction in procuring a preceptor for the orphan Emma.

"But what sort of man is Mr. Hargrave?" asked Mr. Egerton.

"O! a humourist, and a domestic tyrant; a man who can't bear contradiction, and who likes to keep even those whom he pretends to love, in an abject state of dependence on his will."

"Was he ever at College for a short time?"

"Yes."

"At

“ At Cambridge ? ”

“ I believe so.”

“ Is he rich ? ”

“ Very rich.”

“ And is his name Henry ? ”

“ It is.”

“ Then it must be the same Hargrave whom I knew at College. He is my senior by some years, but I occasionally associated with him during his short stay there.”

“ I flatter myself he is the Mr. Hargrave whom you know; for I hope there are not two such queer-tempered beings in the world.”

“ This Henry Hargrave had a very beautiful sister who came to visit her brother, a very showy dressing, dashing girl, and her name was Henrietta.”

“ That convinces me,” replied Mrs. Castlemain, “ my neighbour and your College friend are the same person; for
Henrietta

Henrietta Hargrave married Mr. St. Aubyn, a gentleman of an old and honourable family and large estates ; and having ruined him by her extravagance, he died, it is said, broken-hearted ; and she as well as her son is now dependent on the bounty of Mr. Hargrave, and at this moment she resides at Keswick, and Henry with his uncle."

"So," replied Mr. Egerton, "I am here then *en pays de connoissance* ; and for your sake, Mrs. Castlemain, I rejoice in being so, for you can now receive proper testimonials to convince you that I am the man of education and honour which I have professed myself to be : for, my dear madam, you must own that you have at present only my own word to prove that I am the reverend Lionel Egerton, and no sharper or swindler."

"Sir," replied Mrs. Castlemain with great feeling, "it is enough for me that
my

my poor child named you with gratitude and affection in her letter, and that you have been the protector of her orphan hither."

"But suppose I have robbed the real Egerton of the letter and the child?" replied Mr. Egerton smiling.

"O! my dear sir, your looks and manner are sufficient proofs that...."

"Well, well,—I see you are determined to think well of me, and that it was not imprudent in you to receive me into your house without a certificate of my good intentions: however, I feel at this moment so satisfied with myself, with you, and with my present prospects, that, as I am in a conversable humour, I will trouble you to tell me my way to Mr. Hargrave's; and I will call upon him, and beg him to assure you that your confidence is really not ill placed."

Then, having received the necessary
infor-

information, Mr. Egerton set off on his visit to the Vale-House, as Mr. Hargrave's seat was called.

I will now give a short sketch of Mr. Egerton's history. But it is a history common to many men. Events in life are often not important in themselves, but rendered so by the effect which they produce in the person to whom they occur.

Mr. Egerton was the youngest son of a very numerous and respectable family, and brought up to the Church, on the prospect of being provided for by a noble relation. At College he soon distinguished himself by his knowledge of the classics and his conversational powers; and he was so deservedly a favourite of the circle in which he moved, that, having become a fellow at the age of twenty-eight, he was contented to await at the University a good College living,
or

or one from his long-promised patron; when, unfortunately for his peace, he was introduced to the beautiful sister of a College friend, and became passionately and irrecoverably in love for the first time in his life. Nor was the young lady slow to return his passion;—but to marry was impossible.

Miss Ainslie was the daughter of an extravagant man of fashion, and her habits had been expensive in a degree far beyond what her fortune warranted. True, she was willing in a transport of youthful enthusiasm to share the poverty of the man of her heart, and to quit “the scenes so gay, where she was fairest of the fair.” But Mr. Egerton knew that it was the nature of enthusiasm to subside, and that love, when exposed to the assaults of poverty and the teasing details of severe domestic œconomy, is only too apt to struggle against them in vain: and
 though

though sure that his passion was proof against all attacks whatever, he was unwilling to expose that of miss Ainslie to the trial which he did not fear for his own. It was therefore settled on mature deliberation that the lovers should not marry till Mr. Egerton obtained a living; and in the mean while Mr. Egerton and miss Ainslie's friends were both very active in their endeavours to obtain, from the noble relation mentioned before, the long-promised living. But year succeeded to year, application to application, and still Mr. Egerton's claims were overlooked or forgotten; and the sickly hue of "hope deferred" began to be visible on the once blooming cheek of Clara Ainslie. To her a union with Mr. Egerton was desirable, not only because he was a man whom her heart and her reason both approved, but she longed to seek shelter in the protection and quiet of a house of her own,

own, from the profligate and dissipated company which frequented the house of her deluded father, and sometimes insulted her with addresses to which her well-known poverty but too frequently exposed her. But her hopes of emancipation from her sufferings still continued fruitless; and she saw herself at the age of five and-thirty the ghost of what she was, and vainly endeavouring, by the faint glimmerings of a distant hope of a union with her still devoted lover, to cheer her drooping spirits, and light up the languid radiance of her eye. But the frame, weak and delicate while warm with youth and the consciousness of happiness, shrank and faded before the constant and corroding power of restless wishes and certain distresses; while Egerton, only kept alive himself by a sure though distant prospect as he thought of having his long-raised expectations gratified, hung over her

her drooping form with still increased affection and anxiety.

At length he heard in the fourteenth year of their courtship that the incumbent on a very considerable living in Lord D's gift was a very old man, and at the point of death; and he hastened to the house of a friend at about forty miles distance, where Clara was then staying, in order to impart to her this welcome intelligence. He arrived, and found her in a rapid decline. Her constitution had at length yielded to the constant demands made on it by her feelings;—and she had scarcely smiled on the welcome news which her lover brought, had scarcely received the kiss on her pale cheek, with which he hailed her his in prospect for ever—when, laying her head on his bosom, she murmured out, “We shall then at length be happy!” and expired.

On the day of her funeral, and while
Egerton

Egerton with the calmness of deep-rooted anguish was visiting the body for the last time and gazing on it in solitary woe, the letter announcing the death of the incumbent above mentioned followed him to the chamber of mourning; and he found that a living worth a thousand a year waited his immediate acceptance!

Oh! what agony did he not endure, while in a hollow and mournful tone he exclaimed, "It comes too late!"—and stooping down as he did so, rested his cheek on the cold brow of Clara.

"*It comes too late, and I reject it:—* I scorn the wealth of which she lives not to partake; and now welcome poverty and solitude!" was his only answer to his patron; and with a sort of spiteful sorrow and savage grief he gave up his fellowship, and sought for the trifling curacy above mentioned, resolved to court the difficulties and privations of a narrow

narrow income. But when time, the great soother, had calmed the first transports of his sorrow, he became dissatisfied with his situation:—not that he wished for means of living better, for in principle he had always practised the strictest denial, nor had he ever found his yearly savings insufficient to relieve the really deserving indigent around him: but he was conscious of having other treasures which he could not in solitude bestow—the treasures of his learning, his knowledge of mankind, and his experience. He saw himself amply possessed of the power of being useful, but completely shut out from the means of employing that power. If he talked, there were none to listen to or understand him; and though he felt convinced that his affections were for ever buried in the tomb of Clara, he sighed for a kindred mind, and wished for an intelligent companion, if it
was

was only to listen to the tale of his sorrows. As soon as he saw Agatha he thought he had found this companion. He read an expression of fixed sorrow in her countenance that interested him; but he soon found that it was a sort of savage, proud, sullen sorrow, like what his own had originally been; and though he felt her endeared to him by this conviction, he also felt that this disposition was a bar to all hopes of intimacy: and he had lived in the same village with Agatha two years before he had exchanged two words with her. But when he saw her melted into tears at church at the pathetic parable of the Prodigal Son, he felt that the power of sullen grief was past, and he doubted not but that the moment was arrived when the voice of consolation would be welcome to Agatha, and when her heart, as I before observed, would be lightened of half its load, could she but tell the tale of
her

her sorrows to one who would listen to and pity them. Accordingly he did speak to her:—he heard her mournful tale: and while he hung over her death bed, and received her last parting wishes, and promised to obey them,—with the consciousness of being useful returned a degree of tranquillity to his mind; and the death of Agatha awakened him to new life and the prospect of new enjoyment. Besides, he read in her deep and guilty resentment,—in that sullen indignation which had caused her to put off the day of forgiveness till the pardon which she longed to pronounce and to implore was arrested on her lips by death,—a warning lesson and a salutary reproof to himself. Because a patron had neglected to fulfil his promises till according to his long-treasured hopes he could no longer profit by his bounty, in the sullenness of resentment,—a resentment which could injure and mortify himself

self alone,—he had fled from the society of men, to brood in retirement over the proud consciousness of injury. He had allowed the powers of his mind to droop, unstimulated by the influence of collision; and had suffered hours, precious hours, to be wasted in the languor of unavailing regret, which he might have employed to amuse, to instruct, and to enlighten his fellow-creatures.

“I have erred; but I will endeavour instantly to repair my error,” he exclaimed, as he stood by the corpse of Agatha;—adding, as he imprinted a kiss on the cold unconscious hand beside him, “Thou shalt not have suffered and repented in vain. And I will repay, by endeavouring to benefit thy child, the gratitude I owe thee for the good I have derived from thy warning example.”

He kept his resolution: and the child of Agatha became the pupil of his affection.

When

When Mr. Egerton returned from his visit to Mr. Hargrave, who happened to be in a good humour, and therefore received him graciously, he was pleased to find that when the postillion had come to the door with the chaise, according to the orders given the preceding day, Emma had burst into tears at sight of him, had protested that she would stay where she was, and had screamed as much at the idea of leaving her grandmother as she had before done at the idea of staying with her: nor could she be at all pacified till Mrs. Castlemain had paid and discharged the driver and his chaise.

“May all her hatreds through life be as evanescent as her hatred of you has been, my dear madam!” said Mr. Egerton; “for the being who hates easily and eternally, is a curse to himself and a pest to his fellow-creatures.”

Mr. Egerton returned, accompanied by

Henry St. Aubyn, the nephew of Mr. Hargrave, and now the pupil in prospect of Mr. Egerton, who ever and anon regarded him with such looks of interest and affection, as, considering the shortness of their acquaintance, were matter of surprise to Mrs. Castlemain.

Henry St. Aubyn was a tall, lank, unformed boy of fourteen; his figure all bone, and his face all eyes; for the rest of his features had not as yet grown sufficiently to bear any proportion to the large dark gray eyes, shaded with long and silken black eyelashes, which formed the striking feature in his sun-burnt yet blooming face. His hair, which once curled in luxuriant ringlets down his shoulders, was, to the great mortification of his mother's vanity, cropt close to his head, to gratify the arbitrary will of his uncle. But to prevent his hair from curling was impossible;—short, but full, his dark ringlets

lets still clustered round his straight low forehead, and gave his head the resemblance of the bust of some young Greek. Still, though his appearance was certainly picturesque and interesting, he was not yet handsome enough to deserve the earnest gaze of affectionate and silent admiration which Mr. Egerton bestowed on him: but Mrs. Castlemain ceased to be surprised, when Mr. Egerton, sighing deeply as he turned away from a long examination of St. Aubyn's features, said to her, "That dear boy, madam, is, by his father, I find, second cousin to the Ainslies, and to *her* whom I have mentioned to you. And I am sure, quite sure, that in the cut of his dark gray eye, and in countenance, particularly when he smiles, he greatly resembles her. Judge then, madam, with what delight I shall undertake the task of instructing him."

Before Mrs. Castlemain could reply,

Emma, who had just been fresh washed and dressed, came running into the room ; and jumping on Mr. Egerton's lap, told him with a scream of joy that the postchaise was gone, and that they were to stay where they were, and go away no more. " I am glad of it," cried Henry St. Aubyn ; " for I hope you will stay and play with me, and love me."

Emma at first drew back from his offered hand ; but after looking at him some time under her ringlets that hung over her eyes, she ventured to give her hand ; and in a short time she very kindly took him to see her baby-house.

The intimacy thus happily begun, was as happily matured by time. Mr. Egerton became the inhabitant of a small house at an equal distance between Mr. Hargrave's and Mrs. Castlemain's ; but he taught Emma and St. Aubyn together at the house of the latter ; while Emma, urged on by
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the example and praises of St. Aubyn, learnt eagerly and readily every thing which Mr. Egerton taught her, and was soon the pride and delight of her grandmother, her preceptor, and her companion.

But it was not in her studies only that Emma profited by the society of St. Aubyn; her heart and her temper were benefited by his example. It was at first a difficult task for Mrs. Castlemain by kindness, and Mr. Egerton by judicious severity, to break their pupil of those habits of violence and ill-humour which the unfavourable circumstances in which she had been placed had exposed her to acquire. But this task was rendered easy at length by the model of fine temper and obedience exhibited to her every day by St. Aubyn.

Henry St. Aubyn's most striking characteristic was filial piety. He was an only child, and his mind and feelings exhibited

bited that precocity which is often observed in those children who have been the exclusive objects of attention and instruction. But he had also been in situations which never fail to bring forward prematurely the sensibility and the intellect. He had been nursed and educated in scenes of domestic distress:—the tears of his mother had mingled with her caresses of him, while she loudly lamented that extravagance, though she had not resolution to relinquish it, which would unavoidably destroy the future fortune of her son. He had also wept on his father's neck, while in unavailing agony the self-condemned parent had implored his forgiveness, for having weakly allowed his fond folly as a husband to get the better of his duty as a father, and suffer Mrs. St. Aubyn to pursue that ruinous line of conduct which had made them all beggars and dependants.

But luckily for Henry it was only as a
 husband

husband that Mr. St. Aubyn was weak and criminally indulgent : as a father, he knew how to unite kindness with restraint and tenderness with firmness so judiciously, that the temper of his son was neither soured by cruel privations, nor injured still more by blind and excessive indulgence.

Henry St. Aubyn obeyed his father in infancy, because he knew that on disobedience awaited certain punishment ; and thus the habit of obedience to proper restraint and proper commands was acquired without trouble. As he grew older, he found that he was thus constrained because his ruler knew better what was good for him than he for himself, and he continued to obey from respect as well as from habit : and as his father possessed that command of temper himself which he endeavoured to teach, St. Aubyn both from precept and example became mild without abjectness, and good-humoured without effort.

fort. Besides, he had the great advantage of being his father's constant companion; and being thus early the witness of his parents' sorrows, he learnt to feel and to reflect deeply at a time of life when children in general only know "the tear forgot as soon as shed," and the almost uninterrupted sunshine of the breast. He also felt himself the sole comfort of his father; and his young self-love flattered by the consciousness, he preferred his own lonely fireside and the sad society of his unhappy parent, to the sports of childhood and the heartless mirth of his companions.

When his father was on his death-bed, he called St. Aubyn to him, who had then not long reached the age of thirteen; and telling him that he knew he was in virtue and understanding considerably above his years, he bequeathed his mother to his care and protection; desiring him, whatever might be her errors, to behave
to

to her with tenderness and forbearance, and to prove himself in every thing not only a fond and obedient son, but a guardian and a defender.

“The charge was needless,” replied St. Aubyn melting into tears: “but, to give you all the satisfaction in my power, *hear me swear, That in all emergencies whatever, my mother’s peace and comfort shall be my first care and my first motive of action.*”

Mr. St. Aubyn accepted the oath; called him the best of children, prayed for his welfare; and the last words he pronounced while with clasped hands he awaited his final struggle, were a prayer for Henry.

St. Aubyn’s father had not been dead above nine months when he first saw Emma at Mrs. Castlemain’s, and her mourning habit for her mother he beheld with a sympathetic interest.

“Poor child!” said he one day, as he looked at her black dress.

“Aye!” replied Mrs. Castlemain, “unhappy child!—it is very hard to lose a parent so young!”

“Say rather, Happy child!” said St. Aubyn bursting into tears, “to lose a parent when she was too young to know the greatness of her loss!”

“Don’t cry, master Henry,” said Emma, putting up her pretty mouth to kiss him; “grandmamma is not angry with you.” And St. Aubyn, catching her to his bosom, wept over her with mixed pity and affection.

When Mrs. Castlemain was again alone with Mr. Egerton, she said to him after some little hesitation, “But by what name, my dear sir, shall I call our Emma?”

“By what name, my dear madam? By her own name, certainly,—that of her father—Danvers.”

“No,

“No, sir, no !” replied Mrs. Castlemain with great agitation ; “I cannot bear to be every moment reminded of that villain !”

“But consider, madam, that by not calling your granddaughter and heiress by the name of her father, you would seem to admit her illegitimacy, and that she was not born in wedlock.”

“No, sir, no ; because I mean to call her Castlemain !”

“But, madam, her name is not Castlemain ; and I am a decided enemy to all sorts of fraud. For whom, and what, madam, do you wish this dear child to be imposed on the world ?”

“Sir, I scorn the idea of imposition as much as you.”

“Then, to prove it, call the child Agatha Danvers ; for then, and then only, will the real truth be told.”

“No, sir ; I will call her by the
name

name of my late husband, who was my first cousin, as I mean as soon as she is of age to give her an estate left me by Mr. Castlemain, and shall solicit leave for her to bear the name and arms of Castlemain."

"But in the mean while, madam, for what do you wish her to be taken by strangers?—for your child by Mr. Castlemain?"

"I do not see, sir, that it is necessary for her own and her mother's story to be told to every one. Our intimate friends know it of course; and should any gentleman pay his addresses to Emma, he also will be told the truth."

"But suppose, madam, that, believing Emma to be the daughter of the honourable Mrs. Castlemain, a gentleman allows himself to become in love with Emma, under the sanction of a father's approbation; do you not think that gentleman

man will have reason to reproach you, when he finds he has been deceived by the change of name ; and that your heiress is the fruit of a marriage which in all human probability will never be proved to have taken place ? ”

“ Sir,” said Mrs. Castlemain angrily, “ you are putting an extreme case, and fancying, I hope, an improbability that does not *exist* ! Sir, my peace of mind depends on my not hearing the hateful name of Danvers ; and in this respect, sir, I must beg, sir—nay, sir, I must *insist* on having my own way ! ”

“ Well, madam, then I must submit, though against my principles and my judgement ; for never yet did I know any good the result of deception,—and God grant that from this no material mischief may ensue ! ”

Accordingly the orphan of Agatha was in future known by the name of Emma Castlemain.

But

But before I go on with the history of Emma and her young companion Henry St. Aubyn, I shall make my readers acquainted with two persons who will be prominent characters in these pages, and on whose influence, directly and indirectly, will in a great measure depend the fate both of my hero and my heroine.

Mr. Hargrave was one of those fortunate men whom a series of unforeseen accidents, aided by quickness of talent and industry, elevate from a mean and obscure situation of life to one of opulence and gentility; and, as is often the case with persons who are the makers of their own fortune, he valued himself greatly on the extent of his possessions, and had a particular spite against family pride, and what he denominated "a poor proud gentleman." Mr. Hargrave's understanding was good, but he fancied it better than it really was; or rather, perhaps he did not so much overvalue his own ability, as undervalue that
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of those who surrounded him. He did not fancy, while measuring himself with others, that he was a giant ; but he erroneously imagined them to be pygmies, while he piqued himself on his talent of overreaching and imposing upon his less acute companions. This propensity alone would have prevented him from being a desirable companion ; as, though he was unconscious of it, his attempts were often discovered by the objects of them ; and however politeness might prevent them from disclosing the discovery, they felt an indignant resentment at being supposed weak enough to be so deceived. But there was a still stronger reason why, though he might be an active citizen, an upright tradesman, and a generous relation, he could never be an amiable man, an agreeable companion, or a beloved friend. He was the slave of a bad and incorrigible temper ; and this slave to himself

self became the tyrant of others. The spoiled child of a weak and ignorant mother, whose understanding he despised, and of an indolent and sottish father, whose helpless yet contented indigence disgusted him,—he was thrown upon the world with all his irritable feelings uncorrected and unsubdued, except where interest and ambition made it necessary for him to assume the virtue which he had not.

At the age of thirty, love asserted its turn to reign over his yet unwounded heart; and the object of his affection had extreme youth, loveliness and gentleness, to recommend her to his notice. Her fortune was small; but that he did not consider as any obstacle to his wishes, as he had wealth enough for both; and her birth and connexions were such as to flatter his pride. Nor was he long before he made known his passion and his views:
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and the lady seemed so fully to return his affection, and to share in the warm approbation of his suit which her parents expressed, that even a time for their union was fixed; while the prospect of happiness as perfect as this world can afford, seemed to soften the usual asperity of Mr. Hargrave's disposition, and he felt desirous of imparting to others the cheerfulness which he was conscious of himself. But his hopes and his benevolence were only too soon clouded, as it were for ever, by the most cruel and unmerited of disappointments. A better connexion, and perhaps a more amiable man, were offered to the mercenary parents of Mr. Hargrave's betrothed wife; and in a short time, by a number of little neglects and petty affronts, he was given to understand that both the lady and her family were become tired of him and his pretensions: and while by letters of earnest expostulation

lation he was daily requesting to be informed how he had deserved to forfeit the favour of the parents and the tenderness of the daughter, he received the overwhelming and heart-rending intelligence that the woman of his affections was married to another !

It would be needless for me to point out to my readers the natural effect of an injury and a disappointment like this, on a proud and irritable temper like that of Mr. Hargrave. Suffice that, having shortly realized by a successful speculation a fortune sufficient even for his lofty ambition, he resolved to give up business and retire into the country, in order to brood in solitude over the recollection of promised joys to him for ever lost, and the wrongs which, though common to many, his resentment magnified into injuries never experienced before by any one but himself.

But

But the affair did not end here. The brother of his mistress, hearing that Mr. Hargrave in the bitterness of just resentment had used very opprobrious terms when speaking of her conduct, insisted that he should either retract what he had said, or give him the satisfaction of a gentleman. With this latter demand Mr. Hargrave eagerly complied, and his second fire stretched his adversary on the ground, apparently deprived of life. But though the surgeon in attendance declared that life was only suspended, his wound was so dangerous a one that Mr. Hargrave and the seconds thought proper to abscond. During a whole twelvemonth the former was forced to be an exile from his country, and to experience the tormenting fear of being obliged never to return to it, or of standing a trial for his life.

At length, however, the cause of his distress was declared wholly out of danger,

ger, and Mr. Hargrave returned to England:—but both from principle and feeling he was become so decided an enemy to duelling, that he solemnly declared he would discard, pursue with implacable hatred, and disinherit a relation, however dear to him, who should either give or accept a challenge. He returned too so disgusted with the world, that he immediately went in search of an estate in some distant part of the country; and having on the death of his parents made his orphan sister the mistress of his house, he took her with him on his journey. It was while making the tour of the Lakes that chance introduced Mr. St. Aubyn to their acquaintance, who, captivated with the beauty of miss Hargrave, formed that hasty and ill-advised union with her, which was the ruin of his fortune and the bane of his peace of mind.

The marriage of his sister with Mr. St. Aubyn, though welcome to Mr. Hargrave in some points of view, as he got rid by it of a sister whose want of management hourly offended him, was very displeasing to him in others. Mr. St. Aubyn, whose estates were deeply mortgaged, owing to the extravagance of his father, was a poor and proud gentleman, and Mr. Hargrave, as I have before observed, hated persons of that description : and the dignified refinement of Mr. St. Aubyn's manners, which as he could not imitate he therefore pretended to despise, was ill-suited to the coarse banter and unpolished demeanour of his brother-in-law. Nor could Mr. St. Aubyn always command his temper when the latter was determined to put him off his guard ; and at such moments the just but haughty resentment of the man of family used to show itself in a manner which the man
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of wealth never pardoned. And as Mr. Hargrave, like all angry persons, was apt to dwell on the provocation which he received, and to forget that which he gave, the proximity of the St. Aubyn estate to that which Mr. Hargrave purchased in the county of Cumberland soon made it a very undesirable residence for him; he therefore removed with his wife and infant son to a house which he still possessed near the west end of the metropolis. But he soon found reason to repent of his removal, as his wife's extravagance became such, that in a very short time he saw himself reduced to the alternative of going to a gaol or of parting with his paternal estate; and as a purchaser for St. Aubyn (the name of his seat) offered at this critical moment, he with a sort of desperate resolution accepted the offer, and bade for ever farewell to the dear abode of his ancestors.

Soon

Soon after, he discovered that the real purchaser of a possession so valued by him was the purse-proud Mr. Hargrave; and the agony of his situation was considerably increased by the news. But he soon after recollected, that if Mr. Hargrave did not marry,—and he had solemnly resolved that he never would marry,—his son would in all probability be his heir, and St. Aubyn would revert to its original possessor! This thought was rapture to him; and in the happy state of mind which it occasioned, he even fancied that Mr. Hargrave made the purchase from the benevolent wish of preventing the estate from going out of the family; and as Mr. St. Aubyn was resolved to act upon this idea, and in Mr. Hargrave's supposed generosity to forget his unkindness, the latter soon after received a most affectionate letter from his brother-in-law, requesting him to forget
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all that had passed, and to receive them for a few weeks as his guests. Mr. Hargrave, flattered at being thus courted to a reconciliation, promised to forget and forgive every thing; and the St. Aubyns came to Vale House on a visit. But in less than two years Mr. Hargrave, either in a fit of spleen against Mr. St. Aubyn, or from the love of accumulation, sold the highly-prized estate for a very large premium to another possessor; and Mr. St. Aubyn never recovered the blow.

“How I have mortified the pride of that poor gentleman!” said Mr. Hargrave to himself in one of his angry and malignant humours.

But he had it in his power to inflict still greater mortification on him. Debt succeeded to debt, embarrassment to embarrassment,—till so little of his once comfortable fortune remained, that Mr. St. Aubyn on his death-bed saw himself obliged

obliged to recommend his wife and child to the protection and bounty of Mr. Hargrave! It was a moment of triumph for Mr. Hargrave: the representative of the ancient family of the St. Aubyns was thenceforth thrown by his high-born father on the pity and dependence of a man of yesterday. How humbled was now the pride of the man of family! But a better feeling succeeded to the throb of ungenerous exultation.

Mr. Hargrave gazed on the pale and care-worn cheek, the imploring and sunk eye of Mr. St. Aubyn with pity, not unmixed perhaps with remorse. “She shall not *ruin me*,” said he with ungracious graciousness; “but I will maintain her handsomely; and if he behaves well, I will be a father to the child.” The eyes of the dying man beamed with momentary joy,—for he knew Henry would “behave well,”—and visions of future greatness,

and even of the recovery of the family estate, danced momentarily before his closing eyes ; while a blessing, a fervent blessing, faltered on his quivering lips, and wrung a tear from the usually dry lid of Mr. Hargrave.

Mr. St. Aubyn died ; and he fulfilled his promise to the dying : he hired a small house for his sister in the town of Keswick, and allowed her a respectable income ; but took Henry to reside with him, proposing to provide for and to educate him as if he were his own child.

But it was impossible for a man of Mr. Hargrave's temper and disposition to make conscious dependence easy to be borne. On the contrary, every day, every hour, every moment, reminded the St. Aubyns that they were eating the bread of dependence ; and Mrs. St. Aubyn had at once to dread from her brother the sneer of contempt, the frown of reproof, and,
what

what was still more painful to endure with composure, the coarse and noisy banter of sometimes well deserved ridicule.

The circumstances in which Mrs. St. Aubyn had been placed in early life, were the most unfavourable in every point of view to form a well-principled and respectable woman. Praises of her beauty were the first sounds that met her ear; while, as she grew up, her weak and unprincipled mother, in order to obtain means to purchase ornaments for the child whose personal graces were her pride, used to set apart for that purpose, with her knowledge, small sums from the slender allowance given her by her husband for their daily meals; and by this means her daughter's young mind learnt a lesson of artifice and dissingenuousness to which it never could rise superior. Nor was her father's sense of moral rectitude much greater than that of his wife, as a love of truth made no

part of his precepts or his practice; and the ready lie with which his daughter usually endeavoured to hide the faults which she committed, was looked upon, both by him as well as Mrs. Hargrave, as a proof of talent and quickness above her years, and received with a wink of the eye at each other, and an ill-suppressed smile, which convinced the young delinquent, that the only crime in lying was that of being found out.

In addition to this sort of training, was a constant assurance from her mother that nothing was so necessary to a young woman as to look well, and that if she set off her person to advantage there was no doubt but that her beauty would make her fortune. But spite of her attention to her dress, and the splendour of her personal charms, miss Hargrave's apparent folly and flippancy had so far counteracted the power of her beauty, that she had reached
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the age of twenty-five without having had one offer of marriage worth accepting ; when, on the death of her parents, her brother invited her to reside with him ; and Mr. St. Aubyn saw her with Mr. Hargrave, as I before mentioned, on his tour to the Lakes.

The vivacity and perhaps even the silliness of her expression gave miss Hargrave the appearance of extreme youth, an appearance which her manner strongly confirmed, and the bloom of her fine complexion, heightened by air and exercise, considerably increased. Mr. St. Aubyn gazed on her, the first moment that he beheld her, with admiration and delight. He saw in her youth, beauty, grace, every thing that his heart had ever sought in woman ; and when he became acquainted with her, and accompanied her hanging on his arm through the romantic scenes around him, he felt that she was become the arbiter

biter of his fate, and that it was impossible for him to be happy without her. Indeed she appeared to Mr. St. Aubyn under peculiar advantages. The fear of her brother made her always silent and timid in his presence; therefore her lover heard not her usually insipid volubility, and her occasional he considered as general timidity. When they were alone, indeed, he found that she talked a great deal; but this he attributed to the sort of intoxicating relief which she felt at being removed from the alarming eye of her tyrant: and judging thence how great must be her sufferings from a residence with such a man, pity assisted to fan the flame of love, and he felt that it would be both a just and generous action to remove so fascinating a victim from the fetters that galled her.

Her want of fortune was indeed a serious obstacle to his wishes; as Mr. St. Aubyn, in order to pay off several
heavy

heavy mortgages on his estates, had been living many years on a very inconsiderable part of his income, and it was necessary that he should continue so to do, in order to effect the honourable design which his integrity had dictated. But if miss Hargrave loved him, he thought every obstacle would vanish; for she had been accustomed to live on a narrow income, and that which he had to offer her was certainly larger than the one on which she had been accustomed to live. Accordingly, rendered blind and confiding by the illusions of passion, Mr. St. Aubyn revealed his love to the object of it, and received from her an avowal of mutual regard. Immediately transported with joy, and the hopes of future happiness, he declared to her his situation, his well-principled plans of œconomy, and all that he required of his wife during the first years of marriage, in order
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to assist him in rescuing from obloquy the memory of a much-respected though improvident father.

Miss Hargrave listened to and approved his plan, promised every thing that he desired, and performed nothing. Still her infatuated husband admired and adored her; and even while they remained at their country seat, he indulged her pride and her vanity by resuming much of the ancient state of his family in his mode of living. But when, in consequence of repeated differences with Mr. Hargrave, they removed to the vicinity of London, her extravagance knew no bounds, and her husband had not the heart to reprove or restrain her; for was she not called "the beautiful Mrs. St. Aubyn?" was she not the most admired woman in the drawing-room? and while her charms administered thus to the gratification of his vanity and his affection, Mr. St. Aubyn endeavoured

endeavoured to forget that the mortgages remained unpaid, and that debts were accumulating around him.

The result I have before detailed, and the consequences of that fatal luxuriousness, and want of proper energy, that led to the utter ruin of his fortune, and precipitated him into an early grave. But, let me speak it to his honour, he never, in his consciousness of the errors of the wife, forgot for a moment the respect which he, as a gentleman, thought due to her as a woman. Though too late convinced of her folly, her vanity, her extravagance, her disregard of truth, — he behaved to her before his servants and his son with as much politeness and deference as if her words were oracles. He took no mean revenge on her for her weakness, by wounding her self-love either in public or even in private; and though

her foibles were such as to make her often an object of ridicule, he deplored but never scoffed at her weakness : whatever she ordered respecting her son, he never contradicted if wrong ; he told her it was so in private, and the order was repealed by herself, as if from her own conviction, and not his desire ; and it was owing to this kind, generous, and manly conduct in her husband, that Henry St. Aubyn, in the midst of his convictions of his mother's follies, never lost sight for one moment of the respect due to her as his parent.—His father had accustomed him to treat her with respect by his own example ; and when crushed to the earth by the avowed contempt and ridicule of her brother, Mrs. St. Aubyn's tearful eyes could turn on her son with confiding and never deceived affection, and her self-love was immediately

immediately soothed by his respectful attention to herself, and the firm, decided, but cool and gentle manner in which he defended and supported her under the attacks of his uncle;—while Mr. Hargrave feared, approved, oppressed, admired, and envied his nephew—love him he did not; it is not in nature for us to love those whom we feel to be our superiors in those qualities which entitle a person to the appellation of amiable. No one loved Mr. Hargrave, and every one loved St. Aubyn. How then could he possibly forgive his nephew an advantage which he had never possessed, and never could possess himself? But he could torment him occasionally, and that pleasure he often gave himself by speaking slightly of his father; and once with ingenious malignity he tried to wound St. Aubyn to the utmost by leading Mrs. St. Aubyn to
join

join him in disrespect to the memory of her husband. "After all, Harriet," said he, "St. Aubyn turned out a very bad match for you: with your beauty and power of pleasing you might have done better: a rich London merchant would have been a more proper husband for you, than a poor and proud country gentleman; and I dare say you think so yourself; for then, you know, whatever you had spent, he could have supplied you by his increasing gains; and instead of now being dependent on a queer-tempered fellow like myself, perhaps at this moment you might have been Lady-Mayoress."

St. Aubyn turned pale at this ensnaring speech, and sat in fearful expectation for his mother's reply, who, trembling with agitation, arose from her seat, and pressing both her hands upon
her

her bosom, as if to keep down the emotions that struggled there, indignantly exclaimed,

“What, sir, do you think I ever wish that I had been the wife of any other man than Mr. St. Aubyn?—No, sir; I know he was only too good for me; I know how faulty I am, and how indulgent he was.—No, Mr. Hargrave, believe me, with all my faults, I can never forget what I owed to the best of husbands; and I had rather have the proud consciousness of having been his wife, than be married to an emperor!” Here sobs interrupted her; and while Henry, with whom this energetic tribute to his father’s worth effaced a score of her faults, ran to her, and laid her head on his bosom, Mr. Hargrave, struggling himself with a little rising in his throat, held out his hand affectionately to her, and said,

“Come, come, Harriet, don’t be a fool,
I only

I only said what I did to try you.—So, I find you have a *heart*; and as St. Aubyn, but for his confounded pride, was a very fine fellow, if you did not feel concerning him as you do I should despise you:—but you have said what you ought; so shake hands, and be friends.”

She gave him her hand, smiled, and forgot what had passed. But her son could not so soon forget this wanton trial of his mother, and the torture inflicted on himself; but with a look of reproach, which Mr. Hargrave felt, though he did not choose to notice it, he folded his arms in a sort of contemplative sadness, and left the room.

But to return to the inhabitants of the White Cottage.—I shall pass over the details of the succeeding eight years, contenting myself with saying, that during that time Emma’s progress in acquirements had fully equalled the expectations
of

of her preceptors, and that her improvement in temper, from the firm though gentle authority of Mr. Egerton and the influence and example of St. Aubyn, had surpassed even their warmest hopes.

Indeed, in that difficult part of good-temper which consists in forbearance and accommodation to the ill-humour of others, St. Aubyn was unrivalled; and Mr. Egerton was never tired of dwelling on his praises, and holding him up in this instance as an unfailing and admirable example.

“Excuse me, Mr. Egerton,” said Mrs. Castlemain one day, piqued perhaps at the evident superiority which he attributed to St. Aubyn over Emma in this particular, “excuse me,—but I think you consider Temper as a quality of more importance than it really is.”

“I am surprised at such an opinion from you, madam,” replied Mr. Egerton gravely,

gravely, "as I should have thought that you must have been aware, the chief part of your misfortunes and those of your daughter were occasioned by Temper."

Mrs. Castlemain looked down and sighed, conscience-stricken.

"So far from agreeing with you, madam," continued Mr. Egerton, "in what you have just advanced, I consider Temper as one of the most busy and universal agents in all human actions. Philosophers believe that the electric fluid, though invisible, is every where in the physical world; so I believe that Temper is equally at work, though sometimes unseen except in its effects, in the moral world. Perhaps nothing is rarer than a single motive; almost all our motives are compound; and if we examine our own hearts and actions with that accuracy and diffidence which become us as finite and responsible beings, we shall find that of
our

our motives to bad actions Temper is very often a principal ingredient, and that it is not unfrequently one incitement to a good one. I am also convinced," added he, "that the crimes both of private individuals and of sovereigns are to be traced up to an uncorrected and uneducated temper as their source."

"You seem to have considered this subject very carefully, and in a manner wholly new to me," answered Mrs. Castlemain in an accent of uncomfortableness; "and you probably are right: but if you be, how many then are wrong!"

"Alas!" replied Mr. Egerton, "the many are indeed, in my humble opinion, wrong; for few persons are sufficiently aware how much the virtue, the dignity, and the happiness of life depend on a well governed temper. You may remember that the Bourgeois gentilhomme in Moliere finds, to his great surprise, that
that

that he has been speaking prose all his life without knowing it; and I have often observed, that parents and preceptors have in their gift the best and most compendious of all possessions, that of a good and well-governed temper, without at least the seeming consciousness that it is in their disposal: and that to watch over the temper of a child, ameliorate it by salutary or proper indulgence, or control it by salutary restraints, is far far more necessary to its future welfare, than to reprove a fault in grammar, or to correct an exercise."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Castlemain, "education and care may do much; but I suppose you will allow that some persons have tempers naturally good,—and there is no merit in that."

"No, madam," answered Mr. Egerton smiling; "but there is great convenience. I will allow, as the contrary does not admit of proof, that there are
persons

persons who seem to come into the world with good tempers, and that therefore they have no more merit in being good-humoured than in having fine eyes. But then what a world of trouble they themselves are spared ! as they have no ill-humours to subdue ; and how pleasant is an intercourse with them ! because you are not afraid that their temper, like a tiger chained, should occasionally break loose and tear asunder the scarcely well-knit tie of affection, destroying the confidence and comfort of society. But many possess this sort of good temper, which may be called the physical part of it, without having an atom of the other sort, which may be called the moral part."

"I do not understand you, sir ; you are too deep for me," observed Mrs. Castlemain.

"I will explain my meaning, madam, if you will permit me to talk a little longer—I own that I am given to preach,—but
preaching

preaching you know is my vocation,— therefore I hope you will excuse it. I mean by the moral part of good-humour, that which shows itself in bearing with the ill-humour and provoking irritability of others ; and this necessary and valuable power, I must say, is rarely, in my opinion, possessed by any one who has not a good understanding. Now St. Aubyn possesses both sorts of good temper, and”

“ Ah ! ” interrupted Mrs. Castlemain, “ I thought how this long harangue would end ; namely, in the introduction of your favourite’s name, and of his praises : but they are not *new* to me : therefore, excuse my staying to hear more.” So saying, she left the room with a toss of the head and a quick step ; not conscious, perhaps, how much she herself was at that moment under the dominion of temper.

Mr. Egerton smiled, but not in derision

rision. It was not for Mrs. Castlemain that he had harangued, but for the silent and attentive Emma, who was present, and in whose young and conscious heart every word that he had uttered had made a due and salutary impression.

“Sir,” said Emma, coming to Mr. Egerton, and leaning on the back of his chair; “pray, sir, go on with what you were going to say about Henry;—for I like to hear him praised for his temper,—though I can’t help thinking, sir, that grandmamma does not.”

“Indeed!” said Mr. Egerton, suppressing a smile; “and what makes you think so?”

“O! her look and her manner, and I think I know why too; I think....”

“What dost thou think, my dear child?” said Mr. Egerton, taking her hand.

“I think, sir, that she looks upon such
praise

praise as a reproach to me ; for you know, sir, I am not half so good-tempered as Henry St. Aubyn."

" O yes, much more than *half*, my dearest girl," replied Mr. Egerton ; " but I believe you are right in your observation : and as Mrs. Castlemain is hurt at the praise of Henry, merely out of her affection for you, you ought to love her the better for being so."

" Certainly, sir," said Emma : " but you know her love to me need not make her unjust to others ; and I am *sure* Henry deserves *all* you can say of him."

" True, very true. Well, then it is in your power to put a stop to Mrs. Castlemain's affectionate error, as you think it, by becoming as tractable, as mild, and as forbearing, as Henry himself."

" I will, sir, indeed I will," said Emma : and Mr. Egerton, saying, " I believe

lieve thee, dear child!" set out for his evening walk. But to resolve and to execute are, alas! very different things; and even that evening, as well as the next day, exhibited proofs of Emma's love of excellence being stronger than her power of imitating it.

That very evening Mrs. Castlemain invited Emma to walk with her to the town of Keswick; and when there, business led the former to the shop of a milliner. In the shop, unfortunately for Emma, was that weak, vain, inconsiderate woman, the mother of St. Aubyn; and on the counter, as unfortunately, lay a straw bonnet trimmed with pale blue ribbands. Emma's eyes were soon attracted to the bonnet; which the shopwoman perceiving, she instantly begged the young lady would put it on, assuring her it was the last new fashion, and amazingly becoming. To resist this entreaty was impossible.

Emma's

Emma's own bonnet, though nearly new, became immediately of no value in her eyes, especially as the milliner and Mrs. St. Aubyn declared, when Emma put on the new one, that there never was any thing so becoming, and that it seemed made on purpose for her.

Mrs. Castlemain was silent, her look grave and unapproving: but Emma had a quarterly allowance, and enough remaining of it to pay for the bonnet at least. Aye; but she did not want it, and she knew that Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Castlemain would both disapprove her incurring so unnecessary an expense. Yet the bonnet was so pretty and so becoming, and Mrs. St. Aubyn advised her so earnestly to buy it, that Emma had faintly articulated "Well, I think I must have it," when Mrs. Castlemain, who recollected that Mr. Egerton had said no opportunity of inculcating the practice of self-

self-denial in Emma should be passed over, gravely observed,

“ You must please *yourself*, miss Castlemain, as I have made you in a measure independent of *me* in your expenses ; but I must say, that if you are so extravagant as to purchase, for the indulgence of a whim, a hat which you do not want, I shall be very seriously displeased.”

Emma’s proud spirit revolted at this threat, uttered before so many witnesses ; and saying within herself, “ What signifies my independence if I am not allowed to use it ? ” she had half resolved to disobey her grandmother, when her resolution was completely confirmed by Mrs. St. Aubyn’s indiscreetly and impertinently observing,

“ Dear girl ! it does not signify how much she spends ! but do, dear madam, buy it for her ! she looks so beautiful in it.—I assure you, miss Castlemain, my

son Henry says nothing becomes you so much as *pale blue*."

This was *decisive*; and after a short struggle between duty and inclination, Emma threw down the money for the hat on the counter, and desired it might be put into the carriage, which now came to the door, as they were to walk only one way.

The drive home was gloomy and uncomfortable. Mrs. Castlemain was too greatly irritated to speak: and Emma, to the painful consciousness of having indulged a refractory temper, and of having displeased and disobeyed her grandmother, added that of having unnecessarily expended nearly the last farthing of her allowance, and it wanted some weeks to the quarter-day.

Mr. Egerton, who met them on their return, soon discovered that something unpleasant had happened; and he sighed

as

as he observed that the ingenuous vivacity which had sparkled in Emma's eyes when she set out on her walk, from having formed a virtuous resolution with the full intention of keeping it, was replaced by a sullen downcast look, indicative of self-upbraiding and the consciousness of having failed in some necessary duty.

Mrs. Castlemain was silent, and spoke and answered in monosyllables: but as soon as Emma, tired and dejected, had retired to bed without her supper, she told her tale of grievances to Mr. Egerton, who, though much mortified at hearing of the weakness of his pupil, hoped that the inconveniences to which the want of money would expose her, would at once punish and amend the fault of which she had been guilty: and after volunteering a promise to Mrs. Castlemain that he would neither give nor lend Emma any money, however she

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might

might require it, and receiving a similar promise from her in return, he could not help hinting to Mrs. Castlemain, that this was a fresh proof of the importance of a good and yielding temper ; and he obliged her to own that, under similar circumstances, Henry St. Aubyn would not have gratified his own inclinations at the expense of a frown or a pang to his mother.

“ But,” added he, “ depend on it, my dear madam, that our joint and incessant care will at length succeed in abating, if we cannot entirely remove, this only fault in the object of our solicitude, and one entirely owing to the pernicious effect of early and erroneous habits.”

The next day, to the joy of Emma, was a day of splendid sunshine ; so much so, that there seemed no likelihood any rain would fall during the day : and as this was the case, she looked forward with all the delight of her age to a party of pleasure,

pleasure, in a beautiful vale about two miles distant from Mrs. Castlemain's house, which was to take place if the weather promised to be fine and settled. This party was to consist of Mr. Hargrave, Mrs. St. Aubyn, her son, some young ladies in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Castlemain, Mr. Egerton, and Emma. It was in order to look well on this occasion that Emma was so eager to have the new hat: and when told that she might prepare for this promised expedition, as the weather would certainly be good, the pleasure she felt on putting on this dearly-purchased ornament almost deadened her regret for having disobeyed and displeased Mrs. Castlemain.

The place of their destination was Watenlath, or the valley on the top of rocks; a scene as beautiful and sequestered as the warmest fancy can conceive, and beyond the power of the most finished pencil to describe. It was agreed that

Mr.

Mr. Egerton, Mrs. Castlemain, and Emma, should walk thither, and meet the rest of the party there; they having resolved to go on horseback, as to them the vale was well known; but Mr. Egerton and Emma had never seen Watenlath, and its peculiar beauty could best be felt if approached on foot, and by means of one particular pathway.

The party were to dine in the valley, and a pony well laden with provisions was to follow at a certain hour.

The party from the White Cottage were to go in the carriage as far as Keswick; and at length nine o'clock, the time for setting off, being arrived, Emma, drest to the very utmost of her wishes, joined Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton on the lawn.

“So—you have gotten a new bonnet, I see!” observed the latter: “but I don’t think you look so well in it as you did in your old one. Not that the hat is not a pretty hat, and the colour of the ribband becoming

becoming to you ; but you don't look so happy as usual, and your countenance has not that open vivacity which I saw on it when you set off on your walk yesterday. Believe me, my dear girl," added Mr. Egerton, taking the hand of the conscious and blushing Emma, "the best ornament to a young woman is a mind at peace with itself, and a brow unruffled by a frown."

This remark, though well-meant, was perhaps ill-timed. It convinced her that Mrs. Castlemain had told tales ; and the resentment of the preceding evening, which had nearly subsided, was again called forth.

Within a mile of Keswick, one of the wheels came off, and obliged them to alight ; when on the road, which in places was exceedingly heavy and dirty, (and against which Emma's feet were fortified by a pair of thick shoes which fastened high on the instep, and were buckled on

one side by a pair of small but substantial silver buckles, which had belonged to Mrs. Castlemain's grandfather,) the interest of the party was excited, and their course arrested, by the sight of a woman fainting by the side of a hedge, whom a child seemingly of eight or nine years old was vainly attempting to recover. But Mrs. Castlemain was more successful in her efforts: and when the poor creature, whose tattered garments bespoke her extreme poverty, recovered her senses, she said that she was a soldier's widow, and was travelling with her child to her parish, which was in Carlisle; but that, being worn down with sorrow, hunger, and fatigue, she had lain down, as she thought, to die on the road.

The woman's countenance bore a strong testimony to the truth of her narration;—and her auditors listened to it with the sincerest compassion. But to pity her distresses was not sufficient; they resolved

to alleviate them: and having procured refreshments both for her and her child from a neighbouring cottage, they resolved to walk on briskly to Keswick, and hire a man and cart to convey her to Penrith, where she was to stay a night or two to recruit her exhausted strength. Longer time she said she could not spare, as she had a mother on her death-bed whom she wished if possible to see once more. When she was quite recovered, and was seated comfortably at the cottage door awaiting the arrival of the cart, Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton took out their purses; and both not only relieved her present wants, but gave her money sufficient, as they hoped, to procure her a conveyance as far as Carlisle.

Now then the moment was arrived to fill the generous heart of Emma with sorrow for the needless extravagance of the preceding evening, and Mrs. Castle-

main was amply revenged. For the first time in her life since she had money to bestow, she had it not in her power to add her mite to the bounty of her friend and her relation ; who, as soon as they had given the poor woman what they intended, walked forward to escape from her thanks, and hasten the intended conveyance for her ; while Emma, sad, mortified, and irresolute, lingered behind, reading, as she fancied, in the sufferer's looks an expression of wonder that she gave her nothing, and also of expectation and supplication.

"I have no money in my pocket," said Emma mournfully ; "but I will borrow some : " and having overtaken Mr. Egerton, who was behind Mrs. Castlemain, she begged him in a faltering voice to lend her five shillings.

"I have no silver, my dear," cried he : "ask Mrs. Castlemain." But the latter angrily turned round and said she would

would not lend her money, as she did not deserve it; adding, "This is a proper punishment for your obstinate folly and extravagance in buying what you did not want last night."

This was only too true: and angry, sorry, abashed yet irritated, Emma ran back to the cottage, and soon to her great satisfaction lost sight of her monitors. Immediately she stooped down, took out her old-fashioned silver buckles, and then drawing the twist out which confined her gloves over her dimpled elbows, she endeavoured as well as she could to re-fasten her shoes by tying them; and then, as much impelled, I fear, by spite as by generosity, she entered the cottage, and telling the woman that she could not give her money, but that those buckles were silver, and would sell for some, she waited neither for an acceptance or a denial of her gift; then, almost afraid to re-
flect

reflect on what she had done, she ran violently forward to overtake Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Castlemain : but not liking to show her tied shoes in the town of Keswick, she called out to tell them they would find her on the lake, and turned off to hasten to the boat in waiting to convey them to the spot whence they were to ascend the mountain; which having entered, she sat silently, sorrowfully, and even fearfully ; for she dreaded the discovery of what she had done, and began to wish that she had had more self-government.

At length Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton, with the expression of satisfied benevolence on their countenances, arrived at the boat, having procured the promised cart for the poor soldier's widow. But the joy of both of them was soon damped by observing the clouded countenance of Emma, who could with some difficulty

difficulty contrive to hide her feet under the bench on which she was seated.

At length they landed near the foot of the Lodore waterfall, and began their laborious walk; when to Mr. Egerton's surprise he found that Emma, so remarkable for the agility with which she used to climb mountains, could now with difficulty keep up with her companions, and evidently walked with uncomfortable effort; while ever and anon she was stooping down to adjust her shoes.

“ This is very strange,” thought he, turning round and offering her his assistance, (while Mrs. Castlemain, whom nothing impeded in her progress, was nearly out of sight :) but Emma in so pettish and peremptory a manner rejected his assistance, and turned her back while she stooped, that a suspicion of the truth darted across his mind; and when she again turned round, he saw that his sus-
picions

pitions were just. He said nothing however, but contented himself with observing Emma as first one string broke and then another, till at last they were too much broken to be used again; and poor Emma, almost crying with vexation, was forced to proceed with the straps of her shoes hanging loose and threatening to throw her down every moment. To add to her distress, the road was wet and full of bogs; and at last both her shoes stuck completely fast in the mud, and unable to help herself, she was precipitated forward on her knees,—when a new calamity befel her; for before she could put her hand to her head to prevent it, the new hat was blown off by a sudden gust of wind, and the blue ribbands disfigured with mud!

In spite of his love for Emma, his compassionate vexation at her distress, and his self-command,—when Mr. Egerton

saw

saw this last accident, and beheld the hat, the cause of all the mischief, on the ground, he could not refrain from a violent fit of laughter; which so irritated the poor prostrate Emma, that as he stooped to raise her from the ground she attempted to strike him.

Mr. Egerton shocked, but instantly recovering himself, said with great calmness, "I shall address you, my dear, in the words of a celebrated Greek general on a similar provocation: I shall say to you, 'Strike, if you please; but hear me!'"

"No, no," exclaimed the sobbing and now subdued Emma: "hear me, hear me! I beg and entreat your pardon. O do do, Mr. Egerton, forgive me! but I am sure I shall never forgive myself."

"I do forgive you, my dear, and will not say what I meant to say, and I scarcely regret what has passed; because I am sure that to a mind ingenuous and generous as
yours

yours is, it will afford an indelible lesson, and one for which you will be the better as long as you live : besides, I am well convinced that your own reproaches are more severe, and will be of more benefit, than any I should have the heart to address to you."

"You are too too good," replied Emma, almost convulsed with sobs, and leaning her head against his arm.

"But recover yourself, my child," said Mr. Egerton, "and let us see what we can do for you, for you are in a terrible condition—shoes, stockings, petticoats, hat, covered with mud!"

"Well, I must bear it patiently," said Emma meekly, "for I deserve it all."

"Good girl!" said Mr. Egerton affectionately : and Emma was able to look up once more. "But, my dear girl," added Mr. Egerton, "let me put you on your guard. You know Mr. Hargrave,
and

and you know that to tease and to torment is one of the great delights of his life; and I always hold him up as constantly as an example to deter, as I do his nephew as an example to invite. Then you will readily believe that he will make a number of provoking and teasing observations on your draggled appearance; but 'forewarned forearmed,' and as you owe some reparation for the pain your conduct has occasioned me, make it by bearing with temper and calmness the sneers and sarcasms of Mr. Hargrave."

"I will try to obey you, sir," replied Emma; "but indeed I have lost all confidence in myself." Then leaning on the now welcome arm of Mr. Egerton, Emma slowly and with difficulty renewed her walk; but though dirty and fatigued from being scarcely able to lift her feet from the slippery and tenacious ground, her mind was considerably lightened, and she even began to observe the
 beauty

beauty of the richly wooded rocks, and the flowery and velvet carpet, which, the further they advanced, still more and more kept spreading under their feet; while the sound of the cataract of Lodore, lately so distinctly heard, grew every moment fainter and fainter, and the lake of Keswick became diminished to the eye. Yet so gradual had been the ascent that they had scarcely perceived it, and now could only ascertain its length and height by the effect exhibited to the sight. They now began to approach the expected valley, and beheld with wonder that they were still, though on the top of mountains, surrounded by mountains and rocks, and were eagerly gazing around them, when some of the party whom they expected to join appeared in sight coming to meet them.

“ Now, Emma, now your hour of trial begins; and I see by the sneer flickering on Mr. Hargrave’s upper lip, and the expression

expression of his fierce projecting eye, that I was right in my forebodings," said Mr. Egerton.

Mrs. Castlemain at this moment was expatiating to Mr. Hargrave on the great progress which Emma had made in the study of Latin, and even of Greek, as Mr. Egerton had readily acceded to her wish of learning those languages, because he wisely considered that it was the ostentatious display of learning in a woman, and not the learning itself, that was to be objected to ; and telling Emma that all he required of her was a promise never to quote a Latin saying, or talk of Greek quantities, he tried to make her as good a classical scholar as he did St. Aubyn. And at this moment, as I before stated, this unlucky moment, Mrs. Castlemain was reporting her progress to the cynical Mr. Hargrave, who, as soon as he saw poor Emma with the straps of her shoes hanging down,

down, a draggled frock, and dirty stockings, observed, as many men, aye and many women too, would have observed on a similar occasion—"Yes, madam, I don't doubt but that her progress has been considerable; for, see, she looks very like a learned lady indeed! There's a smart figure for you! Pray admire her!"

On hearing this, the eyes of all the company were turned on Emma; and Henry St. Aubyn kindly ran forward to inquire what had happened.

"Bless me! Where are your buckles, Emma?" asked Mrs. Castlemain, half suspecting the true state of the case; and Emma could not answer her.

"O!" said Mr. Hargrave, "I suppose she forgot to put them on: geniuses cannot attend to such trifles, you know!"

"You don't answer my question, Emma," resumed Mrs. Castlemain: "Was Mr. Hargrave's conjecture right?"

"No,

“No, madam,” answered Emma, sobbing as she did so; while Mr. Egerton preserved a grave silence.

“Come, come, Mrs. Castlemain, don’t distress the fair classic,” exclaimed Mr. Hargrave; “but let us return to the valley, or we shall not see all its beauties before dinner:” and she, suspecting she had nothing to hear that would give her pleasure, consented to his proposal; while Emma, having begged her young companions to walk on without her, remained behind with Henry St. Aubyn, who declared he would not leave her; and Mr. Egerton, who was better pleased to gaze on the beauties of the surrounding scene alone, than surrounded by loquacious companions, walked slowly on before Emma and Henry, yet was not so far before them but that he heard their conversation.

“Now do tell me, dear Emma,”
said

said Henry, "why you have neither ribband nor buckles in your shoes?—you who are generally so neat in your dress!"

"Why, then, I must tell you," replied Emma, "that as I had no money to give, I gave my buckles to a poor distressed woman whom I saw on the road."

This explanation, so flattering to the generous pity of Emma, if not to her judgement, alarmed Mr. Egerton for the sincerity of his pupil; and he listened anxiously for what was to follow.

"Dear, generous girl!" cried Henry: "so this was the truth; and yet you bore my uncle's taunts in silence! But I will go and tell him."

"No, no, Henry," returned Emma, detaining him; "for, if you knew *all*, I doubt you would blame rather than praise me."

Here Mr. Egerton breathed freely again.

"Indeed!"

"Indeed! Well, what is this dreadful *all*?"

"Why, you must know, Henry, that I yesterday spent my last shilling most foolishly and unnecessarily: therefore, to the joy I believe of my mother and Mr. Egerton, I was punished by having no money to give the poor woman."

"Well, but you gave her your buckles, you know."

"True; but I tried to borrow some money first, and was refused; therefore as much out of spite as charity I gave her my buckles: and now what do you think of me?"

Here Mr. Egerton almost bounded forward with joy.

"Think of you!" replied Henry; "why, even more highly than before, for so nobly disclaiming the praise that was not due to you."

"You

“ You are right, quite right, my dear boy,” said Mr. Egerton turning round ; “ ingenuousness like this is a much rarer quality than that of a disposition to relieve distress. I have overheard all that passed, and I own, Emma, I am again proud of my pupil. But be not elated by this well-earned praise : remember, you have still a terrible defect to conquer—a defect of temper ; and that on the excellence or badness of temper chiefly depends not only one’s own but the happiness of others. But come, let us forget every thing now, except the beauties that surround us.”

But Emma pointed sorrowfully to her shoes, and declared she must sit down on a piece of rock near them ; while Mr. Egerton, producing a piece of strong cord from his pocket, (which from principle he had not produced before,) contrived,
 though

though rather awkwardly, to fasten Emma's straps over her feet, and enable her to walk with less effort.

While thus employed, neither of them was conscious of the disappearance of St. Aubyn: but when they looked up again he was out of sight.

"This is very strange!" said Mr. Egerton.

"This is very strange!" echoed Emma.

But the next moment a suspicion of the cause of St. Aubyn's absence came across the mind of both, though neither of them communicated it to the other.

Emma was now sufficiently rested to proceed as fast as her admiration would let her, while Mr. Egerton pointed out to her the picturesque beauties which met her eye as she advanced. They now found themselves on the banks of a clear and rapid river called the Lodore, whose waters fall into the cascade known by

that name, which forms one of the great features on the shores of Keswick Lake. The green and velvet banks of this river were bounded on either side, and at no considerable distance, by bare, by wooded and nearly perpendicular rocks, of which, as Gilpin observes, the particularity consists in their being nearly as much asunder at the bottom as at the top. It was then the hay season, and the unrivalled verdure of the scene was beautifully contrasted with the golden haycocks that were reared almost profusely around; while in places the dark green alder, and the mountain ash then decorated with its brightest berries, met across the stream, and united their well-assorted branches. At some distance a small lake was discoverable, on whose shores were scattered a few white cottages.

Near the lake, and on the point of entering a boat, Mr. Egerton and Emma
now

now discovered their whole party, and amongst them Mrs. St. Aubyn, who was endeavouring, though evidently she was angrily repulsed by her brother, to assist him in getting ready his fishing-tackle as the lake contained excellent trout.

On not seeing St. Aubyn with the companions with whom he had left him, Mr. Hargrave angrily desired to know what was become of his nephew, that he was not there to assist him with his fishing-tackle, which was entangled.

Mr. Egerton coldly replied, that he knew nothing of Mr. St. Aubyn; but that he doubted not, when he returned, he would be able to account for his absence in a satisfactory manner.

"Oh, that I am sure he will," said Mrs. St. Aubyn: then seeing a frown gather on her tyrant brother's brow, she exclaimed, glad to turn the conversation, "Dear me, what a pity! Why, the rib-

bands on the beautiful hat of miss Castlemain are covered with dirt ! Still, young ladies, pray look, is it not very becoming ? She would not have bought it if I had not persuaded her, and told her that I had heard it observed how becoming *blue* was to her."

" So, Mrs. St. Aubyn !" said Mr. Hargrave with a provoking sneer ; " you are not content with being a coxcomb yourself, but you must endeavour to make one of a mere child ? "

" Dear me, brother, you are so——" but her declaration of *what* he was, was stopped on her lips by a frown so terrible, that the poor woman almost trembled with apprehension ; while Mr. Egerton was not sorry to find that Emma's obstinate extravagance was occasioned as much by the folly of another as by her own. But still St. Aubyn came not ; and his uncle was so discontented at his absence
that

that nothing pleased him : nobody could steer a boat so well as Henry, he declared, as he was not there to steer it; for had he been there his excellence would not have been allowed : and after rowing about the lake some little time, stopping occasionally to let Mr. Hargrave endeavour to angle, in order if possible to get him into good humour, the party returned to shore ; and soon after, his cheek crimsoned with heat and exercise, and bearing a bundle under his arm, St. Aubyn appeared.

“ I thought so,” cried Emma, running forward with artless delight to meet him, and hanging affectionately on his arm while he told her the bundle contained clean stockings, shoes, petticoat, and frock for her.

“ So !” cried Mr. Hargrave, “ it was well worth while, was it not ? for you to go and heat yourself into a fever in order to make
a little

a little girl clean, who, I dare say, does not care whether she be clean or dirty!"

"But I *do* care very much, sir," said Emma; "and I am sure I am so obliged to Henry—"

"It is more than I am," muttered his uncle; "but I am always to be last served."

"Nay, I am sure, brother," observed Mrs. St. Aubyn, "Henry is always ready to wait on you; and it was only his good-nature that led him to——for I am sure Henry is the sweetest and most obliging temper!"

"That he is," exclaimed Mrs. Castlemain, giving Henry her hand; "and this is a proof of it." And so said all the young ladies, and Mr. Egerton too.

This praise of his now well-grown nephew, and for a quality which Mr. Hargrave was conscious that he did not himself possess, either in reality or in reputation,

tation, was more than he could bear, as he had already begun to be so jealous of his nephew's virtues, and the general love which they excited, that he felt a sort of malevolent consolation in the knowledge of his complete dependence on him, and on his will.

“Come, let's have no more of your flattery, if you please,” he angrily exclaimed : “the boy is a good boy enough, but no such paragon as you represent him to be.”

St. Aubyn, more gratified by the praise he had received than wounded by his uncle's ungraciousness, now attempted to turn the discourse by following Emma, who was going into an adjacent cottage to change her dress ; and producing a paper he said, “Here, dear Emma, here is some blue ribband to supply the place of that dirty one ;—pray accept it as a present from me.”—And while Emma with
a spark-

a sparkling eye and dimpled cheek received this new proof of Henry's kindness, Mr. Hargrave, who had overheard him, observed, with a look of more than common malice,

"I am glad, Mr. St. Aubyn, to find you are *rich* enough to make *presents*."

"This is a present," said Mr. Egerton eagerly, "which *I* must beg leave to make my young pupil,—and not Mr. St. Aubyn; as I know that, if the ribband be *my* gift, it will recall to her mind some events of this day, from the recollection of which I trust she will never cease to derive improvement."

"I dare not dispute this matter with you," replied Henry timidly, "as your right is so much beyond mine; but, dear sir," said he in a whisper, "do tell her that what I have done was meant as a reward for her *ingenuousness*."

In a short time after, and before the
beauty

beauty of the scene and the pleasant tone of spirits which it inspired had begun to pall upon the feelings, and to allow any sensation of hunger to prevail amongst the party, Mr. Hargrave proposed having dinner:—and as he was generally conscious of being the richest individual in company, (an advantage of which he was very proud,) his proposals were usually uttered in the tone of commands:—and as Mrs. Castlemain, the only person present who had any right to oppose his will, was on this occasion willing to accede to it in hopes that he might eat himself into good humour, dinner was served up as soon as ever Mr. Hargrave expressed his wishes on the subject.

But the angry particles of a bad temper, when once they have begun to effervesce, do not soon subside again. Mr. Hargrave was still dissatisfied:—the meat-pie was

too salt, the fruit-pie too sweet, the potted char wanted seasoning, and the home-brewed ale wanted strength. Every word from his poor dependent sister called forth from him an expression of insulting contempt; while his nephew, whom he could not even pretend to despise, was treated by him with sullen disregard.

“He is nothing but an old baby,” whispered Emma to Mr. Egerton.

“True,” replied Mr. Egerton; “but remember that all this disgusting conduct is the effect of *temper*;—and be warned by his example!”

At this moment Mr. Hargrave asked Emma to help him to some tart which stood near her; and in her haste to comply with his request,—a haste perhaps occasioned by her consciousness of having just spoken of him in a degrading manner,—she unfortunately spilt some of the juice on the table-cloth, which happened
to

to be his; and this trifling accident irritated him so much that he exclaimed,

“Pshaw! I might have known better than to have employed you to help me, as geniuses are above knowing how to do common things.”

Henry blushed with indignation at this coarse speech, and Mr. Egerton looked ready to resent it; but Emma meekly replied,

“I am very sorry for my awkwardness, sir, as I wish to do every thing well. I am certainly a bad carver, but I will try to become a good one.”

Mr. Egerton and Henry looked at each other with an expression of mutual satisfaction while she said this; and Mrs. Castlemain, looking proudly round her, exclaimed,

“You are a good girl, Emma, for you can return good for evil, and that is better

ter than being a good scholar, as you certainly are."

"But is she a good workwoman? and can she make a pudding or a pie?" cried the impracticable Mr. Hargrave.

"No, sir; but I can learn—"

"Can learn!—But will you? would you not think such things beneath you?"

"I am sure, sir," cried Henry eagerly, "miss Castlemain has too much good sense to think it beneath her to be useful."

"I did not speak to you, you puppy," replied Mr. Hargrave: "What says miss Castlemain herself?"

"That time will discover how justly Henry St. Aubyn answered for me." And Mr. Hargrave, pleased at the trimming which, as he boasted afterwards, he had given these uncommon folks, was tolerably good-humoured the rest of the day. Nor was this change lost upon the
rest

rest of the party ; for it had an agreeable effect on their spirits. So certain is it that one splenetic, sullen, and unruly person in company operates on that company.

Mr. Hargrave, now deigning to be agreeable, offered Mrs. Castlemain his arm, and even complimented her on *wearing well* ; while Mr. Egerton offered his arm to the now loquacious and simpering Mrs. St. Aubyn, who, no longer awed by the dark and frowning brow of her brother, began to play off all the artillery of her airs and graces on the unconscious Mr. Egerton.

Little indeed did he think that even the vanity of Mrs. St. Aubyn could have imagined his affection for his amiable pupil Henry was at all increased by admiration of this mother ;—yet such was this weak woman's belief ;—and while with the com-
mon

mon care and attention of a gentleman he handed her over broken pieces of rock, or little rivulets difficult to cross, which ever and anon obstructed their path, she fancied his supporting grasp was one of overflowing tenderness ; and if he sighed, she sighed audibly in return.

“ What a countenance that young man has ! ” cried Mr. Egerton, as Henry bounded past, and smiled on them as he went.

“ He has indeed,” simpered Mrs. St. Aubyn ; adding, with affected and hesitating timidity, “ Do you see any *likeness* ? Some people say that —— ”

“ A likeness ! O yes, I do *indeed*, madam,” replied Mr. Egerton in a faltering voice, “ I do *indeed* see his likeness to one very dear to me ; ” — for he concluded she alluded to her husband’s cousin, Clara Ainslie, whose image was always present

present to his mind, and whose name he thought Mrs. St. Aubyn from delicacy forbore to mention.

“Do *you* not see the likeness yourself, dear madam?” asked he, pressing her arm gently as he spoke.

“Why—yes,” replied the lady, “I believe I do; but I must be a bad judge, you know——”

“You are too modest,” rejoined Mr. Egerton, again pressing her arm kindly, and hoping she would gently hint some praise of his regretted love: but Mrs. St. Aubyn only pressed his arm in return, and he felt the action to be an expression of her sympathy in his affliction and sorrows; which being recalled to his mind by this supposed allusion of Mrs. St. Aubyn’s, he fell into a melancholy reverie, which his companion mistook for a tender one, with her for its object. But at length,

length, tired of his long and unnecessary silence, she ventured to express to him how happy she esteemed her son in having found in him such a friend and preceptor, nay even a *father*, as it were.

“A father!” cried Mr. Egerton, enthusiastically and suddenly starting from his reverie; “you say well, madam; I hope I shall one day or other prove a father to him!”

“Dear me!” said Mrs. St. Aubyn, affectedly disengaging her arm from Mr. Egerton’s, for she thought this speech amounted to little less than an offer of his hand. But Mr. Egerton, wrapt in his own thoughts, heard not her exclamation, neither was he conscious of the delicate scruple which unlocked her arm from his, nor of the action itself:—but seeing Emma before him evidently waiting for his approach, he walked hastily forward,

forward, and, taking her under his arm, left Mrs. St. Aubyn to wander,—but at the same time to hope also; as she attributed his abrupt departure from her to the fear of having disclosed too much of his intentions on so short an acquaintance; and she earnestly wished she had let her arm remain where it was. But she had no opportunity of regaining the station which she had lost; for when the party, who all walked home, reached the town of Keswick, they separated and went to their respective homes: and as Mr. Egerton before he entered Mrs. Castlemain's carriage, which met them at Keswick, bowed low to Mrs. St. Aubyn without looking her in the face, the tenderness which she had thrown into her last look was wholly thrown away: but she mused for hours after on her prospect of becoming the wife of Mr. Egerton,

Egerton, and had in fancy made him exchange his grayish unpowdered locks for an auburn Brutus.

Meanwhile Mr. Egerton, wholly unsuspecting of his power and of the dangerous hopes which his words and attentions had excited, was, together with Mrs. Castlemain, conversing with Emma on the errors which she had committed in the beginning of the day, and the virtues with which she had made amends for that error; while Emma, penitent yet pleased, and smiling through her tears, promised to turn the events of that day to profit the most unfailing.

The next day Henry, being obliged to go to Penrith on business for his uncle, did not attend at the usual hour for lessons; and Mr. Egerton, observing that Emma was very absent, desired to know the reason. On which she confessed that she

she thought herself pledged to learn those branches of housewifery which Mr. Hargrave had reproached her for not knowing.

“I have no objection,” said Mr. Egerton smiling, “to your being closely initiated into all the mysteries of the kitchen and the pantry, provided the motives for learning them be good ones:—but if your only motive be a wish to triumph over a splenetic old man, I object to it; for then it would be only *your* temper taking its revenge on *his*.”

“I own,” replied Emma blushing, “that I *should* like to prove to him that the fair classic can be useful; but I do assure you that I had a painful feeling of *shame* during Mr. Hargrave’s coarse speech, from the consciousness how little I knew of what I have often heard that all women should know: therefore for my own sake I wish to learn all a woman’s learning.”

“And

“And so you shall,” replied Mr. Egerton, “as it is for your own gratification; for if you wished for it on any other account you would be terribly disappointed. Men, and women too, scarcely if ever part with certain prejudices; and in spite of the evidence of their eyes, if they once find out that you have learning and talents, they will still haunt you with the reproach of being a slattern, and ignorant of every thing which it is necessary and becoming for women to learn. And yet, though in trifles like these prejudice is so difficult to be eradicated, we sit and wonder at the slow progress we make in eradicating prejudices of a more important and pernicious tendency.”

“And is the world so full of prejudice then?” asked Emma sorrowfully.

“More than you can imagine,” replied Mr. Egerton; “but still in some respects mercy and justice have triumphed over it.”

Here

Here they were most unexpectedly and painfully interrupted ; and Emma felt, in its full force, how true it is, that when once we have committed a fault, however trifling, it is impossible to calculate what may be the mischievous consequences of that single error.

Mrs. Castlemain ran into the room, an open letter in her hand, and exclaimed, "There, miss Castlemain! see the effect of your preposterous generosities! There, read and tremble."

Emma did read, and did tremble ; for the letter was an official letter from Penrith, stating that a poor woman had offered a pair of silver buckles for sale there, on the inside of which was engraved the name of Bellenden ; and that, on being asked how she came by them, she had said that a young lady who had no money in her pocket had given her the buckles

kles out of her shoes ; and that this story had appeared so improbable, that the silversmith concluded she had either taken the buckles from the young lady's person by violence, or had stolen them in some other way ; and had therefore carried the woman before a magistrate ; who having on inquiry found out that Mrs. Castlemain of the White Cottage had hired the cart in which she came to Penrith, had committed her till further information could be procured from Mrs. Castlemain herself ; and she was requested to send such information directly.

It would be impossible for me to describe the clamorous grief of Emma on this unexpected consequence of her foolish conduct ; or her frantic eagerness to set off immediately to the relief of the poor woman, whom she had not only been the means of exposing to the disgrace of being

ing committed as a felon, but who might probably be prevented by the delay from reaching Carlisle time enough to see her mother before she died. But Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton were just as eager to go as Emma herself was; and soon, as fast as four horses could carry them, they were on the road to Penrith. In the mean while the story of the poor woman's commitment and its cause was told to Henry St. Aubyn and his mother, who had accompanied him to Penrith that morning; and he, filled with pity for the prisoner, and grief for what Emma would feel on the occasion, ran immediately to the magistrate who was then sitting in court, to tell all he knew on the subject, and exculpate the poor woman. But unfortunately Mrs. St. Aubyn went with him; and while Henry was telling his story to the magistrates, she
was

was relating the same at the door of the hall to the crowd that was collected; while, pleased to be listened to, and as she thought admired, she dwelt with raptures on the noble generosity of Emma; describing her as an angel not only in mind but person, till she worked up her audience to such a pitch of enthusiastic admiration of Emma, and of pity for the woman who had been so unjustly confined, that they huzzaed Mrs. St. Aubyn, and declared they would huzza Emma as soon as she arrived.

Mrs. St. Aubyn was so delighted at this homage paid to her eloquence, that she went on haranguing, flattering herself all the time that she should be exalted by it in the opinion of Mr. Egerton, and that he would feel the greatest gratitude towards her, as having been the means of his pupil's receiving so public a tribute to
her

her virtue : and she was waving her white hand gracefully in the air, and expatiating on the duty and charm of charity to the poor, when the party from the White Cottage stopped at the hall, and beheld the delighted Mrs. St. Aubyn.

“ I wonder what that fool is about ! ” said Mr. Egerton in no kind tone of voice ; for he had taken alarm at seeing Mrs. St. Aubyn directing the attention of the crowd to the carriage : and his brow assumed a frown almost terrific, when, as soon as he lifted out the trembling Emma, the crowd greeted her with three loud huzzas ; while the self-satisfied simper, nods, and glistening eyes of Mrs. St. Aubyn explained at once the cause and the effect.

“ O that grinning idiot ! ” muttered Mr. Egerton, as he hurried the confused Mrs. Castlemain and the weeping Emma through the crowd ; while the latter, see-

ing instead of the angelic beauty whom Mrs. St. Aubyn's description had led them to expect, a pale girl with blubbered eyes and discoloured cheeks, could not help muttering, "Well, I see no beauty in her, howsomever."

"But handsome is that handsome does," said one: and "That is the good young lady that gave her buckles to the poor woman out of her own shoes," was whispered on every side; while poor Emma wanted to stop and assure them that she did not deserve the good character they gave her.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Egerton, "you must bear in silence this new but severe punishment to an ingenuous mind like yours, that of being praised undeservedly."

Henry St. Aubyn had but just finished his story when the party arrived in the court, where Emma was again received

as an object of curiosity and admiration : but she had not long to undergo the pain of interrogatories and praises. The poor woman was soon discharged, and she was made ample amends for the disgrace, delay, and terror she had undergone, by Mrs. Castlemain promising to send her in a light open chaise to the end of her journey.

Henry St. Aubyn undertook to procure this chaise, and see the soldier's widow comfortably settled in it ; and as soon as the money necessary to defray expenses had been deposited by Mrs. Castlemain, they hastened from the court, the self-judged Emma being eager to hide her confusion in the carriage. Accordingly they passed so rapidly along to it, their speed being hastened by a renewal of the shouts, that Mrs. St. Aubyn, who was still waiting at the door, and had been too much elated with the attention she

excited there to follow her friends into the court, had not even an opportunity of speaking to them, which for two reasons she earnestly desired: the first was, that she might show her intimacy with the lady who arrived in a carriage-and-four; and the second was, her wish to borrow money of one of the party to give the lower order of the crowd that she had collected round her, some of whom had seemed to hope her ladyship would give them something to drink her health, and had certainly lost a little of their respect for her when she declared she had (as was usually the case with her) no money in her pocket. "But," added she, mortified to observe the almost contemptuous expression of countenance which her avowal called forth, "I can borrow some of my friends when they come out."

But this was rendered impossible by
the

the celerity with which they passed her and drove off. However, she knew she could procure some from her son, "the best of sons," who would soon appear.

Meanwhile, as it was market-day, the surrounding crowd was increased by several farmers whom curiosity had led to the spot, and whom the love of fun kept there when they heard all that had been communicated by the loquacious Mrs. St. Aubyn; who, while she went on to dwell on her son's great kindness in hastening to relieve the poor woman before the parties concerned arrived, applauded by clapping of hands, and sometimes cried "*Angcor*" in a manner so evidently intended to ridicule her, that she began to feel the impropriety of her situation, and resolved to go in search of St. Aubyn, who had been detained by an unexpected circumstance. While he was endeavouring in the sword room to hire a chaise of a person
present,

present ; an attorney, who was always on the watch for jobs of the sort, took the poor woman aside, and informed her that an action would lie against the silversmith for false imprisonment ; which St. Aubyn overhearing, he eagerly interfered to prevent a proceeding which was he thought both unnecessary and unjust. Nor did the sufferer, worn down as she was with sickness as well as sorrow, feel any inclination to revenge herself, especially when the silversmith, in order to make her some compensation for the distress which his ideas of duty had occasioned her, came forward and offered to send her in his own chaise to Carlisle free of all expense ; and begged that the money deposited by Mrs. Castlemain should be given to her for other uses. To this proposal St. Aubyn gladly acceded, and the lawyer had the mortification of losing his job, and of seeing those whom he

he hoped to make enemies, part as friends. At length St. Aubyn appeared; and as soon as his mother saw him, she joyfully exclaimed, "There he is! there is my son!" On which one of the group archly cried, "Come, then, let us huzza *the best of sons!*" and St. Aubyn to his infinite confusion and surprise was greeted by loud huzzas.

"What is the reason of this?" said he to his mother, and looking fiercely round on the mob.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied she, at that moment seeing to her great relief the horse and chaise come to the door, in which they were to return home: "only do lend me five shillings, that's all;" and with a deep sigh Henry obeyed her, and entered the chaise, into which she immediately followed, throwing the money amidst the crowd as she did so.

This

This action immediately gave rise to such violent, repeated, and loud acclamations from the populace, that the horse took fright and ran with alarming violence through the town and along the road till he overtook Mrs. Castlemain's carriage, which he passed, and soon after by a sudden and unexpected shock St. Aubyn and his mother were thrown out, and the gig nearly broken to pieces.

In an instant Mr. Egerton, followed by Mrs. Castlemain and Emma, who were scarcely able to support themselves from terror, hastened to the spot, and were greatly relieved by seeing St. Aubyn, unhurt running to raise his terrified and nearly fainting mother.

“Lean on me, my dear madam,” cried Mr. Egerton, seeing St. Aubyn too much alarmed to be of much use: and Mrs. St. Aubyn, who even then was sufficiently alive to certain impressions to be aware
of

of the affectionate anxiety with which Mr. Egerton spoke, threw herself on his arm, and leaned against his shoulder with such prompt and energetic obedience that his fears subsided, and he was well convinced that by the aid of Mrs. Castlemain's salts she would soon be herself again. Nor was he mistaken: after a little hysterical laughing and crying Mrs. St. Aubyn resigned the support of Mr. Egerton, and, relinquishing the cold and trembling hand of her still terrified son, began to set her dress to rights, and to replace the *flaxen* ringlets that had wandered from her forehead to her ear.

"But where's my bonnet?" she exclaimed. And when it was brought to her covered with dirt and completely spoiled, "I am glad of this," said she, as she surveyed its discoloured beauties; "I have *now* a good excuse to get a new one; and I shall get one like yours, my dear,"

dear," she added, addressing Emma ; while St. Aubyn deeply blushing turned away.

"But what is to be done with this broken whiskey?" asked Mr. Egerton. "We can take Mrs. St. Aubyn in the carriage with us: and as the horse will soon be caught and brought back, Henry can ride it home. The chaise is then our only difficulty."

"I must get it taken back to Penrith," replied St. Aubyn, "and cause it to be mended as fast as possible, or my uncle will never forgive me."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. St. Aubyn, "and must I go home without you, Henry? I am sure I dare not face my brother unsupported and alone. He will be so angry about his ugly old chaise."

"O we will go with you," said Mrs. Castlemain; "and perhaps our presence will be some restraint on him." And Henry and his mother being both relieved by

by this promise, the former went to a neighbouring farm-house in search of assistance to remove the broken carriage, and the latter took her seat in the chariot of Mrs. Castlemain.

An uncomfortable silence took place during the ride to Vale House, rarely broken in upon even by the loquacious Mrs. St. Aubyn, as the dread of her brother's anger was the feeling continually uppermost, and the rest of the party had not as yet recovered the terror which they had experienced from the accident of the overturn. But at length Mr. Egerton begged to know what had frightened the horse.

“O, the people's shouting.”

“And why did they shout?”

“Why, the first time they shouted because they saw Henry, and were pleased with him on account of his kindness in going to try to exculpate the poor woman.”

“But

“ But how came they to know that he had been so kind ? ”

“ Because because I told them. ”

“ And how did they know him when they saw him ? ”

“ Because I said it was he ; and my son, the best of sons : so then they huzzaed him. ”

“ But you have not yet explained why they shouted so as to frighten the horse ? ”

“ O, that was because I gave them five shillings. ”

“ So then, ” replied Mr. Egerton, “ they were resolved you should have your money’s worth of huzzas. And now, madam, be so good as to tell me why we were greeted in the same noisy way ; was that owing to you too ? ”

“ It was, ” said Mrs. St. Aubyn drawing up her head and smiling with satisfaction as she informed Mr. Egerton of
the

the obligation which his pupil owed her; while she proceeded to tell him how lavish she had been in the praise of the abashed and humbled Emma.

“And you said all this?” they all three asked at once: and Mrs. St. Aubyn, convinced they were filled with gratitude and delight, answered, “Yes, and a great deal more,” with such a simple, confiding, and self-admiring expression on her distended mouth, that, even more amused by her folly than angry at its disagreeable consequences, Mr. Egerton gave way to a violent burst of laughter, in which he was joined by Emma and Mrs. Castlemain.

Mrs. St. Aubyn gazed on them with wonder. Instead of thanks, to be repaid with laughter!—but she was too good-humoured to resent it; and in a few moments she laughed as much as they did, though why she did not exactly know.

They

They gave no explanation, and Mrs. St. Aubyn did not demand one; but conceiving the business of the shouting to be a better joke than she had fancied it, she felt satisfied that all was as it should be, and was convinced that Mr. Egerton's pride was gratified by what had happened, though he was too politic to acknowledge it.

But the white chimneys of the Vale House now began to appear in sight; and Mr. Egerton, who wished Mr. Hargrave to remain ignorant if possible of their journey to Penrith and its disagreeable cause, proposed that they should dismiss the carriage, as it was drawn by four horses, and walk the rest of the way; a plan highly approved of by Mrs. St. Aubyn, as she hoped by that means to enter the house unobserved, and change her dirty and disordered dress before she was seen by Mr. Hargrave.

Accord-

Accordingly they alighted, and walked to the house, which they entered by a back door; but not unperceived by Mr. Hargrave, who, being in an adjoining parlour, called his trembling sister, who was therefore forced to appear before him, leaning for support on Mr. Egerton, he having engaged to explain the cause of her strange appearance, and of the absence of Henry.

“Heyday! whom have we here?” cried Mr. Hargrave, “I did not expect so much good company. And why this extraordinary humility of coming in at the back door? Well, and where is Henry? . . . What! not a word? And you all look as glum as if you had just come from a funeral.”

“We were very near being present at a death,” replied Mr. Egerton gravely.

“A death!

“ A death ! What do you mean ? No accident to Henry, I hope ? ”

“ No, thank God ! no serious accident.”

“ Nor to me neither, as it happened,” returned Mrs. St. Aubyn.

“ As it happened !—Ah ! and now I look again, your wig is on one side, old girl, and you have lost some of your bloom. And, why, ’sdeath ! you have been in the *mire*, madam ! ”

“ I have indeed, I have been *overturned*.”

“ Overturned !—No harm come to my horse and gig, I hope ? ”

Here Mrs. St. Aubyn, afraid to answer Yes, thought it best to give way to a gentle hysteric : she had known such an expedient succeed with her husband, and she had a mind to try it on her brother. But scarcely had she begun to raise a few notes,

notes, when Mr. Hargrave rang the bell, and ordered in a pail of water.

“Good heavens! what for?” cried Mrs. Castlemain.

“For my sister,” he coolly replied; “to souse her,—that’s all.”

And while Mr. Egerton turned round indignantly to reprove him for his brutality, he saw to his infinite surprise that Mrs. St. Aubyn was quite recovered.

“There!” said Mr. Hargrave exultingly, “now am I not a good physician?—I have known St. Aubyn on such occasions send for a surgeon, and wine, and brandy, and hartshorn, and the deuce knows what, and almost go into a responsive and sympathetic hysteric himself:—while madam kicked and squalled very much at her ease.—But I, you see, had no sooner”

Here he paused; for real tears, the tears of wounded sensibility, now coursed each

each other down his poor sister's cheek, as she recollected the tenderness of her husband, and contrasted it with the coarseness of her brother:—while she indignantly exclaimed,

“It is cruel in you to remind me of that fond indulgence which I have lost for ever, and which the behaviour I now experience serves to endear to me every day more and more.”

“Humph! well put that,” replied Mr. Hargrave; “and I like to see you cry for St. Aubyn, for he deserved it from you: though he was a confounded proud fellow, and I hate pride.—But come, now let us hear about the accident; are my horse and gig safe? I ask you.”

“Your horse is, I hope;—but your gig”

“Is broken to pieces, I suppose?”

“Not quite.”

“Not quite!! 'sdeath! I had rather but how did it happen?”

"The horse ran away," said Mr. Egerton, "and threw your nephew and sister out, and broke the chaise, which Mr. St. Aubyn has taken to be mended!"

"The horse ran away! That must have been the fault of the driver; for he is as gentle as a lamb, and not given to such freaks."

"Indeed it was no fault of Henry's," said Mrs. St. Aubyn; "but the people at Penrith *shouted* so loud that they frightened the horse."

"And what did they shout for, pray?"

"Why, for *us*."

"For you! What the deuce could they shout for at sight of a fantastical old woman, and a tall gawky boy?"

"Well, they shouted for others besides us."

"So," thought Mr. Egerton, "all will out!"

"They

“ They shouted when they saw miss Castlemain too.”

“ Amazing !” cried Mr. Hargrave : “ Why, what ails the people of Penrith ? —are they gone mad ? or are old women and pretty girls so rare at Penrith that the sight of them turns their head ? —Do, Mrs. Castlemain or Mr. Egerton, explain this business ; for the fair classic looks sulky, and so does my sister.”

Mr. Egerton immediately as succinctly as possible related what had passed ; but could scarcely go on in his story uninterrupted by Mr. Hargrave, who was impatient to give a loud vent to the suppressed bursts of laughter which evidently shook his frame. When he had concluded, Mr. Hargrave put a restraint on his inclinations no longer ; but gave way to so loud and hearty a laugh that even the mortified Emma could not help joining in it. But her inclination to laughter soon

soon ceased, when Mr. Hargrave recovering his speech exclaimed,

“This is glorious fun. It is a great consolation to poor ignoramuses like myself to see these uncommon folks getting themselves into such ridiculous scrapes! O! ho! ho! ho! I protest I don’t think it would have entered into the head of any one but a little miss who learns Greek and Latin to give away her buckles out of her shoes in a fit of unnecessary generosity; and bear to go about like a slattern the whole day after! O! ho! ho! I shall burst my sides! I think I see you, miss Emma, with your straps hanging down, and your draggled petticoats! But what did that signify? You had done something out of the common road, and that was enough for you, you know!”

Mr. Egerton, who felt deeply this coarse and unmerited attack on his pupil,

was

was so angry he dared not trust himself to speak; but Mrs. Castlemain was beginning a

“Let me tell you, Mr. Hargrave,” when he interrupted her with,

“Stop, madam, I have not done yet.—Tell me, my pretty classic, were you not much elated when those fools at Penrith applauded you for what you had done? I dare say your little heart beat with exultation and conceit, ha!”

Mr. Egerton was going to answer for her, dreading that Emma would make an angry reply, as he had marked the varying colour of her cheek, and the quick heaving of her bosom;—but she spoke before he was aware of it, and in a voice so gentle that his alarm subsided.

“No, indeed, sir,” she mildly replied; “for I did not add to the folly of giving away my buckles that of valuing myself on what I had done:—on the contrary,
sir,

sir, my conscience told me that my fatal present was given more from ill-humour and spite than generosity ; and the moments which you fancy I thought so flattering, were to me the most humiliating that I ever experienced."

"There, sir!" cried Mrs. Castlemain in a tone of triumph.

"Heyday! what is all this? what new stage effect have we here?"

"No stage effect, nor attempt at it," said Mr. Egerton ; "but a plain matter of fact, as I will condescend to convince you; though you hardly deserve that I should do so. But no, Emma shall tell her own story."—And thus encouraged, the blushing girl gave a circumstantial account of her extravagance and all its consequences, and blamed herself so unaffectedly where Mr. Hargrave had fancied her valuing herself on her nobleness of feeling, that even he, though mortified to find

find he had not been able to mortify Emma, allowed she was a very good and well-disposed girl;—but he was afraid they would *educate* her into a pedant in petticoats.

It was now near Mr. H.'s dinner-time, and his guests rose to depart; but he would not allow it, and insisted so violently on their staying to partake of his family meal, that they at length consented, especially as they were anxious to await the return of Henry St. Aubyn, and be convinced that he had not at all suffered from his accident.—Their compliance put Mr. Hargrave into great good humour: still he could not entirely forget the destruction of his chaise; and he declared that Henry was a lad to be trusted alone any where; but that, if his ridiculous mother went with him, he was always led by her into some scrape or another.

“I am very certain,” observed Mr. Egerton,

Egerton, "that Henry would not feel obliged to you for this compliment to him at the expense of his mother."

"No, to be sure," answered Mr. Hargrave; "I know he is your pious Æneas;—or rather, I dare say you think pious Æneas was bloody Nero to Henry St. Aubyn.—But, huzza! here he is! here is pious Æneas at last, and my chaise too, I declare! But I vow Henry shall pay for the mending!"

By this time the wine which Mr. Hargrave had drunk had made him more than usually kind. He therefore received Henry most graciously; declared he was an honest fellow, and he was very glad he had not broken his neck as well as the chaise. Then filling up a bumper he desired him to drink it off to madam Castlemain's health, and wish her another husband and soon, (winking his eye as he spoke at Mr. Egerton);—then he chucked his

sister under the chin by the title of old mother St. Aubyn; and telling Emma she was a beauty, and he should come a-courting to her soon, he gave her so loud a kiss that St. Aubyn started from his seat with a feeling of pain which he could as yet have found it difficult to define even to himself.

When the company separated, an early day was fixed for their meeting again at the house of Mrs. Castlemain: and Emma anticipated the arrival of that day with more pleasure than she had ever before felt when expecting to be in company with the dreaded Mr. Hargrave. But an attack of the gout deferred that gentleman's visit even some weeks longer.

At length, however, Mr. Hargrave's malady left him, and he was able to pay his long-promised visit to Mrs. Castlemain; and Mr. Egerton was not a little amused to observe that Emma was an interested partaker

partaker in the preparations making for Mr. Hargrave's reception.

"You take such pains to please this odd-tempered man," said he laughing, "that one might suppose you were in love with him!"

"Indeed," replied Emma with great simplicity, "I don't even like him: still I had rather please than displease him; for he is Henry's uncle, you know."

Mr. Egerton smiled again, but turned away as he did so, conscious that his smile had now assumed an arch expression which he would not have liked to explain to her who called it forth.

At the appointed hour Mr. Hargrave, his sister, and Henry arrived, and the former in good humour. But when Emma helped him to some fruit pie, and did it without spilling any of the juice, he observed that she took better care of

at his ungraciousness: but she hoped that the present which Emma had in store for him would make him repent and perhaps amend his harshness; and in a low voice she desired her to bring down her work.

Emma obeyed. Then timidly approaching Mr. Hargrave, she begged his acceptance of a silk handkerchief to replace one which he had mentioned having lost.

“He! What!—What have we here?” said he; “and whose work is this? and why is it given to me?”

“It is Emma’s work; she both made and marked it; and now she begs you will reward her for her trouble by accepting and wearing it.”

“Nay, madam,” returned Mr. Hargrave, “I am not much obliged to her, I believe. Come hither, girl: and so you did all this to prove to me that I was an old fool, and to give me the lie, did you?”

(Here

(Here Henry with indignant emotion started from his seat.)

“No, sir,” answered Emma, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke: “I did it merely to gain your good opinion and my own; as I agree with you in thinking that a woman should learn every thing that is useful.”

Even Mr. Hargrave was not proof against this meek and modest reply; and catching her in his arms, he swore she was the best little girl in the world. “But,” added he, as if afraid of being too amiable, “I shall never dare to use my handkerchief; but I shall lay it up in lavender, and show it as a wonder—Neat work by a learned young lady.”

Mrs. Castlemain, Mr. Egerton, and Henry looked their indignation at this ungracious and sarcastic courtesy: but Emma, as if she did not feel the bitterness of it, replied, “Pray, sir, do not do

do that ; for when it is worn out I should be very happy to make you another."

Mr. Hargrave looked at her a moment in silence ; then said, taking her hand and kissing it respectfully, " You have conquered, young lady ; and I will never call you learned again." While Emma, venturing to raise her eyes to those of Mr. Egerton and Henry, read in them such lively approbation of her forbearance as amply rewarded her for her efforts to obtain it, and flattered her much more than Mrs. St. Aubyn's repeated assurances, that to be sure she was the sweetest temper in the world.

In the evening Mr. Hargrave and Mrs. Caslemain played chess, and unfortunately the latter was the conqueror,—a circumstance which was particularly galling to the former, because he had an avowed contempt for the talents of women, and piqued himself on his skill as a chess-

chess-player : and secretly displeased as he had before been, and as Mr. Egerton suspected he would be, by Emma's triumph, his ill temper became ungovernable ; and on his poor dependent sister's coming near him, he vented some of his spleen on her by desiring her, with an oath, to get out of the way, and accompanying what he said with a push violent enough to send her almost on her face to the other end of the room.

Soon after, on Mrs. Castlemain's venturing to contradict him, he was so gross in his abuse of her that she replied in no very gentle manner. The consequence was that they parted immediately, resolving never on any terms to meet again. Vain were Mrs. St. Aubyn's tears, and Mr. Egerton's remonstrances. Mr. Hargrave persisted in leaving the house, and Mrs. Castlemain in approving his departure ; and meeting Henry at the gate returning

turning with Emma from a walk in an adjacent valley, he seized his arm, and exclaimed, "Come along, you puppy! and mark me, I do not choose you should be inveigled by any artful old woman or her base-born brats: so come home, and never presume to enter these doors again."

"What has happened? for mercy's sake tell me what has happened!" cried Henry; while Emma ran into the house: but repeating his "Come away, I tell you!" Henry had only time to say "Good night, my dear Emma, and I will try to see you tomorrow."

But that very night Mrs. Castlemain told Emma, that as Mr. Hargrave and she, in consequence of a violent quarrel, had parted never to meet again, it was not at all likely that Henry would be allowed to continue his visits: and Emma did not behave like a heroine on the occasion, for she retired in great distress to her

apartment, and literally cried herself to sleep. The next morning Henry did not appear according to his promise, either at Mrs. Castlemain's or Mr. Egerton's; and Mr. Egerton, after endeavouring with some little success to calm the violence of Mrs. Castlemain's resentment, set out for Vale House with the benevolent intention of appeasing that of Mr. Hargrave. But his efforts were wholly unsuccessful, and he was forced to return with no prospect of a reconciliation between the parties, unless it should be in the power of time or accident to effect it; and, however deeply his want of success might affect the heart of Emma, it was not less sensibly felt by Mr. Egerton himself.

Emma could not be more desirous of pleasing Mr. Hargrave, because he was the uncle of St. Aubyn, than Mr. Egerton was. He allowed his paradoxes to
pass

pass uncontradicted, his asperities of temper to remain unresented, rather than offend the man on whose caprice the destiny of St. Aubyn depended; for his heart was bent on an union between Emma and Henry; and he well knew that by displeasing Mr. Hargrave he should run the risk of weakening if not of destroying the chance of this desired union's taking place. But all his forbearance was now rendered vain, and by a circumstance more likely to prove fatal to his views than a dispute between him and Mr. Hargrave could have been. The near relation of Emma had mortally offended the arbiter of Henry St. Aubyn's fate; and when Emma ran out to meet him, as soon as he appeared in sight, she discovered by his countenance, before he answered her interrogating eyes, that he had no pleasing intelligence to communicate. But to submit with patience to a
positive

positive evil, even though it be unavoidable, is a hard task for youth to learn; and to bear with fortitude the loss of her companion, her monitor, and her example, was a lesson which Mr. Egerton found it difficult to teach his usually docile scholar.

In a few days, however, Mrs. Castlemain observed that Emma had recovered her spirits; and she also observed that though she herself rose very early, Emma rose still earlier, and immediately went out to take a walk. At first this unusual circumstance excited no suspicion in Mrs. Castlemain, and she forgot to question Emma concerning it. But one morning it occurred to her that these early walks must have a motive, and she determined to follow her. She did so, and found that she went to meet St. Aubyn. On seeing Mrs. Castlemain, Henry and Emma advanced towards her, afraid perhaps

perhaps of being received with some degree of coldness, but not conscious that they deserved the severity of reproof. St. Aubyn therefore was shocked, and Emma irritated, at hearing himself accused by Mrs. Castlemain of having seduced her child into the commission of a disobedient, indelicate, and clandestine action, and secret, unbecoming intercourse.

“You astonish and distress me,” cried St. Aubyn; while Emma was too indignant to speak. “You know I am forbidden to visit both at your house and Mr. Egerton’s (a command which I dare not disobey), but I am not forbidden to associate either with you, Mr. Egerton, or Emma, if I happen to meet you: therefore, having been so fortunate as to meet Emma by chance one morning, I prevailed on her to indulge me with her company; and in hopes of enjoying the same pleasure again, though not by appointment,

pointment, I have walked the same way every morning ever since ; and”

“ She has been so complaisant as to do the same, I suppose ?”

“ She has,” replied St. Aubyn blushing ; “ nor did either of us imagine that in so doing we were guilty of an impropriety.”

“ Sweet innocents !” said Mrs. Castlemain reddening with resentment : “ but though you, Mr. St. Aubyn, may, and no doubt *do*, disapprove your uncle’s unwarrantable conduct to me, and therefore do not at all feel disposed to enter into his quarrel, miss Castlemain ought to have resented my injuries so far as to scorn to have meetings with the nephew of the man who has offended me ; especially when she knows that her intercourse with you, if known to Mr. Hargrave, would be disapproved by him, and consequently forbidden. But if she does
not

not know how to act with proper spirit, I must teach her: therefore, sir, while Mr. Hargrave and I are at variance, I positively forbid you to see or speak to miss Castlemain; and I forbid her to see or speak to you." So saying she turned hastily away, refusing to listen to St. Aubyn's remonstrances, and desiring Emma to follow her immediately.

Emma obeyed, but slowly and sullenly; and till she lost sight of St. Aubyn she continued to kiss her hand to him; while the rapid tears that coursed each other down her cheek sufficiently betrayed her sorrow at this cruel and in her opinion unnecessary prohibition.

"And you expect me to obey you, madam?" said Emma in a tone more akin to defiance than submission.

"I do," hastily replied Mrs. Castlemain; "or you must take the consequences."

It

It happened unfortunately that Emma, who had been told by a tattling old servant who waited on her, some imperfect particulars of her mother's rash marriage, and Mrs. Castlemain's bitter and long resentment of it, had asked St. Aubyn if he could give her any information on the subject; and he, though he endeavoured to soften his account of Mrs. Castlemain's implacability as much as possible, had said enough to recall to Emma's mind the recollection of the dread and hatred which she used to feel towards her grandmother, and to account for her mother's having, as she concluded, inspired her with them.

It was at this moment, this unlucky moment, that Mrs. Castlemain, having kept Emma in sight, followed her at a distance; and seeing her walking with St. Aubyn, suddenly appeared before them with determined severity and
resentment

resentment in her look : and while Emma listened to her words with a heart bursting with indignation, her mother's sorrows, her mother's wrongs alone were present to her view ; and she forgot all Mrs. Castlemain's kindness to herself, and her own daily sense of that kindness ; and she only saw in her indulgent and fostering parent the object of her early and just terror and aversion. No wonder then that her proud spirit rose at hearing a sort of threat from Mrs. Castlemain of future vengeance if she dared to disobey her ; and that she listened with a rebellious heart to the lecture on propriety, which after breakfast (of which Emma refused to partake) Mrs. Castlemain thought it her duty to give her.

“ I see no harm in what we have done,” replied Emma : “ and as an uncle is not one's father, nor a grandmother one's

one's own mother, and therefore their right to command may very well be disputed, I should not at all scruple to meet Henry St. Aubyn again, and walk with him in spite of your prohibition and Mr. Hargrave's."

Mr. Egerton, who had entered the room just before Emma made this unbecoming reply, now came forward in great emotion; but she was too angry to be awed even by his presence.

"I see by your countenance, Mr. Egerton," said Mrs. Castlemain, "that you have heard what this ungrateful girl has been saying, and that you are shocked at it."

Mr. Egerton bowed in silence.

"I am glad you are here, sir," she continued, "that you may also hear what I am going to say; namely, that if in defiance of my express commands,
and

and all the laws of propriety, miss Castlemain persists in meeting Mr. St. Aubyn, I shall——”

“Renounce me for ever! I suppose,” cried Emma rising and pale with anger; “for I know you are not very forgiving in your nature. My poor injured discarded mother knew that to her cost!”

A thunderbolt could not have had a more overpowering effect on Mrs. Castlemain than this cruelly reproachful speech. She fell back in her chair: she spoke not—she stirred not—but lay with her eyes fixed in glaring unconsciousness.

Emma on seeing this gave a loud shriek, and sprang forward to her assistance; but Mr. Egerton, indignantly pushing her away with violence, exclaimed, “You have killed her! or you have driven her to phrensy!” and ringing the bell for the servants, he would not suffer Emma to share in his endeavours to re-
store

store her victim, as he called her, to life and reason ; and Emma, screaming dreadfully, threw herself in frantic agony on the ground.

This roused Mrs. Castlemain from her stupor ; she sobbed violently, and in a few moments tears came to her relief ; while a " Thank God ! " that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, burst from the self-judged Emma.

In a short time Mrs. Castlemain was able to speak ; and as she then begged to be left to recover herself alone, Mr. Egerton took Emma away with him, and led her into a room which she but rarely entered, namely the dressing-room of Mrs. Castlemain. " Poor child of passion ! " cried Mr. Egerton, seizing Emma's hand ; " what an act of brutality have you been guilty of ! Do you see that picture ? " (pointing to a picture hanging over the chimney-piece, and drawing aside the curtain

curtain which concealed it as he spoke;) “know then, that the life of that indulgent parent whose heart you have so cruelly wounded, is already tortured by incessant repentance and self-upbraiding; and that it was only yesterday, when unperceived I entered the adjoining apartment, that I overheard her, as she knelt before that picture, speaking aloud in all the agonies of a broken and contrite spirit, and calling on her lost daughter to witness her sufferings and pardon her injustice! Cruel unnatural child! was it for you to inflict a still severer pang on a heart already lacerated and bleeding with remorse?”

Emma staid to hear no more; but rushing out of the room she almost flew into the apartment where she had left Mrs. Castlemain, and throwing herself on her knees before her, earnestly conjured her to pity and forgive her, though she

she declared that she never never should forgive herself.

“Forgive thee! my child,” replied Mrs. Castlemain in mournful and faltering accents; “aye, from the bottom of my soul do I forgive thee; for I have only too much need of forgiveness.” Here she pressed Emma almost convulsively to her bosom; and as she again wished to be left alone, Emma returned to Mr. Egerton.

But as she had foreseen, it was not easy for her to obtain her own pardon for the wound she had inflicted on the feelings of Mrs. Castlemain: during the whole of that day she was occasionally in paroxysms of frantic anguish, and the death-like figure of Mrs. Castlemain was present to her view; for what agony can exceed that of a young and virtuous heart that feels for the first time the horrors of remorse!

That

That evening, after Emma, exhausted by exertion, was retired to rest, Mr. Egerton told Mrs. Castlemain that he thought, as Emma was more than fifteen, she was old enough to be told her unhappy mother's story; "and at this moment," added he, "that her mind is melted and humbled by self-upbraiding, the warning moral which it inculcates will sink into it deeply, and she will also learn to understand and hold sacred your claims, your just claims, to her obedience and affection."

"I believe you are right," replied Mrs. Castlemain; "but as the narration would only call into additional force feelings and recollections which are already only too present to my mind, I shall order the carriage and go out for a long drive, that I may be out of the way of it. But, here," said she, taking a letter out of a case

case deposited in her bosom, "here is my child's last letter to me; show it to her daughter, who in some respects I see too nearly resembles her, and as soon as I shall have driven from the door tomorrow, begin your melancholy task."

Mr. Egerton approved of Mrs. Castlemain's intended absence; and having on his return to his own cottage that night looked over some papers containing particulars necessary to be accurately explained, he was prepared the next morning to give Emma the desired and necessary information.

As soon as Mrs. Castlemain had left the house, Mr. Egerton told Emma that he wished to have some conversation with her on some circumstances very interesting to her feelings; and leading her into Mrs. Castlemain's dressing-room, he again undrew the curtain that concealed the picture

ture of Agatha. "I am going," said he, "to relate the history of that dear unhappy woman."

"I am glad of it, very glad of it indeed," replied Emma bursting into tears: "but is it possible that that can be my mother's picture? I believe my grandmother showed it to me some years ago, and told me it was so; but I have never seen it since, and I had quite forgotten there was such a picture." Then going close to it, she regarded it some moments in silence, and, turning mournfully round, exclaimed, "O sir, is it possible that my mother could ever have looked so young, so happy, so beautiful?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Mr. Egerton gravely, "till she became the slave of an imperious temper and ungovernable passions, and by an act of disobedience paved the way to her own misery and early death."

Emma blushed, looked down, and re-

mained silent for a moment; but looking again at the picture, she suddenly observed, "Surely I have seen a face like that, for the features seem quite familiar to me!"

"You have," said Mr. Egerton with a significant look; which, as Emma's eyes involuntarily turned towards a pier glass opposite to her, she was at no difficulty to explain, and she blushed again; (but from emotions of a mixed nature, for pleasure was one of them,) as the consciousness of self-approving beauty stole across her busy thought.

"Yes, Emma," cried Mr. Egerton, replying to the deepened and expressive glow of her cheek, and the involuntary complacency that dimpled the corners of her closed mouth: "that picture is as like you as if it had been painted from you; and you yourself have pronounced it beautiful. But be not elated by the conviction which it gives you; for,

What's

What's female beauty, but an air divine
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?

Therefore, how easy it is for temper and passion, by leaving their traces on the countenance, to injure if not to destroy loveliness even perfect as that is! Such as is that picture was your dear unhappy mother at the age of sixteen;—and such as is *this* picture was the same woman at the age of *twenty-four*; (giving Emma a large miniature of her mother as he spoke;) so great and so obvious were the ravages which the passions had made in her appearance.”

Emma, surprised and affected, took the picture with a trembling hand, but had no sooner beheld it, than she exclaimed in a voice inarticulate from emotion, “This is indeed my mother!” and sunk back in her chair almost choked with the violence of her feelings.

When she recovered herself sufficiently

to speak, she asked why this resemblance of her mother as she was accustomed to see her, had been so long concealed from her: and Mr. Egerton informed her that Agatha had desired him to let it remain unknown to her till she was old enough to hear the story of her mother's wrongs.—“When that time arrives, and not till *then*, show Emma,” said she, “this picture which I have painted on purpose for her.”

“I have obeyed your mother, my dear child,” added Mr. Egerton, “in the one respect; it now only remains for me to obey her in the other.”

“How many heart-achs should we spare ourselves,” said Mr. Egerton as he prepared to narrate to Emma the history of her mother's sorrows, “if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love, as it is occasionally suggested to us by the infirmities of
of

of our temper, by this anticipating reflection:—‘The time may soon arrive when the being whom I am now about to afflict may be snatched from me for ever to the cold recesses of the grave; secured from the assaults of my petulance, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence!’ O Emma! had Mrs. Castlemain fallen a victim last night to the strong emotion your cruel reproaches occasioned her, what today would not have been your bitter and unavailing agonies!”

Emma, conscience-stricken, did not attempt to answer him even by a promise of future self-control; and Mr. Egerton continued thus:—

“‘She is dead, and never knew how much I loved, and how truly I forgave her!’ was the exclamation of Mrs. Castlemain when I informed her that your mother was no more; and the tone in which she spoke conveyed to my mind
such

such an impression of remorse and agony as no time can eradicate from my memory! and when you shall learn how much both of your mother's and of Mrs. Castlemain's miseries was the result of ill-humour improperly indulged, I trust, my dear child, that you will not wonder at the incessant care with which I have endeavoured to teach you the virtue of self-command."

Mr. Egerton then proceeded to his long and melancholy detail, with which my readers are already acquainted:—but I wish to observe, that when Mr. Egerton said her mother was led to the altar, Emma eagerly interrupted him, and exclaimed with great emotion,

"Is it indeed true that my mother was really *married* to my father?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Egerton, amazed at her agitated manner.

"Bless you! bless you! sir, for telling me

me so!" returned Emma bursting into tears: "O what a load have you taken off my mind! I thought I had been told——but now that agony is over, and I have not the misery of blushing for a mother's guilt!"

"But," replied Mr. Egerton affectionately, "it is only too probable your mother's fame may never be cleared in the eyes of the world."

"It is cleared, sir, in the eyes of her daughter," replied Emma; "and other considerations are comparatively indifferent. I know her to be innocent, and I bless God that I know it: but pray go on, I think I can now bear to hear the detail of my father's depravity."

Mr. Egerton, satisfied with his pupil, pressed her hand kindly, and proceeded in his narration.

It is not in the power of words to describe the force nor the variety of the emotions which agitated the heart of
Emma

Emma while she listened to the tale of her mother's wrongs and sorrows; nor of the affectionate eagerness which she expressed to see the Orwells, the humble but admirable friends of her mother, to whom Mr. Egerton was in the habit of writing occasionally, and sending little presents in the name of Emma.

"I should like to go to London on *purpose* to see them," said Emma: and Mr. Egerton kept alive in her young heart a sense of gratitude so honourable and so just.

But he soon found that the praises of the Orwells, which Emma was for ever indulging in, sounded harshly on the ears of Mrs. Castlemain; for they recalled her own hasty renunciation of Agatha to her mind, and she felt that if *she* had done her duty by her, she would not have been forced to incur such vast obligations from the benevolence of obscure strangers.

.. My

“My dear child,” said Mr. Egerton to Emma when they were alone together, “do not mention the Orwells again in the presence of your grandmother.” And Emma, who immediately discerned the cause of his request, implicitly obeyed him.

It was now that Mr. Egerton thought the time was come for some inquiries to be made concerning the father of Emma, and for some steps to be taken in order to force him to acknowledge her as his legitimate daughter ; and to the propriety of these measures, as a justice due to the memory of her child, Mrs. Castlemain reluctantly consented. Hitherto, the terror of being forced to resign her to a father's claims, when those claims were established, had kept them from bringing the affair forward ; but selfish considerations could not now with propriety be acted upon any further ; and Mr. Egerton employed an agent in London to inquire
what

what was become of Danvers. And it was with no small degree of satisfaction they heard that, after many inquiries, the agent could only discover that Danvers had sailed nearly fifteen years back for the West Indies, and was supposed to have died there of the yellow ~~fellow~~ ^{fever}, as no person of that name was known upon any of the islands.

"Then you are mine, exclusively mine now," said Mrs. Castlemain affectionately embracing Emma, "and all that is necessary to be done, is, to procure a copy of the register of your mother's marriage, in order to clear her name from the shadow of suspicion."

But though sure of still remaining under the protection which she loved, though *in hope* of being proved the legitimate child of her mother, and lawful heiress of her grandmother, gaiety no longer lighted up the eye nor bloomed on the cheek of Emma; for Mr. Hargrave re-

mained at variance with Mrs. Castlemain, and Henry St. Aubyn therefore was no longer a visitor at the Cottage. Mr. Eger-ton too missed his pupil as much as Emma her companion. Still at church they met; but for two successive Sundays, Emma had vainly looked both for St. Aubyn and his mother, and she wondered at an absence so unusual. But she heard the reason of it only too soon from the gossip of the town of Keswick; and learnt with indescribable emotion, that St. Aubyn and his mother were gone on a tour of the Lakes with the honourable Mrs. Felton, a beautiful widow with a large jointure, to whom report said St. Aubyn was shortly to be united.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.