

SIR WILLIAM D

St. James Regent 1887
A DOMESTIC STORY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.
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BY THE AUTHOR OF
MARGIANA; OR, WIDDRINGTON TOWER.

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There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.



SIR WILLIAM DORIEN.

CHAP. I.

A Qui pro Quo.

THOUGH Edella did not affect to disguise the pleasure with which she should welcome Horatio Cranswick home, she had too much good sense to regret his protracted stay, since it would add to his acquisition of knowledge, and promote a species of amusement which he might never again be in the way of enjoying. But Dawnay, who loved to rally, though he always did it good-naturedly, assured

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er he was confident she felt much disappointed, and even angry, at his continuing abroad after his friend had left him.

—"I dare say, now, sister," said he, "you think he would have acted much more wisely, if he had returned to wait quietly at home till it was time to be married."

"I beg your pardon, brother; I think it is a wofully bad plan for a young couple to marry and settle for life, without having seen something of the world, or having provided a stock of useful ideas, that their minds in future may feed upon. If they live in London, they are in danger of swimming down the current of the most frivolous dissipation, because every thing wears, to their ignorance, the charm of novelty; and having no subjects for reflection at home, nor consequently

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quently for conversation with each other, they must go abroad, and seek for public amusements, as a defence against the tedium of life. And what is the consequence if they reside in the country? the husband becomes, saving your presence, dear Dawnay, either a *mere* farmer, a tippler, or a *mere* foxhunter; and Cowper, you know, tells us that the mere fox-follower never is reclaimed. He has no comprehension there *can* be higher recreations than a long chace, or a good day's shooting, and a savoury dinner after it; though his plagues are very many, and though a well-informed man might think them ridiculous, they are most serious evils, in his estimation. An accident happening to a favourite horse or hound, disturbs his rest for nights, and exhausts his whole stock of

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aths ; and if he hears a gun go off on the edge of his manor, or, still worse, in his *presence*, oh, what a dreadful stew is he thrown into !”

“ You have drawn a very charming picture of a country gentleman, indeed, sister,” said Dawnay ; “ but pray let me ask you if a country gentlewoman is at all superior ?”

“ On the contrary, brother, her occupations are equally confined to the animal economy of life. When she has ordered her family dinner, settled the important era of the next grand wash, and told her housekeeper how many quarts of gooseberries she would have bottled, her recreations are, inquiring into, and then retailing, all the little anecdotes she has gathered concerning her neighbours ; which of them are likely

to

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to be married ; what worthy gentlewoman is going to be confined ; and who has turned away her dairy-maid. In short, their whole lives are nothing worth. They busy themselves about trifles ; they are amused with trifles ; and their minds are so common-place, that they think of nothing but trifles."

" Well done, my dear," said sir William ; " I never heard you talk so long at once in my life. I hope all this is intended to prove that when you and Horatio marry, you will be a very sensible, well-informed couple, who have seen too much of the world not to be above all the vulgar concerns of life."

" Oh, my dear sir, you do not in reality mistake my meaning so widely : far from thinking it beneath either lady or gentleman to understand and direct their

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domestic affairs, I should incline to call them very contemptible if they did not do both: but surely when two young people, raw from school, new to life, and ignorant of the world, choose prematurely to take upon themselves the grave characters of man and wife, they must either fill up their time in the manner I have described, or else, like downright children, as they are, play at battledore and shuttlecock."

When Mr. Dorian, with sir William and his steward, had looked over the estate that was upon sale, his ideas so much corresponded with those of his father, that the purchase of it was concluded upon without hesitation; and the owner was too deeply in want of ready money to refuse the very liberal proposals sir William thought fit to offer.

There

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There stood upon it a small family mansion, which had gone much to decay during the time it was inhabited by the late old lady. But sir William now proposed putting it into complete repair, with the view of fitting it up for the residence of his eldest son, whenever he should become a married man.

I happened to be present when he first communicated this project to Henry, who, after a gleam of pleasure had crossed his countenance, lost himself in a reverie, which continued some time. Sir William observing it, inquired the subject of his thoughts.—“Do you not approve of Thornyhurst as a situation?” said he; “or would it be a satisfaction to you to have the repairs or alterations of the house carried on under your own particular direction?”

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"The nearer the situation of any place is to you, my dear sir," replied Henry, "the more agreeable, as an abode, it must be to me; and of the utility of the alterations, if any are made, I should consider you a much better judge than myself. I should therefore wish you to be the sole director of them; only allowing me to take trouble from you in seeing your orders executed."

"Then your wishes meet my scheme of improving the place for you?"

"Entirely, sir."

"And do you suppose it will be a residence agreeable to Miss Cranswick? for though I have not, since your return home, conversed with you on that subject, I do conclude that you still look to her as your future wife."

Mr. Dorian hesitated.

"Are

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"Are you," continued sir William, "as much attached to her as you professed to be before you went abroad?"

"Quite as much, sir," answered Henry.

"Then take your own opportunity of learning her sentiments respecting Thornyhurst. If she likes the place as well as you do, we will set the masons and carpenters at work immediately; and, perhaps, by the time their business is done, you and Lotharea will think yourselves old enough not to play at Edella's game of battledore and shuttlecock, though you *should* marry without waiting till age has made you graver."

Sir William walked away to his steward in another part of the field where this conversation took place; for they were then deliberating on the future improvements of the estate; and I, passing my

arm through Mr. Dorien's, observed to him, that he did not wait for the influence of years to make him serious.

"You have a face of infinite meditation," said I, "at this moment."

"Have I?" he replied. "I am, perhaps, like an owl then, looking wiser than I really am. But, indeed, just as you spoke, I was considering what a very good and kind father I have. The happiness of all around him, and especially of his children, seems necessary to his existence."

"As Miss Cranswick's favour is to your's," said I, smiling.

His features, which, upon my speaking before, had brightened into cheerfulness, now again became suddenly grave, and he continued silent.

"Pardon me, my dear young friend,"
proceeded

proceeded I; "but I am apprehensive you have upon your mind something more than you have yet given utterance to. Had you not, in my hearing, assured sir William that the state of your affections was unchanged, I should imagine you had seen some fair lady abroad, who had diverted the course of them."

"No," replied Mr. Dorian, in a natural tone; "I never saw any woman I could love but Lotharea. Dear as she was to me when I left England, absence has increased my affection. She has exactly that sort of gentle character which suits my individual taste; and her beauty, I think, it must be impossible for any one to view with indifference."

"May her sentiments of you," I returned, "be equally favourable; and then I think there will be a fair prospect

of your spending together many happy years in yonder old mansion."

"Thank you, my good friend," replied Henry; "I am aware that all who deserve them may be certain of your good wishes; and, perhaps, I shall need them all. But this is not a pleasant subject; let us change it."

And he *did* change it, so suddenly, that I could not without rudeness avoid following his lead; but his expression gave me infinite surprise. Miss Cranswick an unpleasant subject! thought I; and yet he loves her; and she received him with all the cordiality he could desire, and has never shewn the least symptom of attachment to any other. Is Henry Dorian capricious? or is he one of those over-timid lovers who dare not hope, for fear of being mistaken?

Recollecting

Recollecting that the family at Briar Lodge were engaged to dine at Dorien Court the following day, I resolved to bestow a little attention upon this young couple, without communicating, even to sir William, the phrase that had excited in me so much wonder; but though I closely executed my purpose, I saw nothing that could in any way account for it. Henry sat next to Miss Cranswick at dinner; and his general behaviour was that of a man who seeks not to conceal a strong attachment; while his attentions were received with a modest gentleness, that, had I been in his situation, I should have felt encouraging. When he spoke, she listened with apparent interest, and smiled whenever he addressed her on a lively subject. In the evening, when we walked, she took his arm, with a familiarity

liarity their long intimacy warranted; yet, as though he had not even observed these little instances of friendship and approbation, he various times during the day, seemed absent and lost in melancholy reflection.

I did not allow sufficient consequence to Mrs. Cranswick to consider this singularity as proceeding from *her* demeanour towards him, which was cold, with an affectation of haughtiness, that she often assumed, without, I believe, knowing why; unless it was to impress strangers, or any person she had not lately been in the habit of seeing, with a sense of her importance. Towards Dawnay she had usually been accustomed to wear an air of peculiar dignity, which it was natural to place to the account of her resentment, on the score of her niece's hopeless passion; yet

yet since Mr. Wanley's partiality to Miss Guineaman had become marked, Mrs. Cranswick's wrath had apparently abated; and it was impossible to guess why she should transfer it from one brother to the other.

Whatever was her motive, she returned the polite attention Mr. Dorian paid her, at best with cold civility, but oftener with a stately *hauteur*, that I concluded must rather tend to excite his mirth than his regret, especially-as the colonel's conduct towards him was distinguished by even more than its wonted cordiality. This latent dejection, therefore, continued to me as completely inexplicable as ever; for I was extremely unwilling to suspect my young friend of disingenuousness, when he had declared his sentiments unaltered; yet how otherwise

wise than by a change in himself could I account for the present appearances, and for the words that had escaped from him ?

Miss Guineaman was not of this day's party ; she had been some time with her parents at Liverpool, as it was supposed, to consult with them on the subject of Mr. Wanley ; but she was expected soon to return to Briar Lodge, where, indeed, she almost entirely lived.

Sir William was always fond of promoting toasts at his own table, before the ladies left the room ; and now, on asking Mrs. Cranswick for a gentleman, she, as usual, gave her favourite. I ventured upon this to inquire how soon it was likely we might wish her joy of her new nephew ?

“ Sir,” she replied, shutting her eyes,
• and

and bowing her head towards me with condescending dignity, "I cannot exactly answer *that* question; but we are in expectation of the offer being made every day."

"I hope the answer will be propitious when it *is* made," said sir William, endeavouring to repress a smile. "Mr. Wanley is an amiable young man; and as Miss Guineaman's fortune will amply compensate for any deficiency in his, there is no doubt they may be very happy. Henry, you may promise yourself much satisfaction from this new acquaintance; I am persuaded you will be extremely pleased with Charles Wanley."

"I shall be happy to know him," returned Mr. Doriën. "Do you expect him here soon, sir? if not, I will call
upon

upon him with you any morning you please."

"This reminds me," said colonel Cranswick, "of a message I was charged to deliver to you, sir William, and to both the Mr. Dorien, from major Woodley, who wishes to promote a cricket-match, and desired I would invite you all to be performers. He proposes twelve on each side—the gentlemen of Doncaster against those of the neighbourhood, and has already engaged ten, himself included, of whom Mr. Wanley is one. I have, since I saw him, engaged several competitors against them; and if you and your sons join the party, I believe we shall be nearly complete. Henry will then have an opportunity of seeing Wanley to advantage, for I am told he is an excellent player."

Sir

Sir William and the young men immediately expressed their readiness to come into the scheme, as did also my nephew George, who had returned from abroad with Henry Dorian; and the colonel then proceeded to another message of invitation to the ladies, who were requested to be present during the match, as a tent would be prepared for them, and a cold collation given by the victorious party.

Mrs. Cranswick might be said to accept this proposal with avidity rather than readiness; and promised to bring her daughter and niece with her, should the latter return from Liverpool in time. Many other ladies being also asked, the cricket-match was looked forward to as a scene of considerable gaiety; and very much Edella was amused by the
splendid

splendid preparations Mrs. Cranswick thought proper to make, in order that her own and her niece's attire might be finer than any other person's; for upon this point she had long given up her daughter as incorrigibly fond of dressing plainly.

Miss Guineaman's exterior was indeed likely to eclipse all others, as far as gaudiness was taken into the account; for she had brought such loads of finery from Liverpool, preparatory to her wedding, as astonished those friends whom she indulged with the sight of them; and it was diverting enough to hear her mode of displaying the raree-shew related.

On that day when, from her previous observations, she might expect to hear Mr. Wanley venture his proposals, she
determined

determined to receive him in a simple cottage-dress. On his next visit, he should find her clad like an elegant woman of fashion, in an expensive morning robe, which was intended to become gradually more rich, till the happy day of their union was fixed, when the death of some distant relation, it was pre-resolved, should render a short mourning necessary. Every article was prepared to answer this purpose also, which, when fulfilled, she would emerge all-radiant from her gloom; and the bridal feast was to behold her decked in a garb that, having reserved until the last, she exhibited to Miss Dorian and to Lotharea with boundless exultation, and which they most ungratefully likened to the glitter of a gilt leathern folding screen.

“No stars,” said Edella, “were ever
more

more thickly set than the gold spangles thereupon ; and if Mr. Wanley is an astronomer, and gives each spangle a planet's name, he may, from the richness and the rotundity of her figure, fancy his wife the celestial globe."

Nor were mental preparations wanting to accompany those of outward show. Miss Guineaman acquainted Edella with the mode in which she proposed receiving Mr. Wanley's first overtures.

"I will pretend," said she, "not to believe him serious, and declare that I always supposed him in love with my cousin. I will then rally him most unmercifully, and wonder why he should adopt such a circuitous method of securing my good offices with her. Then, when he grows quite in earnest, I will laugh him out of all manner of countenance, and not appear

appear to recover myself till he looks really distressed. Oh, my sweet friend, what diversion you may expect when you hear an account of it all!"

"But how," said Miss Dorian, "can you reconcile it to your conscience to behave so cruelly to a man you believe attached to you?"

"Oh, it will do him good. The worse men are used, the better they always behave. Now I protest, if your brother Dawnay was to be piqued at Wanley's addressing me, and set up for a competitor himself, I would treat him just the same way. They are all children, my love, mere children. If you indulge, you spoil them. I hope when Horatio comes home, you will follow my example."

"Indeed you will excuse me if I do

no such thing," replied Edella, laughing. "I cannot conceive the propriety of perplexing any one, much less of using a man ill, who proves his preference of you by putting the happiness of his future life in your power."

"Pooh, pooh!" returned Barbara, "who talked of using them ill? if I marry Wanley after all, will he not be sufficiently rewarded for my having had a little fun with him at first?"

"That will be a matter of opinion," said Edella.

"It will be *his* opinion, at least," cried Miss Guineaman, rather indignantly; "and I presume if *he* is satisfied with his recompence, nobody else will have reason to complain."

On the morning appointed for the cricket-match, a very numerous company
met

met upon the ground where it was to be contested ; and a large party of ladies gave brilliancy to the scene. Had they all vied in appearance with Mrs. Cranswick and Miss Guineaman, a bed of tulips, or an Indian screen, all colours and no shade, would have been the objects first suggested to the beholders ; but fortunately for the eyes of all present, they moved in unrivalled splendor. As they stepped from their carriage, sir William observed, that two Irises were descending from their cloud, after despoiling their own rainbows of all their colours ; and truly such a flutter of pink, blue, and yellow, in the wind, was never seen, except in a flower-garden, or in a display of enemies flags, taken by a British man of war.

“ Cruel Barbara ! ” said Miss Dorian

to her, "have you no humanity in your nature? having effected your conquest, do you now come armed to slaughter your victim? if you do not look favourably on Mr. Wanley to-day, you will murder him."

"Oh, you flatterer!" whispered Miss Guineaman, with a childish giggle; "but do look at *him*, and judge from his appearance if he is not equally bent upon assassination. What a fascinating figure he is in that white cricket-dress and broad blue sash! But where is Dawnay? I hope he will be here also."

"Unconscionable girl! do you wish to be the death of him also?" said Edella; "indeed I shall think it my duty to put him upon his guard, and advise him to avert his eyes from you."

Mr. Wanley drawing near, prevented
their

their saying more ; and Miss Guineaman then began to display some of those airs she fancied his partiality for her warranted. - On Edella's motioning to leave her, she seized hold of her arm, and whispered some absurdity about Daway, audibly enough to be overheard by her admirer, who, indeed, looked not only grave but distressed ; and was silent till drawn into conversation by Miss Dorian's asking him, with polite good-nature, several questions respecting the match ; and afterwards, in reply to his inquiry after her eldest brother, saying she should be happy to introduce them to the acquaintance of each other. This she had an immediate opportunity of doing, Henry Dorian presently passing by with sir Edward Falconer : the former was unavoidably pleased with Mr. Wan-

ley's appearance, and told him he hoped a lasting intimacy would follow up their introduction.

"It is much for my interest that it should," answered the other, who had a most graceful manner of receiving and returning civility. "It is impossible to know a part of sir William Dorian's family, without solicitude to become acquainted with the remainder."

After they had conversed some time, Henry observing Miss Guineaman at a distance, turned to his sister, and said in a low voice—"This is a very pleasant man indeed; and but for one circumstance, I should like him much."

"What is your objection?"

"Why, how the vengeance can he be mean enough to sacrifice himself to that hideous girl for her fortune?"

"You

"You must not suppose it a sacrifice," replied Edella. "He is *in love* with her."

"I could as soon suppose him in love with the figuré dressed up to represent a woman, and called a cousin Betty, that goes about with the procession of fools on a Plough Monday. She is more frightful this morning than I thought it possible for any female to be. It is a thousand pities such an agreeable fellow should be so mercenary. However, his success will be his punishment; for a wife like Barbara Guineaman would be penance enough for murder. It will be lucky if her former flame for poor Daway does not give *him* a nausea against love for the rest of his life."

The preparations for beginning the

match being now concluded, and all the troops on either side drawn up, headed by sir William Dorien and major Woodley, the ladies retired near their tent, which was fixed at a due distance from all danger, where seats were placed for them, whence they beheld the country gentlemen win the first innings, and lose the second ; at the conclusion of which both parties came to the tent to take refreshment, that was very needful after the exertions they had made.

Mr. Wanley, who had distinguished himself as the finest bowler in the field, threw himself on the grass at the feet of Mrs. Cranswick, next to whom her niece was sitting ; while Henry Dorien, who claimed his full share of the fame of the day, having ran more notches than any
two

two others, attached himself as closely to the chair of Lotharea, as sir Edward Falconer did to that of Edella.

Half an hour being judged by the players sufficient for their repose, the two leaders blew their bugles at the end of that period. The third and decisive part of the game commenced, when the gentlemen of Doncaster went in, and ran to the length of ninety-eight notches. The final attack against them was begun by colonel Cranswick and Dawnay, while Mr. Wanley again became the bowler opposed to them, and maintained his station until he appeared so fatigued that major Woodley took it from him; and he then commenced a most admirable scout, and caught out several good players.

Nevertheless, the long score against

the country gentlemen was reducing very fast, when Henry Dorien entered the lists, and by surprising long strokes, redoubled Wanley's vigilance. The match, near to a conclusion, became very interesting. His partner, Mr. Falconer, quite exhausted, ran himself out, and the last man to enter supplied his place, eleven notches still remaining on the stick; these, by three strokes from Henry's bat, were sunk to two, the ball having thrice narrowly escaped Wanley's grasp. At length it was sent by Mr. Dorien many yards below him in the field, and Wanley flew like lightning in hopes of saving the game. So extremely quick was his action, that he probably would have succeeded in his attempt, had he not posted himself immediately under the ball, when he raised his hand
above

above his head to catch it as it descended. It dropped into them as he expected, but it slipped through his hold on his uplifted face, and then fell to the ground, and Wanley with it. Henry won the game ; but while his party congratulated him, it was observed that Mr. Wanley laid motionless where he had fallen. He was instantly surrounded by a crowd, who discovered that the descending ball had made a deep gash on his forehead, which was bleeding most profusely.

The alarm being spread, the whole field was immediately in motion, for the ladies, as well as the men, hastened to offer their assistance.

Mr. Wanley continued insensible for some minutes ; but the effusion of blood was probably of service to him. Upon

recovering, he found himself supported by colonel Cranswick, whose wife either was, or pretended to be, hysterically affected; while Miss Guineaman displayed a white handkerchief that did not appear to be necessary. Miss Dorien and Lotharea, who had followed others to the spot, stood near the wounded man, much shocked at his accident, for which Henry expressed the deepest concern, as having occasioned it. Of this Mrs. Cranswick took care to remind him, by rudely saying—"This is all *your* doing, sir; you have very likely killed him."

"My dear Letitia," exclaimed the colonel, ashamed, no doubt, of her expression, "Wanley will be no worse; his temples have escaped the blow; and only the position in which he stood can be blamed for what has happened."

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He then bound up Mr. Wanley's forehead with a handkerchief; and having ordered his carriage to draw near, with sir William's and Henry's assistance, he supported him into it; and then stepping in himself, was ordering it to drive to Doncaster, where surgical aid, if necessary, might be the most readily obtained, when Mrs. Cranswick, now somewhat recovered, vehemently insisted that Wanley should be removed to Briar Lodge, where, she contended, he would be less disturbed by visitors, and more quiet at all times than in his own lodgings.

The colonel, hesitating for a moment, Mr. Wanley, in a low voice, said—"I *should* prefer quiet to any surgeon;" upon which the carriage was ordered to

Briar Lodge ; and Henry, at his own request, went in it with Mrs. Cranswick, who would not be prevented from attending her favourite, and therefore left her young ladies to return with sir William and Edella.

They also, on leaving the ground, drove first to colonel Cranswick's, where, after hearing a favourable account of Wanley, they left Lotharea and her cousin ; but Henry chose to stay with the patient till the following morning, when he came home, expressing himself happy in the conviction that in a very short time Wanley would be perfectly well.

But whenever Henry talked of happiness, his looks spoke contradiction to his words. A stranger who observed him, when not animated by conversation, would

would have concluded that *he* had suffered the late accident, and was undergoing the most painful consequences from it.

“My dear brother,” said Edella, two or three mornings after it had happened, as he sat at the breakfast-table, with a newspaper in his hand, which he only pretended to be reading, while his countenance bore an expression almost of anguish, “do you not conceal from us the real state of Mr. Wanley? I cannot help fearing from your apparent dejection that he has sustained some serious injury. If it is so, do not hide from us a fact we must soon become acquainted with.”

Sir William laid down the pamphlet he held, and looked at his son without speaking. Dawnay fixed his eyes on a picture opposite to him, as if resolved

to take no part in the discourse; and Henry, starting from his reverie, told his sister she was mistaken, for that Wanley, whom he had seen the day before, was nearly well, and would probably be out of doors that morning or the next.

"Shall you call on him again to-day, Henry?" asked sir William.

"I thought of it, sir," he replied.

"Then I will go with you. Edella will credit my report; but if you have any uneasiness upon your mind, you had better explain it."

"Time is the best explainer of all things," returned Henry; "and, probably, in a little time you will not require any explanation from me."

"I do not comprehend you," said sir William; "however, you shall not be urged to say more than you choose: you
are

are no doubt aware who are your best friends; and to them, if you have any serious cause of distress, you will of course apply for consolation."

As soon as the breakfast was over, this good father set out with his son on horseback for Briar Lodge; and Miss Dorien walked down to the rectory, to acquaint me with what had passed, and with her own apprehensions.

To remove them entirely on the score of Mr. Wanley, I communicated to her the conversation that had taken place between her brother and myself, very soon after his return from abroad, and the singular phrase he had made use of. She was as much surprised at it as I had been; and not having witnessed Henry's sincerity of look and accent, when he averred himself to be as much attached

as

as ever to Lotharea, her conjectures led her to doubt his having been drawn into some foreign entanglement.

“Let us,” said she, “tell my father what you have mentioned, without naming my suspicions, and he will then form his own judgment, which we know to be generally unerring. If Henry, by any imprudence of his own, has created the uneasiness he appears to be labouring under, my father’s tenderness and judicious conduct will draw the truth from him, at the same time that they will sooth his distress.”

“It is my opinion,” said I, “that Dawnay is in the secret, or he would scarcely have fixed his eyes on a picture, just at the moment you say he did.”

“I thought so too,” she replied; “but whatever he knows, he has probably been
told

told in confidence ; therefore any communication to my father must proceed from Henry himself. Walk back with me to our house, my good friend ; they will soon return home from Briar Lodge, and then you will hear the report of the day, and we can readily find an occasion of speaking to my father. I am very unhappy at seeing Henry look so miserable as he does, whenever he is not aware of being observed ; and with difficulty I should refrain from disclosing my fears, now that what you have said proves his uneasiness to be of an older date than I imagined."

I complied with Edella's request ; and soon after we reached Dorien Court, sir William returned alone, his son having been detained to dine by colonel Cranswick. Mr. Wanley, he assured us, he had
found

found perfectly recovered, the weakness only excepted, that was the natural consequence of having lost a considerable quantity of blood.—“ In short,” pursued he, “ no danger threatens him, save that of being killed with care and kindness, for Mrs. Cranswick shows a solicitude, or rather makes such a ridiculous fuss about him, as I should imagine must be highly tiresome and disagreeable to himself. Indeed he proves this by being in what she calls great haste to depart ; for he talks of returning to his lodgings to-morrow ; and for any thing I can perceive to the contrary, he will then be just as able to mount his horse as I am. So now, my dear,” continued he, to Edella, “ I hope I have removed your fears of Harry’s being brought into a court of justice for manslaughter.”

“ I wish,

" I wish, my dear sir, you could as easily remove *all* my fears upon his account ; but he is certainly suffering under a dejection, that, while there is no cause assigned for it, cannot but create an apprehension of something very unpleasant. Mr. Cremorne has just owned to me that he observed this sometime ago ; and I am very anxious that you should know the truth, because you will not only be Henry's ablest adviser, but his best comforter also."

Sir William, who, owing to his son's having perhaps been always more collected before him than with any other person, had never observed what I had noticed, seemed at first surprised, and afterwards a little incredulous, on receiving this intimation, though he admitted there was something unaccountable in his calling

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ing the subject of his future establishment with Miss Cranswick an unpleasant one.

"I attribute it, however," said he, "to some foolish love-quarrel as the most probable cause. Nevertheless, if I chance to observe Henry in one of these fits of melancholy you say he is apt to give way to, I will endeavour to bring him to an explanation."

Miss Dorien hinted at the possibility of some attachment abroad.

"What!" cried sir William, "while he professes an unaltered attachment at home? I am sorry you have no higher an idea of your brother's honour; I, for my part, will as soon believe he has wings on his shoulders, and is web-footed."

"Did you observe, sir," again urged Edella, "how Dawnay avoided looking
at

at him, as it was natural to do, this morning, when I noticed his absence of mind, and fixed all his attention on a picture, as if he knew more than he chose to own he did?"

"It is more likely," answered sir William, "that knowing Wanley to be safe, he thought the subject not worth attending to. However, make yourself easy; if there appears any mystery in Henry's future conduct, I will question him; and I will stake my existence upon his veracity."

The observations sir William made that very evening, upon his son's return home, led him to think more seriously upon this subject than he had done before; and the next morning Henry's spirits were so evidently forced, that he invited him to walk out with him, for the purpose

purpose of explanation. He related to me, afterwards, the conversation they had together, which Mr. Dorian prevented from extending beyond a very few words. It began by the baronet telling his son that he did not believe him to be in his usual frame of mind.—“I perceive,” said he, “that you are occasionally absent and dejected. Have you any particular cause for uneasiness?”

“The very happiest of us all, sir, fancy they have some,” answered Henry.

“And what cause have you?”

“I am not certain that I have any.”

“Do you *believe* you have any?”

“There are some points on which I know not what to believe, sir.”

“Which are they, Harry?”

“Your kindness, my dear father, is
not

not one of them ; that is always out of dispute."

" An answer to my inquiry, if you please, and not a compliment. Name the subject upon which you know not what to believe."

" Allow me a little more time to form an opinion, my dear sir, and then, instead of teasing you with my uncertainties, I will consult you upon facts ; I am greatly mistaken if in a very few days I shall not know, beyond a doubt, what to think. Then, or even if that is not the case, within the time I have mentioned, I will open my whole heart to you."

" I rest satisfied with your promise," replied sir William ; " whenever you choose to say more to me, you will find me ready to attend to you, and give you my best advice ; but in the meantime,

time, whatever be the cause of your anxiety, shew it not more to your sister than you can avoid; for she is so attached to you, that your sorrows are her's."

On the following day, bad weather prevented any of the gentlemen from riding. Sir William sent a servant to Briar Lodge to inquire how Mr. Wanley did, and if he was gone from thence according to his intention. A written note was returned by Lotharea, implying that he still complained of much weakness; and that her mother, on that account, and also lest the wetness of the day should injure his health, had peremptorily forbade him to move. Miss Cranswick concluded with a complaint of not having seen Edella since the day of the cricket-match, never having had it in her power

to leave home herself, because, owing to her mother's being wholly occupied by Mr. Wanley, the entire direction of the family affairs had been left to her.

A postscript was subjoined by Miss Guineaman to the note, which Edella, to whom it was directed, made no scruple of reading aloud. It began, as all that young lady's epistolary addresses did, whether they were *in folio*, or consisted of three lines only, with—"Oh, my sweet friend!" and then proceeded thus:—

"I am gone twenty thousand fathoms deep; the gentle Wanley, the mild, patient, tender invalid, is more bewitching than when in the full bloom of health and beauty. I cannot express to you the force of my attachment; but you

would not wonder at it, could you see the fondness of his looks when I assist my aunt in dressing his forehead, and when he sweetly presses my hand in gratitude for my kind offices. Well, love is an irresistible passion ; but I really sometimes wish my aunt away, she fusses about him to such a degree ; and so does he too, I am sure, by the glances he casts at me. If she would but leave us for half an hour, he would disclose his passion, to a certainty ; but, *oh Deo ! idol meo !* that will come shortly. I declare, my sweet friend, I am half afraid of growing too partial to him. But he calls me ; I hear his musical voice breathing dulcet harmony. Adieu, my lovely Edella."

"Bless me," exclaimed Dawnay, as if he

he had made a discovery perfectly new,
“what a surprising fool that girl is! one
would wonder how she *can* be so silly.”

“Softly, softly,” cried sir William;
“it was you, Dawnay, who first scared
away the few wits she ever had; and you
must not blame her if she cannot catch
them again.”

“Considering they were never very
good ones,” said Edella, “truly I think she
is better and more entertaining without
them. So, my dear sir, if you can spare
me to-morrow, I will go and enjoy a
good laugh at Briar Lodge, and appease
Lotharea’s wrath at my neglect.”

Miss Dorien accordingly went the
next morning to see her friend; she
asked Henry to accompany her; but he
said he would defer his next visit until
after her return, which she promised

should be in the evening. Sir William and both his sons spent the day at the rectory.

After tea, Dawnay said he would take a walk on the road leading to Briar Lodge to meet his sister; and was just setting out, when a servant from Dorien Court ran past my parlour-window with a letter in his hand.

As it was not the time of the day for the post coming in, we concluded it some private message; and Dawnay waited till a note was brought into the room for sir William, which he perceived came from his daughter.

"Something must have prevented her coming home to-night," said he, "so you may defer your walk, Dawnay."

He opened the note, and after reading it to himself with a gesture of surprise,

put

put it into his pocket, only saying—
“They have insisted upon keeping her till to-morrow. Mr. Wanley I conclude to be quite well, for this afternoon he took leave of the family, and went home to his lodgings.”

I felt confident that Miss Dorien's communications included much more than this; but sir William stopping here, no more was said on the subject; and Daway, who thought all time lost that was unnecessarily spent within doors, presently asked my nephew George to turn out, as he called it.

“Let us all turn out,” said sir William, rising; “my old friend and I will walk together; and Henry being a man of more gallantry than his brother, will take care of the young ladies.”

My two nieces, Miranda and Char-

lotte, ran away for their bonnets; and when they were ready, we set forward, following Dawnay's lead, who characteristically conducted us into farmer Arable's pasture, to look at some fat cattle.

Here, while the young people conversed together and amused themselves, sir William strolling with me to a little distance from them, drew out his daughter's note, and without speaking one word, gave it me to read. It contained these lines:—

“MY DEAREST FATHER,

“You will excuse my coming home so soon as I intended, for I cannot leave this family in their present distress and agitation, which, Heaven knows, for poor Henry's sake, I deeply participate in.

The cause of his dejection is now but too amply revealed. Oh, sir, that insidious Mr. Wanley, as soon as he was alone after dinner to-day with colonel Cranswick, declared himself in love with Lotharea, and had the presumption to make proposals for her; and she also, authorized, nay, even urged by her foolish mother, has confessed herself strongly attached to him. The colonel, after severely reproaching Mr. Wanley with the duplicity of his conduct, gave his offer a peremptory refusal; upon which the latter feeling, or pretending to feel, profound contrition and distress, left the house, amidst the tears, scolding, and clamour of Mrs. Cranswick, the crying and fainting of poor Barbara, and the silent grief of Lotharea, whom, as well as I love, I cannot forgive for the mystery

she has preserved throughout this affair. But with Mrs. Cranswick I have no patience whatever. The colonel is extremely angry, and bids me say he will see you to-morrow morning, when he intends coming to Dorien Court with me. Our dear Henry has no doubt long had his reasons for suspecting what was going on. Poor fellow! he has been cruelly used, and all owing to the folly of this ridiculous woman. May your advice and kindness enable him to bear so mortifying a circumstance with the spirit that he owes to himself! Dear sir, ever your affectionate and dutiful

“EDELLA DORIEN.”

“Well,” said sir William, upon my giving him back this note, “you perceive

ceive poor Harry may have had sufficient reason for his fits of absence and his melancholy. He must have perceived a change in Miss Cranswick's behaviour towards him, even on his first arrival at home, which led him to apprehend the result of his addresses to her: but how surprisingly the deceit has been carried on upon the part of Wanley!"

"And how properly," answered I, "that deceit has been rewarded! It is certain he never can succeed in his pursuit; for even if his want of fortune, and colonel Cranswick's extreme regard for your son, were no objections, it is impossible he should ever be forgiven for his behaviour to Miss Guineaman, the absurdity of whose character affords no apology for him, since he must have been aware of that long ago."

“But neither Wanley’s rejection, nor the fitness of it,” observed sir William, “give any good grounds of consolation for my son. Lotharea has acknowledged herself partial to Wanley, and thereby destroys Henry’s hopes, as effectually as if she married the other.”

“For the present I grant you she does,” returned I; “but Wanley is now dismissed. He cannot renew his visits at Briar Lodge without the colonel’s consent, which we may be well assured he will never give; and so far from its being impossible, I do not conceive it at all unlikely, that after time and absence, two very renowned doctors, have given in their prescriptions, Miss Cranswick may again feel that preference for Mr. Dorian, which his merits certainly excited before he left England.”

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"We shall see," replied the baronet ;
"I wish it may prove so, because I think Henry is of a temper not likely to change ; and I really fear his happiness is at stake. However, I will say nothing to him upon the subject to-night, nor even till after I have seen Cranswick to-morrow. Come to us after breakfast, and hear his account of the affair."

I promised I would ; and then having rejoined the young people, and walked some time longer with them, we parted for the night.

CHAP. II.

Parting Wishes.

I WAS not likely to forget my appointment for the next morning. Henry Dorian was as a son to me, and I felt for his distress, and resented the usage he had received as keenly as his own father.

I found sir William alone on reaching Dorian Court; for he had promoted his eldest son's going to Westwood farm with Dawnay, to view his improvements there, and did not expect either of them back till dinner.

Colonel Cranswick and Edella arrived

at

at an early hour ; and I shall never forget the countenance of the former, where vexation and resentment were struggling through the best-tempered set of features in the world. When he alighted from his horse, he seemed unable to speak, and turned away his face while he shook sir William by the hand, as if ashamed for his wife and daughter.

“ Dear Ned,” said sir William, “ I am glad you are come. Edella’s note last night surprised and hurt me no little ; but Cremorne, like a true preacher of peace, says we must hope for the best, and that all may end as we wish it, notwithstanding this unpleasant occurrence.”

“ D—n it !” cried Cranswick.

“ With all my heart,” answered the baronet ; “ but forget your indignation for
the

the present, for you seem choaking, and tell us if the raging elements at Briar Lodge have subsided since last night?"

"Where is Henry?" asked the colonel. "Does he know it yet?"

"No, I wished to talk with you first. He is gone with his brother to Westwood, and they will be there all the morning."

"Poor Henry!" said Edella, her good-natured eyes glistening; "it will be no surprise to him, though I fear it will confirm his dejection."

"I cannot endure to think of it," exclaimed the colonel; "and I wish, with all my spirit, that Wanley had been at Botany Bay when he first came to Briar Lodge."

"Come, come, be patient, my good fellow," said sir William; "we need not despair; you have probably seen him
for

for the last time ; and when your daughter coolly considers his conduct, her good sense will convince her of its impropriety."

" Impropriety ! my dear sir William, you have chosen a very lenient term for the most insidious, unmanly behaviour. To take advantage of my wife's ill-judged overstrained civilities, to worm himself into Lotharea's affections, at the expence of poor silly Barbara's peace, which, however, I do not believe to be in danger, though no thanks are due to him for that ; for she will cry, and declaim, and fret, for awhile, and then forget him ; but the case may not be the same with Lotharea."

" I do not fear for Lotharea," returned sir William ; " she has a good understanding, which will bring her round to
the

the right point at last. And when she is no longer biassed by the continual presence of a young man whose manners and appearance we cannot deny to be peculiarly insinuating, she will be softened by the recollection of Henry's long attachment, and reward him as he merits. If you can only weaken the operation of Mrs. Cranswick's influence over her mind, you need not be afraid of the event."

"Aye, but how is that to be weakened, unless by parting them, which would be a very violent measure. Letitia's head is as much, and even more turned than either of the girls. By the Lord, I had rather she had fallen in love with him for herself, than disconcerted one of our favourite schemes thus; for the devil would have been in him had he returned

her

her passion; and at any rate, I could have shut the door in his face as I have done now. Edella, my dear girl, Horatio has nothing to do but to behave like a scoundrel to you, and then I may sit down and rest quietly for life."

Colonel Cranswick threw himself into a chair as he said this, and stopped, for his emotion stifled his utterance. Sir William, as well as myself, was much affected; and Edella, with tears in her eyes, bent over him, and folded her arms round his neck.

"Let us call another cause," said sir William; "this is too painful a one for the present; and what is passed cannot be remedied. If there is any further communication to make on the subject, Edella can tell us to-morrow; but to-day

day you must spend here, and think of other matters."

"As if I *could* think of any thing else," replied the colonel; "besides you will have Henry home presently; and just now it would give me less disturbance to face a cannon; neither should I be surprised if my wife, bewitched as she is by this lad, was to drive over to see him at his own lodgings, if I stay long here, and, perhaps, take Lotharea with her."

"What is it that can possibly influence her to wish her daughter bestowed on a young man of no connexions, nearly a stranger in this country, and certainly not in the possession of so much as three hundred pounds a-year? and that, in preference to one in Henry's situation, towards whom, till now, she always ap-
peared

peared favourably disposed? by what means has Wanley contrived so completely to blind her judgment?"

"Judgment," replied colonel Cranswick, "has been totally out of the question throughout the whole of the affair. I believe her eyes and ears were fascinated by him in the first instance; and as far as I can understand, for I was told a great deal more than I could attend to, he has since secured her *compassion*, as they call it: but Edella can explain the story to you better than I; they told it to her, when I was in too violent a passion to see or hear any body; for as soon as I found what the fellow was driving at, by Jove! my chief anxiety was to get him out of the house."

"And how did you compass that? was it by downright affronting him?"

"Zounds!

"Zounds ! I think it was he who affronted me ! begged my patient hearing the moment the women left the table, while he explained himself on the *painful* subject that *burdened* his heart. It had long been a source of *keen distress* to him that Miss Guineaman should so far have mistaken the *common civilities* due to every young lady, as to suppose him attached to her. He had *studiously* avoided every syllable that could confirm her error ; and in hopes of preventing its continuance, had *presumed* to reveal the real state of his affections to Mrs. Cranswick, who, knowing his sufferings, had *deigned* to pity them. I must, setting aside the partiality natural to a parent, be too sensible of my daughter's perfections and *angelic beauty*, to wonder that they had subdued his whole soul before
he

he was aware of his danger. Had he, in time, suspected it, he would have exiled himself from Briar Lodge, nay, from the county, sooner than have created any thing like uneasiness in my family; but when he found that the dear young lady herself, as well as Mrs. Cranswick, was averse to the formerly projected union with Mr. Dorian, I surely could not blame him for not practising a self-denial, that, in a man so attached, amounted to impossibility. 'What,' said I, interrupting him, for I had no patience to hear further, 'my daughter averse to Henry Dorian! I cannot believe it! she never expressed such averseness to me.' 'My dear sir,' said he, 'let me beseech you to hear Mrs. Cranswick on this subject; your daughter, knowing

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your wishes, is resolved if you insist upon it, to sacrifice every thing to them, even the happiness of her whole future life ; but will you condemn a child so amiable and so beloved, to a husband who does not possess her heart, while you reject——’—‘ Do you mean to say, sir, that it is in your possession ?’—‘ Forgive my urging *this* point, colonel Cranswick ; I cannot do it. All I entreat is, that you will dispassionately listen to your lady’s statements of the case ; and then allowing me occasionally to pay my respects to Miss Cranswick, suffer her to decide for herself on a point that so nearly concerns her. Permit me that chance which no candidate for her favour can reasonably be denied ; and if, after deliberate consideration, Mr. Dorian should

should be so blessed as to prove the object of her choice, I will retire, though with a broken heart, in silence, and lose myself to the world for ever.'

"Though from the lad's manner of speaking this cursed rodomontade, my heart misgave me there must be some truth in what he said, yet I felt a hope his vanity might have led him into a mistake, and made him attribute my wife's strange predilection to a false opinion of Lotharea's being partial to him. So being anxious to prove this, I rang the bell, and desired my wife would come to us. Upon her appearing, I asked her if she had encouraged Mr. Wanley to propose himself to her daughter? she replied that she *had*, after being convinced that his regard for her was not only sincere, but actually *returned*. 'Has Lotharea,'

said

said I, 'ever expressed to you any averseness to receive Henry Dorian's addresses?' She answered—'*Repeatedly*. She was, at the most, indifferent to him when he left England; and never, she was sure, felt a partiality for any man till she knew Wanley.'—'And this scene of duplicity,' said I, 'has been carrying on, I suppose, the greatest part, or, perhaps, the whole of last winter and this spring, without my knowledge. Your niece has been suffered to cherish a mistake which, however her own want of judgment led her to fall into it, should have been removed the instant it was discovered; and Henry Dorian has been ungenerously left in ignorance that he was no longer to look forward to a connexion with my family. All this having been done, is now brought to the conclusion that I am

to acquaint my oldest and best friend that his son must relinquish all thoughts of marrying my daughter, whom he has loved from her childhood; and that I must be solicited to bestow her upon a young gentleman of whose connexions and disposition I am, in point of fact, perfectly ignorant, for temper and habits are not to be ascertained in the course of a few visits; and whose fortune appears to be barely adequate to the expences of a single man in a cheap country-town.'—

'I must correct you in one particular where you are mistaken,' observed my wife. 'Mr. Dorian has not ungenerously been left in error; Lotharea gave him a very cool reception on his return from abroad, by my advice, for I at that time knew her sentiments; and she has since afforded him no reason to suppose she

ever means to encourage his suit, though, as he has not directly urged it, she has had no opportunity of acquainting him with the state of her mind.'—'But why did she not acquaint *me* with it?' said I.—My wife replied, the sweet creature was afraid of my anger; and Wanley, in a mortified tone, began a romantic speech about his boundless love, which, as far as it could constitute the happiness of an adored object, would prevent Lotharea's ever regretting the more *lucrative* alliance with sir William Dorien. A puppy! as if Henry's prospects were not superseded by the qualities of his heart and mind. 'Sir,' said I, 'you will permit me to stop you; we will not waste words on a subject so very unpleasant to me, that I am anxious, now and for ever, to put an end to it. If my daughter cannot

not

not voluntarily marry Mr. Dorian, I shall never desire her to marry him at all ; but I should ill perform the duty of a father, if I permitted her union with a stranger, who would not have the means, but by her own fortune, of maintaining her in the manner she has been used to.' He begged he might be allowed to hope that anxiety to promote my daughter's happiness would in time effect a change in my determination ; and I, in my turn, begged I might hear no more of his passion till that time arrived. Upon which, with a very dejected countenance, he rang the bell ; and having ordered his horse to the door, took leave of my wife, who was in tears, with many thanks for her ill-bestowed kindness ; and these he would have renewed to me, but I en-

treated

treated him to desist; and so he went away; and may I never see him again as long as I live."

"And how went you on afterwards with the ladies?" said sir William.

"Nay, I saw no *more* of them; I left all the trouble of *them*, and no little it was, I believe, to your daughter. After I saw Wanley fairly off, I ordered my own horse, intending to come to you; but I felt myself too much disturbed to talk to any one; so I took a solitary ride, revolving what had passed, and did not return till supper-time; when, luckily for me, Edella was the only person who joined me, for her quietness and good sense composed me more than any thing else could have done; and she assured me she had great hopes that Lotharea

tharea would come to her senses in time, when she saw no more of Wanley, if only her mother would let her alone."

"Upon my word," said Edella, "I am of that opinion still. At present she is much dejected, for Mr. Wanley has, no doubt, obtained a considerable hold of her affections; but I really believe if she had not been in the habit of hearing him so continually praised, and held up as a phenomenon by Mrs. Cranswick, she never would have been so much swayed by his external advantages, as to have preferred him above my brother. If that cause can be removed, and she no longer sees him, I hope every thing will once more fall into its proper train."

"But I am extremely hurt when I reflect upon *any* part of her conduct," said the colonel: "aware of the *real* object of

Wanley's pursuit, it was most unhand-
some and unkind in her to disguise the
truth from Barbara."

"Indeed, my dear sir," interrupted
Edella, "she did every thing to unde-
ceive Barbara, short of actually telling
her the name of the person he *was* at-
tached to. But Miss Guineaman would
not have her eyes opened; she persisted
he was in love with herself, till the very
last; and the most trivial circumstances
served to confirm her error."

"Well," cried the colonel, "Letitia,
after all, I fear is most to blame; for
perhaps, Wanley, without her encou-
ragement, would never have presumed.
But what is to be done? I am too much
vexed and disturbed to judge for the
best."

"I will tell you what is to be done,"

said

said sir William ; “ let this present agitation subside of itself ; take no more notice of it than if you had never known Wanley ; and, after awhile, promote your daughter’s going into every party of pleasure where she is not likely to meet with him. Till his idea has somewhat faded from her mind, with the assistance of Cremorne’s two favourite physicians, Absence and Time, Henry, if he takes my advice, will forbear from all particularity of behaviour ; and it is not unlikely that Wanley, after this rebuff, may quit the neighbourhood, in which all kind of field sports being now over, he probably will have no inducement to stay, when he finds he has no chance of obtaining another interview with your daughter. But, my dear Ned, you will forgive me if I urge the expediency of

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preventing Mrs. Cranswick from seeing him, or conveying to him any further encouragement. Independent of the additional trouble and vexation *that* might occasion to you, it would really be ill-usage to himself."

"If my wife does either," answered the colonel, "it must be clandestinely; but I hope she will have more discretion. To-day I mean to have a conversation with her upon the subject, and, in the fewest words possible, convince her of my unalterable resolution respecting Wanley. I expect her grief and resentment will be violent, but they will the sooner subside for not being noticed, and I apprehend much more pain to my own feelings from the ill-concealed regret of Lotharea."

"You have seen all the ladies, I suppose,

suppose, this morning?" said sir William.

"Only my daughter," replied the colonel; "my wife, who chose to sup, sleep, and breakfast with her niece, sent me word they were both too much indisposed to come down stairs; but Lotheria appeared at breakfast as usual, and entered the room with Edella, looking so determined to wear an appearance of cheerfulness, in spite of the distress I saw struggling within, that I could not refuse her my pity and praise, though I feared to express either. She apologized for not having joined me at supper last night; and said she hoped I did not attribute her absence to ill-humour; *that*, she assured me, I should never have to complain of from her; and when we

came away, I think, Edella, she begged of you to return to her soon."

"She did," said Miss Dorian, "with as strong an expression of friendship for me as ever; and I promised, whenever I could be spared from home, to go, though I fear I shall not be a welcome guest to Mrs. Cranswick."

"Then, my dear, you shall be my guest; I have been too civil by half for some time to *her* visitor, and I will take care she shall not be uncivil to *mine*."

"Oh, but," said Edella, "I must not be the cause of dissension; it would be better far I should stay away entirely."

"I think not," observed the baronet; "the more uncivil Mrs. Cranswick is to you, the oftener you ought to go, for your client Henry's sake; for if Lotharea

long to constant trouble over sees

sees you ill-treated, the generosity of her nature will be called into action; and making your cause her own, will love you the better for what will be almost like suffering for righteousness sake. But never fear; violent spirits as seldom have perseverance as they have courage; and Mrs. Cranswick will soon tire of her own vehemence when it is not attended to. Even children seldom roar when there is nobody to hear them."

"Pray," said I, "amidst all this tumult, how does Miss Guineaman bear this eclairsissement she was so little prepared for? in my opinion, she is the most to be commiserated of the whole party."

"What, more than Lotharea?" said Miss Dorian.

"Certainly; my dear Lotharea has just had two signal instances of good

luck; she has been prevented from throwing herself away, and is reserved, I question not, for a much happier fate. But her cousin's misfortune is really a serious one. With her person, and want of other advantages, she cannot expect to make what is called a very good match; and she has been for many weeks past deluded into a belief that she had won the affections of an amiable young man, to the smallness of whose fortune her parents, justly appreciating their daughter's charms, made no objection. In consequence of this belief, she has given him her heart, and looked forward to the certainty of soon becoming his wife. In such a case, it could be no pleasing discovery to find she had been playing the part of the cat's paw to assist Mr. Monkey Wanley to reach his chesnuts;

chesnuts ; and if she supports it with any tolerable fortitude, I shall give her credit for more philosophy than many modern pretenders to it possess."

" Her mortification is acute at present," said Edella ; " but I think it will be of short duration. Barbara has, luckily in this instance, a very good opinion of herself ; and though she does allow Lotharea to be the handsomer of the two, I believe she makes little doubt of securing a long train of admirers to succeed her present recreant, as soon as she shall enter more into the world ; and this method she intends trying very shortly, being determined to remove soon to Liverpool, where she shall be in no danger of ever seeing the *silly fellow*, as she now calls Wanley, again. Upon the score of her attachment to him, no one need be
uneasy,

uneasy, for I am confident it will vanish as suddenly as did her everlasting love for Dawnay."

"Well," said colonel Cranswick, rising, "I am in better spirits than I was; and in a better humour too, for I was in a special bad one when I came; so let us all take a walk to your new plantations, Dorian, and tell me when you will come and see us. Suppose you all dine with me to-morrow, and leave Edella to stay with us a few days? it will be no more than compassion to Lotharea, for I fear the poor girl is fretted and fidgetted to death by her mother."

Sir William readily agreed to go—
"But I think," said he, "you had better excuse Henry being of the party. Let him keep in the background at present, that he may return to the scene with more
stage-

stage-effect. I will answer for Cremorne and George, and perhaps little Miranda, which will make the company sufficiently numerous to insure silence upon all unpleasant subjects."

Colonel Cranswick allowed the propriety of Henry's not coming to Briar Lodge so immediately after what had happened; and before he went away, with his usual good-nature, he repeatedly desired sir William, when he related the story to his son, to insist particularly on that part of it which regarded Wanley's positive and final rejection.—"The poor fellow," said he, "has been more harassed in his mind than I have; and now that I know what vexation and ill-humour are, I can tell how to pity him, for they are confounded troublesome companions."

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On the return of Mr. Dorian from Westwood, his father, duly attending to the injunction he had received, recorded to him the events of the preceding day ; and had the pleasure to perceive his son's uneasiness relieved rather than aggravated by the account.—“ I was aware, my dear sir,” said he, “ when you questioned me lately, that the story of Mr. Wanley's intimacy at Briar Lodge would soon wind up to the issue of a proposal ; but *how* that proposal would be received, it was painful to me to conjecture. When I paid my first visit to Miss Cranswick after my return home, she received me with such marked coldness, such indifferent general civility, as made me fear I had lost, if, indeed, I ever possessed, a preference in her favour : and upon my venturing to speak of the sentiments with which I

had

had quitted her, she begged me, in a tone that left no doubt of her sincerity, to desist wholly from the subject. I then found that mine was no common affection. I became seriously unhappy, yet did not discover the whole of what I had to fear till after Mr. Wanley's accident. Then, when I went to Briar Lodge, I perceived such indisputable signs of his love for her, and her regard for him, that I became fully sensible he was the cause of my rejection. A lover's penetration, like instinct, is never deceived. Trivial incidents, unobserved by others, bore conviction to me ; and I was certain that a conclusion to the tale was rapidly approaching. The event has proved me right. I hope, for *her* sake, I disinterestedly hope he will not have an opportunity of renewing his addresses ; and with
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the forbearance that may eventually befriend me, I will be guided by your advice, and not obtrude myself now, while I am conscious my presence must be most unwelcome."

Henry acted fully up to this resolution. He refrained for some time from going to Briar Lodge; yet not so long as to render his return there an awkward undertaking to himself. The ordinary composure of the family was then, to all appearance, restored, save in the individual instance of Mrs. Cranswick. But as it had never been in that lady's nature to do any thing quietly, she having always been one of those people who mistake agitation for activity, and bustle for business, the want of composure was less observable in her than it would have been in any other person. Lotharea
made

made unceasing, but evident efforts to look cheerful, which seldom succeeded, except when she thought her father would be pained by reading the actual state of her mind ; and Miss Guineaman was gone, not to Liverpool, but to join a very gay and numerous party at York, from whence her most grotesque letters, full of balls, caps, and conquests, afforded sufficient proofs that *her withers were unwrung*.

Wanley, in less than a week after his dismissal from Briar Lodge, went to London, leaving behind him a letter for Mrs. Cranswick, reiterating his acknowledgments to her for the many instances of kindness she had shewn him, and the many civilities he had received from the colonel, whose rejection of him, he said, it was, amidst all his regret, his pride
and

and pleasure to reflect, proceeded not from a knowledge of any unworthiness in himself, but solely from the narrowness of his fortune. He confessed, in liberal terms, the justice of the sentence he had on that account received ; and concluded with a fervently-expressed wish for the happiness of the family he should always remember with gratitude and esteem.

Colonel Cranswick could not be otherwise than pleased by this letter. He admitted that it retrieved Mr. Wanley considerably in his opinion, and that its language bespoke him both a man of sense and a gentleman. Yet, nevertheless, as he concluded reading it to sir William and to me, he said—" And so, *there*, thank Heaven, is an end of Mr. Wanley ; and I hope it will not be long before we
may

may turn our thoughts where my wishes have always been fixed, to the quarter of my honest and amiable young friend, Henry Dorian."

But Henry Dorian was less given to hope than the sanguine colonel. The treatment he received from Miss Cranswick was, of all others, the least encouraging to a lover. Mild, civil, shy, and retired, she always contrived to avoid sitting near or conversing with him, without appearing to do so; and the almost constant, though gentle expression of grief on her countenance, generally deepened whenever he approached her. Even when her spirits seemed the most lively, when her looks expressed the most favour towards him, they were the looks of a sister towards a brother whom she was in the habit of seeing every day;

and

and the only resting-point of attachment that seemed strongly to hold her, was her friendship for Edella, to whom she unreservedly communicated every sentiment of her heart; and who, when questioned by her own family, could not deny that she feared Henry had no room whatever to hope for a favourable change.

No doubt could be entertained that Mrs. Cranswick, whenever she had an opportunity, influenced her daughter's conduct, by cherishing the bias of her affections; and the colonel, perfectly aware of this, prevented private intercourse between them, as much as he possibly could; which, indeed, was easily done, by promoting general society and constant visits between Miss Dorien and my nieces, and his daughter, who, fortunately, being partial to them all, and, per-
haps,

haps, often wearied by the volubility of her mother, readily, in this particular, fell into his measures.

But Mrs. Cranswick, incapable of shewing her averseness to the connexion by the same mild method which Lotharea adopted, often behaved so very uncivilly to Mr. Dorien when the colonel was not present, that it became painful to him to encounter her. Her want of understanding, it is true, rendered her the object of his pity, as the improprieties of her conduct excited his contempt; but from the mother of Lotharea, every testimony of dislike was an additional cause of disquiet and grief to him.

After many instances of this nature, and the most unvarying coldness on the part of Lotharea, Henry Dorien told his father he could endure it no longer, but
would

would quit the country for awhile ; and the alteration in his looks and spirits so fully proved the necessity of a change of scene for him, that sir William not only consented to lose him for a time, but advised him to spend some weeks in London, which then was at the period of its highest gaiety.

At that season of the year, therefore, when fashion renders it customary to leave the beautiful blossoms, fresh verdure, and sweet melody of the country, for crowded rooms, hot streets, and noisy public amusements, Mr. Dorien took leave of his family and went to London. Edella, not allowing the necessity of his departure, regretted it, and urged his quick return.—“ Remember what you used to say, Harry,” said she, “ that any part of the summer not spent in the
country,

country, was so much of the summer wasted."

"Aye," replied he, "but a higher authority than mine overturns the hypothesis. Lord Chesterfield, you know, declared that London was the best place of residence in summer, and that there was no other in winter."

"I should just reverse his lordship's creed," answered Miss Dorian, "and maintain that the country was the best place in winter, and that there is no other in summer. However, if you think that going into a burning brick-kiln will be of service to you, may you not be disappointed; and may the good offices I shall endeavour to render you here, prove successful in that quarter whence all your uneasiness springs."

"The kindest office you can render

me," answered Henry, " will be never to name me. Lotharea wishes to forget me; and the more you obtrude me upon her recollection, the stronger that wish will become."

" If I were in your situation, and was certain that was the case, I know what I would do," said Dawnay.

Henry asked what.

" I would be too quick for her; I would beat her by speed, and forget *her* first."

" But, Dawnay," interposed sir William, " put the case that you were seriously attached to a young lady whom you vainly strove to gain, yet could not subdue your own love for her. What would be your resource then, I beg leave to ask you?"

" I think," replied Dawnay, " I should endeavour

endeavour to *walk* it off. Love, very likely, may be something like the courage of Mr. Acres in the play; and if so, twenty miles a-day would surely be a cure; indeed, any fatigue would be preferable to a continuance of the distemper; for I dare say a young lady is worse to manage than a pig in a string."

"A dainty comparison truly!" cried sir William; "and the ladies would certainly be very proud if they knew of it. But, methinks, if you were a little more prone to the distemper, as you call it, than you are, and Henry could cast half his load of it upon your shoulders, it would be fortunate for you both." Then turning to his eldest son, and shaking him by the hand—"Well, my dear lad," said he, "God bless you! when you

you are tired of being amongst strangers, return to those to whom you will ever be present in imagination."

Colonel Cranswick too, who had come to Dorien Court that morning, on purpose to see Henry to the last, bade him an affectionate adieu; and said, while a tear seemed ready to start into his eye—"Lord knows! perhaps all may end well yet."

"Good bye," said Dawnay, nodding significantly at his brother as he got upon horseback; "the next time we see you, I hope, Harry, you will be your own man again."

"Thank you, Dawnay," replied his brother; "and *when* I return, I hope some young damsel of rosy hue will be presiding over the domestic concerns of

Westwood

Westwood farm ; and that I shall see you, setting nights and mornings after your wife up the cow-pasture, with the frothing pail upon your head, and a little three-legged milking-stool under your arm."

CHAP. III.

News from Abroad.

BUT though Dawnay affected to treat his brother's departure, and the occasion of it, as matters of jest, there was no one at Dorien Court who more regretted the disappointment he had sustained, or more resented what he even chose to call the *insult* he had met with. It *was* an insult, he said, to the Dorien family, to encourage the prospect of an alliance with its eldest son for a long term of years, and then, in favour of a youth whom nobody knew,

knew, to wish him suddenly good morning, and shut the door in his face.

But as the colonel himself had merited no part of this indignation, it fell with double weight upon his wife and daughter, whom Dawnay, with the utmost circumspection, avoided, taking care never to venture himself at Briar Lodge, but when he was certain they were from home; and laying hold of any pretence for dining abroad himself, when he knew they were coming to his father's house.

It was fortunate for his own credit's sake that he chose this method of shewing his disapprobation; for when by any unavoidable circumstance he did fall into the company of these ladies, especially of the elder, no consideration of the usual forms of politeness towards the sex

had any weight to induce him to veil his sentiments.

They had walked over to Dorian Court one morning to see Edella, and just as they were preparing to return, so heavy a rain came on that they were compelled to accept her proposal of dining there. Dawnay, observing bad weather approaching, had hastened home from Westwood farm, exactly in time to escape it, so that he could not leave the house again, as he would have done had it been possible. He was therefore compelled, however reluctantly, to take his seat at the bottom of the table, where sir William always posted him when his elder brother was absent; and the constraint he laboured under he took no pains whatever to conceal. Monosylla-
bles.

bles were much in favour with him during the whole time of dinner ; but these, by the extreme loquacity of Mrs. Cranswick, were little noticed. No subject, of what she fancied was conversation, came amiss to her. The very showers that were falling furnished her with a long and wearying topic of the rheumatism she had suffered in consequence of the vicissitudes of the weather, which she assured sir William had seized first one of her shoulders, and then the other, with the most astonishing perseverance ; and this led her forward to favour the company with a list of all the different remedies she had made use of to drive her troublesome enemy from its strong holds, not one of which had been of the least service.—“ But,” pursued this entertaining lady, “ it is very singular, Mr. Daw-

may, that though I have had the obstinate complaint so long, it has never once made an attack upon my head."

"It must have been very bold if it had, madam," answered he, "as your head has always been reckoned the best part of you."

"Oh, sir," she replied, with a smile and a bow, "you are pleased to compliment me, but I really do not know that my head is particularly a good one."

Lotharea blushed, and Dawnay observed that she did so; but nothing could soften his obduracy, which was soon after rendered, if possible, still more inveterate, by the indelicate folly of Mrs. Cranswick, who suddenly exclaimed—"This is terrible weather for Mr. Dorian in London! Pray, sir, when do you expect your brother back again?"

"He

“He will probably be down by the eighteenth of August, madam,” retorted Dawnay, in a stern voice. But the reproof was wholly lost upon the lady, who had either never known, or had forgotten the compact made between her daughter and Henry, to exchange their good wishes towards each other upon that day; and which, on the past anniversary, had been celebrated by Lotharea and Edella with some little fanciful rites, to which they had playfully admitted Dawnay, Miss Guineaman, and my nieces. But though Mrs. Cranswick appeared unconscious to what he alluded, it was otherwise with her daughter, who changed colour again more deeply than before, and endeavoured to dash off a tear, that would force its way to her eyelid, before it was discovered.

Upon this occasion Mrs. Cranswick's mania for talking was so useful and salutary, that the poet might again have inquired, "How can they say that nature has nothing made in vain?" By engrossing the conversation so entirely that no pause could possibly intervene, she relieved her daughter's confusion, and prevented the necessity of any person's talking besides herself, which not one of her auditors felt inclined to do.

But as soon as she was gone, sir William reproached his son for the rudeness of his behaviour—"It was a waste of incivility," said he; "she had not sense enough even to distinguish, much less to feel it, as was proved by her fancying you complimented her, when you said the bitterest thing to her you could; so that you wounded the feelings of the
poor

poor girl, while the stupidity of the mother remained unruffled."

"The poor girl might have behaved better herself," grumbled Dawnay, very sulkily.

"She might have consulted her own advantage better than she has done, certainly," replied sir William; "but no one has a right to reproach her for that. Whereas, had she continued the semblance of preferring your brother, after she became attached to another, she would, indeed, have incurred your severest censure."

"Well, sir," returned Dawnay, "I will take care not to offend you again in the same manner; for the next time either the mother or the daughter comes here, I will be vigilant enough to get out of their way."

And

And Dawnay kept his word very strictly; for, a few days after, Miss Cranswick calling upon his sister in a room where there was only one door, he, hearing her voice in the hall, jumped out of the window to avoid meeting her as she entered, and ran to Westwood without stopping.

In the meantime, sir William heard very constantly from his eldest son. A week never passed without bringing a letter from him, either for his father or Miss Dorien, from the perusal of which no stranger could have suspected the actual depression of his spirits; but from several private friends in London, sir William received accounts that strongly proved they had not been lightened by the gay scenes around him.

Sir Edward Falconer wrote word that
he

he seemed to fly from himself, and to allow no time for natural rest.—“ I see him at all public places,” said he, “ but with so little appearance of enjoying them, that his motive for frequenting them can only be to avoid being alone. He is always the latest to quit a party or a theatre ; yet by eight in the morning is constantly on horseback, either upon the solitary Harrow road, or in the park ; and makes no choice of weather. Sometimes, though not often, I meet him at a coffee-house after the opera ; but he seldom frequents any place where conversation is expected from him ; and seems the least uneasy when he can sit near any one who will talk to him without waiting for an answer. Last night I saw him at an assembly of Mrs. D——’s ; he was sitting at the table of some round game

game between lady Emily Burnish and lord Counterfeit, looking wholly unconscious either of them was in existence, while the former, with her fair arm thrown over the back of his chair, was making such strong love to him, as must have awakened all his attention, had he had any to bestow. But not even Dawnay could have listened to her with a *sang froid* more determined. He is much with me, and I endeavour to turn his observation to subjects the most likely to avert his thoughts from what has passed. But I am truly sorry to say I cannot flatter you with the prospect of his soon recovering from the disappointment he has undergone. If he would *complain*, I should have hopes of him; but he will not, even to me. On the contrary, he always smiles, and professes himself to be

well

well amused, whenever we go out together. I introduce him to the handsomest women I know, wishing him to conceive some new passion, no matter for whom; but he praises them all equally, and then never mentions them again; and nothing has the effect of making him so immediately look serious, as telling him he is admired by the ladies here. I insisted a little too much upon this point the other day, and ventured to rally him on the high degree of favour he had attained, till I fairly vexed him; and taking up his hat to leave me in a pet, he said—‘What care I for the ladies here!’

“Upon my life, he is a fine fellow, and, regarding him as a brother, I am distressed to see him so deeply cut; time only can work his cure. But when I reflect

flect on the colonel's daughter forsaking such a worthy lad, with such prospects and personal advantages superior to most, for the sake of the handsome insignificant stranger, I am almost as much out of patience as if the mortification had been my own."

Sir William was made deeply uneasy by this description of his son's mode of life and continued dejection, and consulted with his own family and intimate friends what could be done for him, as soon as the season for London should terminate, when the town, then so gay, would become a desert.

"We must not have him here," said he to the colonel; "the constant intercourse between our families being what drove him hence, he would feel a penalty, and my own feelings would not
suffer

suffer it to be interrupted; neither, I hope, would your's. Besides, Lotharea's strong attachment to my daughter yields the brightest ray of hope we have. She cannot so dearly love the sister, and be utterly indifferent to the happiness of the brother."

"I should recommend you," said the colonel, "to propose to him a summer ramble for some weeks, when he chooses to leave London; and as he is fond of being with you and his sister, not only suggest it to him, but offer to go yourselves. I confess I should not dare to accompany you, however much I should enjoy such a scheme, for fear of Wanley's making any attempt during my absence to renew his visits at my house. But there is no doubt there are many of your friends who would like to join you, so as

to

to prevent what must generally prove a dull concern—seeing sights in a mere family party.”

Sir William thought the plan advisable till I recommended another, which he still more approved of, and that was, to advise Mr. Dorian's returning to Horatio Cranswick abroad, and continuing with him until the time appointed for his coming home, which was in the course of three or four months. He liked this idea so well, that he declared he would communicate it to his son, the next time he wrote; and the colonel thought favourably of it, as he did of every scheme that promoted the friendship of either of his own children for the baronet's family. Only Edella repined at the arrangement.—“Cruel girl!” said she to Lotharea, “you owe me all your
love,

love, as a compensation for the loss of such a brother, whom you have exiled from us and from his home."

But she never hazarded a sentence of this nature without immediately repenting it; for Lotharea, wounded to the heart by her reproach, would give way to a grief, probably embittered by the whisperings of her own conscience, which told her she deserved it.

Once fancying she perceived her friend softened on this subject, Edella folded her arms round her, and said, in repetition of Henry's words—"Are you not Jessrea to me? ah, Lotharea! can you forget him who has loved you so long? for which of us can recollect the first instance he gave of his young affection for you? when all of us were children together, you were ever the distinguished
object

object of his little cares and solicitude. Do you remember the sad distress we were once in, when you enticed me to the bottom of the green-lane, contrary to orders, to look at the first young lamb we had seen, and I drenched my unlucky frock by jumping over the hedge into a quick spring? when the boys came up, we were crying piteously, I for my accident, and you for fear of being punished as the author of it; when Henry instantly declared he would take all the blame upon himself, to preserve you from anger. Do you remember how he dried your tears, and bade you be comforted, for that he loved you better than himself, and could not bear to see you in distress?"

"I recollect it well," replied Lotharea;
"and how happy we were when the sun

so dried your clothes before we got home that we escaped all suspicion, and carried our little suppers down to the green bench at the bottom of the garden, to talk over our misfortunes and rejoice at the event."

"And Henry silyly conveyed all the nice parts of his supper upon your plate, and called you his dear little wife."

"Happy days!" said Lotharea, with a sigh.

"'Twas then we chac'd the slipper by its sound,
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas then at eve we form'd the fairy ring,
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.

The heart's light laughter crown'd the rising jest,
And all was sunshine in each little breast."

Pleasures of Memory.

"I declare to you, my dear Edella, I have often wondered I could not return
your

your brother's affection in the manner he wished ; and I do believe the reason of it is, we were brought up so much together, that I acquired the habit of considering him in the same light with Horatio. He, yourself, and Dawnay, were all equally dear to me with my own brother, the consequence of our being reared almost in the same nursery ; we played together, we were taught together ; for, to this hour, I can remember the horn-book and the fairy tales that were the joint property of us all. In fine, we lived together ; and hence, no doubt, it is, that I never can separate the ideas of Henry Dorian and a brother."

" Ah," said Edella, " by the same rule, he might only have valued you as a sister ; and I, upon the like grounds, might have repulsed Horatio. But your eyes, my
beloved

beloved friend, have misled your judgment, and made you look back for reasons to account for your indifference to poor Henry. However, to time, and to the recollection of his own deserts, I leave his cause."

The friendly contests that frequently occurred upon this subject, never had the effect of weakening the regard of these two amiable young ladies for each other. Somewhat always seemed wanting to the happiness of Edella when the other was absent; and nothing so immediately animated Lotharea to cheerfulness, as the presence of her friend. Yet it was easy to see that the memory of Wanley still corroded her peace; she went with her mother into company, whenever she found it was the colonel's wish; and offered no objection to vari-

ous plans of amusement that were proposed for the summer; but it was manifest she did not look forward to them with any satisfaction; and that every time she went abroad with Mrs. Cranswick, she had rather have staid at home. Her father saw and regretted this; but sir William imparted cheerful omens to him, which he was at pains, he said, to encourage himself to confide in.

Henry Dorian had been gone about three weeks, when, one morning, having been uniting two of my young parishioners in the church, that stood half way between the manor-house and the rectory, I walked forward to see my old friend, whom bad weather had prevented my meeting with the day before. I found him and Dawnay reading the newspapers that were just arrived, and sat
down

down near them. Dawnay soon left us to go to his farm, and we continued reading, with little interruption of speech, till we were surprised by the sudden entrance of Watson, sir William's own man, who, with a strong expression of alarm upon his countenance, delivered a letter to his master, which he said a servant had that moment brought from Briar Lodge.

While sir William hastily opened it, I asked Watson if any accident had happened to the family there?

"I fear so, sir," he replied; "but the lad who is here is only a groom-boy, and does not know what it is. He only says the butler told him his master was in sad distress, and he must make haste to get here; and if sir William was out, we were to send after him."

"Watson," said sir William, "order

two horses to be saddled and brought immediately." Watson left the room.—

"Cremorne," continued the baronet, "you must come with me; we must both hasten to poor Ned Cranswick. Some misfortune abroad, I know not what. This is Lotharea's hurried note.— 'Dear sir William, come to us immediately, I entreat of you, and bring Mr. Cremorne, if you can. My father has received a letter from lord Vesprin, containing a deplorable account of my poor brother; and he is quite overwhelmed with affliction; only you two, next to Providence, can support him.'"

We could conjecture nothing but that some dangerous illness had seized Horatio Cranswick; and filled with apprehension for the colonel, lest the next dispatch should bring him the fatal news of
his

his son's death, we proceeded without delay to Briar Lodge, where we were received in silence at the front door by the butler, who seemed to have been watching for our approach, and who led us instantly to his master's study, where we saw the colonel sitting, with his face bowed over his arm, which he had thrown over the back of a chair ; and Lotharea, her handkerchief at her eyes, upon a sofa near him.

" My dear Ned ! " cried sir William.

The colonel lifted up his eyes, and seeing us, arose.—" Dorien," said he, " Cremorne, this is kind of you both ; you will teach me to bear this stroke."

" What ill news have you received ? " asked sir William ; " what has happened to Horatio ? "

" There is the fatal letter," returned

Cranswick ; "read it, and you will see that had I mourned my poor boy as dead, my affliction could scarcely have been heavier."

Lotharea, whose sobs could no longer be suppressed, now left the room, and sir William and I took the letter. It was from lord Vesprin, bearing date nearly a month old, and came from Treviso. It was of considerable length, and contained very minute particulars of a most deplorable accident which had happened to the unfortunate young man.

Lord Vesprin, accompanied as usual by Mr. Vandeleure and young Cranswick, had repaired to Venice, according to their former intention, soon after Mr. Dorian had quitted them. Here, being well amused, they proposed spending a couple of months; but varied the monotony

notony of the scene by frequent excursions to the neighbouring towns of the continent, the last of which had been to Padua, Este, Vicenza, Bassano, and Treviso; at which last-named place they had been under the necessity of halting on their way back to Venice. These excursions, it seems, they usually preferred performing on horseback, and most unluckily this was their mode of travelling on the present occasion; for as they were passing through the village of Castelfranco, observing the remains of a fine old castle, from the most ruinous side of which some workmen were selecting large stones for an adjacent building, they rode up to it, and were asking various questions respecting its history of one of the workmen, while the rest continued their employment, when a sudden

cry from the man they were talking to, warned Horatio, who had advanced too far beneath an overhanging fragment, to retreat from his dangerous situation. But the warning came too late. It was followed instantaneously by a crash, and Horatio and his horse were enveloped in the falling ruin. The strokes of the labourers below had loosened the huge impending fragment from its precarious hold; and its descent must have destroyed both horse and rider, had it not fallen partially on the latter. Some of the largest stones had crushed the head of the poor animal, and released him by a death speedy as if inflicted by lightning, while the smaller ones and the rubbish, fatally enough, had buried Horatio, who, by an instinctive motion, had thrown himself on one side of his horse. His head

head and body were immediately lightened of the load that lay upon them, and he was raised, but in a state of total insensibility, with his left arm, which had too tenaciously held the bridle, broken in two places; and his features so cut and disfigured by the crushing materials, that he could not be distinguished as the same person that had been there the minute before. In this melancholy condition he was conveyed, with the utmost possible expedition, to Treviso, where the best surgical advice the town afforded was procured, until a physician and surgeon, each of high repute, could arrive from Venice. By their skill and unremitting exertions, fever was subdued and his life saved; *that*, at the period of lord Vesprin's writing, was no longer in danger: but the miserable conclusion

of his letter was yet to come, and sir William and myself shuddered as we read it.

It had been found necessary to trepan Horatio, notwithstanding which, and every other measure that could give hopes of a less dismal catastrophe, his memory and understanding were gone. He knew none of the persons around him; he had no recollection of having ever seen lord Vesprin before; and could not be made to comprehend where he was. His speech was scarcely intelligible; his eye gazed on vacancy; in fine, his intellects were destroyed beyond all reasonable prospect of restoration.

Lord Vesprin expressed himself in language adequate to the affliction he must necessarily have felt at having to report such grievous tidings to a father; and acquainted

quainted the colonel that as soon as poor Horatio's bodily strength enabled him to undergo the journey to England, he proposed bringing him home. The physicians, he said, gave him an assurance this might be attempted under two or three months: and he closed his letter by exhorting the colonel to summon all his fortitude to sustain so dreadful a shock, and to soften the affliction of the unhappy mother.

While we read this heart-breaking account of the annihilation of all a fond parent's hopes of felicity from a beloved and amiable son, colonel Cranswick had resumed his posture over the back of the chair, and it was some time before either of us could awaken him from his painful meditation. Indeed, he was himself the first to speak; but—"God's will be done!"

done !” and “ Poor Horatio !” were all the words he could utter.

Sir William, at length, after a long and mournful pause, suggested a hope that after his journey, the sight of his parents, a tranquil life, his native air, and the superior skill of the English physicians, might be productive of blessed effects for the poor invalid. He recorded several instances where a suspension of the faculties, proceeding from a similar cause, had proved only of short duration ; and insisted so much on the probability that this case might furnish another with the same fortunate termination, that he ended by raising the colonel from that total despair in which we had found him. But no sooner had the cheering prospect made its way to his heart, than he strongly fixed on the idea of going
himself

himself to Italy to see his poor boy, and bring him home under his own watchful inspection.

This notion, however, sir William thought fit to combat.—“Before you could reach Treviso,” said he, “lord Vesprin and his patient might have left it. Consider the time that has elapsed since this letter was written, and the chance there would be of your passing the travellers upon the road. Lord Vesprin, as it is the least fatiguing mode, may choose to return by sea; and if you did meet your son, and he recognised you, it is to be doubted whether a surprise so abrupt might not overpower his returning senses; whereas, his journey, by a gradual change of scene, will prepare him for the sight of those he formerly knew.”

Colonel

Colonel Cranswick being in that state of affliction which renders a person averse and unable to contend, yielded to these arguments; and by degrees more and more fondly dwelt on the hope that Horatio, in time, might recover his intellects. I, for my part, could not but apprehend this prospect would prove delusive; but while the afflicted father's grief was at its height, it would have been inhuman to have robbed him of the little comfort he was capable of admitting.

As soon as he appeared restored to comparative tranquillity, we ventured to inquire after Mrs. Cranswick, and were informed by him that she had met the blow, which might be expected equally to affect them both, with more fortitude than himself.—“Poor Lotharea,” said he,

he, “ seems a keener sufferer than her mother, and I dread for her the shock of her first seeing Miss Dorian, whom she has always considered, over and above their friendship, with the love due to her brother’s future wife. If her hopes of this near and dear connexion are indeed to be so cruelly cut off; ah, Dorian! your Henry too discarded! where now are the schemes we have cherished so long, of uniting our families by a double tie, that we looked forward to with so much delight?”

“ It would be very unreasonable,” said sir William, “ to expect that any human schemes, projected so long before the time of their execution, should never be liable to a check. But let us recollect that if it be the will of God these should be accomplished, it is in his power

to restore your son, and change your daughter's sentiments, as easily as we formed the plan of their several marriages."

"You are my best comforter," answered the colonel. "Do not leave me to-day, I beseech you; and had we not better send for Edella here, or, at least, apprize her of what has happened, since it is probable she would be alarmed by your abrupt departure from home?"

I offered, upon this suggestion, to return to Dorien Court, and be myself the bearer of this ill news to Edella; but upon inquiry, we found that Miss Cranswick had already written to her friend, who, on the first intimation of a misfortune, had closely followed us to Briar Lodge, and was then actually with the mother and daughter. We saw, however,

ever, nothing of the ladies till dinner-time, when the colonel entreated they would, if possible, join us, since the longer a general meeting was deferred, the more violently it would renew that sense of anguish which was felt in common by all.

Upon this occasion the difference of character was very strongly marked and seen. Mrs. Cranswick talked of the horrid particulars we had read, with a minuteness that made us shudder, even while she descanted on her own sorrow. There needed no other proof of *her* feelings being none of the finest; and it was impossible not to recollect that she had never evinced so much tenderness for her son as for her daughter; while Lotharea gave unresisted way to her grief; and

Edella's

Edella's stronger mind bore up against the shock, and even enabled her to speak comfort and hope to her friend.

Sir William's plan of inducing his son to go abroad for the remainder of the summer, was now at an end. He wrote to acquaint him with what had befallen poor Horatio, and received an answer filled with such expressions of regret as might be expected from sincere friendship. But, in a short time after the receipt of lord Vesprin's first letter, it was followed up by a second, containing a much more favourable account of the unfortunate invalid than colonel Cranswick had dared to hope for. Horatio, lord Vesprin assured his father, had shewn a decided recollection of himself, and of the servant who constantly attended him.

He

He even knew Mr. Vandeleure, and the physician, and intelligibly communicated his own sensations whenever they varied. The most desirable circumstance, therefore, of a mental recovery having become more probable than before, he felt the less regret at being obliged to say, his patient did not regain his natural strength so rapidly as had been expected. Nevertheless, repeating from the physicians, lord Vesprin felt no hesitation in saying he should certainly be in England before the close of summer. He added, that he should be induced to leave Mr. Vandeleure in Italy, on account of the extreme tenderness of his constitution, upon which he believed the coldness of the British climate would have ill effects; and concluded with congratulations to the colonel upon the
amended

amended prospect that now opened to his view.

Very sincere were the rejoicings in both families on the arrival of this welcome letter ; and the satisfaction it imparted could not be damped by the perusal of another from sir Edward Falconer in London, to sir William Dorian, on the subject of Henry, whom he represented as in nowise improved in spirits, but rather, on the contrary, giving daily more way to habitual melancholy. He had, according to sir Edward's account, met several times with Mr. Wanley, the sight of whom seemed to be, to him, insupportably irksome ; and sir Edward noticed the prevalence of a report that a considerable fortune had lately devolved to the last-named gentleman.

“ Well,” said sir William, “ now that
our

our anxiety is in so great a degree alleviated upon the score of poor Horatio, we must turn our thoughts to the disconsolate Henry, and see what can be done for him."

CHAP. IV.

News from London.

By the manner in which Edella bore the trial of this event, her character and the powers of her mind were displayed to very great advantage. Without departing from that tenderness which is the peculiar charm of the sex, and which led her to shed the ready tear for Horatio's misfortune, she with firmness met the probable disappointment of their intended union. Instead of weak lamentations, expressions of resignation, and words of comfort, were heard from her; and though without
any

any ostentation on her part, it was manifest she had made the secret determination never to receive the addresses of any future lover, until Horatio's situation should be proved beyond the reach of any hope of amendment. Lotharea professed her admiration of a constancy she acknowledged it was not in her power to imitate, except in favour of the man for whose sake she had foregone her early engagement with Mr. Dorian, and to him she indeed continued unalterably attached. As the period of her separation from him became lengthened, Edella declared his image seemed more and more present to her mind; and with every opportunity of knowing the inmost recesses of Lotharea's heart, she gave it as her opinion that she never would be prevailed upon even to think of any other.

Soon after sir Edward Falconer's last letter was received, that gentleman himself returned into Yorkshire, and took an early opportunity of paying his respects at Dorien Court, where the worthiness of his character always rendered him a welcome guest. He told sir William he had once believed Henry intended to accompany him from London—"But," said he, "the report I mentioned to you, I think, deterred him; for I suspect he is afraid of the event."

Sir William, who had forgotten it, inquired what report.

"Of Mr. Wanley's acquisition of a large fortune," replied sir Edward; "so considerable, it is said, as to be little short of a hundred thousand pounds."

Sir William started with surprise, and asked from whom it had devolved?

"That is a question I am unable to answer,"

swer," returned sir Edward: "but you shall hear the particulars that have fallen within my knowledge.

"One evening, about ten days ago, your son and I had been at the Little Theatre, and when the play was over, we went to a coffee-house. Henry, on his entrance, was immediately accosted by an acquaintance, who, by engaging his attention, prevented his observing the company present, otherwise he would probably have made a precipitate retreat, for Wanley was there, dressed in deep mourning. I saw him, and he, I conclude, perceived your son, for in two minutes he withdrew; and Henry's friend, who had finished his conversation with him, inquired of a Mr. Ellenburne, with whom Wanley had been talking, who he was? Mr. Ellenburne replied his

name was Milloughby.—‘Are you sure of that?’ said I; ‘has he an *alias*?’—‘He has just changed his name,’ answered Ellenburne, ‘on being appointed heir to a very considerable property left him by an old man, who, I take it for granted, must have been a distant relation, for of all his near connexions, I am sure there is not one who could have left him five hundred a-year. I knew his father well; he was a man much upon the turf, and made his chief living by it, for his real private fortune was very circumscribed. Since his death, Charles Wanley has lived with an uncle in the bishoprick of Durham, the incumbent of a small vicarage, and a very worthy man; but the youth being somewhat of a virtuoso, that is, being infected with a fancy for books and prints that are put into catalogues with
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the words *rare and unique*, soon grew weary of a remote solitude where he could not indulge his taste; and has been a good deal in London, except during last winter, which he has just now been telling me he spent in hunting, in Yorkshire.'

"Feeling, on your son's account, interested in this story, I inquired who the person was from whom Wanley inherited the large fortune spoken of; but I could only learn he had been an old bachelor, named Milloughby, whose acquaintance with Wanley had not been of long duration.

"Henry, you may be sure, was not inattentive to the tale; it seemed to make a strong impression upon his mind, and he continued silent, and apparently absent, the remainder of the evening. We

separated at the door of the coffee-house for the night, and I saw no more of him till last Thursday, the day before I left town, when having gone to a review at Blackheath, I perceived him riding considerably apart from the crowd, at as slow a pace as his horse could possibly walk. Having several times called at his lodgings, to know if he held the resolution he had partly made of travelling down with me, without finding him at home, I immediately rode up to him, and found him so deeply engaged with his own thoughts, that he was quite unconscious of my approach till I spoke to him. He then assumed a very cheerful aspect, so cheerful as to convince me it was forcibly pressed into the service; and joined me in the laugh against his own absence of mind. But in reply to
my

my inquiries concerning his return into the country, he said, with an involuntary change of countenance—‘No, my dear fellow, I cannot go down yet.’

‘Why not?’ said I; ‘London is as hot as the mouth of Mount Etna, and every body is leaving it who *can* leave it. What should you stay for?’

‘I find,’ replied he, ‘the report we heard the other night is well founded. You are going down into Yorkshire, and you will let me hear from you.’

‘And what then?’ said I.

‘Why, then I will come down by-and-bye; but I should like to hear from you once or twice first. At the same time, tell my father, if he has any thing for me to do, especially if he has any business at a distance from home that I can

transact for him, I will hasten with pleasure to any quarter of the island.'

"I was beginning to argue with him, a little apprehensive, I own, of his meeting with Wanley, and any words taking place between them, when he stopped me short.—'My dear sir Edward, I have said all I *can* say. Let us talk of the review. How do you think the men have performed?'

"This," continued Falconer, "was all that passed between us; for though I saw him again the morning I came away, he avoided whatever might lead to the subject that pressed upon his spirits; only when he bade me farewell, pressing my hand energetically, and saying—'You'll remember! I am to hear from you of *what passes in Yorkshire.*' I promised

mised I would not disappoint him, and so we parted."

"Poor Harry!" said sir William; "he is, no doubt, afraid of the consequences of this unexpected event. But we have heard nothing of Wanley, as yet, in this country."

"You probably soon will," observed sir Edward, "if his attachment to Miss Cranswick continues; and should that be the case, I fear her father will have no plausible reason for continuing to reject him, since Wanley's character, I find, is really unobjectionable."

Sir William replied, that since Miss Cranswick seemed resolved not to renew her engagement with his son, her marriage with Mr. Wanley might, upon *his* account, almost be deemed desirable, because the certainty of her being lost

to him would, it was likely, be less harassing than his present painful state of anxiety ; and, in this opinion, he was joined by all the friends of his son.

The next time colonel Cranswick saw sir William, the latter related what he had heard from sir Edward Falconer ; and thereby prepared his old friend's mind to expect what otherwise would have proved an unwelcome surprise to him, namely, a letter from Mr. Wanley, acquainting him with the fortunate change in his circumstances, accompanied by a detail of the particulars attending it.

Mr. Wanley, in the first instance, apologized to the colonel for troubling him with his concerns, which he had reason to fear afforded no subject of peculiar interest to him ; but he hoped that the
continuance

continuance of an ardent affection, which no time could destroy, would successfully plead his excuse.

He then proceeded to narrate the beginning and progress of his acquaintance with the old gentleman, who, after an intimacy of scarcely two months, had constituted him his sole heir, next after two maiden ladies, his sisters, the youngest of whom was seventy-three years of age, and the other eight years older.

It seems that Mr. Wanley, on his first arrival in London, after being rejected by colonel Cranswick, to divert his mind from brooding over the disappointment he had sustained, amused himself by the indulgence of his favourite pursuit after scarce and curious tracts, missals, and engraved portraits. In the course of his search after one of the latter class, he

entered a little shop, where the master was engaged with a venerable-looking old gentleman, who, though apparently labouring under great infirmity of body, wore an aspect of the utmost intelligence; while his manners bespoke considerable knowledge of the world, and the habits of good society.

He was endeavouring to bargain with the printseller for a small engraving, upon which a higher price was fixed than he chose to give, the shopman refusing to recede from his original demand, and persisting that the print was an absolute *unique*. The old gentleman, after closely inspecting it through his glasses, admitted the truth of the assertion, but denied the extent of the presumed value; and during the discussion, Mr. Wanley, casting his eye over the engraving, and being in
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the constant habit of viewing and appreciating such articles, instantly discovered what the impaired sight of the old gentleman had failed to apprise him of, that so far from being worth thirty-five pounds, which the shopkeeper demanded, it was a copy of the rare print for which he endeavoured to pass it off, and might justly fetch about eighteen-pence.

Indignant at the attempted imposition, he immediately apprized the old gentleman of the fact, and by pointing out several inaccuracies which a real judge only needed to perceive in order to acknowledge, made it evident to him. This bringing on a conversation between them, wherein the old gentleman gratefully expressed his thanks to Mr. Wanley, they left the shop together, and repaired to various others of the same description,

when the judgment of the one being assisted by the clearer sight of the other, several valuable acquisitions were made by the venerable amateur; and he became so pleased with his young acquaintance, as to insist on taking him home to dine with him.

He told Mr. Wanley his name was Milloughby, and that he was a single man, living with two sisters, also unmarried, on a fortune which he had made in trade, being, he added, with some pleasantries, a man of no family, though born in Wales.

Having accepted his invitation, Mr. Wanley accompanied him home to a small house in Frith-street, where he was introduced to the two old ladies, and spent an evening agreeable to *him*, because Mr. Milloughby shewed him a very fine collection

lection of such articles of curiosity as peculiarly gratified his taste. The ladies also were sensible and well-bred; and Mr. Wanley had the good fortune to make himself as pleasant to them as to their brother.

This visit was followed up by an engagement to explore more shops for prints and old books the next morning; and the similarity of their pursuits and inclinations at length attached the two collectors so warmly to each other, the elder one especially to the younger, who was unable to contend with him for any rarity of price, that they became almost inseparable. When the weather prevented Mr. Milloughby from going abroad, his young friend executed his frequent commissions for him at the book and print sales, and afterwards kept him company at home.

By degrees the old gentleman expected, and even, with civility, claimed Mr. Wanley's daily attendance; and when this strict intercourse had lasted near six weeks, he gave him some hints of his future intentions in his favour. His health, greatly impaired, began rapidly to decline. His sisters, alarmed at his situation, appeared uneasy whenever Mr. Wanley was absent, and joined their entreaties to those of their brother, that he would give them every hour he had to spare; and Mr. Milloughby, about a week before his death, became so fractious to every other person, and was so much dejected when Wanley was not in sight, that the latter was easily persuaded to reside wholly in the house.

Extremely pleased by this mark of attachment, the old gentleman then, after a short private conference with his sisters,

ters, made his will, the contents of which he did not affect to conceal from Mr. Wanley.

“ I like you,” said he to him; “ I never liked any man so well. You have too much taste to make a vulgar use of money, by which I mean gambling, horse-racing, and coach-driving; and your income is too small to render the indulgence of your taste practicable. Excepting my sisters, I have no relations upon earth; and it is right, that while they live, they should enjoy what I die possessed of. But they, no more than myself, have a wish to leave my property beyond their own lives, to any one preferably to yourself. On one sole condition, therefore, you shall have the reversion of the whole. I have already acknowledged to you that I am not what
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is termed a man of family ; but I am a Welchman, and have the excusable desire of being the founder of a *name*. Yours, therefore, must submit to the additional one of Milloughby, if you are my heir, and be superseded by it. If you consent to this, you will, immediately on my demise, receive one thousand pounds, and the like sum on every anniversary of the day, so long as either of my sisters live ; and when they are both gone, the securities for seventy-eight thousand five hundred pounds will be placed in your hands by my attorney and executor."

Mr. Manley acceded to the proposal, and continued increasing in favour with the old gentleman until he was no more ; when after allowing the due compliment of a decent space of time to his memory, he

he gave way to the strong impulse of his heart, in renewing his proposals to Miss Cranswick, and entreated permission to send down to her father the copy of his benefactor's will. He presumed not, he said, for the present, to address the young lady herself, nor even Mrs. Cranswick; but, throwing himself entirely on the colonel's mercy, he deprecated a repetition of his late refusal, and besought him not to deprive his promised wealth of all its value, nor render his future life a burthen to himself.

Colonel Cranswick was powerfully and painfully affected by this letter. He had a long conference upon the subject of it with sir William, wherein the latter took a part, which, at the first view, appeared strongly to militate against the happiness of his son, but which he believed.

lieved would eventually prove the most conducive to his repose.

Urging the apprehensions common to his friend and to himself, that the affections of Lotharea were seriously fixed upon Mr. Wanley, he advised the colonel to obtain the utmost possible certainty upon that head, previous to any measure either of encouragement or denial being taken with him.—“ State the case,” said he, “ fairly and without prejudice to your daughter. Lay before her the arguments that may be pleaded in favour of either candidate. On the one side, remind her, that by giving her preference to my son, she chooses a companion for life, with whose qualities and disposition she is intimately acquainted, whose station in society will probably always be superior to that of
his

his rival, and whose fortune also will, in time, be more considerable; by her marriage with whom she will cement all the friendships of her youth, as it will in reality make her one of a family in the strictest mental union with her own, at the same time that it fulfils a principal wish of *your* heart. Press not, however, too much upon this last argument, for, after all, it is not so much your daughter's marriage with any particular individual you wish to insure, as it is her actual happiness; and if she should be induced to sacrifice *that*, in order to oblige you, I am certain your own consequent regret would fully equal hers."

"All this," replied colonel Cranswick, "I can urge; and I am even capable of the forbearance you recommend. But what am I to say in favour of Wanley,

ley, since, it seems, I am to state the merits of each lover for her consideration? Here is a young man, I must tell her, of whom I know nothing but that his handsome face and person have turned yours and your mother's heads; that he has the manners of a gentleman; rides well up to hounds; is, by his own account, a good judge of the value of old books and prints; and has had a large fortune left him by an old fellow, of whom I make it a very respectful doubt whether he was not in his dotage. Now choose whether you will spend the remainder of your days with him, or with Harry Dorian, whom, from long acquaintance, you *know* to be good-tempered, sensible, liberal, honourable, and kind-hearted; who has external advantages to create attachment in any woman, though he may
not

not have so smooth a face as the other; and manners, which, if they are not to a stranger equally insinuating, always bespeak the openness and polish of the gentlemanly character, and are accompanied by a sincerity that is *proof*."

"Well," said sir William, "put the alternative in what words you think fit; but recollect that you do not wish Lotharea to determine against the dictates of her own conscience, and marry one man while she prefers another. If she so far submits to your inclination as to engage she will think no more of Wangley, we must, for the present, urge the point no further, but hope, that after awhile, she may distinguish Henry by her choice. But if her heart is irremediably bestowed upon this fascinating stranger, I see not what you can do, unless inform
yourself

yourself as well as you are able of his real disposition, and consent as soon as you are satisfied in that particular. For till Mr. Wanley is either finally dismissed, or actually the husband of Lotharea, I plainly see Henry will never recover his peace of mind."

So reluctant, however, was colonel Cranswick to rest the issue of this affair upon his daughter's choice, that he from day to day deferred communicating to her the letter which had been sent him, until the change in Mr. Wanley's circumstances became the prevailing subject, and was universally known. He then received what Mr. Wanley had not waited for, his assent to send him a copy of the late Mr. Milloughby's will; and by the same post, a letter from a gentleman with whom he had been acquainted
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in his youth, and now knew to bear a most excellent character. This was Mr. Seaton, that uncle of Wanley's who had been spoken of by Mr. Ellenburne at the coffee-house, as the vicar of a small living in the county of Durham.

To this kinsman, recollecting to have heard him speak of his former intimacy with colonel Cranswick, Mr. Wanley had applied, to solicit his interest in his behalf; and Mr. Seaton accordingly addressed the colonel, in terms of the utmost affection for his nephew, whom he represented as having been always of a good and mild disposition, and one of the most dutiful of sons.

It was not to be supposed that Mrs. Cranswick would continue long silent after her favourite's acquisition became known to her. She took an opportunity,

nity, and an early one it was, to urge the mutual affection subsisting between her daughter and him, and triumphantly inquired what objection there could *now* be against admitting his addresses? The colonel replied, that the principal one, in his opinion, was, that she had a better offer, and one infinitely more acceptable to himself. However, in observance of sir William's advice, he, at length, came to the resolution of communicating Mr. Wanley's letter to Lotharea, and appealing to her serious judgment, or, speaking more properly, to the actual state of her heart.

This was readily known from one who simply acknowledging her sentiments, neither concealed nor exaggerated any thought of her soul from the parent she had always considered as her best, if not
her

her most indulgent friend. Lotharea assured her father, that as long as his consent was withheld, no consideration should induce her to encourage Mr. Wanley, farther than by refusing to marry any other; but she readily owned, that upon *that* point she was as much fixed as upon the first.

“ If I cannot be the wife of Mr. Wanley, my dear father,” said she, “ *with* your approbation, I will endeavour to be as happy and cheerful in your house as I have hitherto been. But suffer me to think you value my rectitude and my peace of mind too highly, to wish I should perjure myself by vowing affection to any other.”

A reply so temperate, yet so expressive of the steadiness of her determination, convinced colonel Cranswick he

had nothing to hope from a change in his daughter's sentiments. Sir William was decidedly of the same opinion; and stimulated by the letters which himself and Edella received from his son, wherein were most evident the struggles he made to write with cheerfulness, bespeaking, in fact, a heart loaded with anxiety, he urged his friend, since the case seemed really hopeless, to give way, and terminate the suspense of all parties.

Upon this a slow consent was wrung from the colonel, who, in answer to Mr. Wanley's third letter, gave him his reluctant permission to revisit Briar Lodge. A reply, conceived in the most grateful and even rapturous terms, was immediately sent back. The enamoured Wanley protested, that the principal wish of his heart being now fulfilled, he should
leave

leave the construction of the settlements wholly to the colonel ; and seemed intent only on hastening down into Yorkshire, “ that he might pour out the effusions of his overjoyed spirit at the feet of his lovely mistress.”

“ I like not this romance,” cried colonel Cranswick ; “ if the lad loves my daughter, why the plague cannot he say so, and have done ? I have not forgotten the time when I was young myself, nor the impression that beauty ever made upon me ; but surely, sir William, neither you nor I ever rambled into these wild regions of rhapsody and rapture. Henry never talked to her in this way.”

“ And you see the consequence,” said sir William, who, notwithstanding his

outward reasoning, was, in fact, as severely disappointed as his friend.

"And yet she is a sensible girl too," observed the colonel; "one would imagine she would rather despise such hyperboles."

"And so she would from an *old* man, or a *plain* man, or even from one she disliked; but when a lover is young and good-looking, and a favourite besides, ah, Ned, I doubt a deal of nonsense will go down with the wisest. Let us confess what simpletons we are ourselves when we are in love, and how easily an artful woman can wind us any way she pleases; and then we shall not unreasonably expect the other sex to be discreeter than we are."

"Your daughter," said the colonel, "would

"would be disgusted at a lover who ranted thus."

"She would probably laugh a little at him," replied sir William; "but you are welcome to envy me my daughter, since it is likely she will be yours too."

"Heaven knows," said the colonel, with a deep sigh; "I dread the sight of lord Vesprin's next letter."

"I trust it will bring you good tidings," said the baronet; "but I can tell you something for your comfort in the meanwhile. Yesterday, sir Edward Falconer having asked my permission, made an offer of himself to Edella, which, without the hesitation of a moment, she refused. She thanked him in very handsome terms for the distinguished compliment he paid her, but acquainted him that she considered herself as having been bound in

honour to your Horatio ; and that while there existed a possible chance of his recovery, she should never be, in her own opinion, free to marry any other. Sir Edward submitted to what he called, justly, her very honourable determination ; but told her that she must not forbid him to hope, in case of the worst.—‘ I do not like to think of that worst, sir,’ replied she ; ‘ for I have a regard for Horatio Cranswick, built on that best foundation—cordial esteem. Neither should I wish you, upon my account, to defer making an election that may add to your own happiness.’ He left her, he told me, with sentiments of increased admiration ; and I really believe, as long as she is unmarried, will not propose in any other quarter. But Edella has a fund of felicity in her own right mind, cheerful temper, and sound

sound understanding. I am more uneasy concerning her brother, who, if he does not exert his fortitude on the present occasion, may become the victim of the ill-fated passion that engrosses him."

"Lord forbid!" exclaimed colonel Cranswick; "your son's being made unhappy for life would be nearly as insupportable an affliction to me as what threatens my own. But Henry has too much good sense to brood over an evil, when he finds it beyond remedy. Have you told him of the case in which I must soon stand with Wanley?"

"No," answered sir William; "but I will now write to apprise him of what he must expect; and to propose his leaving London, and meeting us at any point he chooses, for the purpose

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pose of a six weeks ramble. And to confess the truth to you, my dear Cranswick, I shall not be sorry to leave this neighbourhood for a short time myself."

CHAPTER V.

QUEST.

As Mr. Wankley arrived at Brier Lodge immediately after he had obtained permission to repair thence the family at Dorset Court before their visit for some days until the party at Mrs. Cranswick's joyful greeting had somewhat subsided. By a tacit sort of consent, however, often walked on to see her friend without attracting a portion of the like attention; and the colonel was every day with Sir William, though he privately told him he wished not to see him at the

CHAP.



CHAP. V.

Omens.

As Mr. Wanley arrived at Briar Lodge immediately after he had obtained permission to repair thither, the family at Dorien Court forbore their visits for some days; until the bustle of Mrs. Cranswick's joyful greetings had somewhat subsided. By a tacit sort of covenant, Lotheraea often walked over to see her friend, without asking a return of the like attention; and the colonel was every day with sir William, though he plainly told him he wished not to see him at his

own house, where none of the proceedings could give him any satisfaction.

“ My wife,” said he, “ is in a state of infatuation, that actually excites my astonishment, and drives on at so furious a rate, that if the lawyers could keep pace with her, Lotharea would be married next week. As to Wanley, or Milloughby, as he now styles himself, I am provoked at him, because he will not supply me with any grounds to abuse him. Instead of presuming upon his present prospects, he is, if possible, even more modest than before; and had determined to settle the whole of the income secured to him, upon my daughter and her issue, till I overruled him, as I thought it was equitable to do; and persuaded him to make a reserve of, twenty thousand pounds, which he might have reason to
be

be glad of, in case of his becoming a widower."

"You once expressed a notion," said sir William, "that it would be expedient to prove the justice or the fallacy of. May not the great age of the late Mr. Milloughby, admitting, as it does, the probability of his having been superannuated, leave a door open for future legal contest with Wanley for his inheritance?"

"I have expressed that doubt to Wanley," replied the colonel, "and he informs me that the two surviving sisters have declared they have not a relation living; besides, that the soundness of the old gentleman's mind is sufficiently established by the fact that he drew up and wrote his own will. I shall, however,

ever, write to the elder of the two ladies myself, that I may be, by her, assured of this circumstance; and then, why *then*, the sooner this business is over the better. Have you written to Henry?"

"Yes," replied sir William; "but I have not yet received any answer from him. If I do not hear from him soon, I will go up to London myself; yet I wish to allow him some little time to recover from his first emotion. I have desired him, upon no account, to think of coming here, for why should his feelings be needlessly irritated? but, on the contrary, to appoint a place and time for meeting Edella and myself, whence we may proceed in any direction he chooses, and prolong our excursion until your new-married couple have removed to a house."

house of their own, as I imagine it is not proposed they should be permanently established at Briar Lodge."

"By no means," answered the colonel; "even my wife does not desire *that*. But Lotharea has expressed so strong a wish not to reside far from this neighbourhood, that Milloughby has some thoughts of taking major Woodley's house at Felton Hill, which, upon his present accession to his late brother's estate in Northamptonshire, he means to dispose of till his son comes of age. And as it will be lett ready furnished, if his terms are agreed to, the bargain, I conceive, may be immediately concluded."

Sir William inquired in how short a time colonel Cranswick thought the marriage might take place?

"Soon, indeed," returned he, "if no unforeseen

unforeseen event occurs to check or to prevent it. The property in question being all vested in the public funds, the writings will require very little labour; and the other preparations being all conducted and accelerated by my wife, are likely to be ready in less time than ordinary banns could be published. Mil-loughby, indeed, meditates a journey to London, to provide himself with a carriage for his wife; but every thing else, I conclude, is to be procured in the country. I make use of the terms, *I conclude*, and *I imagine*, because I am merely a spectator of their proceedings, and know no more than they are pleased to tell me. Having given my consent to the match, and approved of Lotharea's going to Felton Hill, I interfere no further in the concern; yet, notwithstanding my
passiveness,

passiveness, I cannot divest myself of the most decided, though secret dislike to the connexion; nor yet forbear to indulge a constant presentiment that it will never take place; something, I feel inwardly convinced, will happen to hinder it; and this idea is so strong and so soothing, that it enables me to bear patiently the bustle around me."

"Do not build too much hope on these omens," said sir William, "lest, having no foundation, your frail fabric should fall to the ground. Indeed, it appears as if the haste of Mrs. Cranswick and the lover would allow no time for their verification; therefore I think it will be right to prepare Henry for a speedy termination of the affair. I will press him to meet us in about a fortnight; I already wish he was out of London;

London; it is a melancholy place in summer, and now must present such a perfect solitude as can only serve to nourish his chagrin."

"Do you propose to be a mere family party upon your ramble?" asked the colonel.

"No," answered the baronet; "as soon as Mr. Falconer heard that Cremorne's pretty niece, Miranda, was to go with us, he begged to join the party also; so that we shall be sufficiently strong in numbers, and, I hope, shall be able to deter spleen and dejection from acquiring too much dominion over Henry's spirits. The beauties and variety of the country we shall probably go through, will likewise, I trust, have their effect upon so true a lover of nature as he is; and he has long had a desire to ride over
Wales;

Wales; so that if, on our return, we have the happiness to find your Horatio at home, with improved health of mind and body, and Lotharea settled a little further from us than at Briar Lodge, I have sanguine expectations of future happiness. As no man can always love in vain, Henry will reconcile himself by degrees to the idea of addressing some other woman; and if the hands of Horatio and Edella are united, of what shall we have to complain?"

But all sir William's arguments and forced hilarity were of no effect to weaken colonel Cranswick's fixed dislike to his daughter's choice. He viewed it with increased disapprobation, as the period for its accomplishment advanced; and nourished his aversion, by the indulgence of

of that secret presentiment he had disclosed to sir William.

Every proceeding, nevertheless, was rapidly precipitated by Mr. Milloughby, or rather by Mrs. Cranswick, who seemed to dread any interruption of her favourite scheme, and hastened the lover up to London, that the carriage, which for the present, to save time, was to be second-hand, might be in readiness on the day she had appointed for the marriage.

The only part colonel Cranswick took in these transactions, was writing to the elder of the late old gentleman's sisters, and to his attorney and executor, a Mr. Wilton, of Gray's Inn; from each of whom he received satisfactory answers respecting the property to be inherited by young Milloughby.

Upon

Upon the return of the latter, he found colonel Cranswick in higher spirits than when he had left him; for that gentleman had again received accounts from lord Vespria, which led him to expect he should see his son in the course of a few weeks; and assured him that he was gradually recovering his recollection, and the powers of his mind, though they prepared him to witness a considerable alteration in his features and person; the former having never been restored from the effects of the dreadful crush they had received, and the latter being extremely emaciated by his long confinement, and the pain he had endured.

The returning state of Horatio's intellects, however, was a circumstance so eminently welcome, that the fond father derived from it consolation for every other

other evil. And while he blessed God for the probable comfort he might now look for from his son, he almost forgot that his daughter was upon the point of marriage, with a man against whom he had a prejudice he could neither account for nor overcome.

The treaty being concluded with major Woodley for his house, the carriage having arrived from London, the settlements being finished, and the day appointed for the ceremony within the distance of a week, the colonel's former omens began to fade from their first warm colouring in his imagination; and he came to Dorien Court, fluctuating between his regret on the one hand for what he now began to fear was inevitable, and his delight excited by the letter from Venice, which he held in his hand.

He

He presented it to Edella, who shed a tear of joy as she congratulated the valued friend whom she revered as a second father. And sir William, while he participated in his satisfaction, told him that *he* also had a letter from his son, affording hopes of his returning tranquillity. Colonel Cranswick read it with the same conviction; and, indeed, Mr. Dorien had never before written in a style of cheerfulness that seemed so little assumed.

He said, that Miss Cranswick being now decidedly engaged to another, he had resolved, whatever efforts it might cost him, to consider her only as the friend of his sister, and the sister of his friend. With this view, he believed it would be most advisable, for a time, to avert his thoughts wholly from her, and
occupy

occupy them by other objects. He then spoke of an agreeable party, with whom he had been spending some days at Windsor ; and professing his readiness to accompany his father and Edella, with their friends, into Wales, desired they would fix upon the morning immediately subsequent to Miss Cranswick's marriage for meeting him at Stoney Middleton, where, on being apprized of the day, he would not fail to be stationed to receive them. He expressed a natural pleasure at finding that Mr. Milloughby had not fixed his abode nearer to Dorian Court than at Felton Hill, which was twelve miles on the contrary side of Doncaster ; and ended by solemnly praying for his happiness and that of his wife.

"I wish you had not shewn me this letter," cried colonel Cranswick, as he
gave

gave it back into sir William's hand ;
" it only convinces me more, if possible, than I was convinced before of what we have lost. Henry is a lad after my own heart ; he is all sound sense and plain honour ; he is no hero of romance. Well, well, it is all over now. Have you answered him, Edella ? "

" No," replied she ; " we know for certain, what day to name."

" Write to him now then and tell him he must be at Merton on Tuesday se'ny next I lose her for ever ; for on Monday next I lose my daughter."

" Lose her ! " repeated Edella, in a melancholy tone.

" Yes ; I have married your brother, I should not have lost her ; I should have gained a son."

Edella

Edella mourned for her favourite brother, but forbore to express her feelings; and when her father told colonel Cranswick that he would spend a day at Briar Lodge, previous to the marriage and to his own departure, she promised she would accompany him.

"Do not," said the colonel, "if it is to me. Lotharea does herself too much to expect any sacrifice from

Edella, "I must come indeed. I will not set out with any pleasure, if I have neglected to pay to my dearest friend that ordinary mark of attention a common maintenance might claim. And well as I love Henry, it is not fit my attachment to him, and my regret upon his account, should absorb every other sentiment. I will now end your

deavour to forget he had ever a prospect of obtaining Lotharea, and hope I shall be able to wish Mr. Milloughby joy, as cordially as a good Christian ought."

But it was in vain that sir William and Edella strove to inspire Dawnay with their own way of thinking. To their proposal of his going with them to dine at Briar Lodge on the Sunday following, he returned a flat and laconic refusal.—
"No, thank you, sir," to his father; and,
"I have seen enough of them already," to his sister.

"But, for the colonel's sake, Dawnay," said she; "you surely feel as much regard for him as ever you did."

"That is the very reason I keep away, sister."

"How so?"

"Because, very probably, I could not

be so civil to his wife and daughter, and to Mr. Milloughby, as he would like; and I don't wish to vex him."

"But could you not for one single day command your behaviour?"

"I will go and hear the commandments read at church; that will be of more service to me."

"I question it, Dawnay," said sir William; "I believe you have no temptation to disobey any of the commandments; but you are apt, at times, to give way too much to your prejudices; and putting a little restraint upon yourself now and then, might, in the event, prove of use to you."

"Restraint is not good for me, sir," replied Dawnay; "besides, I have promised to walk with Frank Falconer to Ferrybridge, after church on Sunday, to
see

see an old friend of his who is coming down from London."

This promise we afterwards found Dawnay had made immediately after he had learned his father's design of dining upon that day at Briar Lodge, evidently that he might have an engagement to plead ; so he was suffered to take his own way. Neither, indeed, could sir William or Edella condemn those feelings in him, which, with the utmost difficulty, they suppressed in their own bosoms.

I had been invited by colonel Cranswick to meet my friends on their visit to him. We all, therefore, set out together for Briar Lodge, as soon as the second service for the day was concluded, and were met by him and his daughter nearly half way from his own house. He noticed the absence of Dawnay, but

made no observations on being told he was not to expect him ; and his endeavours to seem cheerful were assisted by the easy natural demeanour of his guests, who did not appear to recollect that their visit was made upon any particular occasion. But if they really strove to forget it, vain must have been their efforts on their entrance into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Cranswick was sitting in great state, and with hands unoccupied, on a sofa, dressed so frightfully fine, that Miss Dorian perfectly started in amazement at the first glance of her. Strange, however, as her appearance was, her behaviour was calculated to excite still more the surprise of every body present, for she affected to receive sir William, his daughter, and myself, as entire strangers; and the airs she assumed, mistaking them
for

for the easy manners of a woman of fashion, introducing the common-place subjects of the day to persons she had never seen before, and wished to welcome condescendingly into her house, were so extremely laughable, that I, for my part, felt my muscles in jeopardy, and could not help whispering to Edella, that had Dawnay made one of the party, the restraint he must have laboured under would have been of a very different nature from what he apprehended.

Mrs. Cranswick, after the first act of this exhibition was over, rang the bell, and in an authoritative tone ordered the servant to acquaint Mr. Wanley Mil-loughby that sir William, and Miss Dorian, and Mr. Cremorne, were arrived.—“ You will find him,” added she, “ in the *boudoir*.”

“ If, my dear,” said the colonel, “ you mean the little back parlour I shave in, you had better make John understand you, as the room was never translated into French till very lately.”

Upon this summons Mr. Milloughby appeared ; and his entrance operated as a charm to arrest the torrent of Mrs. Cranswick’s folly, by turning it into silent admiration, and even to erase the remembrance of the disgust she had excited, while it won all praise to himself. His address was so perfectly, yet so modestly dignified ; his person was so fine, and his countenance, in which the severest censor could discover no fault, was now so animated by happiness and hope, that no painter could have passed him without wishing to take a sketch of his exterior for future study. All prejudice

dice of an unfavourable nature vanished like the morning mists before a bright burst of sunshine.—“ Ah, Mr. Cremorne,” whispered Edella, “ it is no wonder ;” she could say no more. In spite of herself, her attention was rivetted ; nor was the fabled influence of the syrens more irresistible than that which now fascinated all present, excepting only colonel Cranswick, who, as if fearing to become also sensible of it, turned towards the window, and continued absent and in silence till the compliments which custom dictated were overpast. During the dinner, during the whole of the evening, the spell still subsisted. However earnest our wishes might be, that not Milloughby, but Henry Dorian, had been there as the bridegroom of the following day, it was impossible not to be pleased with

this most ingratiating young man, who, while he was all attention to every other person, seemed to forget there was such a mortal in existence as himself.

Before our departure, colonel Cranswick walked with sir William and myself into a shrubbery adjoining the house.—“I perceive,” said he, “that Milloughby has wrought his usual effect in securing what is, no doubt, your involuntary approbation. Indeed, the facility with which he gains good will is wonderful; and in ancient times of superstition, would have subjected him to the imputation of using talismans and witchcraft. However, I am glad you think he affords some apology for Lotharea’s choice.”

“Really,” said sir William, “I cannot imagine how the unprejudiced heart of any young lady could have withstood such

such uncommon attractions. Never did I see a man whose person, conversation, and address, so entirely coalesced with each other. His abilities appear to be extremely superior; his manners are as elegant and as correct as if he had lived at every court in Europe; and his form and face are a model for an artist. I am not surprised at the old gentleman's disposition of his fortune. If even Cremorne and I, who have seen him before, can thus feel the influence of his improved spirits and appearance, it is not necessary to account for it by dotage. He seems born to make himself beloved, and an endeavour to preserve indifference towards him, would be struggling against a sort of fate. I hope, and, indeed, I can have no doubt, your daughter will be happy with him."

“ Pray, Heaven, she may !” cried the colonel ; “ for all my omens are over now. At ten o’clock to-morrow morning we set out for Doncaster, where the ceremony will be performed* by doctor Wainfleet in his own church, for between Cremorne and your family, the connexion is so close, we could not think of applying to *him*. The doctor being an old friend, we were obliged, on his pressing it, to promise the wedding-dinner should be at his house ; and in the evening we shall return here, as Felton Hill cannot be made ready for the reception of the young people under another fortnight. Within three weeks after that,” continued he, “ I conclude I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you, sir William, home again ; and Horatio, I hope, will be here before that time.”

Sir

Sir William told the colonel he should keep up a regular correspondence with him ; and by apprizing him of his route, secure the opportunity of receiving the earliest intelligence respecting Horatio, which the colonel, on his side, promised to impart without delay. Exchanging, then their mutual good wishes, not without some emotion, as they had been little accustomed for the last twenty-five years to separate from each other, sir William bade farewell to his friend, and we returned to the house, whence after Edella had taken a tender leave of Lotharea, and cordially wished every happiness to her lover, we set out again for Dorien Court, with abundant subject for conversation upon the road.

“ Who can blame Miss Cranswick ? ” said sir William ; “ she was under the

engagement of no promise to my son ; and had she proved insensible to the attractions of Mr. Milloughby, she must have had less susceptibility than is allotted to the share of most. I only wonder that you also, Edella, did not fall in love with him."

"I consider him merely as a fine moving picture," replied she; "I admire him; he pleases my eyes and ears, but he does not interest my heart. Besides, either his late residence in the London world, or the improved state of his prospects, and consequently of his spirits, have surprisingly altered him for the better, for certainly none of us ever saw him so much to his advantage before."

Miss Dorien then told us she had had a long conversation with Lotharea alone, who had spoken with much feeling upon

the subject of Henry, and expressed sentiments of the kindest friendship for him, indulging, she said, a hope that in a very short time he would be able, without any violence to his own feelings, to resume his former intimacy, and visit her as a brother, and as the man next in her estimation to her husband and her natural friends.

“Lotharea has promised me,” added Edella, “that she will write to me very frequently, and has pledged herself to a serious undertaking. It seems the life of the late Mr. Milloughby was chequered by a variety of singular adventures and vicissitudes of fortune, which, after his return from the south of Europe, where he spent a great part of his youth, he related to his sisters; and they, struck by the changes he had encountered, com-
mitted

mitted the story to paper. When Wanley Milloughby was last in London, they promised him a copy, which he expects every day to receive ; and this Lotharea will transcribe for me, and send me by parcels, as an amusement on our tour."

The next day the family at Dorien Court confined themselves strictly within their own precincts, lest they should meet with any of the wedding party upon the road. This was a sort of compliment they were impelled to pay to Henry, when they recollected what his sensations must, at that period, probably be. And, notwithstanding the visit of the preceding day, and the step which Mr. Milloughby had made in their favour, neither the baronet nor his daughter could divest themselves of the gloom that pervaded them ; and after dinner,

sir

sir William, instead of drinking as usual the good health of the Cranswicks, said —“ Edella, your brother Henry.”

As to Dawnay, he had gone early in the morning to Westwood Farm, and nothing more was seen of him that day, which being the last of sir William's stay in the country, my nephew and nieces, and myself, spent with him till the evening, when he and Edella walked back with us to the rectory, where Charlotte made tea for us under a large beech-tree that shadows the west corner of the house. From this spot, which commands a beautiful view of a thickly-wooded country, Miss Dorien observed she beheld as extensive a track of land as she should ever wish to traverse.

“ And yet,” said I, “ you are going to ramble much farther.”

“ Aye,

“Aye, for Henry’s sake, what would not any of us do? but I mean to say, that I have no idea of people going *from* home to be happy. Those who are discontented in a place they have long been used to, have little chance, I think, of finding relief elsewhere. I am certainly not a descendant of Robinson Crusoe, I so dearly love every thing about home. Even this old beech-tree, having known it all my life, I could half fancy it some distant relation.”

“You wrote a pretty song upon this subject of domestic comfort,” said sir William, “and I think you set it to music; I wish, my dear, you would let Mr. Cremorne hear it.”

Miss Dorien immediately complied, and sung as follows:—

“Oh,

“ Oh, talk not to me of the pomp and the pride,
Faint shadows of bliss, that with grandeur reside,
For pomp and parade are in vain!
The blessings less bright of Contentment be mine;
Her smiles I solicit, I bow at her shrine,
And envy no monarch his reign.

“ Where Peace and where Health, smiling goddesses,
wait,
Avoiding the care-haunted mansions of state,
I dwell with the light-hearted swain;
And here, ever courting their influence mild,
Contented I’ll rove through the woods and the wild,
And envy no monarch his reign.

“ My brow I will twine with the garlands of spring,
And gay as the bird of the morning will sing,
Where echo may carol the strain.
For russet resigning the bright silken vest,
Sweet peace and good-humour I’ll fold to my breast,
And envy no monarch his reign.”

As Edella concluded, we saw Dawnay stretching towards us across the fields, upon his road home.—“ It must be late,”
said

said sir William, "since Dawnay is unharnessing for the night; so we will accompany him. But I do not take leave of you, Cremorne. As Miranda is of our party to-morrow, you must bring her to us yourself before breakfast, that we may see the last of you."

"Or else," said Edella, "not a line from any of us this fortnight."

I told her I valued not her threats a rush, knowing she was too fond of me to fulfil them. Nevertheless, I promised her I would come: and the next morning, by eight o'clock, I took Miranda under my arm, and we walked to that house where we had spent so many happy hours.

We found Mr. Falconer already arrived; and the horses for the gentlemen and two grooms were ordered to be in
waiting

waiting at ten o'clock, together with an open carriage for the ladies, who, having their saddles with them, intended occasionally changing places with the gentlemen.

The breakfast, therefore, was speedily dispatched. Mr. Falconer had walked to the stables with Dawnay, who had declined being of the travelling party ; and the girls were gone to conclude their little preparations, when, as sir William and I were alone in the breakfasting-room, we saw from the windows colonel Cranswick riding up the park towards the house, at a very fast pace.

“ Oh,” exclaimed I, “ the omens ! “ can any thing have prevented the marriage ? ”

“ It is odd,” said sir William ; “ he took his leave of us the other night.”

We

We went to the door to meet him, and he threw himself hastily off his horse, and asked us if we were alone. Sir William led him back into the parlour.—“Have you seen Henry?” said he.

“My son? no; he was not to come here; we were to meet him at Stoney Middleton.”

“He was in this country last night, I am confident,” cried the colonel.

Sir William seemed alarmed.—“You have had no bustle, I hope. Is the wedding over?”

“Alas, yes! it was as we were returning that I am sure I saw him. It was twilight; it was dark.”

“But what happened?” said I, fearing to hear something very unpleasant.

“A romantic act of Henry’s; nothing serious,” returned he, observing our apprehensions,

prehensions, "farther than as it shews how entirely he feels what is past. Every thing went quietly over at Doncaster; the ceremony was performed without interruption, and we dined, as intended, at doctor Wainfleet's. At half after eight o'clock in the evening, we all got into the coach to return home, and had reached Sandbeck Park, when, as we were driving slowly between the rows of trees that spread such a deep shadow over the road, we observed a tall figure, mounted on a light grey horse, riding at a foot's pace, separated from us only by a single row of trees, and appearing anxious, by tightly reining his horse, not to advance before us. When our postillions proceeded a little faster, so did he; but pulled up again when we were impeded by any difficulty on the road, which you recollect

recollect is much intersected by the roots of trees.

‘ We are not going to be robbed, surely,’ said my wife.

‘ It will be our own faults if we are,’ I observed ; ‘ here are two of us, besides the two drivers and the groom ; and unless the man has an ambuscade, he must deal with the devil to be too many for us.’

“ I had scarcely spoken when passing through the row of trees, the stranger brought his horse close up to the hind wheel of the coach, and I was preparing to speak to him, when he suddenly threw something in at the window upon Lotharea’s knee, who was sitting opposite to me ; and then struck into a fast trot, and we saw no more of him. Lotharea uttered not a word, but I could perceive

was

was agitated ; and I took up what she suffered to lie untouched. It was a knot of black ribbon ; my wife and Milloughby asked what was the meaning of it ? ‘ Only a wedding favour,’ replied I, speaking for my daughter, who appeared, just then, unable to speak for herself ; ‘ but, whether meant as a compliment or a joke, it is difficult to judge. All that is certain is, that they have chosen a wrong colour.’ Milloughby remarked that the action of the horseman was singular enough ; and he continued to muse till we reached home, Lotharea preserving a strict silence, and I still holding the ribbon, about which, as soon as we stepped into the lighted hall, I perceived something white. I took it to the lamp, to discover what it was. It proved to be a small
piece

piece of paper, with this inscription—
‘ August eighteenth.’ I gave it immediately to Lotharea, without speaking; she hastily put it into her pocket, while Milloughby was handing my wife up the steps; and no more was said upon the subject, though I am certain Lotharea, and, probably, her husband also, was of my opinion, that the horseman could be no other than Henry Dorian. Convinced of this, I felt impelled to tell you of the circumstance, and rode fast this morning to see you before you went.”

“ In all probability your conjecture is right,” said sir William; “ but Henry has certainly never been here. He had not a grey horse when he left us; but, if he has one now, I think we shall need
no

no further proof. However, we will take no notice to him of what you have told us."

"By no means," answered colonel Cranswick; "nor to any person else. I shall merely say I came here to have another sight of you before you left us; and here are your horses at the door, warning me to be gone."

Miss Dorian now entering the room, was delighted to see her old friend again; but their interview was very short. Miranda soon skipped in, professing she was quite ready; and Mr. Falconer appearing before the windows already mounted, sir William once more shook hands with the colonel; and after putting the young ladies into their carriage, got on horseback, and we sent our good wishes after them for a happy re-

turn. We stood upon the hall door steps till the windings of the approach to the house concealed them from our view; and then I took hold of colonel Cranswick's arm, saying—"Come, let us go the rectory; every thing here seems forlorn now."

CHAP. VI.

Travels.

IT was some time before I saw any thing more of the family at Briar Lodge. I did not choose, immediately after the marriage, to go there uninvited; and I could not but remark, that though the colonel called twice or thrice upon me when I happened to be out, he left no message asking me to come and see him, till the day after Mr. and Mrs. Milloughby had removed to Felton Hill, whither Mrs. Cranswick accompanied them, with

the intention of staying three weeks or a month with the bride.

I was then pressed by the colonel to bring my nephew and niece with me, to chase solitude from his abode, which he had told Mr. Milloughby he could not then conveniently quit, on account of his wishing to overlook some new walks that he was laying out through his grounds.

We readily accepted his invitation. But, considerably previous to that time, we had severally heard from the travellers. On the third day after their departure, I had a letter from sir William, informing me that Henry was certainly the person who had thrown the black ribbon into colonel Cranswick's carriage, (for, at that time, the circumstance of
Lotharea's

Lotharea's having suffered him to take it from her before he went abroad, was unknown to us,) as he rode a horse newly purchased, of the colour described; and, by his own account, had slept at Rotherham the night before. Sir William added, that he was extremely altered, and very thin; and yet possessed so much command over himself, as always to *appear* in tolerable spirits when in company, though he frequently sought to be alone; in which point his father wisely determined not to thwart him. After the first general inquiry how colonel Cranswick and his family did, he had never named them, and, of course, the subject was never introduced to him. In fine, the account of Mr. Dorien was quite as favourable as I had expected; and the next letter from sir William,

which came directed for the colonel, continued to give us hopes that he would bear his disappointment with proper fortitude.

With their tour, we were informed, all the party were much delighted, particularly with the fine scenery in the neighbourhood of Llangollen, where they staid a whole week to rest their horses, and take a deliberate survey of the beauties of the country. After this, their next halting-place was Bangor, whither was sent to them, by colonel Cranswick, to whom his daughter had previously lent it, the copy of the late Mr. Milloughby's story, which I am under the necessity of soliciting my reader will lend some attention to, as it forms a very material feature of the memoirs I am relating. In the original, which Lotharea had faithfully transcribed,

transcribed, it consisted of a most minute detail of each particular circumstance that had ever befallen its hero. But this extreme prolixity I shall take the liberty of curtailng, and may, perhaps, still leave more upon record than will at first sight appear needful; but it will in the end be found that what tends to the illustration of character, I have had my own reasons for not suppressing; and these reasons, before long, will be apparent. The story was told in the old gentleman's own words, as he recited it to his sisters, Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Mercy Milloughby, upon their reunion with him, after having been separated from him a great number of years. But, to make the narrative of his life complete, they had thought fit to add some occurrences of his youth, and others that took

place after their meeting, which, of course, he had no occasion to relate to them.

The History of Richard Milloughby.

I WAS born in the little town of Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire, where my father, by exercising the two callings of parish clerk and schoolmaster, and my mother, by knitting Welch hose, and washing for the neighbouring gentry, supported, in a respectable manner, their small family, consisting of my two sisters and myself. My father had abundance of pupils, being the only person in the town who taught English; and having a tolerable knowledge of mathematics and navigation, which, though he had never been at sea, was his favourite study; being

being a ready accomptant, and reckoned the most notable man in the country for setting, as well as for singing a psalm, he was looked upon a first-rate scholar by his neighbours. We, his children, were much advantaged by the particular attention he paid to our improvement; and though, in his anger, he was dreadfully severe, he made me, at an early age, an excellent arithmetician. But, as had always been the case with himself, navigation was the science I preferred above all others; and my propensity was much strengthened by a lad named Bob Davies, the oldest of all my father's scholars, and son to the captain's mate of a small coasting vessel belonging to Milford Haven.

I had long been ambitious of the friendship of this boy, which, I thought,

would reflect importance upon myself, as he was tall and robust, and two years older than I was. But I chiefly valued it because he had been two or three short voyages with his father, during one of which he was blown out to sea by a squall, and nearly wrecked upon the Wicklow Sands, whence the vessel having effected, at length, a landing, he had seen a little of that mountainous part of Ireland. But, little as it was, the adventure was an entire campaign to Davies; and the circuitous and rambling accounts he gave of it, were as strange and delightful to me as the miraculous escapes of Sindbad the sailor; and rendered me so fond of his company, that I devoted all my leisure to him—an unlucky circumstance for me, as he was the very worst acquaintance I could have formed. Davies was
mischievous,

mischievous, fearless, and artful; hated restraint, despised learning, and thought Paul Jones the finest fellow he had ever heard of.

I, and several other boys, were petty instruments in this lad's hands, when he had any scheme of mischief in view. But he selected me as his only assistant in the most nefarious plan he had ever formed, concealing, however, the most atrocious part of his intention till the last.

Being, by his friends, designed for an exciseman, a calling for which he secretly nourished the profoundest contempt, he continued to receive my father's instructions till he was sixteen; but *then* he resolved upon a complete emancipation from all present and future confinement; and his first object was to

make himself master of a stock of cash to begin the world with.

I was returning one evening from an errand into the country, when I met him in an outer street that communicated with the fields.—“Dick,” said he, “I want you; come along with me.”

He took hold of my arm, and I turned back with him, yet, with some apprehensions, asked what he wanted, as I was far from approving many of the depredations he made me a party in.

“Only a trifle,” replied he; “we shall soon be back again.”

Satisfied with this, I walked on with him very fast across several wide inclosures, the last of which was bounded by a large wood, and Davies leaped over the hedge that fenced it. It was then past seven o'clock, on a September evening,
and

and it was beginning to grow dark. I feared being benighted in the forest, and hesitated to follow him, till he called me cowardly whelp; and said, if I chose to give up my share of a fine pear-tree which grew in a farmer's orchard on the other side of the wood, there would be the more for him.

Now there was nothing in the world I loved so well to eat as pears; and this the arch-tempter knew; so we still proceeded, night closing fast around us, and the road becoming more intricate at every step we took. We had advanced about half way across the wood, when we distinguished, coming towards us, an old man, riding between two panniers upon an ass, whom we both well knew to be a poor cripple named Morgan, who picked up a scanty livelihood by carrying poultry

try and eggs to Haverford market, for such of the farmer's wives as lived at an inconvenient distance. The morrow was market-day, a circumstance, I believe, my companion had not failed to recollect.—“Here is the fellow I wanted,” cried the wicked lad. “Now, Dick, you must help me to pull this old rascal off his ass, and we will leave him to sit comfortably under a tree till we have done what I shall shew you. Once upon the ground, you know he cannot stir a step after us, and there is nobody within hearing, if he bawls ever so loud; so we run no danger.”

“Nay, nay,” said I; “but if you only want to borrow his ass for expedition's sake, let us ask him civilly to lend it; and then, by leaving his poultry with him till our return, we can have the
use

use of his panniers, and so hide the pears here till another time."

"No, no," replied Davies, "that will not do for me; and if you wont assist, I must do without you."

His intention from the first, I have no doubt, was to rob this poor object, and by stealing all the stray geese in his way, to raise for himself the fund he wanted. Without listening to one word I said, he sprung forward, and seeing old Morgan was armed for his defence with a strong staff, he prevented his application of it by giving him suddenly such a blow over the head with a thick branch he had just torn from an ash-tree, as brought the unfortunate man to the ground, where he laid totally helpless; and I ran to him, while Davies, in an instant, jumped into his seat, and turning the
ass's

ass's head round, trotted off as fast as the animal could carry him.

I neither regarded nor called after him, but busied myself in unloosing the tattered handkerchief and shirt collar of poor Morgan; and in rubbing his temples with my hand to restore circulation, fancying he was stunned by the blow he had received. But finding he did not recover, I bethought myself of a little rivulet I had crossed, a few hundred paces behind, and ran to fill my hat crown with water. This I threw over the old man's head, and continued my process of rubbing so long, that at last the dreadful apprehension rushed into my mind that he was killed. I endeavoured to feel his pulse; none could I find. I laid my hand upon his heart; it did not beat. I pulled his lower limbs; they were cold
and

and stiff, and no breath issued from his nostrils.

“ Good Lord ! ” exclaimed I, wringing my hands, “ what will become of me, unfortunate boy that I am ! he is dead ; he is certainly dead ; and if I return home, folks will say I have robbed and murdered him, and I shall be hanged ; or if I am not hanged, my father will kill me. Oh, what shall I do ! what shall I do ! ”

This exclamation I repeated a hundred times, and sobbed and walked to and fro, and felt the old man by turns, till at last the temporary delirium I laboured under subsided, and I sat down to consider what measure I should pursue. I did not dare to think of returning to Haverford, and knew no friend to whom I could apply, till I recollected having
heard

heard my mother tell a neighbour the day before, that her nephew, Frank Griffiths, had turned out a very fine lad, and had gotten a good birth on board a Bristol trader, which, owing to stress of weather, had been obliged to put in at Fiskard, a little fishing town about fifteen miles from Haverford, from whence she had that morning received a letter from him by the post.

Of this Frank Griffiths I had often before heard, as being one of the kindest-hearted fellows in nature; and I remembered having also once seen him, when he appeared fond of me, and won my heart by playing with me, and giving me gilt gingerbread.

“Oh, thank God!” said I to myself, “for putting Frank Griffiths into my head at this moment. I will away to Fiskard

Fiskard directly, and tell him my whole sad story, and he will advise me what to do."

It never occurred to my childish fancy that he had, probably, ere that time, sailed from Fiskard. All that occupied me was to hasten thither without delay; and shedding a flood of tears over the corpse of poor old Morgan, I got out of the wood, and struck into the direction that I knew would take me towards the sea coast; it was then past nine o'clock, but it was not a very dark night, and the moon was to rise about eleven. I was a stout walker, and made my way so well, that though I more than once deviated from the line I ought to have pursued, I discovered the sea and Fiskard between two and three in the morning.

Afraid

Afraid of exciting suspicion by entering the town so early, should any persons happen to be in the streets, which was likely enough in a town full of fishermen, I walked down to the beach, and finding a dry place amongst the rocks, laid down and slept most soundly till it was broad daylight. Waking then with a most violent sensation of hunger, I journeyed into the town, where, however, my appetite gave way to my discretion, for my first concern was to inquire at a public-house, whether a Bristol vessel which had put in there a day or two before had yet left the bay; for this apprehension had seized me at length, just as I was entering the place. To my infinite relief I found it was not, and, moreover, that some of the crew were then on shore.

I instantly

I instantly set off in quest of them ; and at the third alehouse where I applied, was told that two sailors, a young man and a boy, were breakfasting in the kitchen. Breathless with joy I ran in, and, at the first glance, recognised the good-humoured happy face of Frank Griffiths, who also recollected me, after I had told him my name. He gave me a hearty shake by the hand, as soon as he understood I had come to Fiskard to see him, which, Heaven knows ! was true enough. And after asking me how all friends did at home, and if I had been milking goats ever since he saw me, he bade me sit down and eat some of the cold bacon and eggs they were breakfasting upon, which I did with a voracity that fixed Frank's attention, and excited his ever-ready merriment.

" D—me,

"D—me, lad," said he, "but thou'rt a rare one! hast eaten any thing this last fortnight? why, thou'dst consume a pig in a week."

In time, however, my hunger was appeased, and I then told Frank I wished he would take a walk out with me, as I had something of great consequence to say to him.

"Thou'rt a consequential little fellow, I'll be bound for thee," replied he. "However, I have not time for a deal of jaw. The wind, as I take it, is veering right for us now, and we must be about ship presently, thou and I, Jack;" speaking to the cabin-boy who was with him.

I now laid hold of Frank's arm, and did not let go of him till we had gotten out of the town into a field, where I told him the deplorable adventure of the
night

night before, and entreated him, with many tears, to advise me what to do.

“Zounds! and the devil!” cried he, “what a spot of work is this! nobody to help the poor old soul, and send that young scoundrel to Davy Jones! Well, he’ll sink down there fast enough of himself. But what’s to be done for thee, poor fellow, if thou darest not go home again?”

“Oh no, indeed, indeed I dare not,” said I; “but I will do any thing else in all the world you bid me.”

“But I fear, my lad, thou’rt fit for nothing. If thou hadst ever been at sea, or knew ought of keeping accounts, I could have gotten thee a famous birth; whereas——”

“Oh, where, where?” interrupted I; “accounts I can keep very well; and

though I never was at sea, I have studied navigation to some tune."

"The devil thou hast!" cried Griffiths; "why, then I'll tell thee, lad, thou art a better fellow than I took thee for, and I am much mistaken if I cannot provide for thee out of hand. Our captain is old and bad-sighted, which makes it a tough job for him to keep his own books; so he had a sharp youth, a Bristol chap, to take it off his hands; but the poor fellow caught a fever, and could not come aboard with us this last voyage, which puts our captain to a sad nonplush, and he'll be in a worse quandary than ever, when he gets loaded with linens at Dublin; so that it is my real belief he would try you upon my recommendation, if so be as you be willing to take his terms."

"Terms!" cried I, clapping my hands
joyfully

joyfully together; "Lord love you, cousin Frank, I'd go for nothing but my keep."

"And I'll be hanged," said Frank, "if thou canst call *that* nothing. 'Fore George, I'm only afraid thou shouldst eat the ship."

"But then," pursued I, "suppose your captain wont have any thing to say to me?"

"Why, as to that matter," replied he, "it may soon be known; it is but rowing thee to him, where he lies about a mile off, and if he doesn't like thy face, rowing thee back again."

"Well then," said I, "I will just write a few lines to my father and mother, to tell them I have had a good opportunity offered me of seeing the world with thee, and then I shall be quite ready to go."

Having thus far settled our plan, we returned to the alehouse, where I performed this necessary act of duty; and promised my father he should hear farther from me on my return from Dublin, which Frank Griffiths supposed might be in about a fortnight. This done, I walked with him and his young mess-mate down to the sea-side. We took boat, and in less than an hour reached the ship, which to me who had never beheld a vessel before, seemed a second Cleopatra's galley; and I trembled lest I should be judged unfit for any employment on board. Even my first view of the captain wrought no change in my wishes.

Figure to yourself a short squat man, apparently above sixty, with bristly grey hair, and eyebrows of the same colour, overhanging

overhanging a pair of the most ill-tempered looking eyes I ever saw. He was standing with a mop in his hand, vociferously swearing at one lad for not using it like a seaman; and at another for having burnt out the bottom of the tea-kettle; while he grinned with a dire expression of malignity, and seemed to feel delight at the terror he inspired.

I pulled Griffiths by the sleeve, and whispered him that he had better defer my introduction for a while, as the present seemed an unlucky moment, the captain being so violently out of temper.

“ Oh,” replied he, carelessly, “ ’tis his way, my hearty; he’s not out of temper at all; this is as good a time as any.— Rot your mops and your kettles,” pursued he, addressing himself to the captain;

tain; "look you here, master; I've towed you in a prize; a pretty boy, a cousin of my own, who is a better scholar than poor Jack Martin himself; so give him something decent to take the bothering work off your hands, and he'll go to Dublin and come back with you. If not, why we'll throw him overboard, and he'll find his way to land, for he can swim like a lobster."

It must be after he is boiled, thought I: however, I was preparing to say something for myself, when Griffiths, humouring the captain's odd disposition, said—"D—n your jaw! master will see what you can do, fast enough."

"Yes," grumbled the captain, "that may be presently proved; like all the rest of them, I suppose, slow hands and quick maw."

"Nay,"

"Nay," said Frank, "he's a poor feeder; that is the worst of him."

"Half these lubbers," continued the captain, "think of nothing but stuffing on board and pilfering on shore. Canst cast up ten pounds without a blunder, my lad, thinkst thee?"

Griffiths clapped me on the shoulder.

"I'll go overboard without bidding," replied I, "if I cannot."

"Why then turn down into the cabin, and I'll give thee some work anon, to try thee, and be d—d to thee."

—Having spoken these words with composure, he wheeled round to the offending boy who had burned the tea-kettle, and in the same strain of virulence as before, proceeded in his abuse, as if it had not been interrupted. Such was the commencement of my acquaintance with

the captain of the *Ceres*, of whom I can truly say, that I never saw him for one moment in a good-humour. Whenever he vainly tried to discover some cause for anger, the disappointment only served to render him peevish; the consequence of which was, none cared to please him. Yet I, as an individual, had no reason to complain of him upon other matters; for though he professed himself only tolerably satisfied with my method of keeping his books, on our arrival at Dublin he rewarded me considerably above my expectations.

From Ireland I again wrote to my parents, acquainting them how advantageous my voyage had proved to me; and begging their permission to pursue a line of life so congenial to my disposition, and so likely to be profitable. I entreated

treated I might find a letter from them at Bristol, secretly hoping I might thereby hear if the death of old Morgan had made any noise in the country; and asked leave to go and see them when I returned to England.

As the time for our departure from Dublin drew near, I had abundance of employment, the Ceres being very heavily laden; but still I had the good fortune not to displease my rough master, insomuch, that on our landing at Bristol, he, finding that my predecessor, Jack Martin, had been carried off by the fever that attacked him, made an offer of continuing me in my situation, which I readily accepted, having received a very kind letter from my mother, who told me that though my father was too angry at my manner of leaving him to see me, or
even

even to write himself at present, he, nevertheless, consented to my following a seafaring life, since, upon trial, I liked it so well. She made no mention whatever of old Morgan's death, but observed, they had at first concluded Bob Davies had gone off with me, as they had never seen him since I went away.

Rendered by this letter perfectly easy in my mind, I applied myself with renewed delight and industry to my profession ; and was happy in the friendship of the kind Griffiths, and in the favourable prospect before me. I made several other trading voyages in the *Ceres* to various ports of Ireland ; and, in course of time, whenever I could be spared from the ship, went over with Frank to see my parents, when I learned that the poor old cripple's body having been
found

found by some country people in the wood, had been decently interred ; but Davies had never more been heard of.

This sort of life I might have continued to lead, perhaps for many years, but for a certain circumstance that befel Frank Griffiths and me together, when I was about eighteen years old. This was no other than our being pressed, with three other young men, on the quay at Bristol ; and being immediately hurried away to Portsmouth, where the *Magnificent*, a fine seventy-four, for which we were destined, was lying under sailing orders.

At first, my messmates and I were disposed to lament this change as a heavy misfortune ; but before we had been two days on board, we caught so much of that spirit which individualizes the character of an English sailor, that we
felt

felt proud of treading one of his Majesty's men of war; and looked back with scorn on our former insignificant calling. In a short time we weighed anchor with five more ships of the line, under the command of admiral lord H——, and set sail for the Mediterranean, to join the grand fleet lying off Cadiz.

There was nothing which Griffiths and I then so ardently wished for as a sight of the enemy; but, unluckily, our desires were not fulfilled, till some untowardly events had wholly changed them. A tempest separated us from the rest of the squadron, and by beating us about several days, very much damaged our ship. At length, the wind abating, was succeeded by a thick haze; and one dark night we fell in with two vessels, which we at first believed to be our own, but were soon
fatally

fatally convinced they were Spaniards, one of ninety guns, and the other an eighty-four, which presently compelled our gallant captain, sir Charles L——, to strike. Half our men were then removed into one of the enemy's ships, and were replaced by double the number of Spaniards. We steered right away for Spain; and after ten days sailing, made the coast of Valencia, where we were soon landed; and being fettered two and two, (Frank Griffiths and I indulged in our request to wear the same couples,) were marched into the interior of the kingdom, and a division of us into many smaller parties took place. Frank and I were confined with two more in a lofty tower, situated in the suburbs of a little town, the name of which I never knew, and from whence we could perceive no chance

chance of escaping; all the light we enjoyed being admitted through one small window, at a most frightful distance from the ground, commanding a view over the fields to the distant prospect of a wild and mountainous country.

END OF VOL. II.

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