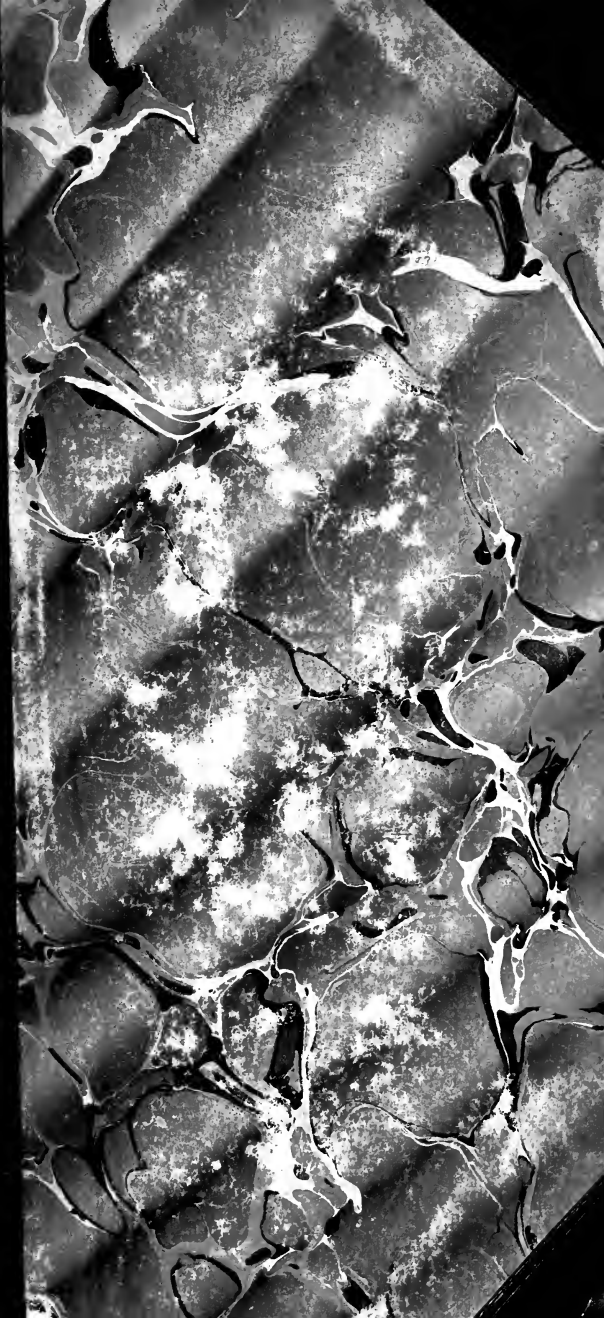
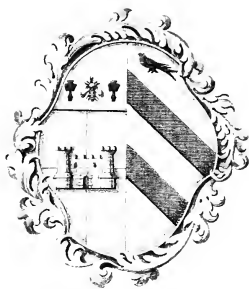


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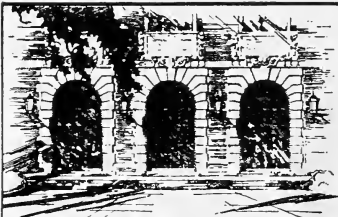




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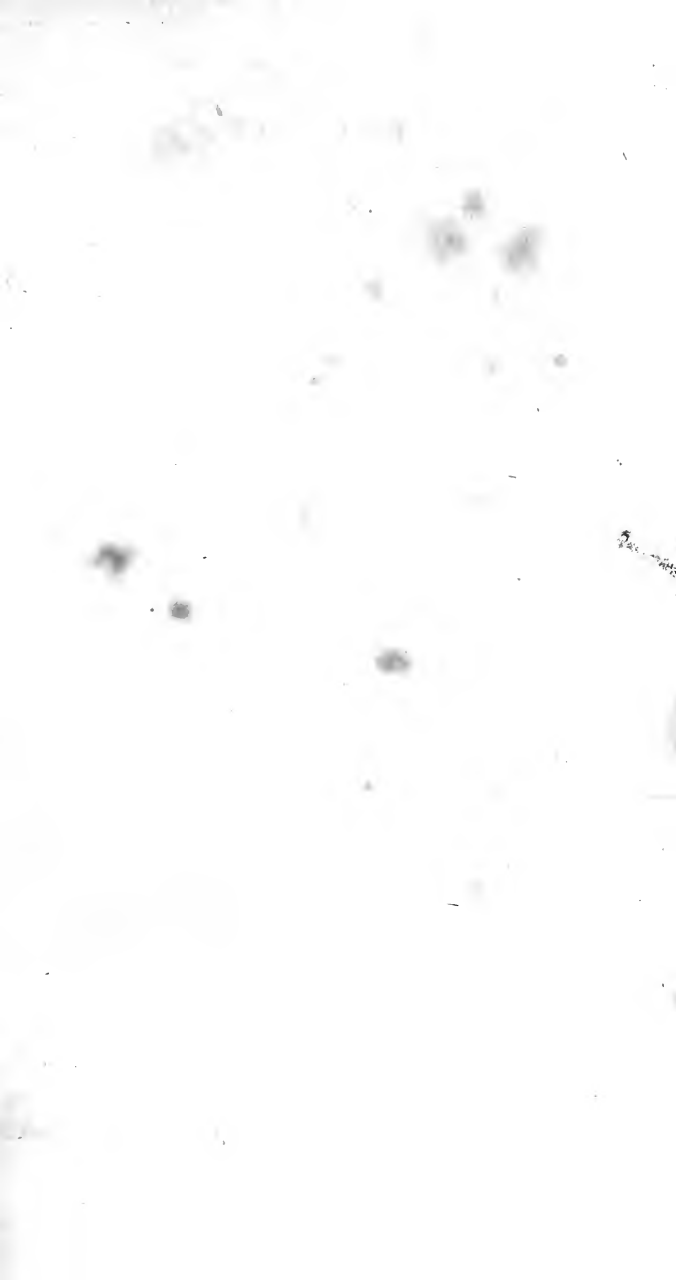
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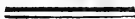
THE
Lady of the Manor.



BEING
A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS
ON THE SUBJECT OF CONFIRMATION.

Intended for the Use of the Middle and Higher Ranks

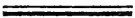
OF
YOUNG FEMALES.



BY

MRS. SHERWOOD,

Author of "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER,"
&c. &c.



VOLUME VI.

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:

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THE

LADY OF THE MANOR,

&c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Third Conversation on our Duty towards our Neighbour.

ON OUR DUTY TOWARDS OUR SUPERIORS, OR
THOSE PERSONS WHO HAVE THE ADVANTAGE
OVER US IN WORLDLY MATTERS.

THE lady of the manor having again assembled her young people, proceeded to read to them the third narrative which had been promised, prefacing her lecture by the following remarks. "In the last two narratives which I have read to you, my dear young friends, as well as in that which I am about to read, it is possible you may perceive what will have the appearance of unnecessary repetition,—a frequent reference to the great and important principle of humility. But let it be remembered, that this virtue is the basis of all our relative duties, whether to equals, inferiors, or superiors; and therefore the possession of such a quality, and the means of obtaining it, namely, by the operation of God's Spirit upon the heart, cannot be too seriously impressed upon us; the more especially, as the baneful evil of selfishness will lose its power in proportion to the influence which this lovely grace shall exercise over us; while the fruits

of love, and joy, and peace, will obtain influence, in the place of those malevolent passions that injure and disgrace us.

The lady then took up her manuscript, and read as follows.

The Dominion of Envy.

It was precisely at the period in which I entered my eighteenth year, that I was indulged with the pleasure of accompanying my parents in a long-projected visit to a friend residing in Westmoreland.

We left our home in the month of June, and as we proceeded northward, we were regaled in every valley and on every plain with the breath of new-mown grass, and with the songs of village maidens, who appeared to rejoice in their escape from the distaff, and in the permission to dwell awhile amidst the green fields, to taste the delights of rural life.

It is not, however, my present purpose to trouble my readers with an account of the various adventures which we encountered in our transit over at least two-thirds of the green and fragrant disk of our little island; nor to tell how my mother and I were terrified by a baker's boy, whom we mistook for a highwayman, not having at first observed his panniers through the gloom of twilight: but, passing these things over as unimportant, I shall take the liberty of conveying my friends, without further preface, to the end of our journey.

The persons for whom all these labours and terrors of the journey had been encountered by my mother, were an ancient couple without children, and the last of a highly respectable family, the ancestors of whom were traced as far back as the reign of Elizabeth.

The mansion in which they resided was nearly coeval with the first of the family, who had risen from the obscure mass of the ignoble vulgar; and, from the period of its first erection, had undergone few external changes. This building was a perfect specimen of that irregularity of architecture, in which our ancestors seemed to delight, no two rooms or two windows being in a straight line with each other, various gable ends and little turrets appearing in different directions, staring, frowning, and

jutting forth towards all quarters of the compass, and suggesting an idea rather of a number of old buildings joined together, than of a single house. The composition of this edifice was of oak timber, with lath and plaster; the timbers were all painted black and curiously carved; and the large masses of chimneys, which shot up spirally towards the heavens, were decorated at their bases with fancy work in brick, and were now blackened with smoke. This edifice was surrounded with a garden, encircled with a high wall, which entirely excluded the prospect, beautiful as it was, from all the lower rooms; for the estate was situated in one of the finest valleys of Westmoreland; but, in exchange for the more distant beauties which were excluded, it formed a protection for the rich abundance of fair and fruitful trees which enriched the parterres of the garden.

Four summer-houses, with pepper-box turrets, adorned the four corners of the wall; and these, together with a lofty cupola at the top of the house, containing a clock, whose bell might be heard at a very considerable distance, were accounted, by my father's old friend, as the most distinguishing ornaments of the mansion and its environs.

It was at the period of life in which the imagination is commonly stronger than the judgment, that I was introduced into this scene, and I was not a little delighted at finding myself suddenly surrounded with objects of a nature so entirely different to all that I had ever seen in the little town in which I had been brought up, and where my father had been considered a man of importance, because his grandfather had built the house in which we lived, and had inclosed the court in its front with handsome iron railings, and placed a stone figure of some magnitude in a niche above the hall door! But how did all ideas of my father's dignity and the antiquity of my family shrink into nothing, as I was led to my sleeping-room, the first night, through a long gallery, where all the possessors of Inglewood Hall (for such was the name of the mansion of which I am speaking) were ranged in long order against the wall on each side; every patriarch, or head of the family, for the time being, accompanied by his help-meet, and, in many cases, by a numerous progeny of sons and daughters, all por-

trayed with more or less skill, but in the fashions of the times, and in some instances possessing fine features and noble physiognomies.

Late as it was, and weary as I was with my journey, I could have lingered long in this gallery, had not the lady of the mansion, who would on no account dispense with the form of shewing me to my chamber the first night, requested me to postpone my curiosity for the present, promising to take me over the house the next day, and shew me all that was worthy of regard within it. It was necessary to submit to this decision: I accordingly went on with my dignified companion, and having threaded many mazes, and passed through many wide chambers, I shortly found myself in a comfortable room, hung with tapestry, and containing a small bed in an alcove. Being left in this place, I soon fell asleep, but awoke with the dawn of the day, and found my spirits in a state of too much excitement to sleep again.

Having explored my room, and examined the figures on the hangings, which were of the finest Gobelyu, though considerably faded, and which represented ancient halls and castles, knights in armour, ladies, and squires, I was proceeding to take a view through the stone-framed window at the end of the chamber, when my attention was arrested by a glimmering light, appearing through a part of the tapestry, where I presently discovered a door, nicely fitted into the wall, and almost concealed by the general covering.

Here was a new subject for my curiosity: but much as I desired to see what was beyond the door, I might, perhaps, have been better pleased had I met with some difficulty in opening it. However, this was not to be. There was a wooden button on the frame, which I had scarcely touched, before the mysterious door yielded to my hand, and the next moment I found myself in a large light closet, hung also with tapestry, having a fire-place with a massily carved chimney-piece, and containing an old harpsichord, a little bookcase, standing on claw feet and inclosing several volumes, a round mahogany table with a ledge, several chairs, and a few old music-books neatly ranged upon the instrument. But what chiefly attracted my attention in this little chamber (which, though not so mysterious a one as I could have

wished, I doubted not, had some peculiar history belonging to it) was a portrait which occupied a great portion of one side of the room. This painting represented a lady dressed in black, and in the fashion which prevailed about the middle of the last century, before the ill-fated Queen of France had introduced those preposterous forms of dress which produced a total revolution in the form of a lady of taste. The figure was a fine one; the face had been remarkably handsome, though the lady I should judge to have been considerably advanced in years before the resemblance was taken.

When I first looked at this picture, I thought I observed considerable sternness in the countenance, but on further examination I rather changed my opinion, and fancied I remarked the lines of sorrow traced on the features, together with a degree of tenderness, which seemed, as it were, to contend with natural strength and sternness. The hand which wrought this portrait was, undoubtedly, a skilful one.

I looked for a while on the picture, and then on every surrounding object. "This lady," I thought, "probably, when alive, occupied this chamber; those were, perhaps, her books; that might have been her musical instrument; she, perhaps, used to sit on that chair, and spread her work on that table;—but where is she now? Where are those with whom she associated—her neighbours, her friends, her servants? For whom did she wear that black dress? Whom did she love? whom did she regret? What were her thoughts? what were her acts?" There is something very affecting in being brought into close contact with the dead. It is possible to reflect without powerful emotion on the destruction of whole countries by an earthquake—on the sinking of whole fleets at sea—on the disappearance of generation after generation—on the depopulation of ancient cities, and the extinction of the noblest families;—but who could have visited Herculaneum, and entered into the very domicile of the ancient Romans, and contemplated the skeleton of the mother embracing that of the infant, without deep and lasting feelings of sympathy and tenderness?

Having gazed on every thing within the room, I walked to the window and opened the casement; for I felt a

faintness which I partly attributed to a confined air which is often found in old buildings, in which the work of decay must necessarily be going on, however slowly, and partly to the feelings which had been suddenly excited within me; and there, what a wonderful, what a glorious prospect opened to my view over the garden wall and trees, and between the woods!

Between the wall and the bottom of the valley, was a lawn or sheep-walk, scattered over with flocks, and beyond this a clear and beautiful lake, inclosed on the opposite side by a range of hills, the lower parts of which were richly variegated with trees, and studded with little thatched cottages and small farms, and the higher regions of which, though the hills were of inferior magnitude when compared with the height of the Himalayas and the Andes, or even of those lofty Alpine regions where an eternal winter reigns at the distance of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, nevertheless were, in fact, above the clouds, their blue summits appearing at that time higher than the morning mist which had ascended from the lake at sunrise, and was becoming condensed as it rolled upwards.

My mind had been previously led to serious reflections by the objects on which I had been meditating, and now the beautiful works of creation which opened before me gave a pious turn to my reflections. The shortness of man's life, even when compared with other works of the Creator, in this sublunary state, particularly impressed me. "No doubt," I thought, "the lady whom I have been looking upon loved and admired this scene. That lawn and lake, those woods and hills, were often gazed upon by her. But the eye that beheld these beauties shall see them no more: her place knoweth her no longer. *Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.—As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.*" (Job xiv. 2, 11, 12.)

And here, if it be not irrelevant, I will pause to make some remarks on the effects which are frequently produced on an enlightened intellect by a contemplation of the beauties of nature. A fine prospect, when first

beheld, always conveys the idea of happiness; we cannot imagine that the inhabitants of a picturesque region can be low or miserable: and hence, no doubt, in a great measure, proceeds that peculiar kind of fascination which we often experience in travelling through a beautiful country, with whose inhabitants we are unacquainted. The imagination conceives that what is so outwardly fair must be productive of happiness; and thus it amuses itself in a kind of elysium of its own, till awakened from its dreams by reflection and experience. In our ideas, however, of moral beauty and perfection, we are greatly assisted by our associations with the beauties of nature; and much more frequently, no doubt, should we make use of such aid, were it not that our minds are alienated from the subject by the influence of sin. The things most lovely in creation are used by God as emblems of unseen things, and of the rest and glory of the latter days. We are warranted by Scripture to look into the Book of Nature to find the pictures of the happiness and consolation of the believer in the resurrection. As water to the thirsty lips, so are the promises of God; and blessed is he, who cannot walk forth into the woods, or contemplate the distant mountain, the fertile valley, the dripping rill, the airy sheep-down, or the opening bud, without an enlargement of those views of future glory which are held out to the lowly disciples of Christ. In the sparkling jewels which adorn her birth-day suit, her blazing coronet, and chains of gold, may not the royal and noble lady, if she be a child of God, behold the symbols of those ornaments with which the heavenly Bridegroom will, at some future period, adorn the members of his Church? In the spotless robe she wears, may she not find the type of that robe of righteousness in which the Lamb will array his bride? In the richly-ornamented pleasure-ground, the shadowy grove, the open lawn, and the perfumed garden, which surround her dwelling, may she not see a lively representation of what the earth will be when the banner of the cross shall blaze as a beacon on the heights of Zion, and all nations shall flow unto it; when showers of blessings shall be shed on every valley; when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and gushing fountains shall be heard in every dell; when wild beasts shall cease from the land,

and the people of the Lord shall dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods?

But perhaps I may be dwelling too long on this subject. I therefore hasten back to my narrative, and shall proceed to say, that while I was still considering the beautiful scene beheld from the closet, I was made aware, by the sound of a bell, of which I had been apprized, that breakfast was ready, and accordingly hastened down stairs, resolving to make myself better acquainted, if possible, with the history of the lady who had engaged so many of my thoughts.

Upon enquiry I found, that the unmarried name of the person respecting whom I was so inquisitive, had been Matilda Vincent, that she had possessed the estates of Inglewood for some time, and had been dead more than forty years: it was further added, that she had been a singular character, and had shewn her singularity by leaving behind her written memoirs of her life, in which she had taken so little care to guard her name from the ill opinion of her successors, that she had made a full, true, and perfect confession of many parts of her life with which no one could have been otherwise acquainted, and which, certainly, set her in no amiable point of view; "though," remarked our dignified hostess, from whom I received this account, "if you, my young friend, are willing to read, and even to copy these memorandums, you will find nothing in these confessions which can be injurious, in any way, to your mind. I only wonder at this, that any lady should have taken pleasure in leaving behind her any memorials of her own errors."

My father replied, that probably the lady in question left this narrative in somewhat the same spirit in which a benevolent navigator would like to publish an account of an unfortunate voyage—in order to warn others against the rocks and shoals upon which he had suffered shipwreck.

"It may be so," replied the old lady, "and if your daughter chooses to read the manuscript, I will deliver it into her hands as soon as we have inspected the house; and she may, if agreeable, retire to her closet to peruse it: for," added she, "it was in that very closet that it was written, and which, out of respect to the writer, we have left precisely in the state in which we found

it; no article having been removed from it since her death."

I could say much of the delight with which I received this permission; but having already said more of myself than I at first intended, I will now withdraw into the back-ground, and introduce my readers to other persons more worthy of their notice.

The Memoirs of Matilda Vincent.

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of all things to call me, the chief of sinners, to come into his gracious presence, and to receive his free grace and pardon, which were obtained for me by the precious death of his beloved Son, I have thought it right, at an advanced period of my life, lest I should be led impiously to take credit to myself for that which has been wrought for me by God alone, to note down certain circumstances of my life, on which, should my memory fail, I may look, from time to time, and be reminded of those dreadful errors of my life, by which I truly deserve to be called the chief of sinners.

"I had my origin from a family of credit in this country. My grandfather, who possessed large estates in this vicinity, with this spacious mansion in which I now dwell, had one son and two daughters. The elder of these daughters married, and went to reside at a distance; but the second, who was my mother, remained at home till my grandfather died and her brother was married, at which time, or soon after, she was united to one in very low circumstances, who presently spent all her property, and left her, but whither he went, or what became of him, was never known. It was shortly after my birth that my father left us, and my mother did not long survive his desertion of her, in consequence of which I became a needy orphan in early infancy. I was not, however, suffered to know pecuniary distress—for my uncle came in his coach-and-six, and brought me with my nurse home to his house, and there I remained till I married.

"The modes of education then were very different to what they are now. Boarding-schools were little frequented, and the governesses appointed to take care of

young ladies at home were little better than upper servants. However, my uncle did for me as for his own offspring, for he had but one child, a daughter, about my own age. We were brought up together in one nursery till our days of babyhood were expired, and then, as my aunt was dead, (for she died soon after the birth of her daughter,) we were placed under the care of a governess, who exercised us in needlework and in playing on the harpsichord, a talent but little cultivated in those days.

“My uncle made little difference, in his manner of treatment, between me and my cousin, (who, being christened Agnes, was called by the servants, according to the custom of those days, Mrs. Agnes,) excepting that he sometimes took her out with him in his coach, to visit a neighbour, when, on some pretence or other, he would leave me at home; and though this seldom happened, it gave me great offence. On one of these occasions, when I could not have been so much as ten years of age, I remember listening to a conversation between my governess and the housekeeper, as they were drinking tea together in the housekeeper’s room, and taking it for granted that I was so much occupied with my painted baby as to have no ears for their impertinent and mischievous gossip. They were speaking of the high fortunes which little Mrs. Agnes had a title to, and of the great match which she would have a right to expect; and then they spoke of me; and the governess said she had reason to suppose my parents had not left me a sixpence.

“‘But,’ said the housekeeper, ‘you may be sure her uncle will not forget her, but will give her something considerable out of his vast property.’

“‘When gentlemen have children of their own,’ replied the governess, ‘they are not always so ready to give fortunes to other people.’

“‘True,’ said the housekeeper; ‘but I shall think it cruel if poor Miss Matilda is quite cut off from her grandfather’s property, and that for the sake of a girl only.’

“‘Why, true,’ replied the governess, ‘had it been a boy who stood thus in her way, it would have been quite a different thing.’

“These wise persons then proceeded to discuss our respective merits with regard to beauty; and as, upon the whole, the advantage was decided to be on the side

of my cousin, I found myself excluded in every instance, and, young as I was, I was strongly sensible of the mortification. I was still reflecting upon what had passed, my doll lying disregarded on my lap, when my little cousin returned, and entered the housekeeper's room, whither she had come in pursuit of her governess and of me.

“I remember, to this moment, her dress and general appearance on that occasion. She wore a full slip of rose-coloured taffety, with an apron of the finest lace; on her head was a small round cap, with an artificial flower on one side; a row of pearls adorned her neck, and bracelets of the same, her arms.

“She was generally pale, but the air and exercise had given a blush to her cheeks, and added much to her beauty. She came forward to me with much affection in her manner, and kissing me, she presented me with a small paper of dried sweetmeats, which she had brought from a lady to whom her father had introduced her during their airing; but I have no doubt that I received them with a very bad grace—for nothing makes a person so awkward as being under the influence of the mean passion of envy.

“These first feelings of envy which had been excited within me by the injudicious conversation of the governess and housekeeper, were not permitted to die away; although my cousin always conducted herself towards me with the most invariable sweetness, and evidently had no suspicion of the dispositions which I indulged towards her; but, as I was continually exposed to hear the same kind of discourse, envy of my cousin's more distinguished lot at length took such effect upon me, that I became secretly very unhappy, and, as I advanced in age, these sentiments held such entire possession of my mind, that it became materially injured and polluted by them.

“Those who are not acquainted with the depravity of the human heart, will plead, that the perversion of my mind on this subject was entirely owing to the injudicious and evil suggestions of the persons with whom I dwelt; but I answer, that these cruel suggestions would have failed in producing such effects, had they not met with a mind in me prepared for their reception.

“There are, perhaps, no evil passions which are so carefully guarded from the eyes of the world, as those

which proceed from envy. Whoever is envious of another, confesses his inferiority to that person in some one point of view or other; and, to a proud and worldly character, how painful is an acknowledgment that we are outshone in any one particular in which we wish to excel! So painful, indeed, were these feelings to which I was subjected, that I would not even avow them, if I could help it, to myself, but, on the contrary, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I loved my cousin; and was careful not to omit any mark of outward respect and affection, by which I might evince to the world, and to Agnes herself, the strength of my regard, and of my devotedness.

“In the mean time, I continually indulged myself in that pernicious pleasure to which the selfish and indolent are invariably addicted, and which, being within the reach of all, is, perhaps, more widely fatal than almost any other evil practice—that is, in the formation of airy visions of happiness, by which self is placed in that situation where the evil desires of the heart have every opportunity of gratification. These are the chambers of imagery into which unregenerated persons enter, in the dark hours of night, to commit abomination with their idols, saying, ‘*The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth.*’ (Ezek. viii. 12.)

“In these views of fancied happiness and triumph, I was myself, of course, the first object—I was then put in full possession of all the estates and honours of my cousin. I was clothed in her most superb dresses—was adorned in her jewels—and received the homage of her dependents. On these imaginary occasions, she was excluded; while her interests and welfare were entirely remote from my mind. But how this had been effected, was a part of the picture which I ever left in shade, being unwilling to unveil, even to my own eyes, the murderous tendency of my wishes. Oh! how deeply wicked and deceitful is the human heart! how dreadful the designs of ambition! and how closely allied is envy to the foulest crimes of which our nature is capable! Yet man is formed with an insatiable thirst for happiness; and if he has been taught to consider that happiness consists in earthly possessions and distinctions, all attempts to make him cease to covet them, or to hate those who seem to

stand in the way of his possessing them, must be fruitless, without such an interference of the Divine favour as shall change entirely the current of his affections.

“The desires of the natural man are, undoubtedly, ever inclining towards earthly objects; nevertheless, his ambition, and, consequently, his feelings of envy towards his superiors, may be inflamed on the one hand by indiscreet conversation, and, on the other, may be greatly diminished, even in the minds of unregenerate young persons, by a frequent recurrence in their presence to the concerns of a future life, and suitable comparisons between the things of eternity and those of the present state of being.

“There is, perhaps, no study which conveys such adequate ideas of the instability of human greatness, as that of history; especially when we connect with it a view of prophecy, and of those representations which the Scriptures give us of the kingdom of Christ, where the true glory is exhibited; in comparison of which, all the pomp and pride of earthly things appear but as the painted toys and baubles of early childhood. The feeling which I have described above, continued rather to increase than to diminish, till I was nineteen years of age; but I have no reason to suppose that my real character was ever suspected by any one about me.

“At this time my uncle said to us, one morning at breakfast, that he expected a young gentleman to visit him in a few days, the son of a respected friend, whom he had not seen for many years; adding, that he hoped we should be prepared to make the house agreeable to him.

“‘And what are we to call him?’ said my cousin Agnes, smiling; ‘for it would not be polite to seem ignorant of his name, when he bestows upon us the honour of his company.’

“‘Clarence Fitzgerald,’ replied my uncle; ‘he is the son of my old friend, General Fitzgerald, of whom you have often heard me speak.’

“My cousin, who had great simplicity of mind, received this command of her father’s, as she did every other, without making any comment upon it; but I began instantly to consider whether there might not be something more in this proposed visit than my uncle would have us suppose, and, after turning the matter over and

over again in my own mind, I at length made out that this Mr. Clarence Fitzgerald was the intended husband of my cousin; and then my imagination went to work to embellish this chosen youth with all the desirable qualities of a partner for life for one so highly gifted and endowed as my cousin Agnes, and, when I had considered the matter for a while, I became more and more inflamed with envy, and more and more ready to inveigh against the justice of Providence towards myself.

“While these things occupied my mind, my cousin Agnes, who never enjoyed very good health, was taken ill, and was obliged to confine herself to her room, and then the idea occurred to me, that I could not advance my own interest more effectually than by availing myself of the opportunity, which I hoped to have, of securing the young gentleman’s affection to myself—should fortune so far favour me as to continue the illness of my cousin for some time after the arrival of the expected visiter. I say *fortune*, in order to accommodate myself to the mode of thinking I then indulged; for I did not then consider that there is no such thing as chance, but that such affairs are ordered and regulated by the Almighty Ruler—without whom, not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

“I was sitting alone in our common parlour, when I was apprized, by a loud ringing at the outer court, of the arrival of Mr. Fitzgerald. Persons who are full of projects and views of self-interest, are ever liable to fearful apprehensions, which persons of more simplicity are not troubled with. Now the moment approached which I had so long desired, I began to tremble, and looked around me in haste, considering what would be the effect of the first *coup d’œil* which was to break upon the young man on his entering the room. The parlour was, for that period of time, an elegant apartment, being large and high, and wainscoted with oak, having a cornice composed of a running pattern of the same wood, whereon were represented many delicately-shaped birds, resting on leaves and branches of trees. The floor was brightly polished, and the furniture covered with fine chintz, a large folding glass door was open to the garden, and on each side of this door were couches, with tables before them, on which I had scattered my drawings, my

books, and some specimens of fine needle-work. I contrived to seem engaged with my guitar at the instant in which hasty steps in the hall advertised me that the visitor was near at hand, and I only laid it down at the moment when Mr. Clarence Fitzgerald entered the room, and presented a figure which more than answered all my preconceived ideas of him.

“I had perhaps never seen a young man who so entirely answered my notions of the perfect gentleman, as the person who then entered the room; he was, moreover, particularly well-looking. But all this ought not to have influenced me as it did, persuaded, as I was, that he was the intended husband of my cousin.

“I affected some surprise at seeing him, apologized for my uncle’s absence, (for he happened not to be at home,) called for refreshments, and did all in my power to render myself agreeable to my guest.

“I was soon aware that the young gentleman took me for my cousin, and I resolved to keep him under the delusion as long as circumstances would admit. I saw that, from time to time, he looked at me with a particular interest, and I had some pleasure in thinking that he seemed far from dissatisfied with my appearance. Refreshments were spread before him, but he was too much occupied to partake of them; and, when the servants were withdrawn, he removed from his seat by the table to one on the sofa by me, and, looking me full in the face, (though, in a manner sufficiently respectful,) he spoke of the anxiety he had long felt to see me, adding something highly gratifying to my vanity, relative to the perfect satisfaction he had derived from the sight of me. I passed this over, pretending not to hear all he said, and we fell into an easy discourse on indifferent subjects, in which I flattered myself that I did myself much credit; at least, I plainly saw that I succeeded in interesting my auditor, and was fully aware, that, if my unhappy cousin was out of the way, there would have been no objection made by Mr. Fitzgerald to have taken me in her stead: for, in case of her death, I was the rightful heiress to her father’s estates.

“Mr. Fitzgerald and myself had been together for more than two hours, and no explanation had taken place, when my uncle came in from his ride. He wel-

comed the young gentleman with much cordiality, adding, 'I hope that my niece has done the honours of my house in my absence, as she ought to have done.'

" 'Your niece, Sir!' said Mr. Fitzgerald, evidently much discomposed, and blushing up to his very forehead.

" 'Yes,' returned my uncle. 'Why, who did you take her for?'

" 'Your daughter, certainly,' replied the other.

" 'My daughter! Why, Matilda, how could you!' said the old gentleman.

" 'I was not aware of the mistake,' I replied.

" 'But did you not tell Mr. Fitzgerald that poor Agnes is ill?'

" 'Mr. Fitzgerald had a book in his hand, which he dropped at that moment, and he leaned down to pick it up. It was natural that his face should be highly flushed after having stooped; notwithstanding which, I had reason to hope, that there was some other cause for this violent glow besides that which was apparent.

" At dinner our party was augmented by a visiter, whose habit it was to sit long over the bottle. I, however, left the dining-room soon after the table-cloth was removed, and, having visited Agnes, who enquired after Mr. Fitzgerald with as little interest as she would have done after any other stranger, I took a turn in the garden, where I had not been many minutes before I was joined by Mr. Fitzgerald, who had made his escape from the dining-parlour. He proposed a walk in the park, having carelessly, though politely, enquired after the health of my cousin.

" It was a lovely afternoon in the beginning of summer, and we prolonged our walk till the sun had set, concluding it with a visit to the mount which faces my closet-window, where we sat down for a while under the shade of yonder elm, whose leaf still flourishes with undiminished verdure, although generations have passed away since first it formed the glory of the forest.

" During our walk nothing particular had passed between me and my companion, although I thought that his manner had been attentive and even tender; but when we were seated, and all the lovely prospect seen from those heights was spread before us, while our

senses were regaled with the odour of thyme and marjoram, and other fragrant herbs; after we had remained silent for a time, he suddenly turned to me, and, taking my hand, said, 'Tell me, fair lady, is your cousin like yourself?'

" 'No, Sir,' I replied, 'not in the least. Agnes is fair, and I am, as you see, brown as a nut.'

" 'Brown!' said he, 'no;' and he passed some high compliments on my complexion, my hair, and eyes, and again said, 'But does not Agnes resemble you in any one respect?'

" 'No, Sir,' I replied, 'I do not presume to resemble Agnes in any thing. Her very delicacy of constitution gives her a beauty, to which I, who am all rude health, cannot aspire.'

" 'And how long, my charming Matilda,' he answered, 'how long have you been in the habit of considering sickliness a beauty?' and I thought he sighed.

" I remember little more of this conversation, but it was not interrupted till the old clock in the turret tolled the hour of nine, which, being my uncle's supper-time, we hastened back.

" When we withdrew to rest, our old housekeeper, who had known me from a child, came up to receive some orders from me, and, before she left the room, 'Miss Matilda,' said she, 'that Mr. Fitzgerald is a fine young gentleman, and I am glad of it for my dear young lady's sake.'

" 'Your young lady's sake!' I said; 'and what has she to do with Mr. Fitzgerald?'

" 'Why, do you not know, Miss,' replied she, 'that this Mr. Fitzgerald has been destined to marry Miss Agnes from her infancy?'

" 'What! whether she likes him or not?' I asked.

" 'And why should she not like him? I am sure he is a very fine young gentleman.'

" 'But, perhaps he may not like her,' I rejoined.

" 'Not like her! not like our sweet Miss Agnes!' she exclaimed, lifting up her hands and eyes, and giving me a searching look. 'But, however, Miss, I have told you what has been planned by the old gentlemen on both sides, and now you know it.'

" 'What then?' I asked.

“ ‘Why, you will know how to behave to the young gentleman,’ she replied.

“ ‘And do you think I did not know that before?’ I said.

“ ‘How should you, Miss?’ returned the housekeeper. ‘If you were not informed that he was bound in honour to another, you might, very innocently, have set your heart upon him; and so I thought, as you have no mother to give you a caution, there could be no harm in my just telling you how matters stand.’

“ So saying, she wished me good night, leaving me to my own thoughts, which were, perhaps, never more painful.

“ The housekeeper had done her duty, and, in so doing, had set before me all the error of my ways; and it seemed to me, at that moment, as if new light had broken in upon me, shewing the vileness of my intentions in their most prominent point of view. But I was ambitious; and in that one word, *ambition*, all that is hateful, and all that is cruel, mean, and despicable in the human character, is contained. It is in our dealings, not with our inferiors, nor with our equals, but with our superiors, that the passion of ambition is excited.

“ The Golden Rule, in all intercourse with our fellow-creatures, is this—to do unto others what we would they should do unto us. But how can this be done? it may be asked. I reply, only on the supposition that our own desires are reasonable, moderate, and just. An ambitious man, an envious man, or a covetous man, can never do to others what he would they should do unto him, because his desires and expectations are immoderate; he would have all his neighbour’s wealth or all his honours. The Golden Rule, therefore, can never be attained by him, for his own covetous desires will ever weigh down the scale of Justice to his own side. But, in the degree that he becomes humble and moderate, in that degree he becomes better prepared to fulfil this law of love, and more and more able, as well as ready, to do to others as he would they should do to him, under like circumstances and on like occasions.

“ This Golden Rule was exemplified, in the highest perfection, in the man Christ Jesus, who, feeling for us

as for himself in our circumstances, did precisely for us what he would have desired should be done for himself had it been possible that he could have been in our situation. And, in the degree that a Christian approaches nearer and nearer to the example of his Saviour, he is the more enabled to observe the Golden Rule.

“Had my situation and that of my sweet Agnes been reversed, I am fully sensible she would have felt that all had been done for her which she could possibly have required: she would have desired no more, nay, she would have been contented with less. And thus, in weighing her own more moderate desires with her duty to others, she would have found it easy to have balanced the account, and brought her actions down to the rule of Justice.

“I hardly know whether I have expressed myself clearly on this difficult point; but this is the result of what I would say—that he who is most free from ambition, most humble and moderate in his own desires, is the person who can best fulfil the duty of doing to others what he would they should do unto him. And, most assuredly, if this be allowed as a truth, it will serve to remove the supposed insurmountable difficulty of obeying our Lord’s injunction.

“I was kept awake several hours by my meditations on what the housekeeper had said to me; and the result of my meditations was this, that I would endeavour to be more cautious in my conduct towards Mr. Fitzgerald, since the eyes of one of the household, at least, were upon me. But I purposed no improvement of character, for I was not the subject of a change of heart.

“It was more than a fortnight after the arrival of Mr. Fitzgerald before my cousin was able to leave her room, and, during that period, I was not wanting to myself, but used every means I could think of to secure his affections, and, in so doing, as might be expected, engaged my own feelings in the cause, in such a way as I had not foreseen, but which was a very proper and natural consequence of my sin. In proportion, however, as my regard for Mr. Fitzgerald increased, my dispositions towards my cousin partook more and more of the feelings of hatred; and such was their nature, that even her excellencies and her kindness towards me, rendered her

more and more the object of my aversion. I particularly envied in her a freedom from those passions which made my life so miserable; but I gave her no credit for this freedom, but, on the contrary, used often to say to myself, that her composure of mind was owing to her singularly happy situation, and to her being in possession of all that could make life desirable. It never occurred to me, that the equanimity of her mind proceeded from piety. She had been nursed by a pious woman, who still continued to live with her in the character of a waiting-maid; and by this simple means she had been brought, through the divine blessing, to seek her God in the days of her youth. Hence proceeded that calmness of mind and sweetness of manner, which rendered her the object of the love and admiration of all who saw her, with the exception only of myself.

“During the time of her confinement to her room, while Mr. Fitzgerald was in the house, I of course frequently visited her in the chamber, and generally found her reading some serious book, or cutting out garments for the poor; but, as I avoided mentioning Mr. Fitzgerald’s name, she seldom asked me any questions about him, and it was evident that her thoughts were not occupied concerning him. Her illness, though short, had an alarming tendency; and it appeared, as she afterwards told me, that the impressive views of death and mortality given her at that time, had much loosened her affections from the world, and had operated as a suitable warning to prepare her for an early departure. The time, however, at length arrived, when she was to leave her room; and my uncle, one morning at breakfast, announced to Mr. Fitzgerald, with great glee, that he hoped he should have the pleasure of introducing him to his daughter at dinner. The young gentleman coloured on receiving this information, but I could not exactly interpret this symptom; I was, however, so violently affected, that, as soon as I possibly could, I withdrew to a summer-house, which was built on the wall in a distant part of the garden, and there, for a time, gave free and uninterrupted vent to my tears.

“I endeavoured to suppose that these were tears of sweet and amiable sensibility, when, on the contrary, they were nothing but the effusions of selfishness and

passion. My heart and affections had not been taken by surprise by Mr. Fitzgerald; on the contrary, believing that the parents had intended a marriage between him and my cousin, I had formed the selfish project of disconcerting their plan. And if, in the pursuit of my object, my own feelings were disturbed and injured, it was, as I have before said, no more than might have been expected, and no more than I deserved.

“I continued weeping in the summer-house till I heard some voices near the wall on the outside of the garden. The wall was skirted by a small coppice, which was intersected by several narrow pathways; but these were so seldom frequented, that they were almost overgrown with moss. I had scarcely time to withdraw from the window at which I had sat weeping, with my handkerchief at my eyes, before Mr. Fitzgerald and my uncle appeared.

“My uncle was earnestly engaged in conversation, and did not see me; but not so Mr. Fitzgerald. He perceived me, and, no doubt, remarked my dejected appearance; for, although he took no notice at the time, but passed on with my uncle, in less than a quarter of an hour he returned to the summer-house, by the way of the garden, and entered without ceremony.

“He at first took no notice of my tears, but asking permission to sit down by me, he entered into a conversation, in which he frankly told me, that it was the wish of the parents on both sides that a marriage should take place between him and my cousin; and observed, that as he was entirely dependent on his parents, he had no choice but to submit to their desires. He hinted how much he had been disappointed, when, after our first conversation, he had found that I was not the daughter of his father's friend; and he added, that he could have little hope that he should find in my cousin any qualities which could make him cease to regret his disappointment.

“All this was very fine to the ear, but it was decidedly wrong, and it was what I ought not to have listened to for one moment; but it pleased me, because it flattered my vanity, though, as he had not yet seen my cousin, it could hardly be said to lower her. We were disturbed in this unprofitable discourse by the necessity of appearing at dinner.

“It may be supposed that I was exceedingly anxious to observe the first effect of the appearance of Agnes on Mr. Fitzgerald, thinking that I should be able to read in his countenance, on this occasion, whether I had any thing more to expect from his regard to me. But I found, with dismay, sudden and strong expressions of admiration, on his part, when she appeared; and the artless simplicity and sweetness of her manners seemed every instant to gain increasingly upon him.

“From that moment, he shunned every occasion of being alone with me; and, as there were no prudential obstacles in the way of this marriage, it was hurried on by the parents, and I had the mortification, in a few months, of assisting at it, in the character of bridesmaid.

“It may be supposed that the ill success of my plan with respect to Mr. Fitzgerald, who was the only man in the world for whom I had ever entertained any preference, did not render my feelings towards my cousin, who was become his happy wife, more agreeable than they had been before. In short, I became so uneasy in my own mind, that I rejoiced to receive the addresses of a young officer who was quartered in the next town.

“My uncle behaved very handsomely to me on my marriage, and presented me with six thousand pounds, and my cousin added some very expensive presents.

“As my husband had what is called good interest in the army, we entertained no thought of leaving the course of life he had chosen. We accordingly joined our regiment, and accompanied it into different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

“Although my husband had nothing more than his pay, yet the interest of my fortune enabled us to live in a style quite superior to any other married officer in the regiment. But we were not satisfied with this. Although we had all we could reasonably desire, yet our anxiety for promotion was the same as if our very existence depended on it; and I have often recollected the glee with which my husband would proclaim the death of a superior officer, and how frequently he made ‘speedy promotion’ his toast.

“All this, which is too frequently practised in the army, is counted but a *façon de parler*, and it is pleaded,

that those who use this language use it without thought, and without the smallest wish to injure a brother officer, or to see him injured. But what does Scripture say on this subject? *A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.* (Luke vi. 45.) And we may judge of the nature and tendency of these speeches, when our dearest friends, our husbands, and sons, are made the subjects of them. Ask what the bereaved mother or widow would feel were she to hear the death of her beloved one made the subject of such jests as these; and could such a one, I ask, be brought to think that there could be any excuse for speeches of such a cruel tendency?

“With regard to myself, if I reproved this kind of language in my husband, it was in such a careless, laughing manner, as rather encouraged than checked him; and, as he knew that I was as eager for promotion as himself, he took no pains to conceal from me his failings of the nature above mentioned.

“But promotion in the army was not the only interesting subject of discourse between myself and my husband: he was continually calculating the chances which I had of coming into my uncle’s estate; and in this manner he would often express himself. ‘Your uncle is old and paralytic; he has had two strokes already—a third is generally fatal. In case of his death, there is then only one life in your way, and that is your cousin Agnes’s. She is not healthy; she always, I have heard you say, was of a consumptive habit.’

“Sometimes I would reply to this, ‘She may have children.’

“He would then calculate upon the chance of this, remarking that she had been married two years or more, and had no prospect of the kind. We then, not unfrequently, proceeded to calculate the value of the estate, and to talk ourselves almost into the belief that we had it already in possession.

“Had we entered upon this kind of conversation in a serious manner, we might, perhaps, have been more easily aware of its horrible tendency. But it was always carried on in a gay, rattling style, and in a kind of cant lan-

guage, such as is commonly used by young spendthrifts, and generally over a bottle. My husband was the chief speaker; but, although I did not join with him in the strange expressions which he used, and, indeed, often affected to reprove him, yet he was very well aware that my reproofs did not come from the heart, and, therefore, was not checked by them.

“The first event which seemed to bring me nearer to the desired estate, was the death of my uncle, which my husband announced to me with the utmost *nonchalance*, although he owed to this good man nearly all the comforts of his life.

“This circumstance was soon followed by the less welcome intelligence that Mrs. Fitzgerald was in expectation of an increase to her family. We were then in Ireland; and my husband was evidently in low spirits on the occasion for some weeks.

“The intelligence of the actual birth of the child, with an account of its well-doing and that of its mother, seemed to remove the desired estate to such a distance, that my husband began to murmur at the smallness of my fortune, and to rail at my uncle for not having named me in his will. He now never spoke of my uncle but in terms of disrespect.

“Soon after the birth of little George, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, our regiment was ordered to England, and I received a kind invitation from my cousin to visit her.

“I found Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald in good health, strongly attached to each other, and living in perfect harmony and love. The little boy, whose existence I had so often deplored, was about half a year old, a lovely baby, possessing all that soft and amiable expression of countenance which rendered his mother so pleasing to every one who saw her with an unprejudiced eye.

“The babe was always dressed with that elegant nicety which is so frequently bestowed on a first child, and was the constant delight of his affectionate parents, who, when they had wearied his little tender frame with play, would soothe him to sleep in their arms, and afterwards, laying him on the cushion of the couch, would watch him till he awoke again.

“I can give you no account of my feelings during this

visit, but that they were so wretched, that I did not dare to look into them. After a time, I returned to my husband, and was, soon after my return, followed by a very melancholy letter from my cousin. This letter contained an account of the sudden death of Mr. Fitzgerald, by a fall from his horse, and presented a lively picture of the distress of the afflicted widow.

“While I was yet considering whether this event tended towards the advancement of my prospects of the estate or otherwise, (for all my feelings were now nearly swallowed up by ambition,) my husband came in, and I imparted the news to him. What I only thought upon the subject, he, with less delicacy, spoke, and said, ‘Had it been Fitzgerald’s wife instead of himself, it would have been a fine thing in your favour, my dear; but as it now stands, the widow may marry again, and then we shall be no nearer than we were before.’

“I had the decency to check him, and said, ‘Why, my dear, should we, on this melancholy occasion, be thinking of ourselves?’

“‘Because,’ said he, ‘it is natural so to do;’ and he turned on his heel, and went out.

“Whether it was his roughness on the occasion—whether it was a recollection of the former circumstances which had taken place between myself and Mr. Fitzgerald, or the late scenes of happiness I had witnessed, which were now so cruelly and suddenly marred—I know not; but I burst into tears as soon as he was gone, and wept violently for a while, and thus eased my mind for a time with respect to the hardness of heart of which I now began to suspect myself.

“I now pass over, in my narration, some months of my life, till the time when I received a summons from my cousin, (who had always believed me to be her most sincere friend,) begging me to come to her immediately, as her child, her only earthly stay and support, was dangerously ill.

“We were at breakfast when I received the letter, which was couched in terms expressive of the utmost affliction. I handed it over the table to my husband, and watched his countenance while he read it with the deepest attention. His cheeks flushed high as he perused the letter, and when he had finished it, he broke

out with an expression of exultation, and said, 'Upon my word, I believe we shall have it at last!'

"'Have what? my dear,' said I, affecting not to understand him.

"'Why, the estate, my girl! the estate!' he replied, springing from his chair. 'But you must go—you must go, on all accounts.'

"I did not dare to trust my lips with one word in reply, for I was afraid that I should betray my feelings, whether willing or not so to do.

"I was soon prepared to undertake my journey, and, before the middle of the next day, found myself at the gate of the court of my late uncle's house.

"I was ushered in, and invited up stairs to the nursery, where the widowed mother was watching over her afflicted baby. She viewed me with a silent burst of tears, and led me to the side of the cradle.

"The baby was much changed. I have his little image still before me. He was become exceedingly pale; his eyes were half closed; and on his delicate wrist was a black patch, which was laid over a place where a vein had been opened. I saw death marked on his sweet face, and I saw it with a feeling of pleasure. I witnessed the anguish of his widowed mother, and I did not wish the cause removed!

"Here I pause for a moment, to ask if mine was a singular case? Are there more hearts, among those who desire to be exalted in this world, as hard and cruel as mine? Let every ambitious or covetous person ask himself what his feelings would have been on a like occasion; and if his conscience bring him in guilty, let him instantly apply to that Holy Spirit who only is able to cleanse him from those feelings which render man little less than diabolical.

"The baby died, and I assisted to lay out his tender limbs, now cold in death, and to arrange, for the last time, his flaxen curls around his marble brow.

"I strewed the fairest flowers upon his little corpse, and in each dimpled hand I placed a rose; and I did all this without feeling one regret at his early death, or forming one tender wish that it had not been so. I was glad, however, in the bustle of preparation for the funeral, to find some excuse for being absent from the

mother, and was happy to devolve the task of comforting her upon another.

“The pious woman I have before spoken of, who had been my poor cousin’s nurse, was still living with her, and she now became her only earthly consolation. I was, however, ostensibly, her best friend, and continued with her till, worn out by sorrow preying on a constitution naturally tender, she died, and left me in possession of that inheritance which I had long so ardently coveted.

“My cousin, I have reason to think, had been enabled, during her illness, to receive all the consolation which religion could give her, and her last address to me convinced me that she died in the most desirable state of mind—that is, with entire confidence in the death and merits of her Saviour.

“My husband was in such haste to take possession of the estate, that he could scarcely wait till the remains of the late owner were laid in the dust, before he began to form plans of alterations and improvements.

“I was now placed in that situation which I had ardently coveted for years. We established ourselves in a great style of magnificence, and our equipages, &c. were unrivalled by any in the country. A continued round of company and visitings occupied all my leisure time, and my husband provided himself with hounds and hunters, and entered most fully into all the delights of the chase.

“In the midst of all our pleasures, a prospect was held forth to me of speedily becoming a mother; an event which only, as I thought, was wanting to complete my felicity.

“In due time my boy was born, and was, at least in his mother’s eyes, a very lovely infant. The old nurse, who still lived in the house, paid me the compliment of saying he was very like dear little Master George, who was now no more; and, as he advanced in age, the likeness became more apparent.

“On the day on which my little son was christened, the bells in all the neighbouring churches were set in motion; an ox was roasted whole in the park, and every kind of testimony of rejoicing displayed.

“In the midst of our gaities, a shabby conveyance was seen driving through the park, from which two females alighted whom I had never seen before. These

persons, who, from their likeness, were evidently mother and daughter, had a thin and meagre appearance, and were not less shabby in their appearance than was the carriage in which they had travelled.

“They soon made themselves known to me as being, with the exception of myself and child, the only surviving descendants of my grandfather, the elder being the daughter who had disgraced herself by a very improper marriage, and the younger the only child of that marriage. I had heard of these persons, and knew that my uncle and Agnes had always assisted them; but, as they were sunk very low in point of property and habits, I had made up my mind not to take any manner of notice of them. However, they came at a propitious moment, and found me in high good-humour; and, as my aunt pretty well understood the art of bending to a haughty spirit, she somehow or other induced me to invite her into the house, where she and her daughter made themselves so useful, and submitted themselves so entirely to all my caprices, that their visit was protracted from day to day, till at length I found I could not do without them, and consented to their remaining under my roof, on condition that they worked as upper-servants, received no wages, and were admitted into the parlour only when we were alone.

“A long continuance of what the world calls prosperity followed the day of my boy’s christening, during which period my heart became more and more hardened, and all my feelings of affection centered in myself and my son. As to my husband, my regard for him had never been strong, and having found that he was making to himself a private purse out of my property, I let him know my suspicions, and from that time, though we lived in the same house, we treated each other with a polite and distant coldness. In the mean time, our son grew up, and, notwithstanding the very improper indulgence with which he was treated, and the gross flatteries lavished upon him by his aunt and cousin, he was an amiable young man, and dutiful to both his parents, and I was actually looking out for some young lady for his wife, when he was seized with a disease which, notwithstanding every exertion of human art, at length brought him to the grave in the very bloom of life!

“My son had had a tutor who was a pious man;

and although this tutor had been sent away in disgrace through my caprice, yet the lessons of piety which he had given the youth had sunk so deeply into his heart, that I doubt not they more or less affected every part of his conduct while in health, and, undoubtedly, afforded him much and true comfort in his last hours.

“ My beloved son was very near death before I could be induced to believe it probable that I was to lose this darling child. In my calculations on the events of life, it had never entered my head to suppose such an event possible; and when the assurance, that it was not only possible but very probable, burst upon me, I was like one distracted.

“ My aunt and cousin came to me to comfort me; but as these persons were the next heirs to the estate, it suddenly occurred to me that they were perhaps secretly rejoicing in an event which was the death-blow of all my hopes. I thought I saw a kind of concealed joy in their sharp faces. I judged of them by what I had experienced in myself; and the horror I felt when they spoke to me, or came near me, is beyond description.

“ And now the similarity of circumstances brought to my mind those events of my life which had taken place nearly twenty years before, when I had rejoiced in the death of the only child of my cousin—a cousin with whom I had been reared, and who had always treated me with the utmost tenderness. I remember one night in particular, I had sat on my son’s bed, till, overcome with fatigue, I fell asleep, and, in a dream, I thought I was standing by the cradle of little George, and hearkening to his hard and laboured breathing; that his mother, pale as a corpse, and clothed in widow’s weeds, stood by, and looked at me with an expression which pierced me to the heart, and was uttering at the same time the most dreadful groans. I awoke in agony, and, raising myself up, found that it was the slow and laboured breathing of my son, the sound of which reaching me in my sleep, had excited the dreadful vision I have just described.

“ Every mother who has lost a child must know, that such grief is difficult to bear; but when remorse of conscience, or the remembrance of having injured that child, or the child of another, either in thought, word, or deed,

mixes itself with the natural grief of the occasion, Oh! it is more than human nature can endure.

“ ‘And did I wish the death of Agnes’s child?’ I said to myself; ‘was not such a wish murder? And what could tempt me to so horrible a thought? The estate! the estate!’ and I groaned to think how contemptible I felt the estate to be at that moment, and how utterly incapable all my large possessions were of giving me one moment’s comfort.

“ ‘While I still gazed on the emaciated form of my sleeping son, meditating at the same time on these dreadful recollections, and wondering what new light was breaking in upon me, my aunt, in her night-dress, put her sharp face in at the door, and said, in a whispering tone, addressing the nurse, ‘And how is he now?’

“ ‘I did not hear the nurse’s reply, but the low accents of my aunt in return again met my ear. ‘Asleep, you say; well, I am glad: but this heaviness is no good sign, I fear. Nature is wearing out, to be sure.’

“ ‘ ‘Nature may be refreshed by sleep,’ said the nurse; ‘but you had best be going:’ and I saw the old woman motioning to her to withdraw. But the signal was not taken, and she stepped further into the room.

“ ‘ ‘Heaven help the poor soul!’ was her next exclamation. ‘How hard he fetches his breath! how he labours! The Lord deliver him from his troubles!’

“ ‘I saw the nurse, as I looked through the curtain, motion to her again to leave the room; but the signal was not observed, and she came still forwarder.

“ ‘ ‘I must just look at him,’ she said, ‘the poor dear boy. I wish I could hear him breathe more easy; but I thought him changed yesterday—did not you, nurse?’

“ ‘ ‘He is sleeping very easy now,’ replied the nurse, ‘and you will be sure to disturb him. Pray go back to your bed.’

“ ‘ ‘But I hope you watch him,’ replied my aunt. ‘I have seen many die; and death sometimes comes on when’——

“ ‘She was proceeding, when I burst out upon her from behind the curtain, and, putting the worst interpretation on her predictions, believing that she spoke but what she hoped, and remembering but too well at that moment, that it was her interest my child should die,

‘Aunt,’ I said, ‘you may forbear your horrid forebodings. Remember, if my son dies, I may still outlive your daughter; so spare yourself the guilt of wishing my son’s death.’

“The old lady was terrified at my sudden appearance and dreadful expressions, and hastened back to her own apartment.

“My son had heard what I said to his aunt, and he thence took occasion to entreat me to seek a superiority over the petty strivings and animosities of this world. He pointed out to me that a better inheritance, eternal in the heavens, was prepared for those who were willing to leave all and follow Christ, and he urged me to take thought for the everlasting welfare of my soul, and to have less concern for the perishable things of this world. His last request to his parents was, that a considerable church-living, in the gift of our family, might be presented to his beloved tutor, in the instance of its becoming vacant.

“My grief for my poor boy was long and violent, and shewed itself in a thousand extraordinary ways. For a while I confined myself entirely to my own apartments, and spent my time, not truly in religious duties, but in a variety of gloomy forms, which I called religious, having a confused notion that the Almighty Ruler of all things was offended with me;—but I had so little understood what my beloved son had said to me upon his death-bed, that I had gathered no correct idea from him of the Saviour. I therefore strove to work out my own salvation by the deeds of the law, in a laborious and fatiguing course of duties, and by a cheerless and austere mode of living—by which I rendered myself and my religion hateful to every one.

“While I was in this state of mind, the incumbent of the parish died, and I then thought of the promise I had made my beloved son. We sent for his venerable tutor, and presented the living to him.

“This excellent man was soon aware of my state, and of the mistake into which I had fallen, of endeavouring to procure justification by the works of the law; and he took great pains to convince me of the spiritual and extensive import of the commandments, and to shew me that no mere man had ever kept the law of God, or ever

could be saved by it. He declared to me the nature of the ten commandments, explaining them one by one, pointing out their purity and spirituality, proving to me that they extended, not only to the outward actions, but to the very thoughts and intents of the heart.

“When we came to the consideration of the sixth precept, I found myself condemned, absolutely condemned before God, as a murderer—an idea which had before arrested my mind, but in a manner so slight, that I had contrived to free myself entirely from the conviction. But soon the persuasion of my guilt occupied my heart with renewed force, accompanied with a sense of that anger which drank up my spirits, and I cried out in agony—‘What shall I do to be saved?’

“This was the state of mind which my faithful pastor had been endeavouring to produce in me, and he was ready with an answer to my sincere enquiry—the answer which St. Paul gave to the gaoler—*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.* (Acts xvi. 31.)

“I was no sooner brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, by the persevering and affectionate labours of my minister, through the power of the Holy Spirit, than I saw the depravity of my character, not only in my breach of the sixth commandment, wherein I had been especially guilty, but in innumerable other instances. Nay, I perceived that I had been, from my earliest infancy, living as without God in the world, and that the description in the Epistle to the Romans was in many points applicable to me. *Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.* (Rom. i. 29—32.)

“Thus was I convinced deeply of sin, while many and painful were the convictions and struggles which I had to pass through, before I could exercise such faith in the Saviour as brought me peace; and when at length I was

enabled to do this, my pastor taught me that it was necessary I should shew the evidences of faith, in all good works. He urged me to seek a hearty reconciliation with my husband, and aunt, and cousin, the latter of whom I had chased from my house in disgust after the death of my son. He was the means of bringing me, also, to a regard for the spiritual and temporal welfare, not only of my relations, but of my servants, and of all those who in any way depended on me, and were influenced by me.

“Twenty years are now passed since my beloved son entered into glory, and more than forty since I followed Agnes and her little George to their graves. My worthy pastor and father in Christ, has also, since that time, been removed from the present evil world, and my husband is now approaching rapidly to the grave. Thus passes away one generation of mankind after another; and among those who have departed, how great is the satisfaction and pleasure in reflecting upon the state and character of such as gave decisive evidence that they were the chosen of the Lord!

“During the last twenty years of my life I have lived in great retirement; and the world has ceased to possess any charm for me. All ambitious desires died away from my heart when I lost my son; and every earthly possession, from that time, seemed to be marked in my view with the characters of mortality. But, during the latter part of that period, ever since I was brought by grace to the reception of my Saviour, the violent passions of pride, envy, and ambition, which had taken up their dwelling in my breast, no longer have exercised the same dominion over me. By gazing on my Saviour, I, who had been wounded unto death by sin, was healed. All within me became calm and serene, and I now more vehemently desired the spiritual life of my connexions than I had ever desired the death of those who stood in the way of my worldly advancement. In the court of Christ there is no rivalry: the riches and honours of his kingdom are inexhaustible; and he that most earnestly desires the exaltation of his brother, will himself be most highly honoured; for our Lord saith, *He that is least among you all, the same shall be greatest.*

“It has pleased the Lord to impart his Spirit to my

husband and other relations, and thus abundantly to pour out his salvation upon his servants, who were unworthy of the least of all his mercies.

“During the retirement of my chamber, to which I have been confined for some months past by sickness, I have taken a review of my life, and have been led to consider that there are many events in it, which, if properly stated, might be useful in warning others as to the dreadful effects of ambitious feelings.

“The tendency of these, is, undoubtedly, neither more nor less than to murder; while the feelings of humility lead to life, health, and peace. Perhaps it would be impossible to sum up the total of human wisdom in a smaller compass than to say, that it consists in that pious acquiescence in the will of God which induces a man to keep in his own proper station, and there to avail himself of every opportunity of testifying his reverence towards God and his love of his fellow-creatures.

“Varieties of rank, and station, and outward circumstances, are ordained of God in the present state; but true honour consists not, necessarily, or independent of true virtue, in any of them. He that does his duty best, be it in a palace or be it in a cottage, is, undoubtedly, the most honourable character; and he that conforms to circumstances with the most humility, is, undoubtedly, the most dignified person. There is a meanness, a littleness, a poorness in ambition, of which even the subject of it himself is conscious, though he would not have it known—for who would not blush to acknowledge those feelings of covetousness and envy, of which this passion is composed?—who dares to avow them openly, or to reveal them even to his bosom friend? Is not envy ever accompanied by shame? And who would not prefer the reputation of rising above such covetous and envious passions, to the gain, the polluted gain, of ambition?

“But the divine will say, that such evils of the heart cannot be overcome by reflections or reasonings of this kind. I grant it. Nevertheless, it is a desirable thing to understand the real nature of ambition, that restless and guilty feeling, which has hitherto supplied a theme to every heathen writer, and which is extolled by some professing Christians, while it has been clothed by genius in the most brilliant robes which fancy could devise:

for until we are brought to know the mischief of such feelings—until we know the deep depravity of this state of mind, which the world too much approves—we shall not be disposed to seek the only remedy for our moral defects; that remedy which is found no where but in religion, and in no religion but in that of the Scriptures, where the love of the Father, the death and merits of the Son, and the sanctifying influences of the Spirit, are exhibited with attractions as various as they are wonderful, and by representations as beautiful and familiar as the flowers which enamel the meadows, and the fountains, groves, and valleys, which diversify the face of Nature.

“O how blessed was I when the glorious scheme of human redemption was unfolded to my mind! when I was endued with the power of discerning spiritual things! It was *then* I awoke as from a dream, and wondered at the hopes, the fears, and the desires which had hitherto occupied my mind, and filled every faculty. Then, indeed, was my house swept and garnished, but not left empty, to the reception of a worse spirit than that which had occupied it before; for love, and joy, and hope, were now admitted there, and for ambition and covetousness, envy and rancour, there was no room. Those benevolent persons, therefore, who are anxious to remove the authority of such tormenting passions from the minds of others, must present to them superior objects for their affections. It is useless to say, ‘Love not the world nor the things of the world,’ to him who knows nothing beyond the world. The warm affections of the heart must have an object. The infant who grasps a toy may be tempted to relinquish it by the prospect of seizing some more grateful possession; but if you remove the object of his delight without affording him gratification in another, you exasperate him to his own injury, and he will extend his hand to seize whatever may next come in his way.

“To young people, therefore, my reader, busy yourself not in condemning the world, or that which belongs to it, but endeavour to draw their attention and excite their affections towards the objects which are beyond this present state of things: fill their hearts as much as in you lies, with hopes respecting future and eternal realities. Spread before them the types and emblems

of things to come. Unfold the volume of Nature before them, and teach them to read the language of the heavens—for *the heavens declare the glory of God*: and if you can (with the divine blessing) bring them to love and to desire those things which are above, you will have afforded them the best protection from those low and envious, covetous and ambitious feelings, which render man impatient towards his inferiors, unkind to his equals, and meanly servile or cruelly envious towards his superiors.

“And now, my reader, I take my leave, having accomplished the design of setting before you my history. May the effect be, to urge myself and you to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus!”

The history of Matilda Vincent being concluded, the lady of the manor requested her young people to join her in prayer.

A Prayer that we may be liberated from all envious, ambitious, and covetous Desires of the Heart.

“O THOU eternal and mysterious Three in One, thou blessed and glorious Lord God, we entreat thy mercy and pity on account of our many transgressions, and those peculiar sins of our vile nature which lead us to look enviously on the advantages enjoyed by our fellow-creatures.

“Give us, O blessed God, an impressive sense of the emptiness of worldly possessions, and impart that faith which may enable us to look beyond the present life to that blessed state in which there will be no poverty, no tears, no biting scorn, no pride or envy; and where the Lord’s flock shall feed in a wide pasture, and enjoy for ever their resting-places.

“We know, O Lord God, that we cannot free our hearts from improper worldly considerations, unless thou, in thine infinite mercy, shouldst condescend to fill them with better things, and to excite our affections towards those which are above. To this end, O Almighty Father, grant unto us a clear and saving view of all that thou hast done and prepared for us. Lead us

to perceive how thou, O Father, didst purpose our salvation ere yet the world began, making us the objects of thy electing love ere we inhabited the earth, how thou didst provide for our justification through thy Son, and how thou suppliest us with the means of regeneration and sanctification through the gift of thy Spirit.

“Deign, O Lord, to explain to us thy promises of future happiness; not those only which refer to the latter times, when the primeval glory of creation shall be renewed, and the triumphant reign of Christ shall commence, but also in that more remote period when the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and there shall be no more sun. And grant that the view of these dazzling glories may make the glimmering splendours of the present scene pass from our view, and retire into the darkness in which they must all presently be involved. And thus, O Almighty God, now, even now at this present time, make us more than victorious over all worldly passions and earthly desires; so that, while present in the body, we may yet be present with the Lord, living by faith and not by sight, and ever ready to depart with joy when our appointed hour may come.

“And now to Thee, O everlasting Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all praise, honour, and glory, from this time forth for evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

CATECHIST. *My good Child, know this, that thou art not able to do these Things of thyself, nor to walk in the Commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special Grace, which thou must learn at all Times to call for by diligent Prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer.*

A. *Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this Day our daily Bread. And forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from Evil. Amen.*

Q. *What desirest thou of God in this Prayer?*

A. *I desire my Lord God our heavenly Father, who is the Giver of all Goodness, to send his Grace unto me, and to all People, that we may worship him, serve him, and obey him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that he will send us all Things that be needful both for our Souls and Bodies; and that he will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our Sins; and that it will please him to save and defend us in all Dangers ghostly and bodily; and that he will keep us from all Sin and Wickedness, and from our ghostly Enemy, and from everlasting Death. And this I trust he will do of his Mercy and Goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, So be it.*

MANY and happy had been the meetings between the lady of the manor and her young people; and the young party began to look forward with apprehension to the time when the cause for these frequent and delightful interviews should cease to operate. The bishop was ex-

pected to pay his visit early in the autumn, and the lady of the manor also expected her sons and their tutor to return about the same time: but while the affectionate mother anticipated with delight a reunion with her beloved children, she felt some regret at the idea that she should not then be able to give so much of her attention as she had lately done to the beloved young people who had for some months past occupied so much of her time and so many of her thoughts. But the recollection that her labours with respect to them were now approaching towards their termination only animated her zeal, and rendered her the more anxious to perform her task effectually.

The part of the Catechism to which the lady of the manor had brought her young people was that which treats on prayer; and accordingly, when the party assembled again, she caused one of the young ladies to repeat the following questions and answers.

“*Catechist.* My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord’s Prayer.”

“*A.* Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.”

“*Q.* What desirest thou of God in this prayer?”

“*A.* I desire my Lord God our heavenly Father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send his grace unto me, and to all people, that we may worship him, serve him, and obey him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that he will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that he will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please him to save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily; and that he will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust he will do of his mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, So be it.”

“My dear young people,” said the lady, after having hearkened to this repetition, “I trust that it is not now necessary to use many arguments to prove to you that you are utterly helpless and dependent on God, and that you are of yourselves incapable of doing any thing well, or even so much as desiring to do well, without divine help.”

All present replied, that they at least understood that the helplessness of fallen man was a doctrine not to be controverted, though they were by no means so sufficiently impressed by a sense of this truth as they ought to be: “for we all, at times, feel proud and self-confident,” they added, “and are always very ready to take to ourselves any kind of praise or flattery which those who do not know us will bestow upon us.”

The lady of the manor smiled, and advised them to remember good Mr. Eliot, and shun the voice of human praise; “which,” added she, “is far more dangerous than that of the syrens of ancient fable.” She then proceeded to the consideration of prayer in general, with its nature and obligations.

“Prayer,” said the lady of the manor, “has always been misunderstood, not only by the heathens, of whom our Lord said, *They think that they shall be heard for their much speaking*, (Matt. vi. 7,) and by those who only bear the name of Christians, but also by many really excellent persons among the children of God, who load the duty of prayer with so many formalities, and so many painful circumstances, that they frighten some entirely from it, and drive others to it in a spirit of superstitious terror, which is very far from the temper of the child who feels he is addressing a wise, a holy, and a tender parent.

“In speaking of prayer, and recommending the duty, many things ought to be considered; and one of these is, that all persons are not capable of a long and deep attention to any one subject, which those who insist on very protracted attention to this duty seem to require. The human mind, in different individuals, varies also in the quickness of its conceptions, and the most active minds are perhaps the least disposed of all others to dwell on any single object for a length of time. The mind of youth, in general, is exceedingly rapid and vague in its motions: hence, those persons who, contrary to the ad-

vice of our blessed Saviour, would weary young people by very long prayers, betray their ignorance of the human mind, and either excite a rebellious spirit in their children on the subject of their religious duties, or accustom them (which is perhaps still worse) to a hypocritical habit of praying with the lips while the heart is otherwise engaged."

"O, Madam!" said one of the young ladies, "how much, by these remarks, you have relieved my mind! There is nothing which I have lately been so troubled about as upon the disinclination I feel for long prayers. I used to think, that, when I began to love our Saviour, —and I think I do begin to love him, though not as he deserves to be loved,—I should never think any prayers long, that I should never be tired of hearing sermons, and that my thoughts would never wander during divine service—But, alas! I have been cruelly disappointed."

"Your mistake," said the lady of the manor, "my dear child, was a natural one, and arose from that confusion which exists in the minds of most persons, respecting the difference between regeneration and sanctification. Granting, for argument's sake, that you are regenerate, still your sanctification, though begun, is not complete; too many sinful inclinations, not only of the spirit, but of the flesh, still remain with you, connected with bodily and mental weakness, which render it impossible for the soul to take long and continued flights amid the regions of spiritual things.

"This incapability of a continued enjoyment of high devotional duties, is one of the circumstances most to be deplored by the saints on earth; and this evil can only be relieved by an endeavour (with the divine help) to keep the mind in such a frame, as that it may be ever prepared to raise itself to God, in short ejaculations, or in holy meditation. In the same Scriptures where we are told not to make long prayers, we are also admonished to pray without ceasing: hence, we should be prepared to direct our hearts to God as a little child turns its eyes to its mother ere yet the tongue has learned to frame the first word of recognition. This is the disposition which our Saviour loves, the childlike simple spirit so precious in his sight. He loves a heart that glows with gratitude to him on an occasion of joy however small, and confesses its sorrow and contrition on the slightest deviation from

the right way—a heart sanctified by himself, and which continually acknowledges its connexion with him, and dependence upon him, which sighs to be delivered from the bondage of sin, and looks only for perfect bliss in the enjoyment of his presence through an endless state of being.

“Such a spirit as I have described,” said the lady of the manor, “is ever rising upward, as the sweet incense which burnt on the golden altar in the court of the tabernacle, and being presented on that altar which Christ by his merit has provided, becomes a sweet and acceptable offering before the throne of the Almighty.

“But while this more latent prayer and thanksgiving should be continual,” said the lady of the manor, “still the outward forms of prayer should by no means be neglected; and because the cares of this world are ever pressing upon us in this state of being, and the mind may be injured and depressed by them, it is necessary that every child of God should prescribe to himself certain seasons for private devotion, and for family prayer, and that he should also conform to the rules of his own peculiar Church in public worship; and he ought to consider it as one of the greatest privileges afforded him, that he is permitted to approach his God, without fear, through the merits of a dying Saviour.

“If I adopt a poor child, and grant it permission of access to me at any and every moment with its little complaints, I am justly offended if that child, when under trouble, pines in secret, and refuses to open its heart to me; and yet, my dear young people, how little do we feel the privilege of being admitted into the presence of God, what a burden do we think it to be obliged to devote even the shortest period to this duty, and how ready are we to be diverted from it by the most unimportant avocation! Ah, Lord God, how infinitely sinful are we in this particular! surely if one part of our conduct and feelings is more hateful than another, I should say that it is this perpetual disinclination to prayer.”

The lady of the manor here paused a moment, and the young people looked down, every one feeling herself self-condemned in this matter, as, no doubt, every one will do who may hereafter honour this little volume with his attention. The lady, however, did not enlarge upon

this part of her subject, but proceeded to observe, that prayer was not a mere uttering of so many words by the lips, but a spiritual intercourse with the Lord Jehovah, graciously permitted by Him in love to his sinful creatures, through the merits of Christ our Saviour; while the subjects of this spiritual intercourse are as numerous as the wants of human nature, and as various as its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows.

The lady of the manor then proceeded to point out some of those texts of Scripture which enforce the duty of prayer:—*Ask, and it shall be given you.* (Matt. vii. 7.) *And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.* (Luke xviii. 1.) *I will therefore that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands.* (1 Tim. ii. 8.) And having so done, she went on to make some comments on the model of prayer left us by our blessed Saviour. “Not only by this prayer,” she added, “are we taught what we must desire, but we receive an assurance that all we ask therein shall be granted to us; for even a wise and good earthly parent would never put a petition into the mouth of a child, which he did not mean to answer; hence, whole volumes on this beautiful prayer could not, in my opinion, unfold its meaning so clearly and so touchingly, as by justly supposing the answer to each petition given by the Almighty himself, in the very words of the prayer.”

“And how could this be done, Madam?” said the young ladies.

“Nearly to this effect, my dear children,” replied the lady of the manor. “My children, who dwell on earth, my name shall be hallowed, my kingdom shall come, my will shall be done on earth as in heaven. I will give you day by day your spiritual nourishment. As you, through Christ, have forgiven all those who have offended you, so will I forgive you. I will free you from every temptation. I will deliver you from all evil. For mine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

When the lady of the manor ceased to speak, the young people, with one accord, expressed their delight at the very powerful impression which this mode of explaining the Lord's Prayer made upon their minds.—“This prayer,” said Miss Emmeline, “now appears to

me to be an assemblage of the sweetest promises and assurances. I fancied," she added, "while you were speaking, Ma'am, that all the glories of the latter times were unfolded to me, that I was already in the visible presence of my Saviour, and that he was calling me his child, and shewing me all he had prepared for my happiness. O that these delightful feelings might return whenever I hear this prayer! but, alas, I fear that it will not be so, my heart is so hard, and my mind at times so dull and worldly." Some other remarks were made to the same purpose, after which, the lady of the manor made the following observation:—"I have always avoided, my dear young people, dwelling too long on that kind of discussion which might weary you, and for this forbearance, I have lately been repaid by the attention you have always given to those parts of my discourse, or of the stories which I have related or read, that have been more serious than others. At the same time, my acquaintance with the nature of the youthful mind urges me to avail myself gladly of the pattern of Scripture, wherein precept is united continually with example, and where parables and allegories are frequently used, as the means of conveying the most sacred and solemn truths to the mind of man.

"I shall therefore now select a little narrative, from several which I have by me, illustrative of certain passages in the Lord's Prayer, and wherein the dreadful consequences of a captious and unforgiving temper, are shewn forth in a strong, though, alas! not by any means in an exaggerated point of view; for who can calculate the number of direful evils which have desolated the human race, by the prevalence of that spirit which leads to a resistance of trivial offences, and allows the smallest matters to excite angry and revengeful feelings?

"The purport of this little tale is, to mark the growth of hatred in the heart from its first rise till its consummation, and to shew how much of our happiness and well-being depend upon our being able, not only to forgive the gross offender and the flagrant trespasser upon our rights, but to repress all those minor feelings of irritability which we are less guarded against, because we are less aware of their tendency, than of those of a stronger and more dreadful nature."

The lady of the manor then produced a manuscript, and read as follows.

Agnace Roquefort, or the Growth of Hatred.

“It is now many years since I became an alien from society, and ceased to occupy myself with the world and its fluctuating concerns. My reasons for seeking such retirement will hereafter appear: it was in a moment of disgust and horror, in a time of overwhelming grief and disappointment, and at a season when my society was no longer sought by my own family, that I took those steps which separated me for ever from the busy world. But I have little doubt that, as time softened my afflicted feelings, the world would have again obtained its influence over my heart, had it not pleased the Ruler of all the earth to compel me, by severe corporeal sufferings, to continue in that state of seclusion which I had first chosen in a spirit, I doubt not, of rebellion against the Divine will.

“These sufferings were protracted, and my spirit rose so impiously against them, that I not unfrequently was tempted to ask, ‘Wherein have I offended so much as to deserve these afflictions? is not God unjust? has he a pleasure in the miseries of his creatures?’

“Though born in France, I am of the Reformed Church, and to me, therefore, the Holy Scriptures were allowed, and it was for me a blessed occasion, when I was led by my domestic chaplain, to seek a reason for my sufferings, and to know the design of God, by some passages in the Lamentations of Jeremiah: *For the Lord will not cast off for ever: but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.* (Lam. iii. 31—33.)

“It was by these tender and affecting truths that the first dawn of light broke in upon my benighted soul, and I was led to discover that all my afflictions, with the exception only of those lightest of all, the mere infirmities of the body, had sprung from the neglect and breach of this divine petition and injunction contained in the Lord’s Prayer,—‘Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.’ And now I was convinced, that

had I made the Bible my guide, and permitted the words of Christ to sink, as they ought to have done, into my heart, I had avoided those inexpressibly bitter circumstances which have shed a dreadful gloom over the latter years of my life.

“O that the words of Solomon were written on every heart, that they were graven as on a rock! *The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with.—A fool’s lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes.* (Prov. xvii. 14. xviii. 6.)

“But enough of this. Let me now proceed to the task which I have appointed myself, and if the warnings contained in these disastrous memoirs should prove in any degree advantageous to those into whose hands they may hereafter fall, and more especially to him to whom this manuscript shall be my last bequest, I shall have reason to praise that Being, who out of evil knows how to extract the greatest good.

“And let him who questions this power of the Almighty to overrule evil, look to the general history of man, and especially meditate on the mighty work of redeeming love, by which the malice of Satan was made the means of displaying the divine attributes of mercy and truth, in a point of view, in which otherwise they never could have been thus displayed, at least, in any way that we could conceive. But not to enlarge on this subject, which is, without doubt, the most important that can occupy the mind of man, I proceed immediately to my history.

“I was born in a valley of the Pyrenees, not very distant from the ancient city of Bigorre, now called Tarbes. The situation of this city, in a temperate climate, under a pure sky, in the midst of a fertile plain, watered by two rivers, and partially encompassed by a chain of the Pyrenees, is one of the most beautiful in the earth.

“Some of the delightful circumstances of this town, are the streams of pure water, which, pouring through the streets, convey a pleasing freshness, and contribute to health.

“Not very far from Tarbes, one of the tributary streams of the Garonne descends from the mountains into the champaign country, with a precipitancy and deafening

force that seem to threaten destruction to the little thatched cottages which occupy the shelving sides of the rock on either side of the cataract, and the mighty masses of forest trees whose roots seem to be grappling with the broken masses of stone, for ever threatening to fall together from their aërial heights as the Rock and the Elephant of oriental fable.

“ But this stream, having reached the valley, loses its turbulent character, and winds its way in a line with the chain of the hills from whence it derived its source, and then turning more towards the north, hastens to disembogue itself into the Garonne. Not very far from this cataract, and still within the sound of its fall, is a narrow defile of the mountains, a pass which, in the more savage days of yore, led to a haunt of freebooters. Far among the mountains, and directly opposite to the gorge, is a ford of the river, which, though so lately little else than a mountain stream, has acquired a depth which renders it impassable in any other place than this ford. The place was therefore important, and my ancestors, who were possessed of a very large domain on the south of this stream, erected a castle many ages back, between the gorge and the ford: and thus, any enemy approaching either the one way or the other, might be reached from the battlements; and as these parties seldom came in large or orderly bodies, the very sight of the castle was generally sufficient to insure their quiet behaviour.

“ This castle of which I speak, resembled, as to its architecture, many of those edifices which we see represented in old tapestry, through whose wide portals the knights and esquires of ancient story are sallying forth on their prancing coursers in quest of new adventures, while the fair ladies and their damsels appear in the high galleries above, waving their handkerchiefs in the view of those who are departing: in these representations, as in the castle of my father, the mixture of the Gothic and Saracen architecture having the effect of carrying the imagination back to those heroic days, when in the field of Roncevalles the Paladins of France met hand to hand with the descendants of the illustrious house of the Omiadæ.

“ Such was my father's castle and my birth-place; and though the days of civil feuds were then nearly

passed away, yet much of feudal magnificence was retained within our walls, and such was the number of my father's retainers, that, wide and extensive as the castle was, few parts were left unoccupied.

“It is now many years since I visited this place of my nativity, this seat of early, I would I could say of happy, youth; and yet my youth was comparatively happy, comparatively peaceful: for I remember with a lively and abiding pleasure the charming scenes which encircled my father's castle.

“O! who can have seen the Pyrenees, who can have wandered among their charming valleys or climbed their meanest summits, without retaining a lasting impression of delight and admiration whenever memory brings back those charming scenes? Where else on the face of the earth are the poetic images of Arcadia so perfectly realized, or, to rise in my comparison, where could we find a more glowing picture of the renewal of nature in the latter days, as predicted by the inspired poets? Where can the traveller find such variety of enchanting objects, such gentle undulations of the surface, amidst flowery meadows and breezy heights, interspersed as they are with little cottages shaded by clusters of the fairest trees? Where shall we find in any other part of the world, such innumerable little hills giving rise to so many sources of clear water which fall in cascades, pouring through grottos of marble wrought by their continual dripping, and flanked by such lofty heights, seeming to float above the clouds?

“Never, never indeed, can I forget the impressions made in early life, by the charming scenery which presented itself wherever I turned my eyes: but whatever the philosopher may pretend, the admiration of nature and the love of God are not the same, for I was an admirer of nature when God was not in all my thoughts.

“I have mentioned above, that immediately opposite the Castle of Roquefort (for my father took his title of marquis from certain lands denominated Roquefort, at the foot of the higher Pyrenees) was a ford; now on the other side of this ford was a beautiful farm, which for many years past had been occupied by one family, who had become rich, like the patriarch Abraham, in flocks and herds, cattle and corn. The house itself was imme-

diately on the opposite bank of the river; and, beyond it, spread the fields of its opulent owner, white with flocks, and gay with fields of corn, orchards, and pasture-grounds. The farm-house was a respectable mansion, built with timber and lath and plaster. It fronted the water; and a balcony, which was extended before all the windows of the upper story, faced directly towards the castle, and at so small a distance from that range of apartments occupied by me when a child, that I could see all that passed in this balcony or open gallery almost as distinctly as if it had been in my own chamber.

“My father married early. His first lady, who was my mother, was the daughter of a noble family in Pau. She was of the Reformed Church, as was my father, and as many of the nobility of the southern provinces of France still are. Her name, which I inherit, was Constance, and she was a woman of superior accomplishments; but I have no recollection of her whatever, as she died when I was only a few months old.

“My mother loved expence, though she brought a small dowry; hence, she left my father in such circumstances, as to render it desirable, if he married again, that he should choose a woman of fortune. And as his honours, and the larger part of his estate, were entailed on the male heir, it was also equally desirable that he should have a son.

“At this time, it happened that Farmer Anselm de Xerés (for such was the name of our opposite neighbour) had an only child, a daughter, whose beauty and sweetness of manner were spoken of far and near. The riches, too, of her father had also been justly appreciated; and, in consequence, my only parent, though Marquis de Roquefort, was tempted to overlook the difference of birth, and to seek the hand of the beautiful peasant. It was not to be expected that he should sue in vain; and, accordingly, before I was a year old, he had married a second time, and Blanche, the daughter of the Farmer Anselm, was become my stepmother.

“I have no recollections of this lady but what are pleasing. Her countenance was lovely, and her voice inexpressibly sweet. She never seemed to pride herself on her elevation, but always sought retirement, and spent most of her time in working embroidery, in a

chamber which looked towards her paternal mansion, being surrounded by her maidens, some of whom she constantly employed in reading to her.

“My stepmother had one daughter only, who was born a year after her parents’ marriage, and was, of course, only two years younger than myself. She was called Eglantine, from the fact of these flowers being in blossom at her birth; and as, from that time, there was no prospect of any addition to the family, my father adopted his younger brother’s son, who was an orphan, and some years older than myself, with a view to my becoming his wife in due season.

“These arrangements being made, my father seemed at ease with respect to his children, as Eglantine was richly endowed with her mother’s fortune.

“In the mean time, while Eglantine was educated by her mother, I was placed under the particular charge of my aunt by my mother’s side, who was a widow, and in narrow circumstances. This lady lived in the castle, where a suite of apartments and a suitable establishment were appropriated to her and to me; and as she was an accomplished woman, she certainly omitted no endeavour to render me equally so.

“Such were the circumstances of our family during the early periods of my life; and the only variation of the scene which we experienced was, when visitors arrived at the castle, or when we were permitted to visit Anselm de Xerés, to be present at the feasts of the harvest or the vintage, or to go to the cottages of some of the old servants of the castle, many of whom were established around us in neat and lovely cottages, scattered amid the valleys on our own side of the river.

“I saw less of Eglantine during our early life than might be expected, as she was constantly with her mother, and I with my aunt; but I often met with Xavier, my cousin, who was educated by my father’s chaplain: and the effect of these frequent meetings was, that we neither hated nor loved each other, but grew up with a sort of indifference, which never at any time kindled into a warmer feeling, though it at length changed into one of more decided aversion.

“Xavier was naturally a rough character. With a female companion of another temperament, he might

perhaps have been softened, for the roughest men are not unfrequently most alive to the influence of female tenderness; but I am conscious that I was not the woman fitted for him, and certainly not the one he would have chosen had his choice been free—but I am now anticipating.

“ I was early taught to look on my sister as my inferior, and to consider that my father had degraded himself by his connexion with her mother; but this feeling of contempt, though deep, was not such as ever affected my conduct in early youth, indeed, I scarcely know that I was aware of it myself: it, however, prevented me from envying, or even observing, the superior attractions of my younger sister, who was, without doubt, as lovely a little creature as ever appeared in this world of imperfection. She united all the simplicity generally attributed to the peasant with the grace and dignity of the polished female. Her person was beautiful, and her calm and innocent countenance was capable of being illumined with the sweetest smiles I ever saw—such smiles as indicated the most delightful vivacity, and an unalterable gentleness united with a highly cultivated intellect. Her character was particularly artless. She thought no evil, and mistook the courtesies due to her as the daughter of the lord of the land as so many indications of real friendship and esteem. She was, therefore, little fitted for grappling with the pride and envy of her fellow-creatures, and, as it afterwards appeared, was sometimes led to do things by which she incurred censure, though, by the divine mercy, she was preserved from that corruption which is often the consequence of indiscretion in smaller matters. But want of discretion is too severe a word to use in this place, though I have looked in vain for one more appropriate: perhaps unguardedness, that sort of unguardedness which consists in supposing all around one to be well-intentioned, would be more descriptive.

“ In short, my sister Eglantine was a lovely character:—humble, without meanness; lively, without boldness; gentle, without weakness; and generally dignified, without pride. Can we then suppose that she was only in name of the Reformed Church? No; I believe that the pious lessons of her mother had, with the divine blessing, wrought that change on her heart which such lessons seldom fail of producing.

“ But although I saw less of Eglantine than might be supposed, yet we had some mutual enjoyments, and were sometimes permitted to ramble together among the hills. It happened that we had been both nursed by the same person. This excellent woman, whom we called Marguerite, lived in one of the most beautiful cottages, in a glen of the mountains, that I ever did or shall see. To visit Marguerite, and spend a day with her, was the greatest delight we could experience; and this pleasure was generally allowed us three or four times a year. Marguerite lived with her old husband and her son, which last was my foster brother. She kept two cows and a few sheep on the fragrant pasture which surrounded her cottage.

“ The golden age seemed to have returned in the charming environs of this humble dwelling; for indeed, as far as the eye could extend its vision, nothing appeared but what might have suited that delightful period. Here were numerous little glens, shaded with trees, in the cool recesses of which sparkled the purest rivulets; flowers innumerable, of every shade, and emitting every variety of perfume, were scattered over this charming region; and though the shepherds, which fed their flocks on these balmy uplands, were, in fact, little resembling them of whom the poet said,

‘ Their words were simple, and their souls sincere,’

yet many of them had fine dark countenances, and as they were accustomed to amuse themselves with a kind of flute, it needed only a little indulgence of the imagination to complete the scene.

“ I often visited my nurse in company with my sister, and particularly at those periods when the hills abounded with wild strawberries; but of all those visits, I remember one only with distinctness, and that, I suppose, took place when I was about ten years of age.

“ It happened that some little occasion of disagreement had arisen between myself and my sister. We had been gathering flowers, and were making garlands, as we sat on the door-sill of the cottage. Our heap of flowers lay before us on the turf. From this heap we were selecting for our garlands; and, while I was musing upon other things, my sister adopted all the best, and left me the refuse. This was certainly an encroachment upon my

privilege; for we were to be equal sharers in the flowers. It was therefore a trespass, and I was never disposed to put up with trespasses, however slight. My spirit rose immediately in high disdain: I threw away the garland I had commenced, and ran crying to my nurse, who was occupied with her knitting within the cottage.

“Marguerite was of the Reformed Church, and had long been a reader of the Bible: and by this means had become a very superior woman for her situation in life. She heard my complaint, she called my sister, and required her to make restitution.

“‘O but, nurse,’ she replied, ‘I cannot: the flowers are wrought into my lovely garland, and it is for mamma.’

“‘But you have done wrong,’ said the nurse: ‘you have taken more of the flowers than were your just due. Here,’ said she, ‘are all the roses, the eglantines, and the white thorn, and you have not left any for your sister.’

“The little girl was immediately convinced of her delinquency, and, with a lovely smile, (for I remember it now,) she expressed her sorrow, and offered me her garland.

“I pushed aside the dimpled hand that held the garland to me. I did more: I seized the garland, and in anger threw it on the little fire which the nurse had lighted for warming the coffee, with which she was about to regale us. In a moment the glossy petals of each flower were shrivelled and blackened in the smoke, and their beauty passed away for ever. Eglantine looked for a moment on the destruction of her work, and then, bursting into tears, she concealed her face on the bosom of her nurse. I well remember the moment: the good Marguerite passed one arm round the waist of the little girl, and, extending the other towards me, she reproved me with considerable displeasure, at the same time inviting me to draw near, and be reconciled with my sister. I, however, remained stubbornly fixed in the place where I was standing, till she caught my arm, drew me to her, and then, embracing us both, addressed me in a very serious manner upon the nature of the disposition I had evinced.

“This excellent woman had often taught me to pray; and it was then that she took occasion to explain to me

that clause in the Lord's Prayer—'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' She represented to me, that the heart of the natural man, so powerfully inclined to sin, is incapable of that clemency which leads to the forgiveness of an injury. 'The unconverted man,' said she, 'may forget an offence, may also cease to feel its smart, or he may be influenced by another and a stronger feeling, which may lead him from the pursuit of revenge. This is the utmost the natural man can do; but he cannot forgive: for mercy is an attribute of pure and undefiled religion; it is a quality or principle of action bestowed only by grace, and is never possessed in any perfection but by those persons who, having been justified by Christ, are reconciled to the Father, and are at peace in their own minds. Thus we perceive the force of the prayer; and thus do we apprehend that our own forgiveness, and our forgiveness of others, are so connected, that the one is like the root, and the other the fruit, of the self-same tree.'

"I do not pretend to give the exact words which my nurse used on this occasion; but whatever words she might select, she undoubtedly contrived to convey the sentiment above expressed to my mind, to which she added some further remarks, which I also remember, but which, alas, have profited me little through life. She pointed out to me how it must happen that little offences will be given by one person to another in this world, and how much better and amiable it is to pass over these offences, than to render them of importance by resentment; repeating the words of the wise man, to shew from whence this resentment springs; *Only by pride cometh contention: but with the well advised is wisdom*; (Prov. xiii. 10;) and reminding me, how, in the present instance, from the smallest matter fierce anger had arisen between two children, brought up on the same knees, and fostered on the same breast. This scene concluded by a gush of tears from every eye, and the cordial reconciliation of all parties.

"And here I must pause, to make a few remarks respecting the propensity of human nature to take offence on trivial occasions. A word, a look, the neglect of a salutation, a smile out of place, have often produced a shyness among the dearest friends; and the very same

persons who, from Christian principles, would not dare to revenge themselves on a declared enemy, allow themselves to nourish uncharitable feelings, perhaps for years together, against an individual of their own families or their nearest neighbour! *These things ought not so to be.* (James iii. 10.)

“I recollect but few other scenes which passed in my infant days, worthy of record. When Xavier was fifteen years of age, he was enrolled in the army; and the same year my aunt died suddenly: on account of which my father took me to Paris, where he placed me as a pensioner in a Protestant school, to be perfected in those accomplishments which have long been thought indispensable to the lady of quality.

“It would have been well if I had learned nothing else but how to embroider flowers and play on the harp in this situation. But, alas! the society into which I was introduced in this school was corrupt in the extreme; and it was there that I formed a connexion which has shed its baneful influence over my whole life. This connexion was with a young woman, named Florence de Castres, who was some years older than myself, and who was one of those needy and ambitious persons who, having been brought up above their means and rank in society, are induced to exercise their craft and subtilty to support such pretensions.

“Florence was without beauty, and even without elegance or dignity; she had few acquirements, and no superior talents; and yet she had a remarkable influence over the minds of those whom she had once found means to draw within the circle of her fascinations, though her influence was generally greater with her own sex than with the other, which might perhaps be attributed to her want of personal advantages.

“This young woman soon found means to make herself almost necessary to me while I remained at school. She first patronized me as a junior and a stranger. I had a slight illness, and she paid me the most indefatigable attentions, even greater than the occasion needed. When I was a little better, she sat with me in my room, and embraced the opportunity to give me the history of every individual of the family, managing so artfully her short and animated recitals, that she contrived to set me

against every person in the establishment, without leaving me at all aware that she was thereby entwining her snares more and more firmly around my heart.

“At the end of two years, I was to return home, my father having engaged to come for me to Paris; and by this time I was become so deeply attached to Florence, that I applied to my father for permission to bring her back with me, and make her my companion.

“This permission was granted by my indulgent parent; and Florence, who had no home and little fortune, heard of it with unfeigned delight, although she was careful not to let me suspect that this had been the object for which she had been manœuvering ever since I had become known to her.

“When my father arrived, I was much struck with his appearance, which indicated a great failure not only of health but of spirits. He accounted for these symptoms, by informing me that my mother-in-law (to whom he was tenderly attached) was in a languishing condition, and that he feared he should soon be deprived of her. Accordingly, when we arrived at home, I saw an awful change in her appearance: death had already set his signet on her lovely face; and within a month we followed her to her grave.

“Though every means had been used by my own mother’s family and their adherents to prejudice me against this engaging lady, yet I must have had a heart of stone, had I not loved her; and therefore my grief at her death was sincere, though neither deep nor lasting.

“Persons of the strongest feelings are not always the most useful on occasions of sickness and death in families; while, on the other hand, those who neither can feel nor appear to feel excite only disgust and irritation. But Florence was neither of the one nor the other of these descriptions of persons. She undoubtedly had no deep feelings for any one but herself; but, on the other hand, she could seem to feel, she was active where exertion was wanting, and ready in dispensing her assistance when it suited her interest so to do. At this time, therefore, she made herself useful and agreeable, and won considerably on the affections of the family, although my nurse, who was with us at the castle for some months during our affliction, plainly told me that she did not

like her, and advised me not to give her my confidence, or to submit myself too much to her influence. 'I wish,' said Marguerite, 'that I did not see this violent attachment between you, Mademoiselle, and Mademoiselle de Castres. Have you not a sister much nearer your own age, and as much superior to Mademoiselle Florence, as the rose to the thistle? and yet you forsake your natural friend, the friend appointed by God, and unite your affections to a stranger, to one who may appear to be sincere, but of whom you can have no assurance.'

"I did not say that this very superiority of Eglantine was the real cause of my not seeking her friendship; for it was not only to Florence that I believed her superior, but, as I feared, to myself. However, I made no such confession as this to my nurse, nor indeed to myself; for those who are most subjected to feelings of an envious nature, are most backward in acknowledging them to their own hearts.

"There is, perhaps, no passion of the human heart which brings its own punishment more directly than envy. Where admiration exists without envy, it acts with a kind of magic influence (if I may be permitted to use the expression) on the admirer's mind, and the admired object soon begins to reflect its real or fancied glories in the character of its admirer. Hence, we often find the effect of female excellencies reflected on the husband or the brother (for envy of females is rarely met with in the other sex) in a most remarkable manner, while the same sweet influence is lost upon the sister, who looks on this superiority with an eye less free from the tinge of jealousy. Here, then, envy brings her own punishment, by preventing the happy influence which the contemplation of lovely objects very frequently insures, and by inducing the envious person to mingle with inferior society, he shuns the examples best suited for his imitation.

"If such, then, my reader, is the nature of envy, let me supplicate you to look into your heart, and seek the divine help to exterminate that enemy which made heaven itself a place of torment to the fallen angels, who were unable to contemplate the glory of God himself without such feelings of malignity as rendered it neces-

sary that they should be plunged from their high estate into endless ruin and eternal woe.

“I am sorry to add, that my nurse’s admonitions had little effect on me, though they drew me to a more minute consideration of the character of my sister, which, in proportion as her deep grief for the loss of her mother wore away, unfolded itself more and more to my view. She was, undoubtedly, remarkably lovely in her outward appearance; but her mind had a simple, delicate, and infantine character. She was not deficient either in dignity or elegance, still she had an ease and courtesy, a cheerfulness and openness of manner, which might subject her intentions to be misunderstood: but hers was unaffected artlessness, and resulted from her unacquaintedness with the world, and a freedom from all suspicion.

“Eglantine had a delicate feeling, and would have felt a degree of horror at appearing imprudent. She was awake to every reproof which was kindly given, and ready to correct any error. She therefore most needed a guide at the very time she lost her prudent mother: for though her grief operated for many months as a restraint on her too lively feelings, yet, as I before remarked, at the end of twelve months she resumed in a great measure her natural vivacity.

“She first began to exercise that vivacity by breaking in upon my private conversations with Florence. She would sometimes steal into my room while we were working together at one piece of embroidery, and more than once gently pushed our heads together, saying we were not intimate enough, and were not close enough to tell secrets.

“It was impossible to fix upon her an idea that we were offended on these occasions: when I expostulated gravely, she always laughed, and told me I was getting old, affirming that she already saw an incipient wrinkle in my face, many of which wrinkles, she affirmed, were completely established in the face of Mademoiselle de Castres; a sort of jesting which pleased neither of us, and which we were indisposed to attribute to the thoughtlessness which dictated them.

“She now began to make frequent visits to her grandfather, Anselm de Xerés, who was become an old man, and doated on his dimpled and smiling granddaughter;

and there she would amuse herself with a thousand freaks, of some of which Florence and myself were eye-witnesses, as we sat in our balcony, which opened from my chamber, and almost projected over a part of the river.

“On one of these occasions, she dressed her grandfather in an old court suit, which had belonged to the Marquis de Roquefort in the days of Henry the Fourth, stiff with gold and silver embroidery; and, tying his hair in a queue with a bag, and placing a sword on his side, she handed him into the gallery or covered walk which encircled the first story of the farm-house, where she tutored him to make his bows to us, the ladies of the castle, who were plying our needles in the opposite balcony.

“I well remember a conversation which passed between me and Florence on this occasion, and could repeat it word for word.

“On seeing Eglantine and her grandfather, we both laughed heartily, and undoubtedly did all that the distance would admit to encourage her gambols. But, as she led the old man off, I said, ‘Well, Florence, and what do you think of all this?’

“She smiled, shrugged up her shoulders, and said nothing.

“I pressed her for an answer; and she then said, ‘All this is very well for Anselm de Xerés’ granddaughter.’

“‘But do you think there is any thing really wrong or imprudent in these things?’ I asked.

“‘*Wrong! imprudent!*—these are hard words,’ replied Florence. ‘Why should we use them? Your sister is a pretty little thing; why should we find fault with her?’

“‘But you think her a little rustic, do not you, Florence?’ I asked.

“‘She has never been in Paris,’ returned my confidant, ‘and she is Anselm’s granddaughter; and yet she is well enough. She has few awkward ways; she might even pass for a second Fleurette. It is almost a pity that she is the daughter of a marquis, and entitled to an immense dowry.’

“‘Immense!’ I said, ‘whence is it to come?’

“‘From old Anselm,’ she said. ‘She is his only child, though he might marry again, and have another family. But, setting this possibility aside, she will be heiress of multitudes of flocks and herds, of stores of wool and

flax, with barns and vineyards, orchards and extensive lands. And then,' added she, 'there is no Salic law, no deed of entail, to stand in her way.'

"I endeavoured to repress a sigh, and said, 'But do you really think that Eglantine has any thing of the peasante, that she has any thing of her mother's family about her?'

" 'Why should you ask me?' said Florence; 'cannot you see yourself? Was it not but yesterday that she went off to Marguerite's cottage with a basket of cold pies which she had stolen or wheedled from the maitre d' hotel—that she carried it herself, although her maid went with her—and that we met her, on her return, with the same basket filled with flowers on her head, which she balanced as nicely as if she had been accustomed to carry eggs to market ever since her sixth year?'

" 'I remember it,' I said; 'indeed, how could I have forgotten it? for I thought I never saw her look so lovely as she did at the moment we first saw her, for the branch of wild roses which hung down from the basket was quite eclipsed by the charming bloom of her cheek.'

" 'She was then in her place,' replied Florence; 'and every thing and every person looks best in their own place. Some persons,' she added, glancing at me, 'are born for courts, others for camps, and others for a rural life. Each situation requires a different kind of talents: but there is this difference, that those who are born for shepherds and shepherdesses would make but poor figures in the royal presence; while, on the other hand, that female who could shine in the presence of majesty would add a grace to a crook and straw hat, and to a basket of flowers borne on her head, which the country person could never display.'

" 'Then you really think,' I asked, 'that there is a sort of rustic coarseness about Eglantine?'

" 'Not more than might be expected,' she replied, 'considering her retired education.'

" 'Still, however,' I added, 'still, however, you think that it is so?'

" 'Only fancy her,' replied Florence, 'only fancy your little wild sister at court, at Versailles, for instance, in the presence of majesty, laughing, as she did but now, first on one side, then on the other, of the old beau whom

she had made, and courtesying as she did to him in mock politeness; only fancy it, Mademoiselle Constance, and then tell me what you think.'

“ ‘But she was at play just now,’ I answered.

“ ‘Well, then, watch her when she is not at play. We expect your cousin Xavier soon, with several of his young friends: observe your sister in this company; and if you do not detect a thousand rusticities, I shall say that you have not that delicate tact which I give you credit for.’

“ Thus terminated our conversation, but not so its consequences. I had never so plainly displayed my sentiments with respect to my sister at any former time before Florence, and my conscience censured me for having so done at this time: I was therefore dissatisfied with myself, and could not help feeling that I had done wrong as it respected Eglantine; and I felt that I wanted something to reconcile me with myself, and this something I desired to find in Eglantine's conduct. I therefore began to search eagerly for failures in her behaviour, that I might justify my censures of her; and thus I was prepared to rejoice in her blunders, and to magnify them. My conduct resembled that of a certain man, of whom I have somewhere read, who, having professed great joy on hearing that his neighbour's son was hanged, was asked by one present wherefore he was so glad, and if the young man had ever done him an injury. ‘No, to be sure,’ he replied, ‘never, that I know of: but I always predicted that he would turn out ill, and now, you see, it is come to pass.’ Accordingly, I had intimated that my sister was an ill-bred little peasant, and I now hoped soon to see myself justified in the assertion.

“ A few days after this conversation, Xavier arrived, and brought with him several young officers; among whom was a remarkably pleasing young man, the younger brother of a noble house, called the Comte de Perouse. Had I been left to my own choice, I should, no doubt, have preferred the Comte de Perouse to my cousin; but I had such an estimation of the advantages I was to derive from a marriage with Xavier, that I made no objection to my father's proposal, that it should be celebrated within a month after his arrival. And when my father's death took place, an event which happened within the first year of our marriage, I had reason to be

thankful that such an establishment had been secured to me.

“My sister was exceedingly affected at the death of our father; and being invited by her grandfather, and not pressed on the other hand by me to stay in her paternal mansion, she left me immediately after the funeral solemnities were performed, and took up her residence at the farm, some of the apartments of which were newly furnished and beautified for her accommodation.

“My sister remained single till the year of mourning for our father had expired; after which, she married the Comte de Perouse, who, being in possession of a very small patrimony, gladly settled in the house with his lovely young comtesse and her father, and there enjoyed, as I have reason to think, more happiness than often falls to the lot of man.

“In the mean time, although I had by no means met with a devoted husband, I was not unhappy: I adopted my own pleasures, and was left at liberty to enjoy them; and my husband interfered the less, because my habits were domestic and economical, although I supported the ancient customs of the family, and suffered them not to degenerate from their former magnificence. I was exceedingly fond of needlework, and delighted in ornamenting the apartments of the castle. I had great delight in occasionally giving a grand entertainment to my country neighbours, in displaying my superb equipage in the little towns in the vicinity, and in hearing the gossip of the country from my friend Florence de Castres; and I possessed at that time so little relish for any thing better, and so much indifference to all other things, that I never regretted the frequent absences of my husband, who, after his marriage, became more devoted to a military life, and often acknowledged that he felt himself more at home in a camp than in his own house.

“I must now pass over several years of my life, which were marked by no other special events than the births of my children and those of the Comtesse de Perouse. Two only were given to me: the eldest, a son, to whom we gave the name of Bertram, is the present Marquis de Roquefort; and the younger, a daughter, my ever-beloved and lamented Agnace. The Comtesse de Perouse, on the other hand, had many children; some of whom

died in infancy, but a large proportion of this charming family are still living. Her eldest son was called Charles, after his father, and resembled his mother more, in my opinion, than any of her children. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever remember to have seen, and he was, undoubtedly, a most rare instance of external perfection in the other sex. Oh! how readily, at these recollections, I could give utterance to feelings which overwhelm my heart almost to distraction!--but I forbear, and proceed with my narrative.

“While our children were in infancy, I lived on no disagreeable terms with my sister. We did not often meet, for our habits were dissimilar, but when we did, it was with apparent cordiality; and our intercourse was the more agreeable from the presence of the Comte de Perouse, whose highly polished manners always kept me and my companion Florence in some awe, and in a degree compelled us to treat his lady with the respect and affection due to her birth and character. In short, his presence was commanding, and kept us in order, putting a restraint upon that disposition to *persiflage* which was so prevalent in my companion, and for which I had so high a relish.

“Old Anselm de Xerés died when his eldest great-grandchild was about ten years of age, and was sincerely lamented by his granddaughter, who, with her husband, followed him to his grave.

“Such were the leading events of the first fifteen years of my married life and that of my sister; during which time, we always lived in apparent friendship, which was, undoubtedly, more cordial on her side than on mine, for Eglantine ever retained her sincerity of character.

“In the mean time, there was a free intercourse between our children, and scarcely a day passed wherein they did not meet. Though a lover of home, I was a careless mother. My children were intrusted to a tutor and a governess, who gave them their lessons at certain hours, but relinquished the care of them at other times. My son was naturally of a violent temper, with a considerable degree of pride, which was fostered not only by me, but by Florence, who no doubt supposed that she was gratifying me, and successfully accomplishing her own purpose, when, in my presence, she inflated my

son's mind with high ideas of his birth and consequence in society. His chief delight was in rural sports, in climbing the mountains, and pursuing the game among the wilds and over the heaths, in company with the servants and tenants: in consequence of which he left his sister much alone; and, as I was too much wrapped up in my artful companion to afford myself leisure for cultivating the society of my child, it could not be wondered at if she were led to seek companions among her cousins.

“My Agnace was, from infancy, a lovely child. It is difficult to give a description of the sort of beauty which she possessed. The rose, the lily, the violet, and the tulip, have been used as emblems of female beauty; but, were I to compare the attractions of my Agnace to any flower of the field, it should be to the anemone, which, as the poet tells us, sprang from the blood of the dying Adonis.

‘ Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet anemone!
The feeble stems, to stormy blasts a prey,
Their fragile beauties droop and pine away;
The winds forbid the flowers to flourish long,
Which owe to winds their names in Grecian song.’

O my Agnace! I endeavour to soothe my misery by describing thy beauties, and attempting to place thy excellencies before others. But the effort fails; the flower is faded; and the sad assurance that thou art lost to me for ever excludes all earthly comfort; the balm of Gilead only can staunch a wound like this.

“Charles de Perouse had from infancy selected my little Agnace as his favourite companion. He was brave and strong, and she was the reverse. She was timid, and easily depressed; and he was ever ready to observe the tear on her cheek, and wipe it away. At the period when I first observed this action, he could not have been more than six years of age, and she was little more than three. They were both playing in the room where I sat at my embroidery with Florence. She had fallen down and hurt her foot: he took off her shoes, rubbed her uncovered foot, and wiped her eyes with his frock, for he still wore the first dress of childhood.

“When they were a few years older, the chief delight of this youthful pair was to wander together in the charm-

ing environs of the castle, to lose themselves in the little valleys of the mountains, where no sound reaches the ear but the rush of waterfalls and the murmur of the turtle-dove, and to enjoy renewed pleasure amidst the thousand grottos formed by the rocks of marble, with which those lovely hills every where abound.

“I indulged the prevailing opinion entertained by most careless mothers, that so long as their children associate only with those of their own degree, no harm can accrue to them from their companions. My dear child might have suffered by such neglect on my part, but it was so ordered by Providence, that in this particular instance, my little Agnace was to remain uninjured in the society of her cousin: but this safety, humanly speaking, was owing more to the care which his parents had taken in his education, than to any caution given by me. The Comte de Perouse was a truly pious man, and, as such, it cannot be supposed that he should have neglected the religious instruction of his children. His labours to benefit Charles, as afterwards appeared, had been blessed; and I have reason to think, that my sweet Agnace derived most of her ideas of true religion from the intercourse above described. For Charles, it seems, had certain portions of Scripture given him for his daily study; and as he often devoted the hours spent with Agnace to this study, he frequently employed her to examine him in his lessons, and thus led her to a more serious consideration of Scripture than she might otherwise have been inclined to make. Independent of his allotted tasks, the young de Perouse was a lover of reading, even from a child: this induced him to visit the old library of the castle, which, in my time, was suffered to remain much neglected; and there, having found a ponderous volume of romance concerning the Heroes of Roncevalles, it became the constant companion of his walks with Agnace, when she was about ten years of age, amid that very line of hills which had witnessed the very actions of those renowned personages.

“A celebrated writer of the present day has remarked, that romance is less injurious to the harder than the softer sex; and this may well be, as the kind of feelings excited by such productions have a tendency to meliorate the character where it is inclined to harshness, and to

enervate it when inclined to weakness. The present age is, however, not an age of romantic feeling; the state of society inclines not to this error; and our present works of imagination partake very little of the eccentricities and overstrained yet heroic sentiments with which our ancient romances abounded. These provinces, however, in which our children were educated, had not as yet departed very far from the spirit of the heroic and romantic times. There was scarcely a character of modern taste and manners among us, if we except Florence, and myself, rendered so by her influence; for she had already made me just what she wished, although it may appear marvellous to any one who is not a close observer of life, to consider the degree in which I had fallen under the dominion of this artful woman, and to what extent she had rendered herself necessary to me.

“In the mean while, years passed on with little variation. My children grew up about me, and my husband at intervals returned to his home, but always appeared restless when with us, and anxious to return to the camp. When Bertram was fifteen, he took him with him to his regiment, where he purposed to initiate him in military affairs; and this same year, a chasm was made in our little circle by the sudden death of the Comte de Perouse, by which calamity Eglantine became a widow, and for a season appeared inconsolable, and perfectly incapable of rousing herself from the paralysing influence of so painful an event.

“I was not so insensible as not to feel for my sister on this occasion; and as I found that she was much consoled by the presence of Agnace, I suffered her to be continually with her, and thus administered further opportunities for her associating with Charles, who, by the death of his father and grandfather, had become the stay and support of his widowed parent and the younger children.

“By the death of the Comte de Perouse, whom it was impossible not to honour as a gentleman and a Christian, and whom a person of duplicity must have feared as a man of great discernment into character, it appears that a restraint had been suddenly taken away from the tongue of Florence, who, not long after his death, began to utter certain insinuations against the comtesse, for

whom, it seems, she had always felt that kind of dislike which low-minded and envious persons commonly feel for their superiors.

“I remember the occasion on which this feeling first began to display itself, after the death of the comte. It was one summer’s afternoon, and the season was particularly sultry. I was sitting with Florence in my own apartment, which opened by folding-doors into a balcony which hung over the water. The doors were open, and we had a full view of one front of the opposite house, with the extent of gallery which extended round the first floor. For some time we heard not a voice, and saw not a human being belonging to the family; and Florence remarked that there was a great stillness on that side of the house since his death.

“‘Those apartments just before us were his,’ I replied, ‘and that balcony his favourite spot.’

“‘True,’ she answered; ‘and I doubt not that the widow cannot yet bring her mind to visit this her husband’s favourite haunt. But time does wonders in drying up the sources of grief: your sister used to have a wonderful flow of spirits, and great elasticity of mind; she is yet young, and I doubt not but that she will console herself by and by.’

“There was something in the tone of her voice, as she uttered these words, which made me look up as she spoke; but she was bending over her work, and I could not perceive the expression of her countenance. I therefore replied, ‘Undoubtedly there is no grief which time does not alleviate. If we suffered in continuance what we feel at first on any trying occasion, life would become a burden too heavy to be borne.’

“‘True,’ she answered; ‘for, generally speaking, there is no grief more deep than that occasioned by the loss of an affectionate husband, and none for which a remedy is sooner found by a rich and handsome woman.’

“‘Why surely, Florence,’ I said, ‘you do not think that Eglantine, with her eight children, will marry again?’

“‘I was speaking in a general way,’ she replied, ‘and by no means with a view to the comtesse.’

“At that moment a door opened in the opposite house. It was the door of the late comte’s apartment, and Agnace appeared leading out her aunt, who seemed to be

weeping. There was a sofa in the gallery: to this Agnace led the comtesse, and they sat down together. Eglantine then evidently wept, and my daughter appeared to be consoling her. Though so remote, I fancied that I could discern every change in the well-known countenance of my charming daughter.

“ ‘A pretty scene,’ said Florence, as she looked on the lovely pair; ‘but I am rather surprised that none of the comtesse’s own daughters are with her. However, I presume that she considers Mademoiselle Agnace as already her own.’

“ ‘How so?’ I said.

“ ‘She is, no doubt, assured that the charming daughter of the Marquis de Roquefort is destined for her son.’

“ ‘What,’ I said, ‘without her parents’ acquiescence?’

“ ‘She has, probably, no idea that they will not acquiesce,’ she replied.

“ ‘At any rate,’ I answered, colouring, ‘the thing should be ascertained before she is too confident.’

“ ‘She probably considers,’ returned Florence, ‘that the young people are equals in rank, and that there can be no question but that the parents will consent.’

“ ‘I do not understand how she can think so,’ I answered; ‘for the daughter of a marquis must be superior to a simple comte; and it ought ever to be recollected that no vulgar blood flows in the veins of my children. However,’ I continued, ‘the marquis will, I suppose, arrange this matter; only I would counsel the comtesse not to be too confident. Nevertheless,’ I added, ‘I can have no objection to Charles, for he is all that a mother could desire for a son-in-law.’

“It was probable that Florence had now found out what she had been endeavouring to discover, namely, my sentiments respecting a union between Charles and Agnace; for she immediately turned from the subject, and asked me some question about our needlework; and then, looking through the open door, she directed my eyes to the gallery on the opposite side of the water. Charles had entered it at that moment; he was bearing in his arms an infant sister; he brought it up to his mother; he held it to her to kiss; and then, setting it on my daughter’s lap, he sat down by his mother, and took one hand of hers within his.

“Whether this action of her son reminded her, at this moment, too pathetically of her departed husband, or from what other cause, I know not; but my widowed sister, at that instant, became so affected that her head sunk against the breast of her son, and she seemed almost fainting. He passed his arm round her, and supported her, bending over her with an air of the tenderest compassion, seeming, at the same time, to be talking with her, till, by degrees, she lifted up her head, and her manner became more composed.

“This was a scene which might have touched the hardest heart, and surely would have affected mine, had I been associated with any other companion; but the comments of Florence wholly destroyed the effect of this touching scene, and, like the chilling winds of the north, froze the very tears which gushed from my eyes. ‘Tis well,’ she said, ‘that we know that handsome young man to be the son of the comtesse.’

“‘And wherefore?’ I hastily asked.

“‘I have been thinking how a stranger would interpret the scene before us; for the comtesse, notwithstanding her mourning weeds, looks more like the companion than the mother of the youth.’

“‘And pray,’ I asked, ‘what would a stranger think of the pretty young creature on the right hand of the widow?’

“‘O,’ replied Florence, ‘we will leave her out of the picture; she is one too many in the group.’

“‘O, Florence!’ I said, ‘you indulge in a dangerous kind of wit.’ But I smiled while I would be thought to reprove.

“‘Before you, my dear friend,’ she replied, ‘I say any thing which comes uppermost. You know my heart, and I know that you will not misinterpret my meaning. I love you and all that belong to you: to you I am devoted; and though I have smiled at the scene before me, yet I love and honour your sister, because she belongs to you.’

“Time softens the acutest pangs, and heals the deepest wounds. The Comtesse de Perouse was now at the head of a large and very young family. It was necessary for her to exert herself. She did so, and activity brought its own reward by gradually restoring that

cheerfulness which was natural to her character. She was also a woman of piety, and was well assured of the everlasting happiness of her husband; but I have reason to believe that the thoughts of a second marriage never entered her mind.

“I was accustomed from time to time to see her during this period, and Florence never failed to make remarks upon her, to this effect:—‘Are not you glad, my dear friend, to see your sister so composed? I always believed that she possessed much strength of mind. It would have consoled the poor comte on his death-bed, could he have foreseen how his widow would be supported under her trials. The comtesse, I am rejoiced to see, is recovering her bloom. She appears rather like the sister than the mother of her eldest daughter.’ And then again she would say, ‘Did your sister marry from affection, or was it a match of convenience? The comte certainly loved her sincerely, and was devoted to her. I almost wonder that she is not more depressed by the loss of those attentions which he so continually paid to her: but minds are variously formed.’

“‘Why, surely,’ I would sometimes say, ‘you do not mean to insinuate that my sister did not love her husband?’

“‘I!’ she would reply, ‘I insinuate such a thing! Where, my dear marquise, where is your usual discernment? Do you not know that I have the most sincere affection for your lovely sister?’

“While things were in this state, the marquis and my son returned to Roquefort, and remained with us during the whole winter. The intercourse between the families at this time seemed to be friendly, although much conversation passed between me and Florence in private, similar to that of which I have just given a specimen; the consequence of which was, that I began to feel a degree of dissatisfaction in the presence of the comtesse, which I never before experienced.

“However, as I before said, every thing was specious to the eye; and my husband, who was an upright and honourable character, never seemed to suspect that I was not as sincerely attached to my sister as I pretended to be.

“It was during this visit of the marquis at Roquefort,

that Charles, now Comte de Perouse, made his wishes known respecting Agnace; and the youthful pair were rendered happy by receiving the parental sanction to their intended union, which it was proposed should take place when the young gentleman was of age.

“I cannot precisely say, that I was not consulted on the occasion. The marquis undoubtedly mentioned the matter to me before he gave his consent; but not, indeed, until he had made up his own mind: yet, as I had no rational objection to make, I was induced to acquiesce, although I certainly wished the thing to be otherwise, yet I scarcely knew why.

“The thing, however, was so far settled; the promise was made to Charles, and imparted to Agnace; and all this within the period of one hour, during which, I had been engaged in my husband’s apartment, Charles and Bertram being present. In the mean time, I had left Florence at her embroidery frame in my room.

“I had, by degrees, so entirely submitted to the influence of Mademoiselle de Castres, and she had exercised what she called her rights of friendship with so much vivacity, that I was almost afraid of taking any step of consequence without her concurrence; and on this occasion, I felt really uneasy, when I returned to my chamber and found her colour heightened, and displeasure marked on her features.

“It may be asked, how this indigent and dependent person could have obtained this power over one in my situation. I answer: Because I had hearkened to her flatteries, and made her the depository of my secrets. I had made complaints to her respecting my husband. I had intrusted her with my most inmost thoughts. I had made her acquainted with all my hopes and fears, my jealousies and triumphs. I had betrayed all my weaknesses to her; and I dreaded that tongue, which had been allowed to scourge all my nearest connexions with the utmost freedom even in my presence. And, more than this, I had a deep and unaccountable dread of her, which had lately increased upon me to a degree which would baffle description, but of a kind which others no doubt have felt who have suffered their affections to be fixed on unworthy objects. ‘Where may you have been so long, Madame?’ said Florence, as soon as I was seat-

ed; 'apparently you have had a very interesting conversation with Monsieur the marquis.'

" 'And wherefore do you think so, Florence?' I asked.

" 'From your countenance,' she replied, speaking confidently, and looking me full in the face. 'It would be strange, if I, who have known you so long, could not read your countenance.'

" 'I tried to laugh, and answered, 'I never doubted your skill in physiognomy, Florence.'

" 'Indeed!' she replied; 'and you really give me credit for penetration. And pray,' she asked, 'what might have been the subject of your late discussion?'

" 'Suppose it should happen to have been some secret of the marquis's, Florence, which I am not at liberty to reveal?'

" 'Suppose,' she added, with a laugh, which had more of malice than of merriment, 'it should have related to your daughter's marriage with Charles de Perouse?'

" 'And what then,' I said, 'would be the wonder?'

" 'And you have given your consent?' asked Florence.

" 'Have you any objection?' I asked.

" 'I have not been consulted,' was her reply; 'when I am, it will be time enough to give my opinion.'

" 'What has offended you?' I asked: 'you look displeased.'

" 'By no means,' she replied; 'you are at liberty, no doubt, to arrange your own family. The ties of friendship are but imaginary with some persons. They are but ropes of sand with the world generally. I know that I am enthusiastic, irrational on these subjects. My feelings for you and your family are of that kind which reason would not justify. You cannot believe that I have the same feelings for your daughter that you yourself have—I cannot expect—no,' she added, 'no, I cannot expect that you should understand this.'

" So saying, she either melted into tears, or made me suppose that she did; and this scene terminated with an hysterical affection on her part, and many exaggerated and tender expressions on mine.

" After this, we were reconciled, and a new subject supplied for our private discussions; viz. the intended marriage, with its advantages and disadvantages, among the latter of which she enumerated the transfer which

she foresaw of my daughter's affection from her own mother to her more lively mother-in-law.

“ ‘Lively!’ I would say on these occasions; ‘but Eglantine is not lively now.’

“ ‘Is she not?’ she replied, ‘have I not already seen the sun breaking through the cloud? have I not already observed the wonted smiles from beneath the widow's veil? O, my friend, how small is your discernment! did you mark her at such and such times; where were her tears on this and that occasion?’

“ ‘But would you have her always weeping, Florence?’ I said.

“ ‘Here again,’ replied she, ‘I am reminded of my false notions of inviolable constancy, never-changing affection, the devotion of the heart, and the never-failing flow of tears.’

“The news of the parental sanction being given to the union of Charles and Agnace was presently conveyed to our good old Marguerite, who was really that disinterested friend of the family which Florence feigned to be. This good creature had grandchildren; but I scarcely think that she loved any of these more than mine and my sister's children. Yet she had her favourites; these were Agnace and Charles; and she was so delighted at the intended connexion, that she appeared next day at the castle, and came up to my apartment to congratulate me.

“I dare not give utterance to my feelings and sentiments, which are ready every moment to break forth while I record these circumstances; I would rather compel myself to relate my story just as it happened, and to point out the rocks and shoals on which I have been shipwrecked, without permitting myself to mingle too much of my own painful feelings with the narration. The tears which have fallen from my eyes, as I have been thus engaged, have in many instances blotted the names of Agnace,—my lovely Agnace,—of Charles, of Eglantine, and Marguerite: but these stains will not appear in the work of the copyist, and my aching heart will probably have ceased to beat before these records shall have passed into other hands.

“I was, as usual, sitting alone with Florence, when Marguerite came in. ‘And what, my good Marguerite,’ said I, ‘has brought you here to-day?’

“ ‘To speak of the good news,’ she replied; and immediately commenced the subject with that sort of vivacity for which my countrywomen are celebrated. She had proceeded for some time, and had declared her determination to throw away her staff, and dance at the wedding, when Florence interrupted her, and said, ‘My good woman, one would almost think that you were a young girl, and were to be bridesmaid, by the excessive joy you display on looking forward to this marriage.’

“ Marguerite was the only person in the family who had accurately understood the character of Florence, and, had I been guided by this truly wise and excellent woman, I had never fallen into the snares laid for me by my artful companion. The good nurse had never been able to judge with any thing like complacency of Florence; and, as she was no courtier, she could not be civil to her even to please me: hence, when addressed by Florence in this manner, she affected deafness; a thing which she always did when hearing any thing she did not like; and, moving her head nearer to the lady, begged she would condescend to repeat her words again.

“ Florence, who disliked Marguerite quite as much as she was disliked, repeated her speech, with some additions.

“ ‘Did you say that you wished to be bridesmaid?’ said the nurse.

“ Florence again repeated her speech, on which Marguerite, affecting to take it in, said, ‘O, now I understand you. O, you would have me dance at your wedding, would you? Well, and I should do it with the greatest pleasure, provided—’

“ ‘Provided what?’ asked Florence.

“ ‘Your husband should prove to be a foreigner,’ said the nurse.

“ ‘And what do you mean by that?’ returned Florence.

“ But Marguerite was deaf again, and was busily engaged in speaking of the proposed happy alliance.

“ Happy alliance! Ah! it would have been happy—it might have been happy, if——: but I must not anticipate. O, my Agnace!

“ In the beginning of that same summer, my husband and son left home again; and then we were soon con-

scious that we needed that influence which an honourable man, of whatever degree, always diffuses over the minds of wives, daughters, and sisters, given to gossip and low intrigue.

“Soon after the departure of my husband, I went with my daughter and Florence to Bagneres, under the pretext of benefiting by the waters, for I had lately chosen to suppose that my health was delicate.

“We were visited at Bagneres several times during the six weeks of our residence there, by the Comte de Pe-rouse; and there my Agnace enjoyed some happy hours, no doubt, with the object of her most warm affections, while wandering with him among the numerous lovely scenes near the fountains of Thermales.

“We returned from Bagneres at the end of the vintage. Charles was to have met us on our way, but he did not appear; a circumstance which evidently caused much uneasiness to Agnace and some entertainment to Florence, who failed not to hint that she hoped this non-appearance of the comte was not owing to any inconstancy in his feelings.

“‘I have no suspicion of the kind,’ replied Agnace, ‘I esteem the comte: but my esteem would be little worth the possession, if it were liable to vary with every accident.’

“‘You are displeased, my dear Agnace?’ said Florence.

“‘No,’ replied my daughter, ‘I am not; I have been too long accustomed, Mademoiselle de Castres, to your modes of expressing yourself respecting your friends, to be in the least affected by them.’

“Florence coloured, and Agnace proceeded: ‘Young as I am,’ continued she, ‘I have been led to observe, that there is a way of speaking of our absent connexions which has a powerful tendency to extinguish every charitable feeling. There is scarcely a human being, however amiable, whom one might not first learn to despise, and then almost to hate, by the indulgence of this kind of discourse; and I have therefore not unfrequently made it a subject of prayer, that my heart and tongue might never be suffered to become mutual tempters of each other to such a practice.’

“‘Explain yourself a little further,’ said Florence, looking keenly yet steadily at her.

“ ‘With all my heart,’ said Agnace. ‘Are you not aware that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh? The heart then dictates what the mouth speaks, Mademoiselle de Castres; and it does more than this: for when the tongue, by the suggestions of an evil heart, has spoken unadvisedly, it endeavours to furnish that tongue with excuses, and it feels an exultation when such excuses are provided by the object which it is conscious of having injured.’

“ ‘Mathematically demonstrated!’ exclaimed Florence. ‘And so you do not allow that there is such a thing as uttering with the lips what does not proceed from the heart?’

“ ‘No,’ replied Agnace, ‘I allow of no such thing.—*Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh.*’ (James iii. 11, 12.)

“ ‘Very well!’ said Florence. ‘But what is the object of this discussion? for whom is it intended? and to whom do you wish to apply these remarks?’

“ ‘My remark,’ replied Agnace, ‘will admit of general application.’

“ ‘And particular application also?’ added Florence.

“ ‘No doubt,’ said Agnace, ‘each individual of our fallen race may apply it personally.’

“ Florence gave her another searching look, and then, turning to me, she congratulated me on having a daughter who possessed so deep an insight into the human heart.

“ It was very late when we arrived at Roquefort. The first enquiry of Agnace was after her aunt’s family: but the servants could give us no further information, than that the next day was the feast of the vintage; that Madame la Comtesse had given permission to her tenants to dance; that there were some visitors at their house; and that several messages had been sent to the castle to request the company of the ladies at the feast, provided they arrived in time.

“ ‘O,’ said Florence, ‘the feast of the vintage. It was in the beginning of the vintage that the comte died last year. Well, the widow has fulfilled her year of mourning. We cannot say but that all has been done decently.’

“We were ascending the great stairs of the castle, while Florence uttered these words: Agnace did not hear them; but they were not lost upon me.

“‘You would do well,’ said Florence, ‘to have your daughter’s bed prepared in your closet: you have no husband or son to protect her now; and, no doubt, now that the father is dead, and the mother has recovered her spirits, the young people at the farm will not be under the strictest guidance. I therefore think that you cannot be too careful of Agnace.’

“‘Surely,’ I replied, ‘you do not doubt the prudence of my sister! and her eldest daughter is, without question, a most discreet and amiable young creature.’

“‘I have nothing to say against Mademoiselle Rosamond,’ replied Florence. ‘I have given my opinion merely as a friend; and you are at liberty, of course, either to follow it or reject it.’

“We had by this time entered the range of my apartments, where we found preparations made for our supper. It was here where the folding-doors opened into the balcony. Agnace, on entering the room, had stepped immediately into the balcony, and was looking towards the house of her aunt. Florence and I followed her. It had been a sultry day, and the cool breezes which played upon the smooth surface of the water were particularly refreshing. The moonbeams rested on the whole scene, and shed a faint, soft light on the surrounding landscape, the outline of the old turrets of my sister’s house being distinctly marked by the glow on the horizon in the background, where the last rays of day still lingered on the summits of that range of the Pyrenees which was visible in that direction. The rippling of the waters, and the distant bark of the watch-dog in the court of the farm, alone disturbed the perfect stillness. Agnace was leaning against the parapet of the balcony, and Florence presently detected the silent tear which was stealing down her cheek. ‘Your daughter is weeping!’ whispered she to me: ‘she is vexed because she cannot see any of the comte’s family this evening.’

“‘Vexed!’ I replied; ‘and cannot she exist a day without some intercourse with these people? I now plainly see what you have so long predicted, namely, the entire transfer of my daughter’s affections.’

“And it was certainly true that Agnace loved her aunt more than she did her mother; but there had been no transfer of affections, for, though ever dutiful, she had never loved me as she might have done, because I had not sought her love. I had been an indolent nurse, a careless guardian, and a disagreeable companion, to this my lovely and only daughter; and now I expected to reap grapes where I had planted thorns, and figs where thistles only had been sown. On the other hand, my warm-hearted sister had lived only for her husband and children. Their happiness and good were her perpetual object; and even now, in her widowed state, she would not suffer her own sorrows to embitter the young days of her beloved ones. If Agnace, therefore, loved her more than she loved me, it was but the natural course of things.

“The last expression I had used in speaking to Florence had been heard by Agnace: on which, she hastily brushed her hand across her eyes, and turned round, but did not speak. ‘On what are you meditating, Agnace?’ I said.

“‘I was thinking of my aunt,’ she simply replied, ‘and feel almost afraid that all is not well with her. Shall we not send to enquire?’

“‘To-morrow may do as well,’ I answered.

“‘Supper and bed is what we must think of now,’ said Florence. ‘And in the mean time, what orders shall I give’ (addressing me) ‘respecting Mademoiselle’s sleeping-apartment?’

“‘Do,’ I answered, ‘take the trouble off my hands, and explain the arrangement to Agnace.’ So saying, I withdrew to my chamber, waiting till supper was prepared.

“Had Agnace been trained, from infancy, to feel enjoyment in her mother’s presence, and had she been taught that it was a privilege, at any time, to share her bed, she would now have heard of this plan with pleasure. But ah! those days of infancy were gone, past recovery gone, and no such impression had been made; and thus had her natural feelings been neglected.

“I know not how she received the information that she was to be inclosed at night within my chamber; but, no doubt, with dutiful and discreet self-command. Never-

theless, when I returned, I found Florence with a flushed complexion, and Agnace looking exceedingly pale.

“I felt myself depressed as I sat down to supper; on which occasion Florence began to exert those powers of amusement which she certainly possessed to a high degree. The subject which she chose for our conversation was the company we had lately left at Bagneres, where multitudes of strangers were assembled to pay their devotions to the naiad of the place. She talked and talked, till insensibly I became interested and amused; but all this while not one smile illuminated the features of Agnace. ‘You do not laugh, Mademoiselle?’ said Florence, ‘you do not even smile?’

“‘I am fatigued,’ replied Agnace: ‘may I be permitted to go to rest?’

“‘Do so,’ I said, ‘since our conversation does not amuse you.’

“She sprang up hastily, and was moving to her chamber, when I called her back. ‘You do not kiss me, Agnace? you do not embrace your mother?’ I said.

“She returned to me; she came close to me; she put her arms round me, burst into tears, and at the same time dropping on her knees, ‘Bless me, my mother!’ she said, ‘bless your child! O, why, why has this coldness subsisted so long between us?’

“I could not but be affected by this; and as I returned her embrace, ‘Agnace,’ I said, ‘don’t give me reason to think that you love others better than you do me.’

“‘Ah, mamma!’ she answered, and shook her head.

“‘What means my Agnace?’ I asked.

“Her gentle eye glanced on Florence, and she said, ‘Do you hold it impossible, mamma, that the heart can contain only one object of regard?’ Then hastily rising, she kissed me again, leaving some of her tears on my cheek, and hastily quitted the room.

“At the same moment, Florence rose, and taking up a candle, was walking out of the room, haughtily pronouncing her ‘Good night.’

“I had done well to have let her go, and to have taken no cognizance whatever of her airs; but I called her back, and, trembling at her anger, I asked her what had grieved her; and those arms which had so recently em-

braced the lovely Agnace, were the next moment clasped around this dangerous, most dangerous of women.

“Such conduct and feelings, evinced by me, may excite astonishment; but I fear I may appeal to many as proofs of such bewitching influence, obtained over them by an artful and fascinating woman, in whom they had reposed, too hastily, the confidence which is due only to the sincere and worthy: the pages of history, the secrets of courts, and the affairs of many families, if known by us, would disclose and illustrate the debasing fact.

“Thus closed the evening; and when Agnace came out of her closet in the morning, she found me in my bed, and Florence pouring out my coffee by the side of it.

“Agnace sat down with Florence without being bid, and, while we were breakfasting, a note was given to Agnace. She coloured on receiving it. It was written by the young comte, but was very short.

“‘And what says Charles, Agnace?’ I enquired.

“‘How does he excuse himself for his neglect yesterday?’ asked Florence.

“‘The old shepherd,’ replied Agnace, ‘fell down in a fit early in the morning, and Charles, instead of coming to meet us, went on his swiftest horse to procure assistance for him. But he is now recovered.’

“‘And you are happy?’ said Florence. ‘No more tears!’

“‘No, not quite happy,’ replied Agnace; ‘for Rosamond has sprained her ancle.’

“‘O what a misfortune!’ exclaimed Florence. ‘Would not this be a good occasion for another touching scene like that of the past night?’

“‘No, no,’ replied Agnace, smiling and looking cheerful. ‘However, I am sorry for Rosamond, because she will not be able to dance to-night. But Charles was here this morning, and you saw him, Mademoiselle de Castres, and told him that we had a particular engagement, which would prevent our receiving him, if he called after breakfast.’ And she looked enquiringly at her.

“‘I gave him that answer,’ she replied ‘by the order of Madame la Marquise, because she wishes you to keep yourself quiet this morning, that you may be fitter for the evening.’

“Agnace acquiesced in this plan without a murmur.

“In the evening, we crossed the little river, and passed over to the farm, and, going through the garden without seeing any of the family, we proceeded to the vineyards, which lay at a short distance, and there, on a green platform beneath the shade of a rocky eminence, we saw the party assembled. It was a beautiful spot, richly skirted with trees, while a clear water, which fell from the heights into the valley, added not a little to the interest of the scenery.

“There, on the grass adorned with many flowers, sat the comtesse, the younger part of her children being gathered round her, while some of the elder ones and several young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood were dancing together; the peasants of the place were there dressed in their holiday garbs, and the musicians were placed on a kind of stage in the centre of the dancing parties. In another part of the rural place of assemblage, a simple repast, consisting of fruits and cream, garnished with flowers, was set forth beneath the shade of several tall trees. Near this were gathered some of the elders of the village and household, among whom I distinguished the venerable Marguerite and her husband.

“The moment we appeared Charles was at the side of Agnace, and was leading her to her place in the dance. As Florence and I advanced towards the comtesse, I remarked that the scene was gay and pretty.

“‘True,’ she replied; but at the same time sighed.

“‘Why do you sigh, Florence?’ I asked.

“‘I am thinking,’ answered she, ‘of the poor comte, the father and husband of some of these now assembled, and I have been calculating that it is now scarcely thirteen months since he was committed to the dust.’

“I could make no reply, for the comtesse had risen to meet us; but the ideas which Florence had suggested were so grating, at that moment, to my feelings, that I could not answer the salutations of my sister with that agreeable manner which the circumstances of our meeting seemed to require.

“‘I hope,’ said Eglantine, embracing me, ‘that you are well, dear Constance?’

“‘Perfectly so,’ I answered.

“ ‘But you look so serious!’ said my sister; ‘I trust you have heard no bad news?’

“ ‘None,’ I replied: still, however, while speaking, I felt embarrassed.

“ ‘That is well,’ returned Eglantine. And being at that instant addressed by some newly-arrived visitors, she turned from me, and I was again left with Florence.

“ ‘There were many persons present with whom I was acquainted. Several of these presently joined us, and we sat down at some distance, to look at the dancers and converse with each other.

“ ‘At length Florence, touching my arm, directed my attention to the other end of the lawn, where the comtesse had again sat down with her youngest child on her knees, and the next in age standing by her. An elderly lady had been conversing with her, but was then moving away, and her vacant seat, close to the comtesse, had been taken by an exceedingly fine young man, who was engaged, apparently, in some very interesting discourse with her. ‘Do you see that?’ said Florence in a whisper.

“ ‘I do,’ I replied; ‘what can it mean?’

“ ‘And now,’ said she, ‘he bends down his head close to hers. What can be the subject of their discourse?’

“ ‘We still looked earnestly at what was passing, and presently we saw Sophie, the youngest but one of my sister’s children, run away from the place, and hasten towards the old nurse, who took her on her lap.

“ ‘Ah,’ said Florence, ‘do you see that? The comtesse does not wish the child to hear what is passing. Little Sophie, we all know, can both see and hear. Stay where you are, Madame,’ added she, ‘and I will go round by those bushes, and endeavour to find out what all this imports.’

“ ‘Florence did so, and I continued in conversation with the ladies who sat by me.

“ ‘In the mean time, one set of the dancers had moved their places, and by this means had entirely concealed the comtesse from my sight.

“ ‘In about half an hour, Florence returned; but there was no opportunity for communication: we were surrounded with company, and were immediately afterwards called to supper.

“ ‘I scarcely know how the remainder of the evening

passed. Charles accompanied us home, and it was not till Agnace was in her closet that I could procure the information I desired from Florence. 'Well, my friend,' I said, as soon as the door was shut after Agnace, 'what have you heard? what have you seen? Am I to prepare myself to receive another brother-in-law?'

'Florence drew her chair closer to mine, and then told her tale; which, after being divested of all amplifications, was simply this, that she had made her way through the trees to the back of the comtesse's seat, and that she had there heard very strong expressions of regard proceed from the mouth of the young man, which were received in such a manner by my sister, as to occasion his most enthusiastic acknowledgments; that these expressions had drawn tears from the comtesse, and that the whole scene had been concluded by the gentleman taking her hand and kissing it with the semblance of the utmost devotedness.

'“ ‘And you really think,’ said I, ‘that the widow is so absurd as to favour this suitor, who is young enough to be her own son?’

'“ ‘I do,’ said Florence, triumphantly; ‘and do you not here see a confirmation of my conjectures? I knew how it would be when the year of mourning was over. But you would not believe me, marquise—you could not believe me.’

'“To this effect we conversed for a long time; and, making the conjectures of Florence our foundation, we did not retire to rest till we had built upon it such a fabric as few gossips are capable of rearing who have not a large portion of malignity and envy in their composition.

'“It was one hour after midnight when we retired to rest, impatient to know from Agnace the name of this handsome stranger who had been the subject of our conversation.

'“In the morning, when Agnace joined us at breakfast, she informed us that this young man was a distant relation of the family of Perouse, and was denominated the Baron de Montauban, but more respecting him she could not tell us. This same morning, as I was writing to Bertram, I failed not to relate our conjectures concerning the comtesse; inserting in my letter some of the witticisms,

on the inconstancy of widows, which had been suggested the last night by my friend.

“Two days passed after this, during which, this second marriage of the comtesse, which we had chosen to fabricate out of our own heads, afforded a constant subject for the sneers of Florence. On one occasion, her sarcasms were so plain, that Agnace, the gentle and simple Agnace, understood them, and, with more spirit than I had often seen her display, asked Mademoiselle de Castres, how she could venture to entertain me by touching the reputation of my sister. Florence coloured very high on receiving this reproof, and for once, perhaps, felt that she had proceeded too far; for she made some sort of apology, confessing that she sometimes allowed herself to speak without premeditation.

“Agnace seemed willing to take the excuse, but as soon as she left the room, Florence remarked, that we must be careful what we said before Mademoiselle de Roquefort; adding, that her devotion to the family of Perouse rendered her wholly blind to the faults of every individual belonging to it.

“It was in the afternoon of the very day in which Mademoiselle de Castres had received the above rebuke from Agnace, that we were visited, unexpectedly, by the comtesse, who, entering with her usual graciousness and sweetness of manner, though I cannot but suppose that she must have seen and felt the indifference towards her which had increased in our behaviour for some time past, informed me, in the presence of Mademoiselle de Castres, that she was come to tell me some news which would please me, as it had done her. She then told me that her daughter had been solicited in marriage by a young man every way worthy of her, viz. the Baron de Montauban; adding, that his first declaration had been made on the evening of the feast of the vintage.

“I was so confounded at this information, that I could not look at Florence, or so much as lift my eyes from the ground. Any other woman but Eglantine would have thought my embarrassment on this occasion unaccountable, but Eglantine was every thing but suspicious. And when she had told her story she changed her subject, and began to say something to Florence on her needlework, and to compliment her on her industry; passing

speedily from this theme to another, and telling us of the affairs of her farm and dairy, her bees and flocks: for her old grandfather had inspired her with a relish for these innocent pursuits. 'My old shepherd,' said she, 'is becoming very infirm, and I have promised his place to the Baron de Montauban, and that of the management of my cows and dairy to my dear Charles and your sweet Agnace, when you can spare her; and then I think my household will be well appointed: for Rosamond has taken charge of the bees, and Eleanor of the poultry, and in time I shall have an office for all. And think you not, Mademoiselle de Castres, that we shall be a very busy family? Yes,' she added, though with a suppressed sigh, 'and a happy one: for I cannot but be happy when my children are so.'

" 'And yet,' said Florence, 'you must have some sad remembrances?'

" 'And some sweet hopes to balance them,' replied my sister, turning aside and wiping away a tear. 'Yes, Mademoiselle, I have some sweet hopes also, for my beloved husband placed his confidence where it is never placed in vain.' Eglantine then audibly sighed, and could repress her tears no longer; she therefore rose in haste, embraced me, and a moment afterwards was in the boat which was to waft her to her own house, leaving me and Florence to make the best we could of our own mortified feelings.

" 'For my part, I confess, that when my sister left me, I was so thoroughly confounded and ashamed of myself that I could not speak one word, and a silence ensued, during which I became more and more confused, and, no doubt, should have been long in recovering myself, had not Florence suddenly broke out into a burst of merriment, saying, 'This is excellently well done indeed, perfectly well got up.'

" 'What can you mean?' I asked.

" 'Why,' said Florence, 'do you not see how it is? The good comtesse had supposed that all the baron's professions had been intended for herself, and, when undeceived, she has judged it necessary to come here with the purpose of making us think that she never thought of the young man in any other light than as a husband for her daughter.'

“I endeavoured to laugh at the turn which Florence had given to this affair, but with a very ill grace. I was really ashamed of myself and of my companion; and I have no doubt that I shewed I was so: for, from this time, Florence never brought forward the name of the baron in connexion with my sister.

“Now I began to feel an indifference towards Florence which I had never before been sensible of; but, unfortunately, immediately after this, I became ill, and, during that illness, which confined me to my bed during the autumn and winter, Florence entirely recovered her influence over me, and made me feel her power again. For I thoughtlessly talked to her without reserve of family matters: complained to her of my husband, who, most certainly, was very careless of me; explained certain ambitious views I had for my son; lamented that a higher match had not been thought of for my daughter; and ridiculed my sister, her bee-hives, and her flocks and herds; and expressed my desires to go to Paris and see a little of the *beau monde*; in short, there was not a secret of my heart, which, at this time, I did not lay open to this dangerous woman.

“The effect of this was, that I was more than ever burdened with the consequences of my folly. I was still in a state of convalescence, when Florence one morning came into my room, and said, with much exultation, ‘Now, my dear marquise, I have a piece of news for you.’

“‘Of a pleasant nature, no doubt,’ I replied, ‘from the expression of your countenance?’

“This question seemed rather to make her recollect herself, and she rejoined, ‘I don’t know why I laugh; but I am apt to do so when agitated: it is a kind of nervous feeling, I believe. But the comtesse your sister, my dear marquise, has been doing so silly a thing, it was impossible not to smile when I was told of it; still, I am very angry with her. Yet it was no more than I foresaw would happen. I knew that she was a woman who could not conduct herself prudently as a widow.’

“‘What! has she really been imprudent?’ I asked.

“‘Yes, really,’ said Florence, ‘extremely so—ridiculously so. You shall hear it all.’ And then, sitting down on the foot of my bed, she told me a long story,

the outline of which was this—that the comtesse and her children had been at Pau for a few days, a thing which I had known before; that the comtesse had there met with an old acquaintance of her husband, the Vicomte Desterres; that he had renewed the intercourse with the family; that the comtesse had invited him to her house without considering his character, which was extremely bad; and that he was now at the farm on the most friendly terms with the whole family. ‘And yesterday,’ said Florence, ‘he drove out your sister in his landau, and is profuse in his compliments and attentions: there is no doubt but that he has a view to her dowry, as she has to be a sharer of his title and distinctions in the *beau monde*.’

“‘And there is no question but all this is true,’ said I, with glee, for I had already advanced to that degree of malevolence towards my sister, as made me rejoice in hearing of any evil respecting her; and I had brought myself to this improper feeling, by indulging in the vicious habit of speaking ill of her, first in a light and playful way, and then in a serious manner.

“During that day, Florence and I watched our neighbours as with an eye of a basilisk, but we saw none of the family, though we once heard the sound of laughter in the interior of the house, from which circumstance we formed very ill-natured conclusions.

“Agnace, during my illness, had been often at the comtesse’s; but this day, having an engagement elsewhere, she did not go. Florence, however, had her spies, and by these she learned that the comtesse had walked in the avenue with the vicomte for near an hour with no other company than her two youngest children; and that, after dinner, she had sat near to him, that is, in the next chair, for more than half an hour, and was addressed by him more than once in a tone so low that it might be almost called a whisper.

“The next day, as it was understood that I was sufficiently recovered to entertain company, I had several visitors: these were ladies of distinction in the neighbourhood. It was natural for us to speak of the comtesse; and shall I confess my wickedness, (for I can call it by no other name,) shall I acknowledge that I took this occasion to insinuate all that was base and degrading respecting the conduct of my sister, as it related to the

vicomte, and that I did this under the mask of friendship, and as if I bitterly deplored the errors I was compelled to acknowledge?

“The tale of slander presently took wing, and gathered strength in its course; and my name was pleaded in confirmation of the scandal. My heart stung me immediately for what I had done, but it was too late: the wound I had inflicted was never to be healed; and the uneasiness of my mind was so apparent, that Florence, after our early dinner, and to divert my attention, invited me to walk out with her.

“Agnace had walked that morning to see Marguerite, and had not returned, but, as she often stayed some hours with the venerable woman, I was not uneasy at her absence. I was weak from my late illness, and could only reach a little elevation just above the castle, and not far from the entrance of the pass from which some part of the little winding path which led to the cottage might be easily perceived. On this elevation was a convenient seat formed by a piece of rock which had fallen from the superior heights; and there I sat down with Florence in that sort of temper which inclined me to find fault with all I saw and all I heard. The rugged heights through which the pass was cut were behind me, and so near that I could lean against a part of their base, and before me was spread a region so charming, so various, and so adorned with the fresh verdure of returning spring, that one would have thought it impossible to have looked upon it without enjoying tranquillity of mind. But my heart was at that time the seat of the most malevolent feelings, and even Florence had little power to make me forget my misery even for a moment. Florence, however, pretended not to notice my low spirits, and went on talking as usual, varying her subjects with no small degree of ingenuity. ‘I am tired,’ said I at length to her, ‘of being always shut up in the country; I am resolved that I will go to Paris, and introduce my daughter into the world. I have done wrong to remain so long at Roquefort.’

“Florence approved the idea, and recommended me to press the point when the marquis should come again to Roquefort, which we supposed would soon happen, as he had been longer absent than usual.

“This visit to Paris was a pleasing subject, and we

dwelt upon it for some time; till suddenly we distinguished two persons moving along the valley in the direction from Marguerite's cottage. These were Agnace and Charles. She was leaning on his arm, and they were moving slowly like persons who wished to protract the time in each other's company. At length, approaching a water, which, gushing from the rocks above, poured its crystal stream over the pathway, Agnace sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, while Charles left her for a few minutes, and climbed up the rocks to the source of the stream, from which he presently returned with a wreath of early roses, which I afterwards saw fastened round her hat. For some time he stood before her as she sat, and then, placing himself beside her, took a book from his pocket, and began to read. All this was indistinctly seen because of the distance; but I doubt not that the book which these young people had chosen for their studies was the sacred Scriptures, in which they took a delight which indicated the comparative purity of their minds, and the accordance of feeling which existed between them. O, my sweet Agnace! how brightly dawned thy early days! How happy mightest thou have been, had thy mother been worthy of thee! But, alas! my Agnace! in vain do I now lament thee: the tears that bedew thy grave cannot restore thee.

"I became impatient on beholding this lovely pair; and I expressed my impatience to Florence, saying that I wished it were yet possible to separate them.

"'And why should it not be possible?' said Florence. 'Take Mademoiselle with you to Paris, and she may see others who may find means to make her forget the son of your sister.'

"'The son of my unworthy sister,' I said: 'yes, it shall be done; and you and I, Florence, shall prevail, no doubt, at last.'

"I then returned to the castle, whence I sent a servant in haste to tell my daughter that I was impatient of her long delay; and the servant, finding her seated where I had seen her, brought her from that valley wherein she had spent so many happy hours, and which she was never again to enter.

"This very evening we were surprised by the return of the marquis. He informed me that he had passed

through Paris in his way from the frontiers of the Low Countries, where his regiment was in garrison, and had left Bertram there, in a house which he had hired for a short time in the Place de Vendome.

“ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘I hope that you will allow me and Agnace to join my son in Paris when you return.’

“ ‘For what,’ asked he, ‘should you desire to go to Paris?’

“ ‘For a little change of scene, and in order to let Agnace see a little of the world.’

“ ‘I would rather she should see it after her marriage,’ answered my husband; ‘but we will speak of this matter at another time.’

“ My meetings with my husband were not always the most joyful occasions, for we had learned to do without each other; but, as I had at this time a certain end to accomplish, I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable to him as possible.

“ On the morning following the arrival of the marquis, while I was taking my chocolate in bed, a custom which I had long used, Florence came into my room, and, throwing herself on a chair, ‘I know not what is the matter with me,’ she said, ‘but I have had such horrible dreams as I never before experienced. I was thinking of your journey to Paris, and I had the most strange apprehensions respecting it. I do not think I shall go with you.’

“ ‘Wherefore?’ I said: ‘do you suppose that I would consent to be separated from you?’

“ ‘No,’ she answered; ‘and yet I don’t think that I shall go with you.’

“ I looked earnestly at her: there was a wildness in her eyes which surprised me, and a crimson suffusion in her complexion which alarmed me. I asked her if she were well. ‘Yes,’ she answered, ‘very well, I believe; but you rather surprised me yesterday by speaking so freely respecting your sister before Madame R——. Did you not know that she is intimate with her?’

“ ‘I only repeated the story which I had heard from you; I did not exaggerate.’

“ ‘Well,’ returned Florence, ‘you did, I suppose, as you judged right; but I have had strange thoughts about this conversation in the night.’

“ ‘You seem,’ said I, ‘to have had many strange thoughts last night.’

“ ‘Yes,’ returned Florence, ‘I feared once that I was near suffocation. Was the night very hot?’

“ ‘Hot!’ I replied, ‘no—cold.’

“ ‘Ay, cold,’ she answered; ‘yes, I thought it very cold.’

“ I looked at her again, and in my eagerness to understand her I spilled my chocolate, on which she laughed, and then, placing her hand on her forehead, complained of a headache, and retired.

“ I had no time to reflect upon all these strange things, for I wished to see my husband before he went out, and I knew that he would be impatient to reconnoitre his domains after so long an absence. I therefore arose, and dressed, and, having had a short conversation with the marquis, returned to my own apartments, where I sat down in my usual place, expecting every moment that Florence would join me, for Agnace, I well knew, was with her father.

“ After having sat a short time, endeavouring to divert myself with my needlework, one of my women came to inform me that my sister was at the castle, and desired to see me. She had scarcely delivered her message, before Eglantine entered. Her manner was serious; it was evident that she had been weeping. She came near to me with a hurried step, and, stopping short at a few paces from me, she burst into tears, and seemed unable to restrain a kind of hysteric affection, by which every feature was agitated. ‘What does all this mean, Eglantine?’ I said.

“ ‘It means,’ she replied, ‘that you have grieved, and wounded, and sorely afflicted your widowed sister. O Constance! my dear Constance! never, never could I have thought it possible that you should have injured me as you have done, had I not been assured you have done so by a person of the strictest integrity.’

“ She then, with much self-command and great steadiness of manner, required me to explain all I had heard and reported respecting her.

“ My conscience condemned me; I was confounded, yet enraged; and my feelings at first wholly deprived me of the power of utterance. I hesitated, stammered

out a few incoherent sentences, and then, bursting forth, asked her how she, a younger sister, and in other respects an inferior, should dare to come and catechise me thus in my own house.

“ ‘By the right of a younger sister, dear Constance,’ she said, ‘by the right of a friend, and the right of that affection which I ever felt for you. Perhaps I may have been imprudent in inviting the Vicomte Desterres to my house; I have myself had some apprehensions on the subject, and was well pleased, therefore, that he did not propose to stay longer than three days. He left us this morning, and, as my son was at home the whole time, and as the vicomte was a friend of my beloved husband, now no more, I never could have supposed that even my worst enemies could have considered this visit in any other point of view than as an act of common friendship—a visit which, perhaps, had better never have taken place. But that you, my sister, should have given such a turn to the affair, is almost incredible. O Constance! dear Constance! have you acted in this instance like a sister, or like a Christian? Even granting that I had done wrong, ought you not to have counselled me apart? and if you found that I would not hearken to your counsels, it might then have been time enough to have exposed the faults of a widowed sister in the ears of strangers.’

“ In this part of her discourse, Eglantine wept bitterly, and I remained silent beneath the overpowering conflict of my feelings. Which of us might have spoken first again I know not, but we were interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Florence, whose disordered head-dress conveyed the idea of a person just risen from the bed of sickness; in other respects, she was dressed as usual.

“ It was a large room, and she came towards us with a firm step, carrying herself particularly erect, her hand being raised in a kind of menacing form. Never shall I forget the fierce expression of her countenance, or lose the impression of that frightful wildness of her eyes, and the angry appearance of her complexion. It was like the glare of some devouring flame bursting forth at midnight and threatening speedy destruction. Her eyes were not indeed fixed on me, but they were directed with fiery rage at my sister: for the moment was arrived, though the occasion was as yet unknown to me, in which this

miserable woman was to be permitted no longer to dissemble, but to be given up publicly to the influence of those malevolent passions which she had so long covertly indulged.

“The comtesse looked up as she approached, and ceased to weep, but, firm in conscious innocence, waited with much composure till she should speak.

“‘And so,’ said Florence, (addressing Eglantine,) ‘you are come to persuade your sister, that you are still an afflicted widow—inconsolable for the loss of your husband—dead to the world—and having all your affections buried with the father of your children?’

“A horrible laugh terminated this address; after which, she stood for a moment, as if waiting my sister’s reply. Eglantine, however, made her no answer; but rising, said, ‘Sister, pardon me if I have spoken harshly, let the events of the two past days be forgotten, let us love each other as in former times; I know that I am hasty and impatient, but I soon forget an injury, and, with the Almighty’s help, I will never more revert to what is past.’ Thus addressing me, she stepped forward, and was offering to embrace me, when Florence seized her arm and held her back: ‘Deceitful woman!’ she said, ‘why seek to embrace one who has ceased to love you?’ And then she broke forth into renewed insults with a vehemence of manner which perfectly confounded me. I endeavoured to check her several times, but without the smallest success; and I was indeed so much confused by the truths that she uttered respecting me, and my feelings and conduct towards my sister, that I could not exert myself as I might otherwise have done. My sister seemed also equally incapable either of speaking or moving, and we both stood, the one on the one side and the other on the other of this miserable woman, till suddenly her voice became thick, her complexion varied from red to livid, and from livid to a deathlike paleness, and she sunk in strong convulsions on the floor. The shrieks which my sister and I uttered were so violent that they soon brought the servants round us, by whom the unhappy woman, still in strong convulsions, was taken up and carried to her bed. Eglantine hastened to her house, and presently sent back her shepherd, a venerable old man who was well skilled in medicine, that he might give

some immediate assistance, while we were awaiting the arrival of a physician from a town at some leagues distance.

“I was too much overcome by my own feelings, to be able or willing to follow Florence to her chamber. I was truly terrified at the state in which I had seen her, and could not help attributing her conduct and manner to some dreadful disease which had caused sudden derangement: but in this derangement she had evinced so dreadful a spirit, and had exposed me in a way so offensive, that I trembled at the idea of continuing to live with her on such intimate terms. Her death appeared to me a most desirable event, and this I so earnestly wished for, that when one of my women came to inform me that the shepherd had bled Mademoiselle de Castres, and that she was better, I could not help feeling a degree of regret. My alienation from my sister had, in the mean time, increased by the events of the morning. I had been mortified, humbled, and brought to shame before her, and I felt that I never could look up in her presence again. ‘She must despise me,’ I said, ‘but I will not be despised; I would rather choose to be hated. And she would teach my daughter, my Agnace, to despise me: but I will prevent this—Agnace shall never enter the family of Eglantine if I have power or art to prevent it.’

“Thus resolving, I sat motionless where my sister had left me, and in one short hour, during which I was alone, suffered the pains of years.

“The physician had arrived before the marquis and my daughter returned; and when he had considered the case, he informed me that he entertained no doubt but that her complaint would prove to be the small-pox.

“I had had the small-pox in infancy I well knew, and had nursed my son and daughter through the disease: I had therefore no well-grounded fears respecting contagion. But no sooner did the physician express his apprehensions, than the idea occurred to me that I might avail myself of this occasion to promote my wishes of carrying my daughter to Paris. As soon therefore as my husband and Agnace came in, which was before the physician had left me, I began to act upon what I had planned; and when I had informed him of the sudden attack of Mademoiselle de Castres, I proceeded to say,

that out of the house I must and would go, for I felt that, if I remained where I was, I should certainly take the infection.

“ ‘But you have had the disease, Madame,’ said Agnace.

“ ‘And you nursed your children through the complaint,’ remarked my husband.

“ ‘I know not,’ I said, ‘whether I have had it or not; but of this I am sure, that I shall die if I stay here, if it be only from terror and anxiety.’

“ ‘My husband and daughter both reasoned with me, but in vain; and at length it was decided that we should leave the castle the following morning, and proceed without delay to Paris. My husband was not brought to this determination without much persuasion; and Agnace received it with a degree of discomposure which circumstances did not seem to justify. She turned pale as death, and appeared to have some difficulty in keeping herself from fainting. When left by the physician and the marquis, she rose in haste from the chair on which she had been sitting, and, throwing herself on her knees before me, ‘O, my mother! my mother!’ she said, ‘do not yield to this panic, and leave your friend in this abrupt and hasty manner. The world has been offended at your attachment, but it will be more offended by your forsaking your friend. O! listen, dear mother, for once listen to your child!’

“ ‘Rise, Agnace!’ I said, with high indignation. ‘You insinuate that my conduct is not consistent: but what can be more inconsistent than that abasing posture, and those insulting words?’

“ ‘No, my mother, I will not rise,’ said Agnace, ‘till you consent to stay and take care of Mademoiselle de Castres.’

“ ‘Do you desire my death, Agnace?’ I replied.

“ ‘You have had the small-pox, dear mamma,’ she said, while her eyes streamed with tears: ‘you would run no risk by remaining here. O! I entreat you, hearken to your child,’ she added, (and she clasped my knees with her lovely arms,) ‘and stay with your poor friend; or, if not, leave me with her. I will attend her—I have no fears.’

“ ‘You stay!’ I said. ‘Artful girl!—yes, you would

willingly stay, I doubt not, and Charles de Perouse would assist you in your labour of love. You change colour!—Are you not ashamed to be thus detected? Rise from your knees; and understand, that, though you may deceive others, you cannot deceive your mother.'

"She arose at my bidding, and her face, which had been pale as death, was covered with deep blushes. 'You are ashamed, I see, Agnace,' I said.

"'I am,' she answered, 'but not ——' and she hesitated.

"'Not because you are detected?' I asked.

"'No,' she replied, 'for Heaven is my witness,' and she lifted her lovely eyes towards heaven, 'that at the moment I offered to stay and attend Mademoiselle de Castres, I had not a thought of Charles.'

"'Then why those blushes?' I asked.

"'They came unbidden,' she answered, 'but not without cause.' She sighed and wept, but said no more.

"I was engaged during the whole of the evening in making preparations for my journey, and Agnace was not with me; neither did I enquire after her, nor see her, till the morning, when she joined us at our early breakfast, with a countenance of such deathly paleness, that her father and I were both alarmed, and we hastened our departure, in hope that the change of air and scene might restore and enliven her.

"The unhappy Florence had, as I learned by making the enquiry, a miserable night, and continued to rave, with little intermission, from midnight. The farce which I was playing would not permit me to go and take leave of her; but as I was passing along the gallery to descend the stairs, her groans reached my ears, and went to my heart. I never heard her voice again. Dare I hope that she is now happy? Oh, miserable Florence! Oh, ill-fated intimacy! would it had never been!

"Agnace wept bitterly till we were some leagues distant from Roquefort, after which she fell asleep; and the extreme heaviness of her sleep, notwithstanding the motion of the carriage, first suggested to me the idea that she had been up all night with the unhappy invalid. The suspicion was agony to my mind, for it filled me with fresh reason for self-reproach; but I was then too much hardened in sin to listen to the dictates of con-

science. The head of Agnace, as she slept, reclined on her father's shoulder. He turned to her with a look of tenderness, and, placing his arm round her, held her till she awoke. They sat opposite me in the coach, and presented an affecting scene, which has often forced itself upon my recollection, producing reflections of the most painful nature.

“I shall not say much of our journey to Paris: in proportion as we became more distant from Roquefort, my spirits rose, and Agnace became more composed. At Paris we found Bertram, whom I had not seen for two years, and who was become a very fine youth in appearance and manner; but I soon perceived that he had a lofty and unaccommodating temper, with that species of sensitiveness on all points of honour which disposes young men to avail themselves of every occasion of discord.

“On the day succeeding our arrival, we received letters from the south. There was one for Agnace, which was not perused without many tears; and another from the intendant of the Castle of Roquefort, to say that the disease had broken out in Mademoiselle de Castres with such symptoms as placed her life in the greatest peril.

“I will not do myself the injustice to say that I did not feel much on the receipt of this letter: but Bertram, who was present, and who had always at once hated and despised poor Florence, soon turned my better feelings into ridicule, and insisted, that I should amuse myself with the gaieties of Paris, and endeavoured to exclude all painful sensations by the introduction of pleasurable ones.

“‘That plan may do with me, Bertram,’ I said; ‘but it will not answer, I assure you, with Agnace.’

“‘What!’ he observed, ‘do you mean to say that she will not easily be made to forget Charles de Perouse? Wait a little, dear mother, wait till she has seen something better. Your ideas of female constancy differ much from mine, if you suppose that Agnace will continue to be attached to De Perouse when she sees some of our first and noblest Parisian youths at her feet; for I do not doubt but that this will soon be the case, as I am persuaded my sister Agnace will be found the brightest star which has appeared for months in the hemisphere of fashion.’

“‘I am glad that you think so, Bertram,’ I answer-

ed; 'but I do not approve your ideas of female inconstancy.'

" 'I judge from observation,' replied my son. 'The time was, when I should have said that nothing on earth could have separated you from Florence de Castres: but,'—and he smiled; then turning to a mirror, busied himself in arranging his cravat.

" Bertram had always been my favourite child, and, as I knew that I should be dependent on him in the event of his father's death, I had always made it my object to secure his affection to myself: for my selfishness was at that time excessive; and if this feeling does not now operate so powerfully with me, it is to be attributed to the efficacy of grace, by which I have been led to feel and lament the sinfulness of my nature, and to desire above all things that I may never again be left to my own propensities.

" By the suggestions and importunities of Bertram, we were soon involved in all the gaieties of our great capital, through which we conducted our lovely Agnace as a lamb prepared for sacrifice, and adorned with garlands of flowers.

" As Bertram had foreseen, she was soon sought in marriage by several persons of superior rank; among whom was one who, from his distinguished birth, superior fortune, and estimation at court, was precisely the son-in-law which an ambitious mother might desire.

" This gentleman was the Marquis de C——, who, notwithstanding the little encouragement she gave him, was so fixed in his attachment to my daughter, that he held out every possible inducement to me and my son, to ensure his success.

" Not one of these suitors of Agnace had the least chance with her father, for he dashed their hopes at once by stating that his daughter was already engaged to another. But, unfortunately for my endeared Agnace and all connected with her, when we had been in Paris little more than two months, he was obliged to leave us; and then my son contrived to renew the hopes of the Marquis de C——, a thing which there is no difficulty in doing when the heart of a lover is truly devoted. And who, that was capable of estimating character, could avoid preferring my Agnace to those flimsy persons with

which the gay world abounds? for she was a true Christian, and had all the gentleness, modesty, courtesy, and simplicity of that character.

“But I should have said that, long before this time, we had heard of the death of the miserable Florence: and what affected me more deeply than the death of this poor creature, whose tyranny I had long suffered with much impatience, was, that my sister had attended her to the very last, and had endured with unwearied patience all the loathsome circumstances attendant on this disease, wholly separating herself from her young family, lest she should convey any kind of contagion from the chamber of disease; and that she had availed herself of every interval of reason to bring this unhappy woman to a knowledge of her Saviour and to true repentance.

“It might have been expected that the knowledge of this truly Christian conduct of my sister would have made me ashamed of my evil feelings respecting her: but, alas! by giving me another cause for admiration, it increased my hatred of her; especially when I considered that it was more than probable that Florence had, either in delirium, or in seasons of repentance, laid open to her the subjects of our former conversations, which I was most anxious she should not know. But one month, or more, had passed since I had heard of the death of Florence, and my mind was then too full of ambitious prospects for my children, and schemes of hatred and revenge, to permit me to feel the event as I have since done.

“Things were in this state, the marquis still absent, and my son using every means in his power to promote the suit of the Marquis de C—— with his sister, when, one morning, as I was sitting alone, my children having rode out together towards the Bois de Boulogne, my nephew Charles de Perouse unexpectedly arrived. He appeared to be in violent agitation, although it was evident that he endeavoured to restrain himself and to accost me with some appearance of cordiality.

“‘What! Charles de Perouse!’ I exclaimed, ‘and at Paris!’

“‘Yes, Madame,’ he replied; ‘I am come to Paris with my sister Rosamond, who is lately become the wife of the Baron de Montauban, and we lodge at a very little distance from hence.’

“ ‘Indeed,’ I said, with great coolness, ‘I did not expect that this marriage would take place so soon.’

“ ‘And where, Madame,’ said he, ‘is Mademoiselle de Roquefort?’ And he looked round him impatiently. ‘Might I not be permitted to see her?’

“ ‘She is not within,’ I replied, still preserving a perfect indifference.

“ ‘My indifference seemed to irritate the young man more than any manner I could have possibly adopted; and, in consequence, after various struggles with himself, his feelings appeared quite to overcome him, and he caused me to understand that he was fully acquainted with the measures I was taking to separate him for ever from his beloved Agnace. The deep groans which he uttered would have melted any heart but mine; he even shed tears while he assured me that his soul was bound up in his Agnace, and he offered to take her without the smallest fortune. ‘O my aunt!’ he said, ‘give me but my Agnace!—my Agnace, whom I have loved from my tenderest infancy—and loved without a rival—yea,’ he added, ‘and must love till death!’

“ ‘And well,’ I answered, ‘well you may love her. Do you count it a merit to have selected the most lovely young woman in France, and one who is your superior in rank, and entitled to a noble dowry?’

“ ‘Oh, aunt!’ he replied; ‘and this from you!’

“ ‘Yes,’ I said; ‘and now, since the time is come for speaking the truth, permit me to say that I have always thought you presumptuous in aspiring to my daughter, and only regret that I have allowed so long a time to pass without making you acquainted with my opinion on this subject.’

“ ‘I scarcely know what answer the comte made to this speech, for he was driven beyond the bounds of prudence; and he, undoubtedly, not only used some very harsh expressions, but insinuated that he had heard me spoken of as I then appeared, but had ever before believed that I had been misrepresented.

“ ‘Misrepresented, Charles! and by whom?’

“ ‘It matters not,’ he replied; ‘sacred be the memory of the dead! But Oh, my Agnace!’ he added, striking his hand on his forehead, ‘I cannot, will not part with my Agnace. May I hope, Madame, that you

will tell her I have been here, and that I live only for her?"

"'And that you came only to insult her mother?' I replied. 'But depend upon it, De Perouse, you would do well to give up all thoughts of my daughter, for she has now another connexion in view, and one much more suitable than that which you propose.'

"'Tis false, Madam!' he replied, almost in a frenzy of despair.

"'Very well, Sir,' I answered; 'what more can you add after this? Since you cannot behave with the respect due to your aunt, you must permit me to say that I can no longer acknowledge you as a nephew. I then walked out of the room into an adjoining apartment, where, as I stood at a large window which opened into the street, I saw the injured young man leaving the court; and, within a quarter of an hour afterwards, I saw my daughter with her brother and the Marquis de C—— enter.

"I had been considering what measures I should take to prevent the renewal of the intercourse between Agnace and Charles, and was still unable to determine on what should be done, when the young people came in. My children instantly perceived that I had been agitated, and Bertram asked the occasion, but I waved a reply; and as the marquis had been invited to dinner, and the hour was at hand, I sat down to converse with the young gentlemen while Agnace changed her dress. I expressed a hope that they had enjoyed a pleasant excursion.

"'The day was fine and the prospects beautiful,' replied the marquis; 'but your sweet daughter, Madame, had a cloud on her brow: she seemed to be offended at my joining the party, and plainly told me that I might spare all trouble on her account, as she considered herself as not being at liberty to bestow her hand on any man but the one chosen by her father.'

"'Upon my word,' I said, in high displeasure against Agnace, 'she treated you with some freedom!'

"'She did so,' replied the marquis; 'and I only wish I could cease to think of her.'

"'But I trust,' I said, 'that you will not give her up. Her obstinacy shall be overcome: the young man to whom she is attached is unworthy of her; his mother has used me ill, and he has treated me with the greatest indignity.'

I would have added more, but the entrance of Agnace compelled us to change the subject.

“Agnace appeared perfectly composed during dinner; and when the marquis addressed her, answered with ease, supposing, no doubt, that she had entirely put an end to his expectations respecting her: but Bertram appeared flushed and angry, and, while forcing himself to appear easy, drank a much larger portion of wine than usual.

“About eight o'clock the marquis took his leave; and we were no sooner left by ourselves than Bertram broke out, and, though in my presence and his sister's, uttered some of those imprecations, which are too often in the mouths of fashionable young men, on his aunt and her whole family; adding, ‘I am sure from your manner, Madame, that some disagreeable circumstances have arisen from this quarter since the morning.’

“‘You have conjectured truly,’ I replied; and then gave him the account of Charles's visit, exaggerating to the utmost all that had been rash and unadvised in the conduct of the young man, and adding, that his mother had made use of her opportunities with Florence de Castres to obtain a knowledge of every secret of my heart.

“As I proceeded, Bertram became more and more inflamed, and gave utterance to his passion by more awful expressions, while Agnace implored me with tears to refrain from further mention of these subjects.

“‘And De Perouse insulted you!’ said Bertram, ‘and his mean mother has basely obtained the knowledge of your secrets! By Heaven!’ and he added other and more daring oaths, ‘I will make the man who can insult a lady to feel that he is not to do so with impunity!’ So saying, he started from his seat, but Agnace, quick as thought, had seized his arm, and was imploring him to have patience, to take a moment for reflection, and to hear what she had to say. He shook off her hand, and called her low-minded and base: but she, falling on her knees, clasped her arms around him, and would have drawn him down to his seat. ‘Hear me!—only hear me, Bertram!’ she said; ‘’tis of no use that you attempt to interfere between me and Charles de Perouse, for here, here I solemnly swear, that I will never, never marry any

man but him; and his death, no, not even his death shall separate us!

“ ‘Frantic girl!’ I exclaimed, ‘hold, hold! refrain your impious oaths!’

“ ‘I have uttered them,’ she replied, ‘they are registered in heaven. And now, Bertram, do your worst: but no, no, my brother! do not let your anger burn against the friend of your childhood! O, my brother! if ever I was dear to you’—— She would have added more, but he tore himself away, and rushed from the room.

“ All this was but the work of a minute, and left me no time either to reflect or act.

“ Bertram had scarcely closed the door after him, when Agnace falling in a deadly swoon on the floor, my immediate attention was called to her. I shrieked aloud, the servants rushed in, they lifted Agnace on a sofa. We bathed her temples, and applied volatile spirits; after which, she revived, uttered a deep sigh, and then looked around her: but seeing me, she started up, and, with a wildness of expression which terrified me, she exclaimed, ‘Well, have you done, barbarous woman? unnatural mother!—Yet now, now!’ she added, springing from her couch, ‘it may not be too late! Stop him! Stop him! Hold his hand!’ and was then hastening towards the door, when my female servants, clasping her in their arms, prevented her from rushing into the street in this condition; and being thus restrained, she burst into tears, and seemed to recover herself a little.

“ All this time I was so blinded by prejudice and passion, that I actually had not yet foreseen what was most likely to be the consequence of what I had done, in allowing my son to seek his cousin in such a state of irritation and intoxication; neither did the terrible idea occur to me, till Agnace, being a little restored, was able to speak connectedly, and to entreat me, without losing a moment, to send after Bertram, and prevent, if possible, a meeting between him and Charles.

“ ‘What do you apprehend?’ I asked.

“ ‘Murder!’ she replied, with returning wildness; ‘and then you will have well done, in forsaking the woman’s part, and thus acting the incendiary in your own house.’

“ ‘O, Agnace!’ I exclaimed, with horror, ‘and this from you!’

“ ‘What have I said? What have I done?’ cried my unhappy daughter, and she put her hand to her forehead. ‘Have I insulted my mother? O, my reason! my reason! Is it gone for ever? Lay not what I have said to my account, O, my God!’ and she wept again, at the same time imploring me to send some one to call her brother.

“I was by this time thoroughly terrified: the idea of a duel between the young men had never occurred to me, and I now became as anxious to recall Bertram, and tranquillize his mind, as I had before been to excite him: I therefore sent every man among my domestics to seek him.

“When this had been done, Agnace became more calm, though she continued to weep without intermission.

“It was now dark, but the windows were left open. Such was the confusion and disorder of the family, that one solitary light only was burning on the table. All was silent within the house and offices, which were almost empty; the females, with the exception of my own maid, having, by my desire, betaken themselves to the porter’s lodge, to be ready to admit Bertram as soon as he should appear.

“My maid, whom I had brought from Roquefort, and who had been long in the family, was standing by Agnace, and was holding her head on her bosom trying to console her; and I sat at a distance, suffering within a short space of time more real misery than I had ever experienced through the whole of my former life.

“It was then, at that dreadful, most dreadful period, that I was first convinced of the long course of sin in which I had indulged; and now that the terrible consequences of my wickedness began to unfold themselves, I was filled with a degree of horror and remorse which admit of no description.

“Till that miserable moment I had believed myself an exemplary character, a self-denying, economical, and domestic wife; but I was then forced to acknowledge, at least to my own heart, that the individual who in retirement nurtures uncharitable and angry feelings, is often

more guilty in the sight of God, than those trifling or profligate characters, whose errors are open to the whole world.

“Two miserable hours passed in these sad reflections, during which time the sobs of Agnace had become less audible, and I had almost hoped that she had fallen asleep on the bosom of the faithful servant.

“At length the clocks of various steeples in the neighbourhood announced the hour of midnight, and a moment afterwards a noise was heard below. Agnace started up, and uttered a faint shriek; at the same instant, Bertram rushed into the room, pale, disordered, and wild, and coming up to me, ‘Now, Madam,’ he said, ‘you are revenged, and I trust that you are satisfied. And would to God,’ he added, as he ungirt his sword from his side, and threw it to the further end of the room, ‘would to God I had also died!’

“Agnace had risen as her brother entered, her fair hair dishevelled and wet with the water which had been applied to her temples. She had stepped swiftly up to her brother, and stood looking at him with a fixed and dreadful calmness; and when he uttered these words, ‘Would to God I had also died,’ she turned to me, and said, ‘I knew it; I have long known it; I have been long prepared for it; it has been working on to this for many long years, and now it is complete. I well knew where I should keep my bridal day; but you will not be present, mother.’

“‘Agnace!’ I exclaimed, ‘Agnace, my child!’

“She took no notice of me, but turned to Bertram. ‘Brother,’ she said, ‘I would have spared you this guilt, but God give you repentance and forgiveness. And now,’ she added, ‘finish your work, take up your sword and shorten the hour of separation, the time for lingering here; for I must go;’ and she pointed to her bosom, as if she would have directed him where to strike.

“Bertram was unable to speak: he had thrown himself on a chair, and his groans were more dreadful, even than the unnatural composure of Agnace. I would have taken his hand, but he drew it from me. ‘You are my mother,’ he said, ‘else, I could’—— and then he paused. ‘But I was mad,’ he added; ‘I was intoxicated; and you, my mother, you provoked me.—But my Agnace,

my sweet Agnace!' and he looked with ineffable tenderness towards her, and seemed as if he would have embraced her, but recoiled, as if unworthy.

"Agnace still stood in one posture, becoming more and more pale, and fixed like some lovely marble figure. At length, heaving a deep and long-drawn sigh, she fell slowly back, her eyes, which were directed upward, becoming, at the same instant, fixed as in the instance of a dying person. The arms of her brother received her as she fell, and I, the miserable, thrice miserable mother, stood a silent witness of this terrific scene.

"My unhappy daughter was no sooner laid on the couch, than her limbs began to be agitated by convulsive motions, and it was necessary to seek a physician. Bertram still held her as she lay; but there was a fixed and dreadful expression of sorrow in his countenance, which I could never forget. I again addressed him, but he refused to answer me; and when the physician entered, he, without hesitation, accounted to him for the dreadful condition of his sister, by informing him of the crime he had rashly committed.

"'And is the young man actually dead, Sir?' enquired the physician.

"'I know not,' he replied: 'I left him fainting and bleeding with his companions, while I returned to boast of what I had done where I thought my boastings would be acceptable;' (and his fiery eyes were fixed on me;) 'and yet I blame no one, Sir, but myself,' he added. 'I was intoxicated; I was irritated. I went out to seek the comte; and I found him but too soon. I insulted him; I drew upon him. He was compelled to do the same in self-defence. I wounded him—I believe I killed him—murdered him, though he was my friend—my brother. And now that I am sobered, that my unjust anger is evaporated, I am left to the effect of my own precipitation. I shall be presently seized by the arm of justice, and shall be condemned to death.'

"This was more than I could bear. I shrieked aloud, but no one attended to me. The physician was giving directions respecting Agnace: he had ordered a surgeon to be sent for to bleed her, and the operation was performed during a stupor into which she had fallen. A large quantity of blood was taken from her before she

opened her eyes. The physician and my maid then spoke to her, but she made no answer. I then addressed her with every endearing epithet I could think of, but she took no notice. The physician administered a cordial to her, and desired her couch might be taken nearer a window which opened into a garden which was flanked by the lofty groves of the Champs Elysees.

“That unhappy morning was beginning to dawn, and the birds were commencing their flutterings in the boughs; the gales were enlivening, and laden with the fragrance of flowers; but my Agnace was never more to revive by the freshness of that air, which she was wont to inhale with so much delight on the acclivities of her native hills.

“The surgeon was gone, and the physician began earnestly to persuade my son to conceal himself from justice.

“‘No!’ said my son, sternly; ‘I value my life so little now, that I am ready to give it up, if justice requires.’

“‘But for my sake, Bertram!’ I said.

“He looked down, but made no answer.

“‘For your father’s sake!’—

“He looked fiercely at me. ‘Don’t mention him,’ he said: ‘we should have thought of him some hours since.’

“Agnace sighed. We were a little withdrawn from the couch, and returned to it again on hearing this sigh. ‘Sweet Agnace,’ I said, ‘are you better?’

“‘My father did you say?’ she answered; ‘my poor father! tell him’—

“‘What, my child?’ I asked.

“‘Tell him,’—and she hesitated—‘tell him his Agnace is happy: yet not happy. Charles was a Christian; how could he return your injuries, Bertram?’

“‘He did not, my beloved Agnace; he did not, my sweet sister; the fault was all mine.’

“‘Thank God!’ she said, lifting up her lovely eyes: ‘but O, Bertram!’ (and she looked at him,) ‘have you quite forgotten God?’

“She then seemed to be unconscious, and, closing her eyes, we hoped she was sleeping, till informed by renewed convulsions that this repose was not natural and refreshing. The physician applied other remedies, after which the convulsions left her, and she became tranquil;

but, after this second attack, her countenance became appalling: death appeared, to me, to sit on every line of her lovely face; yet the physician gave us some hope.

“The morning was now broken, and never, perhaps, shone on a more miserable family. The noble countenance of Bertram was scarcely less changed than his sister’s, and the disorder of his dress was rendered more dreadful by a few spots of blood which were discernible upon it. ‘And will you not resolve upon something, Monsieur Roquefort,’ said the physician, ‘or will you empower me to go and enquire after the young man whom you left bleeding in the street? He may not be dead; and then you will be relieved from one source at least of woe.’

“While we were hesitating on this proposition, (for Bertram seemed to dread to receive a confirmation of his cousin’s death,) we heard a noise below; and the next instant, the door of the room being open, we were fixed in amazement by the entrance of young De Perouse himself, pale indeed, and having his arm in a scarf, but far from bearing the appearance of a man desperately wounded.

“Never, never shall I forget the moment when the two cousins, rushing into each other’s arms, cancelled all past offences by one cordial embrace, from which they did not relax till they had sworn a friendship which, from that day to this, has never known a variation.

“Then all might have been well, if the arrow shot from the envenomed tongue had not wounded in a direction where it had least been intended. But I bow beneath the decrees of the Almighty; and if my punishment is only to continue with this life, I shall have reason to praise redeeming love through all eternity.

“Bertram, in hastening to meet Charles, had intercepted the view of the couch where Agnace lay from De Perouse; but no sooner had this cordial reconciliation taken place, than he asked for Agnace, and was directed to her by the expressive glances of every individual present.

“He turned pale as death as he approached the couch, and then exclaimed, with an expression of horror such as I had never before seen, ‘Oh, my Agnace! Can this be Agnace?’

“ At the sound of his voice she opened her eyes, and the last faint glow that ever reddened those lovely cheeks was diffused over her countenance. ‘ Agnace, my beloved!’ he repeated in a tone of tenderness; ‘ my sweet Agnace, I am come.’

“ ‘ I see you, my beloved,’ she answered; ‘ I have been expecting you; we shall not be separated, though now we shall have another object of purer and holier affection. My heart is preparing for this higher love.’

“ ‘ My lovely one,’ he said, sitting down on the chair by her couch, ‘ I do not understand you. What has brought you to this state? Was it terror? was it grief? Do you not still love your Charles?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ she replied, trying to raise her head, ‘ no mortal ever rivalled you in my affection. I may say it now, for temporal things are past. It was you that first led me to the knowledge of those things which now constitute my happiness, as we walked amidst those beautiful valleys, by the murmuring streams. It was there you taught my infant tongue to lisp the praises of the Redeemer. But the memory of my native hills is passing from my view; and new scenes of glory have caused those beloved objects to fade away. Do I not now behold the Everlasting Hills?’ She then made a new effort to raise herself; on which, he passed his arm under her head. Of this, however, she seemed unconscious; but, clasping her hands, and then suddenly relaxing her grasp, her head sunk back on his arm, and she expired, leaving her mother, her brother, and her beloved Charles, incapable, for a length of time, of receiving any consolation.

“ That grief and terror should so soon have deprived so young a person of life remained a matter of astonishment to the physician, till he ascertained that an important blood-vessel had broken within, by which, in fact, she had been suffocated, never having been able to throw up the blood, though she had more than once evidenced those symptoms which attend persons who are burdened by sickness.

“ But what relief could it bring, although thus enabled to ascertain the way in which death had effected its dreadful work! Our Agnace was no more;—this unhappy truth could not be disputed; and I had been the cause of her death. The indulgence of my own evil

passions had robbed me of a daughter, and of such a daughter! O, my Agnace! my lost, my lovely one! But now my courage fails me; my pen refuses to record the scene which followed, when it was ascertained that our beloved one was really departed, or to enlarge upon the sufferings of her affectionate father.

“I must needs hasten over the remainder of my story. After the death of my invaluable daughter, my husband refused for a length of time to be reconciled to me. I therefore withdrew to a house he possessed in Pau, and there have lived as a widow to this day, though twenty years are past since the remains of my lovely child were committed to the dust in the funeral vault at Roquefort.

“The marquis and Bertram continued to pursue the profession of arms till within the last ten years; at which time they returned to Roquefort, where my son was united to Sophia, the only daughter who was then unmarried of my sister. This amiable young lady used her influence so effectually to produce a reconciliation between me and my husband, that he consented to see me at Pau a little before his death, (for he is now no more,) and we were then cordially reconciled.

“My son has been blessed with four sons, and a second Agnace has at length been granted to the family; and their infant daughter promises to bloom with all the external beauties of my long-lamented offspring.

“Charles de Perouse has never forgotten his Agnace, nor ever formed a second attachment. After the dreadful scene in Paris, he returned to his widowed mother, and devoted himself entirely to supplying her with consolation, to educate his younger brothers and sisters, and to promote the happiness of his dependents.

“My sister was long before she could endure to see me after the death of Agnace, who was so greatly beloved by her: but time having worn away all painful impressions, she now frequently visits me, and her warm heart glows, I have reason to think, as formerly, with tender affection for her only sister.

“I have never again visited Roquefort; but, through the divine mercy, and in a life of religious seclusion, I have obtained some tranquillity of mind, and I dare not endanger it by the review of scenes so dear and fascinating to me. It is enough for me to behold the Pyrenees

from the window of my old-fashioned mansion, which is situated just without the walls of the venerable palace of the ancient kings of Navarre. It is not here that the mountains have their greatest elevation, or that their snowy summits seem to pierce the clouds; but it is here that they have the greatest variety in their forms, and the beautiful lake which spreads at their feet adds not a little to the charms of the prospect.

“The remembrance of time passed among these hills, of my visits with my sister to the cottage of Marguerite, and the gambols of my infant children in their early days, often impress me, as I view the lovely prospect before me: filling me occasionally with bitter remorse; but as these painful reflections are connected with the pleasing hopes, inspired by redeeming love, which are sometimes afforded to me through infinite mercy, they are the means of diffusing a tender melancholy over my heart, and of making me more eager for that time in which faith and hope will be swallowed up in the fruition of everlasting glory.”

When the lady of the manor had concluded her history of Agnace Roquefort, she explained to her young people the lesson which they were to learn from the sufferings of the marquise, and her deserved punishment. “We all, my dear children,” added she, “know, that, as Christians, it becomes us to forgive others their trespasses as we would hope to be forgiven, and there are none here present who would not look on an act of revenge with horror; and yet, who among us is guiltless of the sin of resenting petty affronts, or of allowing ourselves to indulge an uncharitable feeling towards our neighbours, whenever they appear less devoted to our service, or less attentive to pay us the respect to which we think we are entitled? Females especially are, I believe, disposed to inflame and irritate each other against their neighbours by empty and unmeaning gossip, which takes place too often when the fingers are plying the needle. Hence the advantage of literary conversation in society, and the very great difficulty which is found of amusing large parties, and even smaller ones, from which professedly worldly amusements are banished: for, in instances of a mixed society, of different ages and sexes, (allowing each

individual to be pious,) religious conversation is apt to degenerate either into flatness on the one hand, or asperity on the other; and if the leader or head of the company is not endowed with very rare and peculiar talents for promoting suitable conversation, such meetings are seldom agreeable, and still more seldom profitable."

The young ladies agreed with this remark, and asked the lady of the manor if she could propose any thing which could be substituted in society in the place of the cards and dancing, which the religious world had rejected.

The lady of the manor replied, that many substitutes might be adopted, were young people properly educated: "but," added she, "this is a difficult subject; and, as I am not now prepared to give my opinion upon it, I will defer it to another occasion. At present, I would satisfy myself by endeavouring to impress, in the most solemn manner, upon your minds, the sin of that unprofitable and injurious gossip, in which our sex are too much disposed to indulge: to say the least on such a subject, it is a waste of precious time; but it is often productive of more baneful consequences, in the degradation of character, and in the destruction of all the principles of domestic and of individual happiness."

The lady then called upon her young people to join her in prayer.

Prayer on the Subject of Forgiveness of Injuries.

"O SAVIOUR of Mankind and Prince of Peace, who, through the sacrifice of thyself once offered, hast restored peace to a fallen world; grant unto us that charity which is greater than faith and hope. Enable us continually to bear in mind, that as we are polluted ourselves, so also are our fellow-creatures; and that no intercourse can be carried on with them, without mutual occasions of offence. Enable us, therefore, O blessed Redeemer, to forgive as we would be forgiven; and, whereas an uncharitable spirit is apt to arise in our hearts, give us grace to resist the first motions of unkindness which may be felt towards our neighbours. Help us to acknowledge the danger and sin of such feelings, and place a restraint on our tongues to prevent the utterance of any unkind expres-

sion. Endue us, blessed Lord, with that knowledge which may lead us to be thankful for the smallest acts of kindness; and impress us with the conviction, that even of *these* we are not worthy. Divest us, O blessed Lord, of that selfishness which is inherent in our fallen nature, and which mixes itself even with our religious duties. O deliver us from a party spirit, and make us more and more anxious for thy honour, and zealous only for thy glory. Let it be the constant subject of our thoughts, not so much how we are treated by our neighbours, as in what manner we may best promote their happiness and comfort, and how we may devote our time and talents to their service and thy glory. Thus enable us to await the time, when true Christians shall be for ever one, and no disunion shall be found among thy memoers.

“To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be glory now and for evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Second Conversation on the Lord's Prayer—“Lead us not into Temptation.”

“**I** HAVE promised you, my dear young people,” said the lady of the manor, when next the party met, “to furnish you with a story on the subject of temptations. I shall now fulfil my engagement, without any other preface than to remind you, that our Lord’s expression, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ by no means asserts that the Almighty tempts us, for we are tempted and drawn aside by our own evil inclinations. *Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.* (James i. 13, 14.) I will now leave my little history to speak for itself.”

The Beautiful Estelle.

“An interval of quiet, and a space for reflection on the past, after the experience of many and various tossings on the tempestuous sea of life, being permitted me, ere my departure from the present scene of things, I am inclined to avail myself of it, in order to arrange certain papers which have long lain by me, relative to a lady, with whose history my own is intimately connected, and to furnish such additions to her narrative as few are so able to supply as myself; my motive for so doing not being to afford amusement to the idle reader, but to hold up a warning to youth, and to shew the very dreadful effects of a presumptuous and self-confiding spirit. There are no promises contained in Scripture for the

consolation of the proud; whereas we are assured that God will guide those in judgment who are meek, and that he will teach his way to such as are gentle. (Ps. xxv. 9.) A high and independent spirit appears to have been the original cause of every affliction which I am about to record; and the occasions of humbling this spirit were as the rending of the rocks and the stilling of the raging sea.

“But not to anticipate.—I must commence by informing my reader that I am a minister of the Reformed Church, and formerly, that is, before the fatal period of the general and systematic dissemination of infidelity on the Continent, was the curé of a small parish in the Pays de Vaud, and had the superintendence of a little congregation in one of those lovely and solitary valleys of the Alps which, through many long ages of papal darkness and tyranny, had afforded a place of retreat to those who, retaining a more pure doctrine, could not be tolerated under the reigning form of ecclesiastical government.

“In this valley the humble inhabitants had preserved a degree of Christian simplicity which would not have disgraced the apostolic ages, till the middle of the last century; not only shut out from the rest of the world by the dent de Midi et de Mordi, but by lesser mountains, rocks, and precipices, forests and wilds, peculiarly their own, which, rendering the approach more difficult, seemed almost to preclude the visits of affluent strangers.

“The people in my small parish were poor, living on the produce of their flocks, herds, and beehives, abiding in thatched dwellings, and looking up to their pastor as the first of human beings. Though now so far removed from this abode, in which I have experienced so many peaceful days, yet I still could fancy myself standing on the breezy heights above my house, where I could look down upon the vale below and see the wooden spire of the village church, elevated above the trees, and surrounded by the humble dwellings of the peasants, the thatched roofs of some of which were only visible; the hills, with their many irregular peaks and table lands, rising in the back-ground. The spot, indeed, was lovely, and is fixed for ever on the tablet of my memory.

“But even this sequestered region—this region which possessed so few attractions for a worldly-minded indi-

vidual, was, at length, visited by some who made it their business to spread the poison of infidelity and false philosophy, and who at length too well succeeded in doing that which the utmost rancour of popish violence could not effect.

“I was not a young man when I was appointed to this situation. I succeeded, in my ministry, a venerable pastor of the family of the holy and faithful John Claude, who, at the time of the persecution occasioned by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, was obliged to forsake his country, and seek an asylum in remote regions.

“My predecessor, Erasmus Claude, was born and educated in England. He was by no means so poor as the ministers of our Swiss churches generally are. He was a man of decided piety, and possessed an accurate and deep knowledge of Scripture; but had a romantic and enthusiastic turn of mind, which rendered him less fit for those duties in which plain sense is a powerful auxiliary.

“Erasmus Claude had married an elegant and beautiful woman, such as we do not often see among the wives of the pastors of the Alpine villages; but she had died early, leaving her husband with one daughter, who afterwards became so distinguished for her personal attractions, that she was generally known by the name of The Beautiful Estelle.

“I have seen a portrait of this young lady, taken at the time when she must have been in the height of her beauty: she was represented in the character of a shepherdess; the idea having been probably taken from the pastorals of Florian, whose favourite shepherdess is Estelle.

“If this picture was a faithful portraiture of the lady, I can conceive nothing more beautiful than she must have been, and cannot wonder at the admiration which she is said to have excited.

“Much has been said of the transient nature of beauty; and the charms of youth have been compared, not only to the flowers which presently fade, but to the glories of the morning and the tints of the rainbow which disappear while the eye is resting upon them. The beauty of the human face, when that face is illuminated by intellectual worth, however, surpasses the beauties of

flowers and the tints of the sky as much in duration as in degree; and there are certain expressions of the countenance which even old age cannot destroy. I have seen the beauty of holiness beaming forth amid the ravages of disease, and have traced the mild lineaments of peace and love divine, even amidst the rackings of pain. In beholding these effects of religion, our thoughts may be led heavenward, and we may learn to magnify the Creator, in the contemplation of his more delicate, as well as his more sublime works; and from such fair examples of the human face and character, we may judge what man was ere yet contaminated by sin.

“Erasmus Claude departed this life when his daughter was in her nineteenth year. Immediately after his death, she married Theodore Comte de Barfleur, a nobleman of France, with whom she became acquainted in a manner which I shall explain hereafter, and with him she left the house of her father.

“I entered on my curé very soon after her departure: and I found every mouth filled with the mention of the Comtesse de Barfleur, some speaking of her with interest as the child of their late pastor, and some mentioning her with distaste as a young woman of great pride; but all extolling her rare and singular loveliness of appearance.

“I found my parishioners, notwithstanding every exertion which had been made by my predecessor, in a state of religious declension, though many deplored the loss of the simplicity and purity of former times. The more opulent inhabitants had for some years past been in the habit of sending their children to be educated at Lausanne, or of placing them out in apprenticeship to the merchants of Geneva; and these young men, when they returned to see their parents, or to settle at home, lost no opportunities of disseminating those hateful principles of infidelity with which all the more refined parts of the Continent were already poisoned. There was a great scarcity of Bibles among us at that period, a scarcity, which from the poverty of those few who still held fast the profession of the faith, it was not possible to remove; while the infidels, in the mean time, spared no labour or expence in propagating their principles and disseminating their books.

“When speaking with one of the oldest men in my con-

gregation on the state of my people, he informed me, that my predecessor had dated the beginning of corruption in the village to the sale of certain lands in the valley, which in former times had belonged to a respectable family in Lausanne, but had been more recently occupied by tenants of inferior degree, who, living by their labour, were neither above nor below in circumstances the other inhabitants of the village. These lands had, however, been sold about the middle of the last century, to a gentleman of some consequence in Geneva, who, being delighted with the situation, had built a lodge which he used for a summer residence. I call this building a lodge, not knowing what other appellation to bestow upon it.

“The edifice was constructed in the form of a large tent, such as are used in the East, where it is contrived that the outer covering should terminate in an open verandah. The materials of this building were of white or grey stone, and the pillars which supported the verandah, of polished marble, supplied by a neighbouring quarry; the whole of the building presented at a small distance the appearance of a shepherd’s tent, such as are seen on the mountains of Switzerland, compacted of stone, for the use of the shepherds, when they drive their flocks in the summer season to the thymy uplands of the mountains.

“Within this mansion there were many large and handsome apartments, and every ornament which sculpture could supply. The situation of the edifice was an alp or mountain pasture ground. A peak of the hill crowned with turrets of rock which seemed to pierce the very clouds, formed the northern boundary of this alp, while a belt of pine traversed it on every other side, sweeping around its whole circumference, and extending its majestic line of shade to the very margin of a lake, which in the bottom of the valley reflected in its clear bosom all the glories of the surrounding country. Various streams of pure water gushed from the lofty regions above the lodge, and urged their way into the valley in various directions, presenting in their passage all the varieties of the murmuring brook, the foaming cascade, and the sparkling waterfall; sometimes hiding themselves as it were capriciously among the brambles, sedges, and the obscurity of coppices, and again bursting forth

to view, forming mirrors for every beam of light which sun or moon might supply.

“I speak not of the lesser beauties which encompassed this charming place, or attempt to describe the garlands of roses, eglantine, columbine, and wild pink, which adorned the shelves of the rocks and uplands of these lovely regions, and spread their fragrance through the whole air, supplying food for the multitude of bees which wing their flight perpetually through the warmer portions of Switzerland.

“The only approach to this lodge, or indeed to the valley itself, was through an exceedingly narrow gorge, formed by a chasm in the hills. These hills being rocky and ragged, had, in one place, formed a kind of archway over the pass, by the tumbling of huge fragments of stone from the heights. The peasants had formed a pathway over these fragments, and nature had enriched this natural arch with innumerable saxifrages, some of which hung in light festoons from the rock. In the very bottom of the valley, which was every where encircled by hills of a moderate height, was a clear lake about a league in circumference. The village church, with its white spire and its little burying ground, occupied an open and green spot on the shores of this lake; and the intermediate ground, between the church and the woods, which surrounded the lodge, was occupied by the thatched cottages of the village; the habitation of the pastor, in which I dwelt, being a little above the other houses, and nearer the lodge. The hills on the opposite side of the lake, though occupied with human habitations, pasture grounds, and vineyards, were richly embellished with forest trees; and, beyond these, on a clear day, were frequently seen the remote peaks of the snowy mountains; sometimes sparkling in the sunbeams like pillars of adamant, and again assuming a rosy hue calculated to impress the beholder with the simplicity and grandeur of divine operations.

“But in allowing my imagination to wander over these scenes of beauty, to which I conceive that nothing on earth can be comparable, I forget the design for which I took up my pen, and find myself too distant from the pursuit of my original purpose.

“The primary occupant of the lodge of which I am

speaking, was an elderly citizen of Geneva. It next became the property of his son, a spendthrift and a profligate, who was seen but once in our valley: the next who was in possession of it was a French nobleman, whom I shall call the Marquis de Nemours, not choosing to give his real name. This nobleman only once visited the valley; but this single visit, as it was protracted for several months, was fatal to the peace of many, who had before enjoyed that comfort which results from the actual ignorance of great wickedness.

“It was during the last year of my predecessor’s life that this visit was paid; and though the marquis himself, as an individual, could not be supposed to have spread the contagion of sin into many families; yet what the individual could not effect, was widely brought to pass by his many visiters, his numerous profligate companions, and his still more abandoned train of attendants.

“I have often heard my parishioners speak of the confusion excited in the village at the period of the visit of the marquis and his associates at the lodge. There, as in the instance of Ferney, it was the object of each to make the most of this life, and to annihilate the hopes of a better; and thus our woods and mountains, which for years past had afforded a peaceful retreat to those, who, during the height of papal power, had been as a light shining in darkness, became the haunts of the impious blasphemer and daring libertine. For although the higher ranks of those who visited the lodge, did not perhaps enter much into conversation with the villagers, yet such persons never lack a large train of followers, who, in imitation of their masters’ profligacy, take a delight in spreading the contagion of their impieties in their own peculiar circles. Hence, it followed, that numbers of the young people of the village learned those pernicious sentiments during the residence of the family of the marquis with us, which they never forgot. Some of them became dissatisfied, and left their homes never to return; and others, who did return, only brought back with them those corrupt habits and opinions which, by dissemination, continually increased the evil, and at length contributed to bring forward that state of confusion in which our unhappy country is now almost universally involved.

“On my first arrival in my parish, I was made aware of the corruptions which had infected my flock. I do not say but I might have done more to stem the torrent of infidelity which was breaking in upon us: but I had great difficulties, the chief of which was, the very great scarcity of Bibles among us, and our inability to procure them at the very time when the enemy was pouring in upon us every kind of infidel publication almost without money and without price. I was enabled, however, through the divine blessing, to lead back many individuals, who had become perplexed by sceptical notions, into the right way; and during my ministry I consigned many to the peaceful grave who enjoyed the hope of a happy resurrection. Nevertheless, the enemy seemed to prevail: our society gradually departed from its original simplicity, children became self-willed, and supported their own opinions in contradiction to those of their parents, and the hoary head, though found in the way of holiness, was no longer looked upon with respect.

“It was, I think, in the tenth year of my ministry, in the season of summer, and towards the close of the day, as I was taking the air on one of the breezy heights above my house, that I met an old man who had for some years past had the charge of the marquis’s concerns in the neighbourhood. He saluted me, as his manner was, and informed me that he had been engaged with his wife in airing and cleaning the lodge, having had notice that some of his lord’s family might speedily be expected. This was no welcome news to me, and I put many anxious questions to the old man, which he was unable to answer satisfactorily. In the mean time we walked up towards the lodge, the doors and windows of which were all open. I had never been within this building, as it had always been shut up, and I now looked towards it with a kind of dread, thinking what mischief had already issued from it to our poor villagers; my mind recurring to the history of my predecessor’s daughter, the beautiful Estelle, whose fate was still involved in mystery. As I passed round the house and looked in at the open windows, I caught a glimpse of several articles of splendid furniture: superb beds with their gilded canopies, looking-glasses, sofas, pictures, and statuary in various proportions. Turning, however, from these, I began to

descend from the hill, and presently approached a point, from which I could observe the gorge in its whole length as my eye glanced under the arch of the rock. Here, while I stood meditating awhile, I remarked several horsemen who were preceding a litter, the way not being passable for a wheeled carriage, and behind this litter other persons whom the distance prevented me from exactly distinguishing.

“ ‘Here,’ I said, ‘come the visiters to the lodge, and new calamities, I fear, to our unhappy village;’ and as I spoke I turned hastily to my own house, in order that I might not meet the cavalcade which approached rapidly up the glen.

“ The arrival of this party at the lodge excited much talk in the village: but it was several days before we were informed that the person who had been brought in the litter was a lady, who, being in extreme bad health, had been advised to try the quiet and refreshing air of the mountains.

“ For several weeks, no more was heard of this unhappy person, who was represented as being in a very languishing condition. At length it was whispered abroad, that this lady was no other than the beautiful Estelle, the unfortunate daughter of my predecessor, but what was the reason of her return to this place no one could conjecture.

“ It is not easy to describe the sensation which this suspicion excited in the minds of those among us who had known and honoured her father. Neither could we imagine wherefore, if she chose to come among us again, she should not make her arrival known to some of her old acquaintance, or why, if she were in so feeble a state as she was represented to be, she should not wish for such spiritual advice and consolation, as I, her father’s successor, might be enabled to supply. We knew that she had married the Comte de Barfleur, and we had not heard of her becoming a widow. Why then was she in the house of the Marquis de Nemours? where was her husband? and why was she left only with servants? We put many questions on this subject to the old man who had the charge of the marquis’s affairs in the village, but he could give us no satisfaction: alleging, that his orders went no further than to open the house to the lady and her train,

and to supply them with what they required; that he had never been admitted into the interior of the lodge since their arrival; and that what he had seen of the persons attending the lady was little to their credit.

“Thus we were still left in doubt respecting the identity of the lady at the lodge with the daughter of the pastor Claude, and we were so uneasy on the subject, that we used various means to obtain a sight of her. Several of the elder women of the village, who had remembered the lovely Estelle, went up to the lodge with small presents of fruit, flowers, and honey, as offerings to the stranger lady; requesting at the same time to be permitted to see her: but though the presents were accepted, they were invariably told that the lady was too ill to see any one. One of these good women, however, on one occasion, saw a beautiful child playing in the verandah; and on her attempting to speak to her, she was suddenly taken up into the arms of her attendant and carried into the interior of the house, while the little creature screamed and struggled with passion. This was not, however, so speedily effected, but that the poor woman had leisure to notice the physiognomy and general appearance of the child; and she did not hesitate to say, that the child could be no other than that of the beautiful Comtesse de Barfleur.

“On hearing this, I hesitated no longer, but sent a small billet offering my services to the sick lady, and soliciting the honour of being permitted to see her. I received a verbal answer, stating that the lady was too ill to see any stranger.

“In the mean time, as our assurances became every day stronger concerning the identity of this lady, the servants having been heard to address the child by the name of Estelle; and being persuaded that the lady herself was in a dying condition, and fearing, at the same time, that she was in a lamentable state with respect to religious matters, I was resolved at all events to gain admittance to her, hoping that I might be made useful in bringing her into the fold of Christ, from which there was reason to fear that she must have wandered very very far. Accordingly, I again and again presented myself at the door of the lodge to enquire after the lady, and was each time received by a servant of the marquis, who seemed to be

possessed of supreme authority in the household—an elderly man of respectable appearance, but one who was, it can be little doubted, deeply versed in the ways of sin.

“On my repeated applications, I was at length told by this person, that it was his lord’s orders that the lady should not be disturbed. ‘And pray,’ said I, ‘under what title does your lord presume to exercise such authority over this lady?’

“To this question I received no direct reply: a circumstance which made me more solicitous than ever to see the lady, to speak with her on religious subjects, and to extricate her from a situation which I could not think upon but with painful anxiety.

“Under these impressions, I watched every opportunity of gaining admission to this unhappy lady; and one Lord’s-day, after the morning service, as I was returning from visiting a cottager whose dwelling was within the covert of the wood, on the border of the alp on which the lodge was situated, I saw from a convenient point of view at the entrance of the wood, that the folding-doors at the entrance into the hall of the mansion were partly open.

“It had been remarked, since the arrival of this lady, that these doors had always been closed: hence I conjectured that the principal servant was probably absent, and that this might be a convenient opportunity for seeing the unhappy lady. I accordingly made what haste I could to the lodge, and, finding no impediment, went in without hesitation. I had never been within this building before, and now entered it with the feelings of one who sets his feet on forbidden ground.

“By an elegant vestibule or porch of a circular form, I passed into a large hall which occupied the centre of the building, being surrounded by pillars of polished marble, and paved with broad flags of the same materials: between each pillar were statues of plaster of Paris from the antique, standing on pedestals, and as large as life, some in groups and others single, all of which were modelled with greater attention to the accuracy of imitation than to true taste or decorum. Besides these, was a cornice around the roof in high relief, representing figures from the ancient mythology; the light being admitted to this apartment by a circular window in the roof.

“ I had advanced into the centre of this pantheon before I had leisure to observe the various inanimate figures which surrounded me; but not knowing whither next to direct my steps, I paused, meditating on that perversion of good taste, that induces the great of the present day thus to honour or acknowledge the abominations of heathen polytheism, the names and attributes of whose deities it is a shame to speak of in refined society. Nevertheless, I was then too old and had seen too much of the world, to wonder much at what I then saw: but withdrawing my eyes in disgust, I listened eagerly for any sound by which I might be directed to the apartment of the unhappy lady. Several long galleries, flagged with marble and terminated by large windows, extended themselves from the hall, but which of these to select I knew not; till at length hearing the movement of a distant door, I turned in that direction, and advancing along the passage I came nearly opposite a room, from which I heard several voices proceed, and the following dialogue met my ears.

“ ‘ I ask what more would you have done for you? Can we arrest the progress of disease, or restore the reign of beauty?’ A taunting laugh followed this remark, and a mournful voice was heard in reply, but the words were not audible.

“ An infant voice was next heard by me, repeating the tender word *maman*; and again the first speaker answered in such harsh and unsympathizing tones, as seemed to penetrate my heart.

“ I advanced nearer to the door, and then heard more distinctly. I again distinguished the accents of sorrow, and recognized the following expressions:—‘ Ah! miserable! miserable! And will none shew pity? And is it here—here in my native valley—here in the presence as it were of my father, my sainted father, that I must perish an outcast from society? O, unhappy! O, miserable wretch that I am! Would to God that I had never been!’—Groans and sobs followed these exclamations.

“ A short silence succeeded, during which, my eyes turned to the beautiful prospect seen from the window at the end of the gallery. The day being sultry, it was open, and I could therefore more distinctly observe the woods which skirted the border of the alp, above which the slender spire of the village church raised its modest

head. The tranquil and glassy bosom of the lake was visible in part beyond the woods. On one side of the lake, and a little to the right of the alp, the mountain on which it extended itself, arose in a small conical peak, crowned at the very summit with a cluster of pine trees; and on the other side of the lake appeared a range of hills, towering one above another at a greater and still greater distance, until the last snow-capped summit appeared to be floating in ether, the darker bases of the whole range being wholly concealed from the eye.

“While my sight was fixed on these pleasing prospects, I had for a moment forgotten my situation, while I was comparing between the beauty and order so conspicuous in the works of creation, and the deformity and confusion existing in the moral world through sin; and I know not how far I might have pursued these meditations, had not my attention been again directed to what was passing in the chamber.

“‘And will you not take me from hence?’ said the complaining voice, ‘this dreadful place where every thing reminds me of my father, my poor father!’ Here audible sobs interrupted the voice, and gave time for some one to reply.

“‘How often,’ said this person, ‘must I tell you, that it was by the order of your physicians that you were brought here to try your native air, as the last resource, when every thing else had been tried in vain?’

“‘And was it probable,’ replied the unhappy sufferer, ‘that it would benefit my health to see these woods and hills again; these scenes of former innocence and happiness, when I was the delight of my father, and the beloved of his heart—his glory and his pride? And when,’ she added, with a deeper sigh, ‘when, when I believed I had a Father in heaven, and dared to address him as my Father?’

“This last touching address produced a satirical laugh, on which the unhappy lady mentioned the Marquis de Nemours in a reproachful manner, calling him barbarous, for having forsaken her in her utmost need.

“‘And do you suppose,’ added the other, in a taunting accent, ‘that it would have been agreeable to him to have watched the slow progress of disease; and to have

closed those eyes whose sparkling vivacity he used so highly to extol? Be assured, Madam, that he was not sorry to be spared such a task.'

"I could bear no more; I could listen no longer: but instantly came forward into the room. Nor can I describe what I felt for the unhappy woman, who, by her too evident depravity, had left herself at the mercy of such spirits of cruelty.

"It seems that I had advanced far into the room before I was seen, for I had leisure to look round before any one addressed me.

"The room was large and still magnificent, though exhibiting a tarnished and deserted appearance. The cornices and ceiling were ornamented with gilding, and large coloured landscapes were painted on the walls. Between the windows were immense mirrors; and the canopy of the bed was gilt, the hangings of silk being suspended from a kind of circle or coronet highly gilt. The floor was of polished boards in a zigzag pattern, producing an effect to the eye not unlike that of the waves of the sea when slightly agitated. There were several marble slabs, supported by gilt feet, in different parts of the room; and a superb time-piece stood upon the chimney-piece.

"On a sofa at the foot of the bed, and supported by several pillows, lay the unhappy lady, in whom I instantly recognized the resemblance to the picture which still hung in that apartment of my house which had once been her father's study. Though sunk, pale, and lengthened, it was impossible to mistake those delicate features, or those eyes which once had sparkled with an almost heavenly lustre.

"At the further end of the apartment sat a beautiful child playing with flowers which were scattered around her on the floor, some of which she was endeavouring to fasten in the auburn ringlets which shaded in some degree her dimpled features.

"By the side of the sofa sat two females whose appearances were such as made me the less wonder at the words which I had heard issuing from the mouth of one of them. They were tall and majestic persons, and once, no doubt, could have boasted of beauty; but the day of their attractions was evidently past, and the means which they had

adopted to supply that of which time had deprived them were, as usual, inadequate to the desired end: for there is but one thing which can in any degree supply the place of decayed beauty, and that is the expression of holiness; this does, in some degree, triumph over age itself, and diffuse a charm over the withered countenance, when all the lustre and bloom of youth is passed away. On these persons I bestowed not a second glance, but again fixed my eye on the lady; nor can it be conceived what I felt while conjecturing what might have been the nature of the imprudences (to use a word too mild for the occasion) which had brought her to a situation of such inexpressible distress.

“The female servants before mentioned were the first persons who observed me; and the unhappy comtesse, being directed by their eyes to the spot where I stood, uttered a piercing shriek, and either calling me her father, or else apostrophising that dear parent, fainted on her pillow.

“The two attendants, enraged beyond measure at my intrusion, instantly charged me with endangering the life of the lady, whom they now affected to treat with the utmost tenderness, hastening to procure water and other restoratives. In the mean time, they commanded me to withdraw, notwithstanding which, I kept my station, and declared my determination not to leave the lady till she was in a situation to speak to me.

“While this was passing, the comtesse revived, and opening her eyes with a deep sigh, she fixed her attention on me, and then undoubtedly addressed me as her father. I drew near to her, and spoke kindly to her, informing her of my real character. By this time she had recovered her recollection, and endeavoured to raise herself from her pillow, saying with inimitable grace, ‘I see my mistake, Sir; you are not my father, though your dress at first bewildered me. Weak as my head is, and misguided as my imagination is, I for a moment conceived that I beheld my father, my poor father, once again: for O!’ she added, clasping her slender fingers, ‘had it ever been possible for me to have forgotten the best, the most beloved of fathers, the objects now present must have restored my recollection. But O, my father! my father! you were never forgotten by your miserable daughter;

and if I have had a single consolation since I have been in this place, it has resulted from the assurance that you were never permitted to know, or even to suspect, the unworthiness of your child!' At this time a flood of tears seemed greatly to relieve her; and while she yielded to these natural expressions of sorrow, I explained my situation to her, and as I had no hope at that time of being left alone with her, took that occasion of representing to her my views of her condition, and of entreating her to accept an asylum beneath my roof, where I assured her that she should be attended by a respectable female of the village, who had known her from infancy.

"Her reply to all this was cold and restrained: she expressed herself satisfied with her situation and the attentions paid her, leading me to suppose that she did not dare to speak her mind in the present company.

"As I did not understand, however, what she would have said had she been at liberty to speak, I proceeded to press her removal to my house, and especially pointed out to her the supreme importance of religion in her case, where little time might yet remain.

"She seemed to be deeply affected by my reasoning, and answered, 'Alas! those are blessed indeed, who are enabled to enjoy the consolations of religion in the hours of pain and sickness.'

"I was again about to urge the necessity of seeking these consolations, and had again tendered the shelter of my roof to the unfortunate lady, when I was interrupted by the attendants, on whom the comtesse looked with a degree of terror which it was impossible for her to disguise; and finding that it was useless to press the matter further at the present time, I took my leave, secretly resolving to lose no opportunity of attempting the deliverance of this unfortunate and miserable woman. She looked after me as I left the room with such an expression, as filled my heart with anguish; yet neither dared to request my stay, nor to invite my return.

"I was followed to the outer door of the lodge by the two females whom I had seen in the comtesse's room, and I heard the locks secured behind me, as I descended the steps of the piazza.

"When arrived at my own house, I summoned together

some of those persons who had been most attached to my pious predecessor, and we agreed to watch every opportunity of rescuing the comtesse from her present unhappy situation.

“This opportunity did not, however, offer for some days, for we were informed of the return of the principal servant of the marquis that very evening, and perceived that every avenue of the lodge was closely shut or carefully guarded.

“Towards the end, however, of this same week, a little shepherd-boy, who was employed in the care of a few sheep, and who by my desire had driven them several times across the ground in which the lodge was situated, brought me a little note, written on a leaf which had evidently been torn from a book, and which he said had been thrown to him by a child who was playing in the verandah of the lodge as he passed by. ‘It was a beautiful child,’ he said, ‘and richly dressed;’ adding, moreover, that when it was observed by some one within that some communication was passing between him and the child, the latter was instantly called to return within doors.

“I opened the note; it contained only a few words which were to this effect:—‘On Sunday evening the servants who wait upon me will probably be all engaged: there is to be a fête of some kind among them. It might prove a favourable opportunity for my deliverance, but I know not how to plan it. I am compelled to trust this paper to my infant child: I have no friend but my child.’ The note was signed, ‘The miserable Estelle.’

“This was indeed a call, and such a one as could not be resisted. Accordingly, when it was dusk on the Sunday evening, I collected my faithful villagers under the covert of a grove, which was very close upon the back of the lodge, and indeed so near that we heard the sounds of the mirth and revelling from within.

“As the darkness increased, we passed round the back of the building, and came opposite the chamber of the poor lady: the windows were closed, but we could distinguish her lying upon her couch, and saw no one in the room. The windows were not formed as they are in England, but like double doors of glass; they were bolted within. I knocked gently on the glass; on which the lady raised her head and gave me a sign to enter. I had nothing else to

do but to burst a pane, which I did with as little noise as possible, and slipping the bolt, went in followed by my companions. Not a word was spoken. The comtesse pointed to the child, which was sleeping on the couch beside her. It was my business to take her up as quietly as possible, while the peasants lifted the couch on which the mother lay, and the next minute we were at some distance from the lodge, and had plunged into the obscurity of the wood.

“I hardly know how we made our escape: but such was the swiftness of our motion, that in a few minutes we found ourselves at the door of my cottage, where the comtesse, who had fainted, probably from the effect of terror, was presently laid in bed, and consigned to the charge of an old and pious female, who had not unfrequently been occupied in the care of her in her infant days.

“It was some time before the comtesse revived; but her first enquiry, when she opened her eyes, was after her child: and when assured that she was actually sleeping in an inner chamber, her mind reverted to her own situation. She looked wildly round her on every well-known object in the chamber, became bewildered and delirious, called on her father, begged that he might be awakened and brought to her, and told us that she had been in a long, long, shocking dream, in which she had fancied many dreadful things.

“I felt her hand: it was burning with fever, and her pulse was dreadfully rapid. I ordered the light to be so placed, that she should see less of the furniture of the apartment, not an item of which had been changed since my predecessor’s time; and, as it is common for the pastors of these remote villages in Switzerland to understand some little of surgery and medicine, I ventured to bleed her myself, and administer some draughts: after which she became more composed, and fell asleep.

“From that period, this unhappy lady remained quietly under my roof. I had, indeed, some contests of no agreeable nature with the servants of the marquis; but, as they had gone beyond their orders in their treatment of the unhappy lady, I found means to quiet them, and had the satisfaction, a short time afterwards, of seeing the lodge deserted and shut up. I, however, never troubled the comtesse with any of these inferior matters; for the un-

happy creature had more than enough to endure, not only from bodily sufferings, but from mental anguish.

“After her removal, and the loss of blood, she remained in a state of comparative ease, and almost of torpor, for a few days, seeming to have no other concern respecting any thing without herself but for her child. I had procured medical assistance for her from Lausanne, and had been put in a way of regulating her in such a manner, that she never again experienced any of the more distressing symptoms of her disease. She had suffered dreadfully from fever for many weeks; but, after the application of proper medicines, she became entirely free from any painful recurrence of these feelings: she also in some degree recovered the use of her limbs, which she had nearly lost. And though no rational hope could be entertained of her recovery, her disease, from the time in which she was brought to my house, was so little afflictive in its nature, that she might have been easy, if not happy, had not the wounds of her mind continued long to rankle and fester, and to resist all the remedies which man could supply. The case of her soul was indeed past human help; and it appeared to me, that, as she became more free from delirium, her grief took deeper root, and the horror of her past life was more firmly seated. The state of her mind at one time was, in one word, that of complete despair, from which it seemed impossible to rouse her; and I was led to suppose, at that period, that she was desirous of finding consolation in infidelity, and a termination of all her sorrows in death and annihilation.

“All this while, I remained ignorant of the particulars of her history, for on these subjects she made no communications whatever for a length of time; and though I would gladly have known what had reduced a woman of her condition to such a situation, I avoided all enquiries by which her feelings might be wounded.

“During the whole of the following winter, although, as I before said, she had lost some of the most distressing symptoms of her illness, and was able to walk about her room, and, as the spring advanced, even to step out into the gallery or wooden verandah, (with which many of the cottages in Switzerland are encompassed,) yet there was such a fixed, such a settled, such an unvarying gloom upon her countenance, that not on any occasion

that I can remember was she seen to indulge in a smile. Sometimes, indeed, the innocent playfulness and tender endearments of her little girl would so far affect her as to diffuse a kind of softness on her features; but the impression remained only for a moment, and was generally succeeded by a still more bitter expression of deep and fixed misery.

“Thus the winter wore away, and the spring advanced, when one evening the comtesse sent to request my presence, alleging that her spirits were particularly depressed. I obeyed the call, and found her seated in the gallery above mentioned.

“But in order to bring before the mind of my reader the scene as it really was, I must describe my house, and the spot in which it stood. It was a thatched dwelling of considerable dimensions, the thatch hanging over some feet beyond the walls. The house consisted of two stories, the whole being encircled by a wooden verandah and gallery, into which the doors and windows of each apartment opened. The gallery above was encompassed by a railing; next the house was a small garden, in which were stores of bees and a rich provision of flowers; and from the windows on the north, the village church, the lake, and hills, presented a most delightful prospect; while on the south was a little glen shaded with trees, in the very depths of which was a cascade, which pouring from the heights, and sparkling and foaming in its fall, was presently concealed in a bed of sedges and rushes at the foot of the waterfall.

“The comtesse, when I appeared, had her eye fixed on this cascade as if in deep meditation, and on my approach she started, and seemed to be endeavouring to recollect herself. I perceived that she had been in tears, a symptom which pleased me, as it was of rare occurrence, and indicated a tenderness of feeling which I love to see in the miserable.

“It was remarkable in this lady, that she seldom omitted any act of politeness; indeed it might be said, that, with her, gracefulness of manner had become as it were a second nature. Accordingly, as soon as she saw me, she bowed, and requested me to be seated, at the same time apologizing for having given me the trouble of coming to her, ‘but I was low, Sir,’ she said, ‘very low,

and depressed. I was thinking of my father. This scene but too often reminds me of my poor father; how did he enjoy the beauties now before me! The first remembrances I have are connected with this glen, and the winding wood-walks which my father cut on each side the valley. Do these walks still remain, Sir? yet why do I ask, I never never more shall visit them, but my daughter perhaps may live to retrace these paths, for you, my good Sir, you will never forsake the little Estelle?

“I repeated my assurances of this kind, and the comtesse thus proceeded:—

“‘When I think of my father, my heart seems to melt like wax, I seem to lose all strength of mind, all power of enduring my afflictions. When I think of him and his various excellencies, I can no longer doubt that there is another state of being. Can it be supposed that such graces as my father possessed, such love of God, such ardent aspirations after the righteousness of a future and sinless world, should have been given him to be annihilated?—Can we believe it, my dear Sir?’ and she looked me earnestly in the face.

“‘Believe it, Madam!’ I replied, surprised to hear her speak in this manner; ‘were it perceptible that the birds of the air, or the very sheep we see feeding on yonder alp, had a sense of the existence of God, and an earnest longing after the blessings of a future state, or any faculty which might render them capable of enjoying eternal things, I would not hesitate to say that they were formed for eternity.’

“‘Eternity!’ she replied, ‘that is a dreadful word.’

“‘And why so, dear lady?’ I answered, ‘why dreadful, since an eternity of happiness is offered to us all?’

“‘No,’ she replied, ‘not to all; no, not to me.’

“‘There,’ I answered, ‘there you and I differ. I maintain that the joys of heaven are offered to you, and I bring the word of God in attestation of my opinion. You support the contrary opinion, but where is your voucher?’

“‘My voucher is here,’ answered she, laying her hand on her breast. ‘My heart condemns me; I am not fit for heaven; I am not fit to become a subject of mercy, I know it, Sir; I have long known it.’

“‘You have long entertained this opinion,’ I said,

‘but may it not be a false one? Where are the grounds of your assurance?’

‘She blushed, and answered, ‘I have destroyed my own hopes, by acting against conviction. Are you acquainted with my situation?’ and she looked eagerly upon me, as if doubting whether by confessing the extent of her depravity she might not be about to forfeit my protection.

‘‘I am,’ I replied: ‘at least, I conjecture much that has been amiss respecting you; and yet I know not one single passage of Scripture which indicates that such as you are beyond the reach of mercy: on the contrary, do I not read the name of Rahab among the saints of God? and am I not told that it was by faith that this chief of sinners was preserved? and were not Peter and Paul among the apostles? though the one denied his Master in the hour of his utmost need, and the other persecuted his people even unto death.’

‘The comtesse looked at me with a penetrating glance, and then, with a deep sigh, replied, ‘Peter, when he had denied his Master, went out and wept bitterly, but I cannot weep, though weighed down with a sense of sin.’

‘‘You cannot weep,’ I said, ‘because weeping is a tender, a filial act; and you have not yet learned to regard God in any other light than the avenger of sin. We weep not, though we may tremble, in the presence of an angry judge, but we shed tears when we think of a parent whom we have grieved. Endeavour to obtain a more correct view of the Deity as revealed in Scripture, and your sense of sin will cease to weigh you down and harden you, as it now does; your grief will then become holy and salutary, and you will be more troubled with the thoughts of having grieved the Holy One, than by any sense of the dread of punishment.’

‘I then proceeded to state to her, in as plain language as I could adopt, the great truths of Christianity. I spoke somewhat largely of the love of the Father, knowing that sinners have in general a kind of indefinite dread of the First Person of the Trinity, whom they have not yet learned to approach through the medium of the Second; and I endeavoured to state to her, in as clear a way as I possibly could, that wonderful plan by which God the Father has provided a means of saving the sinner, without violating the attribute of justice, or impli-

cating that of his perfect holiness. I next proceeded to state the sufficiency for man's salvation in the redemption of Christ, his sufferings and obedience, the infinite merits of which, when put in competition with the sins of finite human nature, render the latter but as dust in the balance. I endeavoured to explain to her how those who were fore-known and chosen by the Father and redeemed by the Son, are called, regenerated, and sanctified, by the Holy Spirit. And having urged these doctrines upon her attention, I exhorted her to make it her more immediate object, to look unto Christ, to consider his qualifications as a Redeemer, to regard his merits and his power to save, and to meditate on certain passages of Scripture which I pointed out to her, wherein he repeats his assurances, that none who come to him shall in any wise be cast out.

“She was very attentive during the whole of this exhortation: and from that hour, for several days, whenever I had an opportunity of conversing with her, I conducted her thoughts to the willingness and ability of Christ to save; explaining the various types in which he revealed himself in the Old Testament, particularly that of the brazen serpent; and I directed her nurse, who was an experienced Christian, to be ever guiding her attention to the same point. The consequence of which was, that, with the divine blessing, she evidently became more composed, and evinced an increasing interest on the subject of religion: and though she wept more frequently and spoke of herself with more decided abhorrence, we heard no more of that dreadful language of despair which on her first arrival with us had filled us with such sensations of grief. As I did not, however, receive that entire assurance as I could have wished of a change of heart having taken place in this poor lady, I was still very uneasy about her, and much exercised in prayer respecting her. But towards the middle of April, she was one night suddenly seized with dreadful spasms, and we thought her dying; indeed she thought so herself, and during the intervals of her agonies she expressed such horror of her past life, such earnest desires after better things, and such deep contrition for her unbelief and hardness of heart, that had she even then died I should have had the most cheering hope respecting her. However, she revived, regained her strength in a considerable degree, and con-

tinued in a very comfortable state of health during the whole of the summer and part of the autumn; but again declining with the year, she died before the return of winter, and was committed to the dust by the side of her father.

“From the period of the attack which she had in the month of April, I had remarked a decided change in her; and, no doubt, at this time she had been made a subject of regenerating grace: for how else could we account for that tenderness and contrition of spirit which was from that season observable in her? She was henceforward continually evincing a sense of her utter helplessness and unworthiness, and expressing her willingness, her anxiety, to be saved in any way or on any terms which her heavenly Father should appoint. She spoke perpetually of the wonders of the Redeemer’s love, and was anxious that all should know his value as she did. To this effect she wrote to many of her former associates, and particularly to her husband’s mother, under whose care, as I afterwards discovered, she had placed two children.

“She expressed herself at times as enjoying much peace, though she had indeed intervals of very deep depression, in which it seemed that she lost all hold of the promises, and considered that it would be for the divine glory that she should perish for ever; but in these gloomy moments there was no bitterness in her spirit, no repining words proceeded from her mouth: but she would say, ‘If I perish, I must confess that it is just;’ and she would apply to herself those expressive words of Balaam, when speaking of him that should come, *I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh.* (Numbers xxiv. 17.)

“These visitations of darkness did not, however, continue long, neither were they frequent; they were, however, most awful to those present, and never to be forgotten by them.

“The last hours of the Comtesse de Barfleur were calm, and her expressions full of hope. She bequeathed her child to me, receiving my solemn assurance that I would be a father to the orphan; a promise which I have been enabled to fulfil to the present day. A few jewels of no great value, and a manuscript containing her own unhappy life, were all the worldly goods which the comtesse

left her infant. But the blessing of Heaven, which is far above gold and silver, has hitherto attended the orphan; and I have the delight of beholding my adopted one, now in her eighteenth year, precisely such as her mother might have been, had she in the days of blooming youth and unbroken health possessed those humbling and exalting views of religion with which she was blessed during the last few months of her life. My little Estelle was early made to tread in the paths of adversity. Young as she was when her mother died, she was by no means insensible of the loss; and her tender spirit was again repeatedly wounded some years afterwards by the distresses of the country in which she lived: for infidelity and anarchy had spread their horrors even to our sequestered hamlet. Actual hardship and bitter penury have since been sometimes her lot, as she accompanied me in my escape from my house, where my life was no longer safe; and though since our arrival in this island we have found a peaceful shelter and much kindness, yet she seems to find it difficult to cast aside those painful recollections, which to those who are banished from the homes of their fathers must but too often recur.

“But to dwell no longer on these matters, I proceed to lay before my reader the manuscript which was placed in my hands by the dying Comtesse de Barfleur, with a charge that it should not be given to her daughter till she was of an age to profit by the warning which it contains.

The Memoirs of the unhappy Estelle, the beautiful Comtesse de Barfleur, as related by herself.

“Had I been asked a few months past what I most desired on earth, I should have answered, To receive the assurance that after death my body would never again arise from the dust to which it was doomed to be committed; and that my immortal soul, with all its conscious and reflecting faculties, its ardent longings after happiness, its warm affections and intellectual energies, would cease to be for ever.

“I then saw no other prospect of a termination to my misery but what annihilation could supply; but my religious education, which in former years did not benefit me, was that which rendered it impossible for me to de-

rive comfort and satisfaction from infidelity. The stupor of scepticism has no doubt hung on the souls of many until death: but the child who has received the lesson of wisdom from the mouth of a pious parent, must retain such a knowledge of the divine Being, and such a dread of the divine anger, as must embitter every hour even of the most prosperous life spent in the ways of sin, and render the sophisms of infidelity utterly incapable of lulling the soul into that state of stupor which must end, if not disturbed, in the horrors of eternal death. If the pious parent and instructor fails in making his children holy, at least he must succeed in rendering them wretched in the ways of wickedness, and seldom fails, with the divine blessing, of averting that last and most dreadful effect of a long continuance of sin, namely, the palsy of the conscience, the entire death of religious feelings, and that stubborn opposition and resistance of the will to all kindly influences from within and without, which we have seen in some miserable individuals, concerning whom there is reason to dread that they approach awfully near to the guilt of such a sin against the Holy Ghost, for whom there is no hope either in this world or that which is to come.

“The time indeed was, when I strove against conviction with an obstinacy and pertinacity on which I now look with unfeigned horror. O, what misery did I then endure! what was the fever which then burned in my body, to the raging fever of my soul, the paroxysms of fear and remorse, and the cold shudderings of despair, which alternately possessed me! but still, still my conscience was not dead, and if I for a short interval succeeded in stilling the throbbings of my heart, the image of my father would rise before me, and awaken all the tenderness of my nature. And I hoped, at least, that my fall and consequent wretchedness, and my eternal misery, (for I looked forward only to endless despair,) might never be known to him; for I could not divest myself of the idea, that his happiness through futurity would somehow or other be embittered by the knowledge of his child’s perdition, although reason and revelation forbid the apprehension. Thus did this feeling of pure and unmingled affection and reverence, preserve me amidst this tempest of dreadful passions; and more than

once, when I would have terminated my existence on earth by taking large draughts of soporific drops, which had been provided for easing my pains, the remembrance of my father has arrested my hand, and the fear of rendering him unhappy by fixing my doom for ever, has cut short my purpose. Thus, though dead, my father yet seemed to speak to me; and when most oppressed, I often seemed to be most mindful of him. But to shorten these reflections, I proceed with my story.

“I was born in this beautiful valley, being the only child of my parents. My memory does not serve me to bring back the remembrance of my mother, or probably she died before that period in which the young imagination is enabled to retain the impressions made thereon; for as visions reflected in water, so are the impressions made on the breast of infancy; they may indeed be bright and lovely, but they speedily pass away and leave no trace behind them. I have, however, heard, that my mother was not only attractive in her outward appearance, but all glorious within, having many evidences of being a daughter of the heavenly King. And perhaps I might date the commencement of my misfortunes from the event which deprived me of her watchful care; for I had no one in my father’s house who could in any degree fill her place to me, excepting an old female servant, named Jeanot d’Ester, whose acquaintance with human nature was so limited, that where she felt affection, as she did for me, she never could suppose that any thing was amiss which did not actually present itself to her senses. My father indeed possessed far more penetration into character than did the good woman just mentioned; and there was no attention in his power and consistent with his various duties as a parish priest, which he did not pay to me. Nevertheless, I continually felt the want of a mother, and that of a proper companion of my own age. I was too frequently left alone, and not sufficiently induced to open my heart in such a way to my elders, as might enable them to read my character and correct my errors.

“I am desirous in the course of my history to declare in what the defects of my education consisted. Not that I would wish to plead any excuse for my own conduct: no, I have been led to look on my past life with unmixed

abhorrence, and to ascribe my misery principally to my own depravity. I verily believe that there could not have been devised any mode of education which would have rendered me an amiable character, (setting the influence of grace aside.) Nevertheless, I have reason to think that my corruptions were increased by one or two circumstances attendant on my early life, and I am the more anxious to point these out, because I believe the evil proceeded from a source which is rarely suspected by well-meaning parents.

“Man, it is well known, is not formed for solitude: the Lord himself said of him even before the fall, *It is not good for the man that he should be alone*; and since that period, universal experience has proved the same. Every individual seeks a helpmate and companion; and from early infancy, children desire the company of those of their own age; while man retains this love of society to the most advanced years.

“Some temptations indeed there are, yes, very many, into which an individual may be brought through the medium of society; but I have reason to think, that it is in seclusion that the mind is most readily prepared for its acquiescence in these temptations, and that where one accustomed to publicity has fallen into sin from surprises and sudden temptations, thousands have been prepared by the excessive privacy of their lives for any occasion of evil which may first present itself. Hence the danger of allowing the unsanctified imagination of unconverted man leisure and opportunity for exercising its pernicious faculties; and hence the imprudence of permitting many hours of solitary indolence to young people of any description, especially to those of lively fancies and active dispositions. Solitude may be less dangerous to the decidedly dull, but to others it may prove a source of mischief.

“I remember little of my very early days, though I have some impressive recollections of certain walks with my father, among the lovely scenery of my native valley; some little circumstances of which are written in indelible characters on my heart: they are associated with the colour and texture of certain flowers, the rush of waterfalls, the whispering of the winds, the hum of bees, and the bleating of sheep. But it was not every day that I was

favoured with my father's company during my hours of exercise: I spent many hours and days alone; and these times, as I advanced in years, became the most dangerous period of my life: for when our nature is unrenewed, a very little occasion will serve to engage the heart in the knowledge of sin; and when this knowledge is once admitted, the desire of indulging that which is evil becomes a decided bent of the mind. There is no situation in life, however guarded, however withdrawn from the common occurrences of life, however refined, however apparently pure, in which abundant aliment may not be found for feeding an unholy curiosity or a depraved fancy. Such being the case, a judicious parent will not desire solitude for his offspring, but will seek occasions of active, innocent, and cheerful sports for his children, in the society of artless young persons of their own age, as the most natural and suitable, and as exercises which are no less necessary for the health of the mind than for that of the body.

“When a child, I was undoubtedly sprightly: I could climb the hills which encompass this valley with the activity of the chamois, and could look down from the most giddy height without trepidation. But in most of my excursions I was alone; there was no brother or sister or young companion to attend my steps, or amuse me with the thousand trifles by which infancy is diverted; and when I returned home, I generally found Jeanot d’Ester at her knitting, or employed in her domestic concerns, and my beloved father perhaps poring over his books. To neither of these could I disburden my mind of all or any of its vanities, or disclose any of those little feelings by which the careful and penetrating instructor is led to discover the secret workings of the heart of his pupil.

“I am not finding fault with the nature of my education as being improper for every one; but it was, indeed, particularly unsuited to me, as I was a child of exceeding lively faculties, amazingly high spirits, restless curiosity, and ardent feelings. A child of a more composed and quiet temperament might have been benefited, and found improvement only of the best kind, where I was injured.

“In the mean time, my beloved father used all the means which his own paternal and pious feelings suggested for inspiring me with the best sentiments with re-

spect to religion, the highest and most exalted truths of which he daily set before me in the most plain and simple manner, that if I have failed to do well, it has not been through want of knowledge, and if I have departed from the glory of my sex, it has not arisen from ignorance.

“But, most assuredly, religion never touched my heart, and scarcely my feelings. O beloved parent! thy form is now before my eyes, such as thou wast when, in the retirement of thy study, thou didst impart the lessons of piety to thy child, or led her mind to the contemplation of a blessed futurity, on which thine own heart ever delighted to dwell. O my father! blessed was the hour in which thine eyes were closed on this present state of being, to open upon the happiness of the future!

“If my father erred in his treatment of me, it was only through an overweening affection. I am persuaded, in theory this excellent man understood human nature well, and was so far prepared to encounter the evils in the heart of man; yet, where his affections were strongly excited, and where he had received kindness, or even common civility, he too often failed to apply his convictions of man’s depravity to their proper purpose. His improper charity led him, in many instances which I can now recollect, to unsuitable forbearance; and if such indulgence were not unfrequently extended to his child, it can afford no matter of surprise. How often, how very often does the dimpled loveliness of infancy, and the sparkling beauty of more advanced youth, act like a spell to subvert the mind of even the most enlightened parent!

“That my father was thus blinded, when contemplating his only child, I am certain, from what I can recollect of many of his discourses, wherein he addressed me, not as a sinner still under the influence of sin, and needing an entire change of heart and nature, but as one on whom that saving change had already taken place; and thus he unintentionally augmented the pride of my heart. It is with the greatest veneration for my father’s excellencies, that I advert to this error, occasioned by the partiality of his feelings towards me, and as a caution to parents in general; for perhaps it is almost as difficult to divest an individual of partiality when meditating on the faults of his children, as when contemplating his own defects.

“ But while I indulge in these reflections, time runs on : the thread of life is drawing to an end, and my task remains incomplete. I would observe, that my education was attended to, in many respects, independent of religious instruction, with considerable care, my father being not only learned, but accomplished, having a fine ear for music, and much skill in drawing. Under these circumstances I passed my early life. My character, as I advanced in years, certainly strengthened, but not in that which is right. I was sensible that I had my father’s good opinion, and that of all who knew me ; and I had sense enough to know that I must not risk the loss of my good name. Nevertheless, my perverse inclinations, as time advanced, became stronger, and my desire for worldly pleasures became established. My disposition was naturally daring, and, notwithstanding my sex, I had but little fear of any kind. I was violent and vindictive in my temper. As to any idea of regulating my thoughts, I had none ; it was a duty of which I had formed no notion ; neither do I suppose that any person, who has not been brought under the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, can feel any obligation to attend to it. Celestial influence must beam on the heart, ere its benighted state will be discovered, or before any individual can be aware of the abominations which lurk within.

“ Through the peculiar favour of my heavenly Father, and his blessing on the conversations I have heard since I entered this house, I have been made to feel that the control of the thoughts is one of the most important branches of the duty of a Christian, and a control not to be exercised by the unassisted powers of man. I do not wonder at any judgment, however severe, which these sins may bring upon the individual who indulges them ; especially when they are cherished by persons residing in religious families, and who assume the form of religion, and use its language, although utterly destitute of its power.

“ In the mean time I attained my fifteenth year, still improving in the eye of my too partial father, who, not comprehending those evidences which I gave of what was wrong, which would probably have been apparent enough to one better skilled in the ways of youth, still believed that he possessed in his Estelle all that the tenderest parent could desire ; and this continued partiality and

consequent indulgence still administered more and more to my destruction.

“Although my mind had, as I before remarked, been long in a very bad state, yet, as I had been hitherto removed from the contagion of bad company, and preserved from strong temptation, my depravity was as yet known to no one, and surely not comprehended by myself; and though I was prepared for the commission of evil, I was so blind as to account myself a virtuous daughter, when a slight circumstance gave so strong a direction to all my feelings, that my progress towards ruin from that time became more rapid.

“I was about sixteen years of age, when an old acquaintance of my father, who resided in Paris, and who had lately become a votary of the new system of philosophy, sent him a present of some of the latest publications. Many of these works were philosophical researches, but others were sentimental and romantic stories, written with a view to render the new principles seductive to the young and inexperienced.

“My father was in his study when the box was brought to him. He opened it in my presence, and, having looked into each volume, he threw them down, one after another, in high and honourable disdain, descanting freely upon the baneful tendency of the new principles of philosophy; soon after which, being engaged in some better study, he called upon me to pack up the books again in the box, declaring his resolution to send them back to Paris. I remember well the words he used when he appointed me to this task. ‘I have examined these books, my Estelle,’ he said, ‘and so much disapprove of them, that I feel it my duty to return them to the person who sent them. If he were not aware of their tendency, it was his duty to have become so, before he made himself the instrument of their dissemination; and if he knew their tendency, he has justly incurred my resentment. You shall restore them, my daughter,’ he added, ‘to the box in which they came, and I will put my seal upon the box; for no part of my family shall be polluted by reading these hateful publications, while they remain under my roof.’

“If my father had been better acquainted with me, he would not have allotted this task to me. I was not the honourable and faithful child he believed me to be:

no; I had lived in the habit of deceiving him, and my knowledge of the world makes me fear that there are many daughters such as I was.

“The dealings of a parent with his child are generally sincere. That parent must be base indeed, that does not wish his child to be good and happy; but the deceitful son and artful daughter are, I fear, no uncommon characters.

“Before I began to collect and pack up the books, my father’s back was turned to me, and I perceived, by the motion of his hand, and the interrupted murmurings of his voice, that he had forgotten his acquaintance in Paris, and his treacherous present, and was utterly lost and absorbed in his studies.

“I placed the books in such order upon the floor, that I could read the lettering upon the backs. In the titles of the larger part of them, there was nothing attractive to me; they appeared to be upon dry, philosophical, uninteresting subjects. But a novel in four volumes, professing to guard the young against the dangers of the wanderings of the heart, was a bait just fitted for one in my peculiar state; and I was tempted to remove these books into a concealed place, before I restored the rest to the box, which being done, my father placed his seal on the package, and I withdrew the purloined volumes to my own apartment.

“I had sufficient leisure for the perusal of these books; and many were the mischievous lessons which they conveyed to my mind. By these books, my attention was first directed to consider, unhappily, whether I might not lay claim to personal beauty; and I well recollect rising from the table at which I sat, while reading the volume, and going to a large old mirror in the room, to view myself, and to enquire whether I might not hope for that admiration which seemed to form the happiness of the heroines of that romance I was pleased with.

“The vanity natural to our sex, led me to contemplate my figure with extraordinary satisfaction, and a new regret came into my mind at the solitariness of my situation.

“I shall not speak of the other evil lessons inculcated by this novel. Suffice it to say, that the insidious author found in mine a heart prepared by vanity and pride for the reception of his poison, while the solitariness of

my situation gave occasion to the venom to diffuse itself through all my powers.

“But now I have reached an important and awful period of my life, which I record with many bitter reflections. I had just entered my eighteenth year, when it was reported that the gentleman of Geneva, who owned the lodge on the side of the mountain, had died, and that his son had sold it to the Marquis de Nemours, a young nobleman of France.

“This lodge had been uninhabited for many years, during which time it had been shut up. As it lay not very distant from my father’s garden, a small wood and narrow dingle only intervening between them, the distance was not so great as to intimidate an enterprising child such as I was; and the very obstacle of barred windows and bolted doors, had acted as so many attractions to draw me to this place. Once, especially, I recollect stopping at this building, when I had been walking with my father; it was evening, and the lights and shades upon the mountain were so remarkably beautiful, that my father observed he never should be weary in beholding them. I remember at this time, that he ascended the steps of the portico, and sat down with me by his side on the highest of them. It was precisely the hour when the shepherds pen their flocks; and we saw a shepherd on the side of the opposite mountain, collecting his sheep, and driving them before him. My father directed my attention to this scene, from which, though a very common one, he took occasion to elucidate those parts of Scripture which describe the Saviour in the character of a shepherd. But whither wanders my imagination? O, my father! my father! and could I live with you, could I daily hearken to such discourse as this, and remain unchanged, unconverted, hard as a stone, devoted to wickedness—and did your very tenderness and partiality even tend to my destruction? O, proud heart! O, sinful heart! O, heart which no kindness could move! Great, great must be thy condemnation!

“When the news was brought that the Marquis de Nemours had entered into possession of the lodge, and that preparations were actually being made for his reception, I was with Madame d’Ester; and I expressed in her presence the pleasure I received from this information.

“She looked seriously at me, and said, that she wondered to hear me express such feelings, adding, that she had rather the lodge should fall into utter ruin, than be so occupied.

“‘And wherefore?’ said I.

“‘Because,’ she answered, ‘the Marquis de Nemours is, I hear, a bad man; and there is a fear that his example may be the means of introducing those vices into our little valley, the very names of which are, agreeably with the direction of the apostle, scarcely known among us.’

“Madame d’Ester spoke but the feelings of every serious person in the village; but those, who, like me, were lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, formed different opinions on the subject.

“Shortly after this conversation, several servants of the marquis arrived with many workmen, who were employed in repairing and beautifying the lodge; which work was scarcely concluded, when the marquis himself arrived, accompanied by a large train of young persons of both sexes: but whether the females were inferior persons or ladies of family, we knew too little of the manners of the world to make out. But however this might be, we were given to understand that the party proposed spending the whole of the summer months in this situation, amusing themselves with excursions on the mountains, music, theatrical amusements, and such other diversions as thoughtless persons take delight in.

“Had I been in a proper state of mind, seeking my happiness from a right source, I should not have been delighted by the arrival of this family in the neighbourhood; but my affections had never been drawn by those objects which religion affords, and were now anxiously seeking others, which, though infinitely inferior, I trusted would be competent to insure me true happiness.

“From the time that I was informed of the actual arrival of the marquis and his gay retinue, I became extremely anxious to see them, and very imprudently walked continually in those woods which lay between my father’s house and the lodge; but as I did not yet venture out upon the lawn beyond these woods, I did not meet with any of the family. Being thus frustrated in my hopes for several days, I trusted that at least I should see some of the marquis’s people at church on the

approaching Sunday, but there again I was disappointed; for what indeed could any individual belonging to the train of the Marquis de Nemours have to do in a place of worship?

“I walked from church this day, after my disappointment, in no very pleasant state of mind, in company with my father and Madame d’Ester, followed by two hoary-headed shepherds, who had also been at church, and were returning to their cottages upon the mountains. With these men my father, as was his frequent custom, entered into discourse; and I have a very accurate recollection of the conversation. They represented themselves as having lived all their lives among the mountains, and the elder of them spoke much to this purpose:—‘I am now,’ he said, ‘fourscore years of age; and my ancestors, as I have been led to believe, have, from time immemorial, fed their flocks on these hills, enjoying that content and peace of mind which the blessing of God only can bestow. It is true,’ he added, ‘that our family have been sometimes persecuted for their religion: my father, when a boy, was driven from his native cottage, and compelled to wander several years through foreign countries, where he endured incredible hardships. But what,’ added he, ‘was the fury of the persecuting papists, what were the evils which they inflicted, when compared with the dangers which now threaten us and our children?’

“‘How so?’ said my father.

“‘Ah, Monsieur Claude!’ answered the old man, ‘that gay young marquis will, I fear, introduce that which will prove more fatal to us than the fire and sword of the persecutor. O,’ added he, ‘how does it grieve me to see our ancient woods and valleys, which, for ages past, have been the retreat of those who fled into solitude that they might serve their God in spirit and truth, to see them rendered the harbours of profligacy and irreligion, and to hear the song of the drunkard in those places where, in old times, our fathers met to praise their Redeemer!’

“The old man then proceeded to describe the mode of living in the lodge, with which he had become acquainted from some accidental circumstance which I now forget.

“My father’s honest indignation was so strongly ex-

cited by this discourse, that, clasping his hands together, he fervently prayed for the removal of these persons from the neighbourhood; and turning to Madame d'Esten, he said, 'These are practices which we have heard of only; and we believed ourselves in a situation too remote from the world to suppose it possible we should feel their pernicious influence.'

"I shall not describe my feelings on occasion of this conversation; but it may be supposed that they were not in unison with those of the speakers. I returned home in a dejected state, and, during the whole of the next week, remained in a very unsettled and uneasy frame of mind, wholly dissatisfied with all around me, and regretting my entire exclusion from those pleasures and amusements which I thought befitting my age, at the same time diligently gleaning up every account of what was passing in the house of the marquis.

"The Sabbath-day returned; and in the afternoon I accompanied my father and Madame d'Esten to the village church, it being the season when my father was accustomed to catechise and exhort all the young people in the village.

"It was a lovely evening in summer; and I have reason to remember it, for it was the last time that I ever visited that spot in the company of my father. The scene is present with me now, and I think I can still see the shadows which flitted on the opposite side of the valley, with the pleasing and sublime effect of the snowy mountains, shining with a rose-coloured light, and conveying the impression of awful grandeur. The church was filled with young people and some few old men and women; the girls in their neat muslin caps, and the old women in their large flat straw hats. My father looked benevolently on his people, as he passed between them to the reading-desk, and began the service with an exhortation. The subject was from the Lord's Prayer:-- 'Lead us not into temptation;' and he arranged his discourse under various heads: first pointing out that it must be understood that God is on no occasion the tempter of his intelligent creation; for God cannot be tempted, neither tempteth he any man; and that we must therefore understand the divine intention in dictating this prayer to be, that we might learn to submit ourselves

wholly to the will of God, and neither seek after, nor even desire, any change or modification of our situations in life, however desirable in other respects, by which we might be more exposed to the temptations of sin.—‘For it is certain,’ he added, ‘that the Almighty, in his divine wisdom, and as a proof of his just displeasure, sometimes may withdraw his help even from those for whom he has purposes of final mercy; and in so doing, leave them to the power of those sinful inclinations from which they would have been delivered, had they in humility and conscious dependence continued to present the prayer of our Lord.’

“Under the second particular, my father led his audience to examine their hearts, and to enquire into the state of their desires and feelings; and as he looked round, I thought that his eye rested on me. I might be mistaken; but a sudden shock agitated my heart, and had he looked longer upon me, he, no doubt, would have observed my confusion, for I felt the blood rise up to my very brow.

“My father next proceeded to trace the progress of sin; to mark its rise in the heart, its gradual growth in solitude, and during the hours of midnight, of silence, and secrecy, and its advancement to strength and firmness, fitting the mind to meet the first opportunity of seduction which the arch tempter may have prepared: for lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. In this part of his discourse, the faithful pastor endeavoured to correct the commonly-received opinion concerning the operation of temptation, which is supposed generally to be by surprise. ‘My experience and knowledge of life, little as it has been,’ said he, ‘has convinced me that sin seldom subdues by surprisals, and through the power of a sudden temptation. The holy and prepared mind, the heart which is strong in the Lord, will not suddenly fall under sin. Where temptation overcomes by violence, or seems so to do, it is certain that the soul is already prepared to be thus subdued. Let him that has fallen look to his heart, and ask these questions—What was the state of my heart before this fall? was I walking humbly with my God? was I desirous of inward purity? in whom did I place my confidence? where were my affections?’

“I remember little more of this discourse. What I had already heard made me sufficiently uneasy; and I was lost in a train of bitter reflections till the discourse was concluded and the catechising commenced. We were all in our places as we had sat during the discourse, rising only to answer as addressed by my father, when suddenly a step was heard in the porch, and, the moment afterwards, a young gentleman entered the church, and advanced to the further end of it, where, standing up on one side of the reading-desk, he turned round and gazed on the congregation.

“It was not necessary to tell us that this stranger was one of the inmates of the lodge: his air and manner marked too well his high breeding, and the peculiar elegance of his person, and expression of his countenance, led me to suppose that he could be no other than the Duke de Nemours. His hair was light and without powder, his features finely formed, his eyes brilliant; and though he did not smile, there was a something in the position of his lips which led us to believe that he was scarcely restrained from so doing by the sacredness of the place and his sense of good-manners. My father was aware of his presence; but made no other variation in his general manner, than by putting all the questions to the young men rather than to the young women then present.

“When the catechising was finished, my father descended from his desk, and was accosted very politely by the stranger, who expressed his satisfaction at what he had heard, and, being politely answered, accompanied us from the church.

“My mother’s grave is on the southern side of the church. We had planted sweet thorns and roses round it. In order to avoid the crowd, as I went out of the porch, I had stepped a little aside from the common path, and was treading near this sacred repository of my parent’s ashes. Suddenly I felt my steps arrested, and found that my clothes were caught by the thorns. I stopped to disentangle myself, and in so doing a thorn pierced my hand. The pain caused a further delay; and as I pressed my fingers on the wound, being still detained by the thorns, the young stranger observed my situation, and, coming to my help, he set me free, but not

until my gown was torn, and the fairest branch of the sweet thorn broken from the stem.

“This was the first occasion of my speaking to the Comte de Barfleure, (for it was no other than my future husband whom I then beheld,) and I have often reflected with a kind of superstitious dread on the occasion of our first addressing each other.

“The Comte de Barfleure accompanied my father to his house; but during the walk said little to me. As he lingered a little at the door of the house, my father invited him in, at the same time giving me a look by which I understood that I was to make my retreat. I accordingly went to my room.

“I have said something of the general state of my feelings, and could add much more; but I now refrain: indeed they were then of so mixed and complicated a nature, that they would be most difficult to define. They were such, however, as made me shed tears; for there was a struggle in my mind—a struggle between right and wrong; there being, on one side, a natural desire of doing well and acting virtuously, and on the other, an ardent longing after the pomps and pleasures of this world. I use the word *natural* in this place, because I am well convinced that there was no inferiority of grace in the feelings I indulged; for they had a reference only to the good opinion of men, the desire of honour, and the dread of censure. The very heathens are a law unto themselves, their consciences approving or disapproving their actions: but grace exercises a reforming and cleansing power over the heart, and aids us to act as in the sight of God, and with a view to his approval or censure. But whatever might have been the nature of my feelings, I was certainly very unhappy, and sat weeping awhile in my chamber; till at length, being restless, I came into the gallery which was before my window, on the side of the house that commands a prospect of the dingle, and the high grounds, and woods, and downs, where the lodge was situated. There, to my surprise, I saw the young stranger, who, having taken leave of my father, was slowly passing through the garden towards the dingle. His hand was upon the wicket, which opened from the garden to the dingle, at the moment I entered the balcony; and as he turned to give a parting look at the

cottage, he beheld me. Swift as an arrow he instantly returned, and addressed me as I stood above him. It is of little consequence what he might say; most certainly his words were couched in those terms of gallantry which are often so pleasing to our sex, though used as a mere matter of ceremony.

“I had, however, been always addressed with the utmost simplicity, and was therefore more affected by this high tone of courtesy than another would have been who had been more accustomed to it. I have no doubt but my manner was more than sufficiently encouraging to his presumption, for every man is presumptuous who addresses a woman, whom he ought to suppose to be virtuous, in a clandestine way, for, as he took his leave, he expressed his hope of soon seeing me again; then leaving me, I saw him passing up the wood-walks in his way to the place of his temporary abode.

“When I met my father in the afternoon, I ventured to ask him how he liked his visiter. He answered, that had he not previously heard of him as connected with bad company he should have thought better of him; ‘as it is,’ he said, ‘I can only hope the best; but it is a pity, that the son of an old Huguenot family in the ancient kingdom of Navarre, (for such I find he is,) should be found in such society.’ Here the matter dropped as far as my father was concerned, but not so with me.

“There was an old shepherd, who resided in a cottage bordering on the alp where the lodge was situated, who, being confined by the rheumatism to his cabin, had been for some weeks the patient of good Madame d’Eten, who visited him most days, carrying him such sustenance and medicines as he most needed.

“On the day following the Sabbath, the good old lady was preparing to pay her daily visit, when, observing her intentions, I offered to take her place; and not being suspected of any other view than that which I confessed, my offer was accepted, and, after our early dinner, I set off with my little basket on my arm, and wearing my usual large straw hat. The evening was warm, and my father being engaged in his study, and knowing that I should not be missed, I lingered on my way, scarcely acknowledging my purpose to my own mind. I had with me a little dog as my only companion; and probably a

stranger with no more than ordinary penetration would have seen nothing in my person, my manner, and my figure, but simplicity and innocence.

“Thus accoutred, and thus accompanied, I passed through the garden and descended into the glen, winding my way among the wood-walks, till having reached the bottom of the dingle, I began to ascend; all without me was paradise, and all within was wild confusion. I still proceeded through the shady coverts, till I had ascended higher than the wood, and passed beyond the belt of pines which encompassed the alp on which the lodge was situated. I then pursued a narrow stony path, which led still further upwards towards the shepherd’s cabin, and attained an eminence formed by a shelf of the rocky hills, from which I could look down over the pines upon the lodge, and see the whole valley extended at my feet. From this lofty site, I could discern the snowy mountains, which appeared more boldly, more eminently magnificent; the bases being discernible, and their peaks appearing still more lofty than they were accustomed to do from the lower regions. Again I continued my steps, and winding round the base of a conical rock, I at length reached the shepherd’s hut; and finding the old man seated at his door, I presented him with what I had brought, and was withdrawing, when, looking kindly at me, ‘Fair shepherdess,’ he said, ‘beware of the wolves which beset these solitudes; methinks I should have been better pleased to have seen old madame on this occasion, than such an one as you.’

“I did not pretend to misunderstand the old man, nor was I offended: but I answered, ‘Fear not, my good friend, I will take care of myself.’

“‘Take care of yourself!’ he repeated: ‘poor innocent! you are but in a dangerous way, believe me, lady, if you have none other to take care of you.’

“I turned away as he spoke these words, and gave him a smile. I had known this old man from infancy, and little did I then think, that this parting smile would be the last courtesy I should ever shew him.

“The sun was descending as I came down the hill, and its golden rays were sinking beneath the horizon as I again entered within the shades of the belt of pine. Through these I slowly passed, and was aware of the sud-

den change in the light, as the disk of the sun became entirely concealed behind the mountains, leaving only a brilliant gilding on the tops of the woods. At that moment the breeze blew fresher. I was precisely in that part of the grove nearest to the lodge; and I stood still for a moment, looking towards it, and trying if I could discern any individuals in the portico or verandah.

“The murmur of rural sounds which arose from the valley was dying away as the evening advanced, the song of birds had ceased, and the lowing of the cows belonging to the cottagers had almost died away; all became still but the beatings of my wayward heart: for I knew that I was doing wrong by lingering in this place, and yet I could not resolve to leave it. The night advanced, the shades became deeper; and suddenly I saw the whole lodge illuminated, while strains of sweet music, as if proceeding from horns and clarinets, reached my ear.

“If I had been fixed to the spot before this by the power of my wayward fancies, I felt now more and more riveted to the place. I stood listening in eager attention, I know not how long, neither can I say how long I might have stayed, when suddenly I was startled by the barking of my dog. A moment afterwards I heard approaching steps, and, not waiting to ascertain the direction of these sounds, I quitted the tree against which I had been leaning, and fled towards home, and, as it happened, in the precise direction from which the person was approaching, although the winding course of the wood-walks had in some degree misled my ear.

“In consequence of this, I was presently brought close to the person from whom I meant to escape; and, dark as was the wood, I immediately perceived that this was no other than the young stranger whom I had seen the day before.

“I was not so lost to a sense of right and wrong, as not to be ashamed at being thus surprised in the neighbourhood of the lodge; but the comte soon contrived to restore my self-complacency, and even to bring me to acknowledge that there would be a chance of meeting me another time in this same place. Thus I yielded to temptation, and proceeded, step by step, from one offence to another.

“The comte accompanied me to the gate of my father's

garden; but there he took his leave, without attempting to come in. And here was a sufficient proof, had I needed additional proof, that he, as well as I myself, was sensible he was doing wrong; and I ought to have understood his refusal to enter into the house as a hint that he was fully aware of my imprudence in being with him, even thus accidentally as it seemed, had I chosen to reflect. But reflection suited me not at that time. I entered trembling into the garden, and looked anxiously towards a favourite walk of my father's, fearing to see that dear parent pacing it up and down in a meditative mood, as he often was accustomed to do at this hour of the evening, while waiting for his supper.

“But ah! I needed not to fear. Alas! alas! this sight I thus so wickedly dreaded to see was never more to be seen by me. Never, never from that hour, did your footsteps, my beloved father, trace your accustomed path in your beloved garden, or visit the wood-walks wild in which you so much delighted. I, your daughter, dreaded to see you in your usual place; I hoped you would be out of my way;—and my wicked desires were granted. You had already lived long enough for your child; your guardian care was become a burden to her; I wished to be relieved from it; and my wish was granted.

“Oh, sin! sin! how dreadful are the effects of sin!—parricide is one of the awful evils in its dreadful train. Yet I did not murder him: no, that horror was spared me, kindly spared me. I did not break his heart. He knew not of my offences; he believed me all he wished. It was the stroke of love which terminated his existence—in mercy terminated it, before he was aware of the dishonour of his child.

“But to proceed with my narrative while reason and strength are left me.—As I said before, I saw not my dear father where I expected to see him, but I had no apprehensions. I went to the house, and entered the little vestibule, and into the study; and still not seeing any one, I went up stairs, hearing voices and seeing lights above. And Oh! conceive what was my horror and amazement to find my father stretched on a bed, pale and deathlike, without sensibility or motion, Madame d'Esten and others being gathered round him, while an old leech or village doctor was in vain endeavouring to

draw blood from veins which had been deeply opened in both arms and in his temple.

“It was with difficulty that I could refrain from uttering a shriek as I entered the room, and more than a minute before I could comprehend what all this meant, or could be made to understand that my poor parent, having been praying with a dying man in the village, had returned to his house in his usual health to all appearance, but had not sat an hour in his study, before he was heard to call for Madame d’Eten, and ere she could come to him he had fallen, apparently without life, from his arm-chair upon the floor.

“‘And has he not spoken since?’

“‘Yes,’ said Madame d’Eten; ‘about a quarter of an hour since he revived a little, opened his eyes, and called for his daughter.’

“‘He asked for me!’ I exclaimed, ‘and I was——’ Here I stopped: I could utter no more; but, throwing myself on my knees, close to the pillow of the lifeless saint, I prayed, I supplicated, I besought, I frantically besought, only one word—one dying word—one blessing—one single blessing. And O what resolutions did I then make! how did I deprecate my miserable meeting with the comte, and the frivolous, the guilty conversation in which I had indulged him! ‘Had I returned but one quarter of an hour sooner, my father! my beloved father!’ I said, ‘I might have had your blessing!’

“As I proceeded to address the cold, the silent, the speechless frame of my father, on which Death had now too plainly set his terrible signet, I became more and more frantic; and when the persons present would have closed the eyes and settled the limbs, I sprang from my knees, clasped my arms round the body, and was relieved by a fit of total insensibility, from which I did not recover till the surgeon, who had been sent for in vain for my poor father, afforded me some relief by taking a quantity of blood from my arm.

“And now, my child,—for it is for thee I retrace these sorrowful memorials,—I must be spared any very particular detail of the events which immediately followed. My beloved father was committed to the dust by the side of my mother; and some months afterwards, the Comte de Barfleur, having renewed his acquaintance with me,

and discovered that I had a sense of honour (to use the word in the commonly accepted meaning) not inferior to his own, used such means to induce me to become his wife, that I consented, and was led by him to the altar in the village church, much to the discomfort of many of my father's friends, and directly in contradiction to the opinion of Madame d'Esten, who never liked the comte, and assured me that I could have no prospect of happiness with a friend of the Marquis de Nemours.

“Immediately on my marriage, Madame d'Esten left the valley, and I was taken by my husband to the lodge, where the duke and his companions still were, though preparing to depart.

“Since my poor father's death, I had lived in great retirement, and had never been introduced to the Duke de Nemours, or to any of the family at the lodge, the intentions of the comte respecting me not being generally understood by them. I never shall forget the uneasy sensations which I experienced at the moment in which I kissed the cheek of Madame d'Esten, and hung on her maternal breast—at the instant in which I was about to leave her and the house of my fathers, to go among strangers, to make new friends, to acquire new habits, and to experience new trials. But I had chosen my own lot: it was a brilliant one; and if it did not prove a happy one, I have none to blame so much as myself.

“I certainly had some objection to go to the lodge, having conceived a prejudice against its inhabitants: but it seems that the comte wished to shew his bride, as an excuse for doing what the duke had called a very foolish thing; and as he assured me that I should see none but persons of honourable character at the lodge, I consented to his wishes.

“I had been told that there were several ladies in the party; and one of these being a sister of the duke, and the widow of a nobleman in France, and the others, wives of gentleman who were with them at the lodge, I tried to think, though against conviction, that all would be well, and accompanied my husband without further opposition.

“It was in that lodge, in that abode of splendid vice and misery, that I first made my entrance into high life, and first had an opportunity of observing, that happiness

is not always combined with splendour, and that fine manners as often disguise evil passions as they add to the charm of better feelings.

“We were in a district where wheel carriages were of little use. I, therefore, though a proud and noble bride, left my father’s house on foot, and not without many tears. Every shrub and tree, and every near and distant prospect, reminded me of some scene of childhood, and of some dear friend from whom I must now be forever parted on earth. When we had passed the dingle, and come out on the alp in front of the lodge, I was, however, speedily reminded of my new honours, for the Duke de Nemours, and all the noble party, were waiting to receive us in the portico. I was saluted with the sound of horns, clarinets, and other music; and a band of the female servants of the lodge (among whom were the two women who were my chief attendants during my second visit to this dreadful place) were prepared to strew flowers in my path, being themselves dressed in white, and wearing garlands of roses.

“As I approached the portico, the duke and his sister (which last was any thing but the respectable lady I had expected to see) stepped down to receive me; and, while I trembled at the opinion he might form of the country girl who had thus risen to high degree, he suddenly turned to my husband, and said in a low voice, ‘Indeed, Theodore, I now indeed can wonder no longer;’ adding something about engagements broken, which I did not then understand, but which I afterwards learned referred to some contract of marriage into which the comte had entered before he left France.

“Such was my reception from the duke, who was a man of the first fashion, and who possessed a physiognomy which, for animation and variation of expression, might afford a subject for constant speculation to those who feel an interest in deciphering the human countenance, and find a pleasure in being baffled in the attempt.

“Madame de Portalier, sister of the duke, was evidently older than himself, but still retaining all the vivacity of youth. She dressed elaborately, wore many ornaments, was highly rouged, and had a freedom of manner which would instantly have put me on my guard

in my intercourse with her, had I been under the influence of any thing like prudential motives. There were many other ladies and gentlemen at the lodge; but as they were persons with whom I had no further connexion, I have but little to say of them.

“And now I begin to feel a renewal of distaste for gay and pleasurable life. O, how flat and stale do all those scenes appear in the review, in which I once took so much delight! Believe me, my child, that the most gay and successful course of fashionable and worldly life, possesses no charms, and yields no pleasures, comparable to the peace, and hope, and joy attending the path of the humble and lowly Christian.

“Who can describe the vapidness, the sordid feelings, the languor and vexation, which accompany the life of an unconverted man, and the society of worldly persons?

“But to leave these reflections. I was led into the lodge in the manner I described, and suddenly found myself at the height of my wishes, and precisely in that situation after which the secret desires of my heart had panted. I was now brought into temptation, which I had never been sufficiently careful to avoid.

“As I beheld the glow of admiration with which I was received by every one present, my cheeks flushed with secret triumph; and I ascended the steps of the portico with the feelings of a monarch who first mounts the throne to which he has long aspired. The next moment, however, just as the Duke de Nemours was preparing to lead me into the house, I looked back, and my eye fell upon the little winding path which led to the cabin of the old shepherd. Swift as lightning which flashes from pole to pole, were the recollections which at that instant darted through my mind. My father, the shepherd, Madame d’Eten, a thousand scenes of comparatively innocent childhood at once presented themselves to my view, and the voice of conscience was prophetic and painful. A tear trembled in my eye, but I brushed it hastily away, and stepped with apparent gaiety into the large hall in the centre of the building, where the fascinations of novelty soon removed those painful reminiscences which had flashed across my breast. In common with all unsanctified persons, I had been in the habit of associating the ideas of magnificence with hap-

piness, and I regarded at that moment all the splendours which surrounded me as so many promises of future enjoyment. I was led through the great hall by the duke, into the saloon beyond. This was the most sumptuous apartment of the lodge. Its brilliancies are indeed faded, the worm and rust have now despoiled them; but it had then been but lately furnished, and would have rivalled some of the most splendid chambers of Versailles.

“ I was seated on a sofa at the upper end of the room. Madame de Portalier placed herself on my right hand, and the duke on my left; and there I received the more particular compliments of all present, until, intoxicated by vanity, I was led to feel that I was then only beginning to live, and that all with whom I had been previously conversant had treated my transcendant merits with a degree of injustice, which I should have accounted for by supposing that their eyes had been blinded by envy, had not my own father and nurse been of the number; but how can envy find a place in the breasts of such dear connexions? A splendid feast, a pantomime in a small theatre which had been prepared in the lodge, and a ball, concluded this memorable day; and I arose the next morning only to enjoy a participation of the same pernicious amusements.

“ A fortnight was spent in this manner, a fortnight principally devoted to me by all the splendid company there assembled; and during that period such was the delirium of my feelings, that I can recollect experiencing only one uneasy day. That day was the Sabbath, and the first Sabbath which I had ever spent in the society of unholy persons.

“ The service of the church was performed that day by a person who had fulfilled the duties ever since the death of my father, a young pastor, who happened at that time to be visiting his parents in the village, and whom I had known from childhood.

“ It had once been thought that the parents of this young man hoped for a connexion with our family; but how this matter passed off, I never enquired, being totally indifferent on the subject. Probably I had made it appear by my manner, which was generally indifferent and haughty to those whom I chose to think my inferiors, that I was by no means disposed to accommodate myself to this arrangement.

“The village bell early in the morning first awakened me to the recollection of the day. I was being dressed, and the window was open. I felt an indescribable sensation, as this sound vibrated on my ear; and when released from the hands of my waiting-maids, (for I had already acquired the habit of being served by others,) I went to a closet within my room, and there stood for a while hearkening to the sound, which I could not but hear distinctly, although it was mingled with the crowing of the cock, the lowing of the cattle, the barking of dogs, and the noise of the wind amidst the trees.

“The lower regions of the valley lay in mist, which the sun had not yet had power to dispel; but the higher parts of the valley and the snowy mountains beyond were gloriously illuminated. The image of my father rose before my mind, and I remembered him, as I had often seen him at this hour of the Sabbath, taking his simple breakfast, while he meditated on that portion of Scripture on which he proposed to speak during the day: musing, yet not morosely, not austere; for he would frequently communicate his thoughts to me and to Madame d’Ésten, and thus prepare us for what we were to hear from the pulpit. I then in fancy followed him to his church, beheld his benignant smile shed on his assembled people, saw his humble courtesies, and heard his tender pleadings with the sinner, remembering again many of his delightful and cheerful statements of the love of the Redeemer and the happiness of the redeemed, and saw afresh his look of paternal love when by chance his eye fell upon his daughter. These recollections were indescribably bitter to me; and I wept so abundantly, that I was glad to plead a headache, to account for my non-appearance in the saloon, where the party generally spent the morning at the billiard-table, at tric trac, or in some such trifles as are invented for the destruction of time, by those who do not recollect, that he who kills time may at last be found to have extended the sentence of death, as far as he is concerned, even into eternity. For if time be not redeemed, eternity must remain without hope.

“My husband seemed affected with my indisposition, (for I was then very dear to him, and it was my own fault that I did not fix his regard. Oh, I was in this respect most dreadfully faulty! but, alas! in what relation of life

have I not been so?) He acquiesced therefore in my remaining quietly in my room all the morning; but at dinner-time he persuaded me to join the party, and as I had a culpable backwardness in telling him wherefore I wished to be alone, he had the less difficulty in inducing me to submit.

“As I looked pale when I appeared, a vast deal of sympathy, too great for the occasion, was expressed; and during the rest of the evening, the duke and his sister devoted themselves entirely to me, and by their whispered flatteries rendered this perhaps the most dangerous evening I had spent at the lodge.

“At the end of this same week, we all left the valley, and spent our next Sabbath at a beautiful village on the Lake of Geneva. There we parted; the duke and his sister proceeding over the Simplon to Rome; the rest of our companions passing over into France; and my husband, with me, proceeding through the Hauenstein into the German territories, where we purposed to linger a while, taking occasion to see all that was worthy of notice in that part of the world.

“Gay as I had been at the lodge, I certainly found a relief to my spirits as I became more distant from all that could remind me of home; my conscience became more insensible, and I found more amusement for my thoughts.

“We stayed some time at Baden, Carlsruhe, Cologne, and several other places, where the comte met with acquaintance. In these towns we took lodgings, and commonly dined in public, spending many of our evenings at the theatre, and in other public places. It was at Cologne, however, that I first began to perceive some defects in my husband which I had little suspected, and which, when discovered, I made no attempts to correct, but rather increased by my own imperious carriage.

“The comte was evidently not a man of good temper. This first appeared towards his servants, and then to me. He was frequently peevish, and inclined to jealousy and suspicion. He was also too fond of games of hazard, as is too much the case with his countrymen in general. This I might have observed at the lodge; but it was not till we reached Cologne, where he found some old companions, that he began to leave me in an evening to indulge this dangerous propensity.

“It would have been the endeavour of a good wife to have drawn him by gentle methods from this dangerous society: but I had no idea of winning by such means. The Duke de Nemours had told me that the comte might consider himself a most fortunate man in having seen me first, and thus having possessed the opportunity of carrying away the prize—insinuating, that, had he first seen me, it should not have been so. These were mere words of course, and would not have been uttered to a woman whom the duke had respected; but they tallied so entirely with an opinion which I had myself conceived, after I had been a few days at the lodge, that they sunk deeply into my heart, and there operated like subtle and deadly poison. With this opinion of myself, I was prepared to resent every thing like neglect on the part of my husband; and this was the occasion of our first disagreement at Cologne.

“This disagreement, however, and several others, passed over without any very evident diminution of regard, though I believe that quarrels between married persons always tend to lessen affection. We proceeded in some degree comfortably together till our arrival in Paris, which was at the end of about six months after our marriage.

“It was the spring time, and as yet not very hot, when we took possession of the Hotel de B——, which my husband then owned, a large and elegant house in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, the back of which looked towards the Champs Elysees. The house stood far back in a square court, surrounded by offices, and fronted towards the street by a high gateway with a porter’s lodge.

“I was not at this period quite so great a novice as to be much surprised at the magnificence of the suite of state-rooms on the first floor, through which my husband led me to my own apartments in the left wing of the house; his own, according to the French custom, being distinct from mine, in the right. My apartments, however, consisted of four handsome rooms, beyond which were the chambers of my women, for there were three devoted to my service. The comte also informed me that a carriage and horses, with two or three men-servants, were to be entirely at my disposal. And thus I presently found myself established in a manner which I had scarcely ventured

to imagine, even in my most ambitious dreams, when residing under my parent's roof.

“ My husband, during our travels, had given me some insight into the state of his own family and their origin. His father's family, he said, were anciently of Navarre, and of the Reformed Religion, much attached to the royal family. One of his ancestors had been a companion of the youth of Henry the Fourth, and his faithful friend under all the storms of early life: in consequence of which, that prince, when wielding the sceptre of France, had enabled him by his bounties to procure the lands of Barfleur, from which the family took their title. These lands and honours had descended in a direct line to his uncle, by whom he had been educated, and who, when dying, had left them to him as the rightful heir. His father, he added, possessed a small estate near Pau, and had there married and died in a happy and peaceful retirement, leaving his possessions to his widow, who still resided there with an only daughter, a widow also. Of both these ladies he spoke in the highest terms, adding, that they would not love me the less on being assured that I was of the Reformed Communion.

“ ‘ Not only am I in my heart of the Reformed Church,’ I replied, ‘ but actually belonging to it: for you cannot suppose, my dear Theodore, that I could ever be induced to embrace the absurdities of popery after having seen religion divested of all its pompous and superstitious practices.’

“ It was in Germany, in one of the protestant states, where this conversation took place; and my husband smilingly replied, ‘ Think what you will, Estelle, and be what you will in your own chamber; for as long as you do not obtrude your opinions upon others, no one will interfere with you. There is much liberality of this kind now in Paris: even were you to confess that you had no religion at all, none would find fault with you. Only avoid, I beseech you, any public statement of your sentiments; it would be drawing down opposition on yourself, and be putting us to inconvenience.’

“ ‘ But surely,’ I said, ‘ you do not think religion a matter of total indifference?’

“ ‘ Perhaps I think as much about it as you do,’ was his reply. ‘ At any rate, had your interest in these mat-

ters been very great, you would not have postponed this enquiry after my sentiments, till so many months after our marriage.'

"I was vexed and angry at the turn which was given to this conversation, and no doubt shewed that I was so, for I felt my cheeks glow with shame.

"'What!' he said, 'are you displeased, my Estelle, at this remark? I confess that it was a home thrust, but I must say I am glad that you did not, during the days of courtship, sift me too closely on the subject of religion. I was often afraid, I own, of some enquiries on this head, and was thankful that it did not then happen to occur to you that piety was a necessary qualification in the husband of a pastor's daughter.' So saying, he turned on his heel, and quitted the room, leaving my own reflections to be my companions.

"But to return to Paris, and my establishment there. We were no sooner settled in our new abode than we were involved in one continued round of dissipation. All the friends of the comte, and many who knew little more of him than his name, poured in upon us. My history was told in every circle, with added circumstances of romance. The most celebrated artists pressed forward to be permitted to take my likeness: and my picture was every where to be seen in the character of the Estelle of Florian. The beautiful dauphiness, the unfortunate daughter of Maria Theresa, had scarcely then commenced that career of splendid gaiety which, at this time, renders her the admiration of one party, and the suspected object of another. My rank entitled me to be presented to her; and at this presentation she received me with peculiar affability, and expressed her opinion to those about her, that report had not deceived her respecting me, at the same time saying that I was worthy of a higher rank than that to which I had been thus unexpectedly raised.

"All this inflated my vanity, and hastened on those follies which terminated in my temporal ruin.

"During the summer months, the fashionable company left Paris, and there was some little cessation of follies. Towards the end of this period, I was confined to my apartments for some time by a slight illness; and before I could again appear in public, I was blessed in the birth of a son, to whom we gave the name of Theo-

dore. All that was tender in my nature was excited by this infant. O, what resolutions did I make during the first few happy days after his birth, of renouncing all the empty pleasures of vain society, and of devoting myself to the care of this beautiful little creature! But, unfortunately, it was supposed, after a few days, that I was of too delicate a constitution to nurse my babe myself; and though I pleaded that I never remembered having had a day's illness in my life, that I but a few months past could climb the steepest hills without fatigue, and that I inherited every other symptom of the strongest health, the decision went against me, and my boy was committed to the care of a hireling, though not taken from the house.

“Being thus deprived of the endearments of my child, and finding that he became every day more and more attached to his nurse, my mind again turned to other objects; and by the time that Paris was completely filled again, I was prepared to enter with new ardour, and with unimpaired bloom, into all the vapid pleasures of this gay and licentious city.

“It would seem that the people of Paris have nothing at all to do on the face of the earth but to amuse themselves; and their amusements are so extremely childish, so thoroughly insipid, so perfectly uninteresting in themselves, that a serious person must necessarily enquire what can possibly give a zest to such frequent repetition of buffoonery. The French are not a stupid, nor even an ignorant nation, when compared with many others: how then is it possible that multitudes of them should proceed, from year to year, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, in one continued round of vapid amusements, some of which are too light and trifling even to amuse a child at a common fete? How is this mystery to be solved, or where are we to find the solution of this enigma? Alas! I am but too well enabled to give the explanation. It is the love of admiration, the desire of being brought forward to the notice of the other sex, which gives the power to these enjoyments, and deadens the natural affections of the wife and mother; giving an interest to scenes which otherwise could not please for a moment. Were marriage held in higher reverence in France, the matrons would be seen no longer in the gar-

dens of midnight carousal, in the ball-room, or the theatre, and many solitary *domiciles* would become the seat of domestic happiness, and the nursery of domestic virtues. Vanity, and the desire of admiration, is the secret spring of all these follies; and it was vanity, and vanity only, which led me, though reluctantly, to give up my child to a hireling in the first instance, and in the second, to abandon, every evening, that home where I might at least have provided for his comforts, and seen that all his wants were duly attended to.

“In proportion as I entered more and more into gaiety, my husband acquired the habit of seeking his own pleasures more independently of me. Had he always been assured of finding me at home on his return from any engagement, he would have been induced to come home sooner, and stay there longer; had he always found me ready to administer to his comfort, which I should have done had I attended to my duty, he might seldom have left me, and my good qualities might have held that heart which had been attracted by the unimportant advantages of mere external comeliness. But there were no attractions of this kind in the house of my husband, and there can be but little wonder if, young, and thoughtless, and unfixed in principles as he then was, he should, after a while, become perfectly indifferent to a woman who had never evinced any good qualities as a daughter, a wife, or a mother.

“In the mean time I pursued my wild career of gaiety, became lavish in my expences, and though not absolutely what the world would call criminal, yet pleased with flattery, and constantly followed by a crowd of young men, who sought to obtain that regard from me, which I ought only to have possessed for him to whom I owed the duties of a wife.

“While pursuing this perpetual round of heartless gaiety, it cannot be supposed that religion had much hold of my thoughts. I had no opportunities of attendance on divine worship in public; and I very soon totally neglected all attention to it in private. From day to day I became more averse to the recollection of it, and by degrees such an insensibility obtained over my heart, that my conscience entirely ceased after a while to reprove me for my neglect of the outward forms.

“Another year passed away, and my state of mind proceeded from bad to worse; while I was gradually declining in the esteem of my husband, rendering myself less and less necessary to his happiness, injuring my reputation, and contracting heavy debts.

“At the end of this year, another addition to our family was expected; and as I expressed no desire whatever to perform the part of a mother to this infant, my husband, with my permission, wrote to his mother in Navarre, requesting her to send up a suitable nurse for the child.

“I was certainly amazed at this piece of foresight in my husband, and, without opposing the measure, I enquired if it were necessary to send so far for a nurse, and whether there were not many to be had in the provinces much nearer the capital.

“He replied, that he had reasons for what he did, and these reasons presently appeared; for shortly after the birth of our second son, he informed me, that it was his intention to send both the children to his mother and sister at Pau.

“I was astonished and offended at this proposal, but felt it not as a mother. However, I took upon me to oppose the measure with violence; nevertheless, as the comte, when excited, was fully as determined as myself, my infant children, the little Theodore and Theophilus, were sent away from their parents’ roof, when the younger was barely old enough to sustain the journey.

“I had deserved this. I was not to be pitied; and my husband had judged well: but it was such a breaking up of domestic union as even I, hardened as I was, could not but feel, though I then little thought that the parents and children who were then together, would never again be all assembled on earth. For the visitation which was approaching the hardened mother, neither slumbered nor slept; and though the dark clouds of divine displeasure had not yet totally excluded the sunshine of prosperity, yet I might have beheld those clouds on the verge of my horizon, and should have trembled at the lightnings with which they were charged. And yet in wrath the Lord remembers mercy. My little fair ones, to whom I had refused to act the part of a mother, were not to be left destitute. Another and a better home was

prepared for them, and another and a better mother. Ah! my children! Yet who have I to blame but myself?

“As the carriage, which was conveying our infant children from our presence, passed the court and through the gateway, my husband and I were left standing in the portico at the entrance of the hall. We both, as if inspired with one feeling, remained fixed till we could distinguish the sound of the carriage no longer; after which we turned to each other, and I was about to speak, and to accuse my husband of cruelty, when, surveying me from head to foot, while a sarcastic smile appeared on his countenance, he moved suddenly round, and walked off towards that side of the house which contained his apartments. There was a contempt and indifference in his manner which touched me to the quick; and, being overcome with a variety of miserable feelings, I hastened up the magnificent staircase from the hall, and rushed through my own room into the apartment which had been vacated by my children and their nurses. There, in the midst of that forsaken chamber, I stood and looked around me, as if desirous of cherishing my grief. There were my children’s beds, and on that pillow was the impression of my infant’s head. There was a little bowl of milk and bread, and the very spoon with which my little Theodore had been playing while his nurse was feeding him. A rose of lace lay on the table, it had been taken from the cap of Theophilus; and near the table stood the empty cradle. What my feelings were at that moment I cannot describe; my head throbbed and grew dizzy, and had not a profusion of tears relieved me, I should probably have fainted. Nevertheless, my sorrow was of short duration. I was engaged that evening to a splendid assembly. I had appointed a meeting with a milliner, about my dress. Some disappointment took place respecting a trimming on which I had set my heart; and this little irritation caused such a diversion in my feelings, that before sunset I had entirely recovered my spirits, and was fully prepared, when I next met my husband at dinner, to repay his scornful looks with interest.

“I was not, however, so much hardened, as to hear without pleasure of the safe arrival of my children at

Pau, and of their improved health and appearance from the change of air. From that period, I was engaged in little else but one continued round of dissipation; while the coldness between myself and my husband became so decided, that we seldom met except in company, and knew as little of each other's movements as if we had been absolute strangers.

“ My little beloved ones had been at Pau about twelve months, and I had frequently heard of them from Madame de Laurans, my husband's sister, who spoke of them with all the enthusiasm and affection of the most tender mother; and I was perfectly satisfied with their being in such careful hands, anxious only as it regarded myself to pursue that mode of life which I had chosen.

“ I have mentioned more than once the careless manner in which I had incurred various debts after my arrival at Paris. Memorandums of these debts had been sent to me from time to time, to which I paid no attention whatever; till my creditors becoming impatient, at length sent their bills to the comte: and I was in consequence summoned one morning into his library, not only to receive his reproaches, which were very bitter, but also to be informed, that he was resolved to send me, without loss of time or delay, to his mother in Navarre.

“ Among other severe reflections, he failed not on this occasion to remind me of my humble birth and the obscurity of my education, together with the circumstance of my having brought him no fortune; reproaching me at the same time with my carelessness as a mother, and want of affection as a wife.

“ It was in vain for me to attempt to shake his purpose of sending me into retirement, no man was more firm than the comte when once resolved; and I was dismissed his presence, with a command to be prepared for my journey the next morning.

“ I spent the whole of that night in weeping; but early in the morning the travelling carriage was ready, and my husband prepared to hand me into it, which he did, with a coolness that entirely deprived me even of the power of expostulation. As the carriage was about to move, he, however, told me that I should probably meet his sister at Toulouse: a circumstance which gave me some satisfaction; at the same time that it proves to me that this

plan of banishing me from Paris had not been suddenly adopted.

“The few first days of my journey were exceedingly wretched. I was leaving Paris in the spring of the year, precisely at the time when it abounds with the greatest variety of pleasures, and at a period of my life in which I believed my external charms were at their highest perfection. I was ignorant also of the intended term of my banishment; I was highly incensed at my husband; and thought that I had been used with indignity, in having no other companions of my journey than my maid and an old valet de chambre, who seemed to possess more of my husband’s confidence than I could boast. I cried, railed, and bemoaned myself, without intermission, till we arrived at Toulouse, where I expected to meet my sister-in-law, and did not allow myself to derive the slightest comfort, even from the prospect of beholding my little infants.

“Ah! what would I now give for the opportunities I then had? I refer to the opportunities of restoring a reputation which was not then past recovery; the hope of seeing my children, and enjoying their presence; the chances of reconciliation with my husband, which I then had; the means of obtaining the regard of his excellent mother and sister; and of becoming the happy wife and parent I now can never be. But I valued not the blessings which were then within my reach; I preferred infamy to virtue; and I have received my reward. But I will not anticipate: too soon will the horrors of my tale unfold themselves, and too soon shall I appear to be what indeed I am, the most perversely wicked and abandoned of the human race.

“At Toulouse I met not Madame de Laurans as I had expected, a slight indisposition had prevented her from undertaking the journey; but lest I should be disappointed, she had sent an old servant of the family, a discreet and grey-headed man, to conduct me to the end of my journey, to apprise me of the welfare of my children, and to assure me of a joyful reception.

“After leaving Toulouse, I became more tranquil in my mind; and in proportion as I approached nearer my children, I began to think of them with more affection.

“It was in the neighbourhood of Toulouse that I first

obtained a clear view of the Pyrenees: but when I arrived at Tarbes I was deeply affected; for here I beheld again all those pleasing features in the landscape which render my native country a second paradise. Here I witnessed the water pouring through the streets, and imparting that freshness and purity which were connected in my early ideas with much enjoyment. The Pyrenees indeed appear not so bold and magnificent as the mountains of Switzerland. There are fewer of the sparkling peaks which seem to pierce the very clouds; but the gentler features of a mountainous region; the green and shadowy valley, the pine crowned heights, the lively cascades, airy pasture grounds, and rocky dells, are all exhibited in equal perfection as among the Alps; and in no country in the world are the milk, the vegetables, the strawberries, and the raspberries, more delicious than in those charming regions which extend themselves at the foot of the Pyrenees.

“From Tarbes we proceeded to Pau, the birth-place of Henry the Fourth, and the former residence of the kings of Navarre. I will not do myself the injustice to say that my heart did not beat high as I approached the residence of my children, and that I did not think the passage from Tarbes particularly tedious.

“The sun was nearly set, and the evening refreshingly cool, as we approached the walls of Pau. The house of my mother-in-law and the birth-place of my husband, was without the walls of the town, situated in a line with the Esplanade. As we drew near to it, my attendant, the old steward, called my attention to certain venerable towers which formed a part of the ancient palace of the kings, a Gothic edifice crowned with small cupolas, such as I had often seen represented in old tapestry. On the opposite side was a long range of the Pyrenees, not indeed appearing in their boldest forms, but exquisitely arranged in dale and upland, intersected by numerous waterfalls, meeting together in the valley, and forming an extensive lake, which, together with the woods on the opposite banks, furnished a scene, which reminded me in no faint manner of the lovely Lake of Lemane and the mountains of Savoy which I had visited with so much delight in the early part of my married life.

“This charming spot, which revived the remembrances

of past days, affected me even to tears, and I was still lost in the contemplation of them, when the carriage suddenly stopped before an old gateway, through the archway of which I beheld a formal but highly cultivated garden, and, at the end of an avenue of orange and almond trees, an old-fashioned mansion with a flight of steps leading to folding-doors, which were open. One minute brought us to the foot of the steps; and I had scarcely alighted, before a venerable lady appeared, leading a lovely child by the hand, being followed by a younger lady, who bore in her arms an infant of about sixteen months old. O, what a sight was this! Once and again I fixed my ardent gaze on each infant countenance as I ascended the steps; and I presently found myself seated on a sofa in a large old hall, and the ladies on each side of me with my lovely children in their arms.

“O! had I then possessed a humble, contrite, and broken spirit, all might have been well with me! It was not too late: I had not then lost, irretrievably lost, my husband’s respect; his affections might then have been retrieved; my errors had then been comparatively venial; they had been such as the world would have forgotten. But what has been my conduct since? O! miserable, wretched, unfortunate, perverse woman that I have been! Alas! alas! my children! were not your charms, my little blooming ones, sufficient to withdraw me from the allurements of the world? What had this earth to bestow equal in attractions to your enchanting smiles, your sweet and innocent caresses? Where could I expect to see beauty like that of my lovely boys? Where could I hear music like the melting tones of your tender voices?

“The kindness, however, of my venerable mother-in-law, who still retained the traces of past beauty, and whose carriage was that of the finished gentlewoman, filled me for the moment with gratitude; and I was inexpressibly affected by the presence of my little ones. But I was less pleased with Madame de Laurans; and fancied that there was a certain severity in her manner, which made me shrink from her observation. Madame de Laurans had known many sorrows, and the effects of past afflictions still rested on her countenance. Her face was much

disfigured by the small-pox, and this circumstance undoubtedly rendered her appearance less prepossessing; yet her smile was sweet, and her eyes were expressive.

“I was much fatigued with my journey, and therefore was glad to retire to rest at an early hour. My mother and sister led me to my room, which was a large Gothic chamber at the end of a gallery; and before they took leave of me, they assured me of their regard, and expressed a hope that I should be happy with them. I expressed my sense of their kindness to my children, and told them how much I had been delighted with their appearance; adding, that although I had regretted my separation from them, I was now convinced that it had been for their good.

“‘I rejoice,’ replied Madame de Laurans, ‘I rejoice, my sister, that you are in this way of thinking. You,’ she added, ‘as a daughter of a minister of the Reformed Church, must be sensible of the importance of early religious instructions, and of good examples set before children. The manners of Paris are corrupt; and it is I fear scarcely possible to educate children in humble Christian habits, in a situation where all those who surround them are more or less polluted. Its pleasures and vices,’ added she, ‘are a mighty vortex, which draws in all that come within its influence. I have yet seen none who have been able to escape it.’

“The look she gave me as she spoke seemed to pierce me to the heart, and I averted my eyes from her.

“My mother sighed, and took my hand. ‘My daughter,’ she remarked, ‘speaks with emphasis, but it is because she feels what she says. O, Estelle! wife of my son, and mother of my darling little ones! there is one circumstance of my life, the remembrance of which makes me miserable. Your husband, my beloved Theodore, at ten years of age was precisely the son a mother’s heart might approve, a promising, pious, lovely boy. At that time, from worldly motives, I was induced to consign him to the charge of an uncle; and what is he now? not indeed a base or dishonourable character, but not the simple Christian I hoped he would grow up to be, not the character I hope to see his sons at his age, should I be permitted to live so long. And yet,’ she added, ‘and yet, I have hope for my Theodore. He, indeed, knows

what is right. And if he did not honour the Christian and the Reformed Religion, would he have consigned his children to his sister's care? would he have sent them to this ancient seat of the Reformed Church, to this place where the former monarchs of Navarre maintained their simple and holy creed in the very midst of papacy? Surely this is a token for good in our beloved Theodore!

“To all this I could make no answer: every word uttered by the old lady filled me with shame; and, when the ladies left the room, I yielded without restraint to my painful feelings.

“Had I then resolved to turn to my God, all would have been well with me, as I before observed; but although the feelings I was the subject of for some days after I arrived at Pau, were certainly similar to the fruits of penitence, yet they were not of that repentance which needeth not to be repented of.

“But ah! how my heart sinks within me, when I reflect upon that time. What happiness might I have enjoyed in Navarre, had my mind been in a humble and holy state. Especially when a short time after my arrival I received a kind letter from my husband, at least, such a letter as I might have built the hopes of a happy reconciliation upon. But such was the disposition of my heart on that occasion, his kindness rather served to raise my hopes of being speedily restored to the gay life, the exclusion from which I so much regretted, than tended to settle me in the situation to which I had been conducted.

“My recollections of Navarre produce the mingled sensations of regret, of deep regret and of pleasure, and would readily furnish subjects for volumes. How has my memory since dwelt on those days of sunshine, when my children were about me, and my mother-in-law and sister gave me every proof of sincere affection! I was from the first attached to my mother, but Madame de Laurans only pleased me after I was better acquainted with her. I had never seen true piety in a form so sweet and amiable in any females as I saw it in them. The life we led was such as would have proved infinitely sweet to one of a purer mind. We began and concluded each day with prayer. We dined together, at one o'clock; and we often spent our evenings in working and reading, in

playing with the beloved little ones, or taking them out in the old coach to visit the charming environs of Pau.

“ O! what melancholy delight have I had in retracing some of those afternoons so delightfully spent, when we have alighted from our coach and wandered among the valleys of the Pyrenees, tarrying at the front of some hut to regale ourselves with wood strawberries and cream, while seated beneath the shade of some spreading tree, and witnessing the little playful tricks of our infant boys. And O, what lessons of wisdom then frequently flowed from the lips of the venerable lady and her excellent daughter! But all, all in vain were those views of domestic happiness set before me, and those words of wisdom poured into my ears. I was restless and uneasy in the situation; and the year rolled round sadly and heavily to me, while I admitted of no comfort but from the hopes of returning to Paris. These prospects, however, seemed as distant as ever: for though my husband now began to write to me with kindness, yet he never hinted at my return.

“ At length, when I had been at Pau about fourteen months, the comte wrote in high spirits, to inform us that, by the death of a distant relation, he was unexpectedly entitled to a large property, a communication which filled me with ecstasy.

“ ‘ You will now write, my dear Estelle,’ said my mother, ‘ and press our dear Theodore to leave Paris and come to us; and, henceforward, we will be but one family.’

“ I know not what reply I made to this, but certainly I never meant to do as she required; for though I immediately wrote to my husband, it was to request him to recall me from banishment.

“ His answer soon arrived, and it contained a cold acquiescence in my request. His letter concluded with the following paragraph: ‘ I am half weary of this public life, and almost disposed to give it up. I verily believe that little persuasion would now be necessary to induce me to quit Paris for ever.’

“ It was necessary for me to read the former part of this letter to the ladies, in order to prepare them for my speedy return to Paris; but the latter part I kept back. However, Madame de Laurans had penetration to disco-

ver the state of her brother's mind from the few lines which I had read to her; and it was on this occasion that she spoke her mind to me in a way she had never done before. 'I plainly see,' she said, 'that Theodore might now be drawn from the world, would you but use the influence you possess. And surely,' she added, 'we have a right to expect, Estelle, that you, the daughter of a minister of the Reformed Church, ought to employ that influence in the way we could desire! You have in your own experience felt the dangers of the world; you had well nigh fallen in the situation into which you now desire again to enter: and you tremble not at these dangers; you rush into temptation with your eyes open; you uphold your husband in a mode of life which you know to be sinful; and you expect to escape unhurt! What,' added she, 'are the words of the prayer which you have been taught to repeat from infancy?—what but these—"Lead us not into temptation?" Dare you repeat that prayer, and tempt your God, as you are now about to do?'

"I felt myself highly irritated at being thus addressed, and my unholy purpose, if possible, was strengthened by it; notwithstanding which, I commanded myself, and answered with calmness, endeavouring to make it appear that I thought it my duty to use the first permission to rejoin my husband.

"'Ah, Estelle!' said Madame de Laurans, shaking her head, 'you are dealing treacherously with your conscience.'

"I was afraid that Madame de Laurans, who wrote constantly to the comte, might have influence to persuade him to revoke the permission which he had given me to return to Paris: I therefore hastened my departure, and in the hurry and agitation of my preparations had almost forgotten that I was to leave my children behind me. However, on the evening before I left Navarre, I had some returning feeling of tenderness, and, after I had supped, I stole into the room where they were sleeping. Early as it was in the year, the evening was sultry, and the large casement-window of their airy, old-fashioned apartment was open, admitting the softest and sweetest odours from flowering shrubs in the parterre beneath. The moon was at the full, and shedding its feeble light on the long range of mountains which bounded the hori-

zon. The lake was also visible in the valley, and the dark groves on its banks added variety to the charming scene. All was still in the chamber. I approached the alcove where my babies lay. They had thrown off the single sheet which covered them. Their heads were on the same pillow, and their arms around each other. They were breathing gently. I stooped and kissed them, and my tears fell upon them. The little one started in his sleep when touched by me, and his lips imperfectly uttered the word 'mamma.'

"Was it your mother you then addressed, my little angel? and was that the last, the very last time that I was to hear your lovely voice? Oh, miserable Estelle! why have my better feelings ever come too late?

"But I hasten from this scene; 'twere distraction to dwell longer on it. Suffice it to say, that by the morning dawn I had quitted Pau, and ere yet that moon had waned which had lighted me into the chamber of my children, I was again within the gates of Paris, I had again embraced my husband, and had again plunged myself in the awful vortex of intoxicating pleasures.

"I found my husband glad to see me, and in high spirits, though I evidently saw that I could easily have withdrawn him from Paris, of which he was weary.

"The first information I received from him was, that the Duke de Nemours and Madame la Marquise de Portalier were returned to France, the lady being at that time with the court at Marly, and the gentleman on some of his many estates in the provinces.

"It was then that I first coveted the honour of being one in the train of the queen, and that I began to solicit my husband to make interest for a place for me near her majesty. The comte at first did not seem to approve of my wish, but was afterwards prevailed upon by Madame de Portalier to yield to my solicitations.

"Madame de Portalier no sooner heard of my arrival than she called upon me, and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. The compliments she paid me were very grateful to my vanity; and she undertook to procure me the place I so earnestly desired: neither did she deceive me, for I soon received the agreeable information, that the object of my ambition was obtained.

"I pass over my first introduction at court, with other

matters of little consequence. I would observe merely, that I thought it worth my while to render myself agreeable in this grand sphere of ambition and magnificence, and that I had every reason to suppose I succeeded: for I was regarded favourably by royalty, and was in high estimation throughout the court.

“It was at that period in which the king and queen were accustomed to frequent the palace and gardens of Marly.

“Here gambling and public suppers took place every night, and it was necessary that the dress of the ladies should be splendid to an extreme. The populace were admitted into the gardens, and the display was such as might lead the imagination to suppose it was the effect of enchantment. The buildings and gardens of this fairy palace might be compared to the theatrical scenes of the opera. These gardens, of great length and breadth, extended in gentle ascent towards the pavilion of the sun, which was inhabited by the royal family, and the pavilions designated the twelve signs of the zodiac encompassed the two sides of the parterre; and all these were connected with each other by elegant vistas into which the rays of the sun could never penetrate. Lodgings were provided in these various pavilions for the princes of the blood and persons of inferior note attached to the court.

“In the great hall more than thirty tables were sumptuously supplied, for there every one lived at the expence of the king; and the entertainments of the place banished from this magnificent retreat every remembrance of a country life.

“The court dined early, and, after dinner, the queen with her ladies were drawn through the gardens and groves of the palace in sledges, surmounted by thrones richly embroidered with gold; occasionally resting our carriages under the shade of the lofty trees with which these pleasure-grounds so richly abounded, while cascades, falling over rocks of white marble, reflecting the rays of the sun, were seen through the openings of the trees, and afforded a sparkling contrast to the surrounding shades.

“This amusement was childish; and well would it have been had the evil been limited to the adorning of

our persons with feathers, flowers, jewellery, and embroidery. But the motives which carried us thus far were not so to terminate. In the sports of infancy there is no intention beyond the present amusement; but in those of adult persons, those things which meet the eye are not all the things which occupy the attention. There is a secret and deadly vanity which moves the puppets of fashion and lovers of pleasure. Pride, intrigue, ambition, and sensuality, are the hidden motives of action in all worldly societies; and they must be superficial observers indeed who cannot detect these hidden motives under the most specious coverings with which art can deck them.

“Accordingly, the evenings at Marly frequently betrayed what the mornings would have concealed. It was the constant habit of the court to meet while at this palace, at the close of the day, in the queen’s saloon, a magnificent octagonal apartment, which rose in a cupola, ornamented by a balcony. There we played at pharaon and lansquenet; and here it was that I first began to barter my peace for gold, losing and winning sums of great amount.

“It may be asked, Did I find happiness in these pursuits? I answer, No: afflicted as I have since been, I would not exchange even the most disastrous and gloomy hours of my life for those I spent in that scene of false prosperity.

“In the queen’s saloon at Marly, among many other sculptured groups, there was one in white marble of two sleeping infants enfolded in each other’s arms. I know not whether there was any particular merit in the sculpture: but this I know, that the sight of it affected me almost to tears, and I dared not continue to look at it; and if my eye fell upon it by chance, I was instantly sensible of such a depression in my spirits as I could not describe.

“In the mean time there was not a single person in the court for whom I had felt the smallest regard but Madame de Portalier, and my regard for this lady was so entirely devoid of esteem, that it was any thing but sincere, for the more I saw of her the less I valued her character; for she was intriguing, vain, eager for admiration notwithstanding her age, and corrupt in every

principle. Still, however, I was flattered by her caresses, and intoxicated by the reports she continually brought to me concerning the effect produced by my appearance in society.

“My residence at court seldom continued longer than a week at a time, and I think it was during my second attendance on the queen at Marly, that I first met the Duke de Nemours after his return from Italy.

“It was in the early part of the day, and I was sitting in the shade near the marble fountain when he unexpectedly made his appearance. He was elegantly dressed; and though several years had passed since I had seen him, it seemed as if time had stood still with him, for there was not the slightest change in his appearance.

“He expressed great pleasure in seeing me, and much vain conversation passed between us. From that period, while I remained with the court we were constantly together; and on my return to Paris this intimacy was continued, while my intercourse with his sister became more and more frequent.

“Madame de Portalier did not reside with her brother in Paris, but occupied a large house of her own, in which she saw much company, and gave many splendid entertainments.

“The comte did not at first appear to take any notice of this close intimacy between me and Madame de Portalier, but after a while he remonstrated with me, giving me certain hints by which I might understand that her reputation, notwithstanding the favour in which she stood at court, was not precisely such as entitled her to be the guide of one so young as I was.

“To this caution I paid no further attention, than to withdraw my connexion with the marquise somewhat more from the view of the world; and I was even so imprudent as to state to her, that my husband was jealous of her, and fancied that I preferred her company to his.

“I could say much on this part of my life, but I purposely hasten over it; my heart sickens at the remembrance of my folly, my madness, and my wickedness.

“Another year passed away after my return from Navarre; in that interval I had again involved myself in debt, and was become a deep, though in general a successful, gambler.

“The spring appeared, and I again visited Marly. The Duke de Nemours was there, and constantly with me; a circumstance, which the freedom of manners then prevailing in Paris prevented any person from blaming as it deserved.

“On the evening previous to the day in which I was to return to Paris, I was deeply engaged in play with a gentleman who, no doubt, subsisted by gambling. I was at first successful, and my success made me rash; and I sat till I had not only lost all I had gained, but had involved myself in a debt on which I trembled to think.

“I had no means of defraying this debt, and I was compelled to give the gentleman a note acknowledging my debt, with a promise of speedy payment.

“Madame de Portalier had observed what passed, for she had been standing behind my chair; and as soon as the company dispersed, I hastened to her apartment, and, bursting into tears, confessed my folly and my painful apprehensions. ‘Can I,’ I asked, ‘demand this money from my husband? No, I dare not. But must I leave that disgraceful memorial standing against me?’ And such were my feelings, such the reproaches of my conscience, such my terror, that I nearly fainted.

“Madame de Portalier tried to console me, but she offered me no advice which promised succour; I therefore returned to my chamber, and spent the night in tears. In the morning, however, a letter was put into my hands, it was from the Duke de Nemours, and informed me that he had redeemed my pledge from my adversary of the past night; and he desired I might feel no uneasiness on the subject. My first emotions on this occasion were those of unmingled delight; but there was a deduction from my happiness, when I recollected that the debt I now owed the duke was not an imaginary one, which the laws of false honour only could render valid, but a solid and substantial one: for how had my pledge been redeemed, but by a heavy disbursement? Weighed down with this feeling, I hastened to the chamber of the marquise, and there found her conversing with her brother.

“I scarcely recollect what passed on this occasion. I was at first excessively afflicted, but the duke and his sister contrived to comfort me: and before we parted, they

exacted a promise from me that I would be present that evening at an assembly in the house of the marquise in Paris; the marquise being more anxious to see me on that occasion, as she was about to leave the metropolis for a short time with her brother, who was proceeding the next morning to an estate which he possessed in Alsace.

“It was about noon when I arrived at the door of my own house in Paris; and, being admitted, was hastening to my own apartments in no very easy state of mind, when I was accosted by my husband’s confidential servant before mentioned, and informed that the comte desired to speak with me. My heart was agitated as I followed him into the library; and my apprehensions were by no means diminished, when I saw my husband seated at a table examining certain memorandums which were spread before him.

“On seeing me, he turned pale with passion, and, holding before me a calculation which he had been making from these various memorandums, he bid me prepare for a second visit to Pau.

“‘It is necessary, Madame,’ he said, ‘to put it out of your power to ruin me. Behold the amount of your bills, at least of some of them, for probably you have other debts with which I am not acquainted. But I forbear to reason or expostulate. The day after to-morrow you will be in readiness to quit this place; in the mean time, you do not leave this house.’

“‘I am willing to go,’ I replied, with suppressed indignation. ‘I shall be ready at the appointed time: but this evening I am engaged, and I must go from home.’

“‘Do as you please, Madame,’ he replied: ‘but understand this, if you once leave these gates, without my sanction, you return no more.’

“‘Be it so,’ I replied, in high displeasure; and I quitted the room without a single attempt at self-justification, or deprecation of the just displeasure of my offended husband.

“I had not the smallest idea that my husband would put his threat into execution, respecting the closing of his gates against me. I therefore resolved to keep my appointment with Madame de Portalier: for I was anx-

ious to relate my present distress to her, and to entreat the duke to conceal my secret respecting the debt.

“I know not how the rest of that miserable day passed. At length the evening came, and the hour appointed for my visit to the marquise. I saw my husband no more that day: I heard his voice, indeed, but I saw him no more at that time, nor ever. Our last meeting was in anger; we never met again. Ah! unhappy Theodore! With a better wife what might he have been? He was once inexpressibly dear to me! He is now dear to me! How shall I ever compensate for the wrongs I have done him?

“Many say of vice, that she has power to bestow some happy moments on her votaries. If so, if this be true, how have I been cheated! for, through all the long, the mad, the sinful career, which I have run, were every hour laid out as upon a dial, I could not place my finger on one, the smallest, partition of time, and say that was a pleasant moment. Bitterness and sorrow, dread and self-reproach, have accompanied me through every step; and remorse has ever gnawed my heart, even when my countenance has been enlivened with worldly success, and my ear has vibrated with the accents of human praise.

“But to proceed with my dreadful narrative. I went to the marquise’s. I was present at the assembly. I conversed with the duke, and represented my husband to him as a tyrant. I received his assurances of unaltered friendship, and fidelity to his trust, for I had a secret in his keeping, and I took a tender leave of the marquise in his presence. After which, I returned home in my own carriage, but the gates were shut against me; and in the moment of high indignation, I ordered my coachman to drive back to the marquise’s, thus for ever closing those gates against me where only I could have found protection.

“Having already deviated so far from the path of duty, and wandered so widely in the ways of folly, no one can wonder at the step which followed next; nor will it occasion the smallest surprise to any who may read this narrative, to be informed that I yielded to the solicitations of Madame de Portalier and the Duke de Nemours, and, in a high fit of resentment against my

husband, gave way to their persuasion to accompany them into Alsace, where I was soon convinced that there was an end of every hope of entering again into the society of those who retained the slightest value for public reputation.

“It was not till I was at a considerable distance from Paris, that I was sufficiently calm to consider what I had done. During this interval I had done nothing but weep, treating all attempts of my companions to reconcile me to my situation with petulance and ill-humour, scarcely refraining from uttering reproaches, and charging them as the sole cause of my folly. Once or twice I perceived that the duke had some difficulty in repressing his anger on the occasion, for his colour heightened and his eyes flashed with displeasure, impressing me with the conviction, that it would be necessary, as I had placed myself in his power, to use more command over my temper towards him than I had ever done with the husband whom I had represented to myself and others as an imperious tyrant. I therefore strove to do so, and endeavoured, during the rest of my journey, to conceal my unhappy tempers, and render myself more agreeable to the company, entertaining the delusive hope, that the course which I had taken was not irremediable; and that I might so account for it to the comte, whom I resolved to address by letter at the end of the journey, as might occasion it to pass for a frolic, and induce him to look over it.

“Indulging these hopes, I again became more cheerful, while the transient displeasure of the duke passed away and yielded to his usually polite and engaging manner.

“Our journey was effected with speed, though I was considerably fatigued when we entered Alsace; and having traversed a great portion of that charming country, we, at length, arrived at an ancient castle on the banks of the Rhine. This castle being so near the frontiers had been strongly fortified, though its fortifications were now falling to decay. It was situated on the summit of a rock which hung frowningly over the river.

“Our approach to the castle was through a long avenue formed in a very deep and thick set forest; and near the gates, we passed through one of those ancient and grotesque villages with which the banks of the Rhine

commonly abound. The houses were in general larger than those we see in the villages of France, built on frame-work of timber, with large porches, and each story hanging over that beneath. The coverings of each house were of thatch, and the outside walls generally painted of different colours, so as to produce an extraordinary effect. There was a gradual ascent from the entrance of the village up to the gateway of the castle. An ancient Gothic archway surmounted by a tower and flanked by gigantic figures of stone, fixed in niches in the wall on either side this gateway, seemed to yawn portentously upon us.

“The wearied horses (for we had travelled far that morning) dragged the carriage heavily up the ascent, and gave the villagers time to assemble in crowds to welcome their lord. At length we came upon a drawbridge, by which we crossed the castle-ditch, and, having passed beneath the archway, we were quickly within the court of the castle. This court is encircled by high embattled walls, and many wide chambers, some of which appeared to be inhabited, while others were evidently deserted, the windows, which were grated with iron, having no glass. I was looking up to the lofty chambers and towers which rose above us, when the duke, who had rode the last stage, came to hand me from the carriage, using some such compliment as the occasion might be supposed to suggest to a mind like his.

“Assisted by his hand, I left the carriage, and was led through a large hall, terminated at each end by a magnificent staircase, into a saloon of great extent, at the end of which a large projecting window hung over the precipice on the eastern side of the castle. This saloon was of stone, richly adorned with Gothic carvings in high preservation, the floor being paved with marble: and though the morning was extremely hot, a pleasing coolness pervaded the whole apartment; while the sound of waters rushing from a precipice near at hand rendered the retreat exceedingly delightful.

“The duke had dispatched a courier, several days before, to inform his people of the hour of our arrival: in consequence, a cold collation was set out in the centre of this hall, in a style of such superior elegance as I had seldom seen beyond the precincts of Paris.

“Through this enchanting apartment the duke led me to the window; and again expressing his pleasure in seeing me at this place, he referred to the various beauties of the scenery.

“Full as I was, at that moment, of painful thoughts, I was filled with amazement at the prospect which was unfolded from this exalted station. I was standing on an eminence of two hundred feet at least from the river, the precipice beneath being in some places nearly abrupt, and affording scarcely the space for the public road, which wound between the rocks and the bed of the Rhine. On the right hand the rocks formed a segment of a circle, and came round so as to be almost opposite to one wing of the castle. These rocks were rough and rugged, their shelving parts being clothed with trees, and affording nourishment to innumerable saxifrages, which hung in tangled festoons from the heights. From a cavern near the summit gushed a pure spring of sparkling water, which, dashing and foaming with a loud noise from one declivity to another, at length mingled in the waters of the river, and communicated its agitation in a wide circle, marked by foam, and carefully avoided by the experienced waterman. Many wild traditions, as I afterwards found, were connected with this cavern and waterfall; but it was not when I first beheld it that this doleful legend was related to me. On the opposite shores of the Rhine, whose waters there formed a wide channel between the rocks, arose a hill of slate, covered with vines, and crowned by a dark forest, from the centre of which arose a single tower in ruins, said to have been Roman, but, most certainly, of great antiquity.

“I know not how it is, but I scarcely remember the time in which the beauties of nature have not affected my mind with melancholy feelings and sad forebodings. I will not now pause to analyze these feelings: they were, however, on this occasion, certainly evident to the duke, who was a sagacious discerner of the human countenance, for he immediately led me from the window, and took me to the breakfast-table, where he diverted my attention by the cheerfulness of his manner, and the refinement of his conversation. Addressing himself to Madame de Portalier, he spoke of the neighbourhood, which he said was occupied by many agreeable families, of various schemes

of pleasure on the water, of a theatre which the house contained, of theatrical amusements which he resolved to get up, of rural balls and concerts, and of his large and well-selected library. Of the particulars of this conversation I, however, heard little; I had other thoughts in my mind; and these thoughts, though arrived too late, were undoubtedly tending to good.

“Immediately after breakfast, Madame Portalier withdrew with me from the saloon; and having received some directions from her brother, led me up the staircase on the eastern side of the hall, and through a long gallery above into a superb suite of apartments, which, opening one into another by lofty folding-doors, terminated in the east by a large Gothic window. These apartments were all hung with arras, and richly adorned with vases of china, superb furniture, and groups of sculpture. The first of these was a sitting-room, and commanded the same prospect which I had seen from the saloon; the second was a sleeping apartment; and the third contained two light closets, a dressing-room, and a superb toilet, where we found two women in attendance, who were to be considered as my own servants. I cast a hasty glance at these persons, who were no other than the women who acted as my tormentors and avenging angels in my rejected condition; but they were then all obsequiousness, and their features clothed with the smile of servility.

“I was somewhat startled at beholding such arrangements made for me; and as I walked towards the Gothic window before mentioned, I said to Madame de Portalier, in a manner as careless as I could affect, ‘You are giving yourself much trouble about me, Madame, and I am the more obliged, as I left home in haste and without proper comforts; but as I shall not stay long in this place, a few changes of linen from your wardrobe will supply all my wants.’

“‘All I have is at your service,’ replied Madame de Portalier, evincing the same coolness, ‘but you will not leave this place till I return to Paris?’

“‘That depends on circumstances,’ I answered; ‘you will probably not stay here any length of time?’

“‘That must depend on circumstances, my dear Estelle,’ she replied, repeating my words; ‘and now,’ she

added, 'I leave you to rest and refresh yourself. You will find books in your apartments and a harp, which you may not have observed; and if you are inclined for music, either of these women, who will think it an honour to serve you, are able to handle it in a manner which will surprise you.' So saying she departed, leaving me full of uneasy reflections, and disgusted with waiting-maids of such a description.

"I was standing at the Gothic window, and, to conceal my confusion and collect my thoughts, seemed wholly occupied by the charming scene there presented. This was the eastern side of the castle, and as the day was considerably advanced, it was thrown into deep shade by means of the towers and walls of the castle. Beneath the window in the fore-ground, was a rugged scene of rocks and fragments of the old building mingled together in a confused mass, and covered with moss; and beyond these were the woodlands, deep, dark, and shadowy, though the upper branches of the trees were illuminated with the light of the midday sun. Beyond these woods was an open country, through which I could in many places mark the course of the Rhine; and the remote horizon was indented by the summits of hills, some of which I concluded might form a portion of the Hartzwald.

"My observations on this landscape, though mentioned in this place, were not made at the time I speak of; for though I stood looking out of the window, my whole thoughts were occupied by other things, and those very different from the objects before me. Having at length formed my resolution, I withdrew to the outer apartment; and, seeing a writing-table duly fitted out, I sat down and wrote to my husband, entreating his pardon for my hasty conduct, speaking of what I had done as a mere frolic, though a very silly one, saying I was ready to return to him or to go to Navarre the moment he would send me remittances for the purpose, and giving him every possible assurance of my future submission to his will.

"Having sealed up this letter, I wrote a second to Madame de Laurans much to the same purpose; and having prepared them both, I requested my attendants to give them to the person who was in the habit of carrying the duke's letters, not having at that time any suspicions of the deep treachery of the persons who surrounded me.

“When the letters were dispatched, I felt my mind considerably relieved, and I was enabled to attend to the engagements of the toilet, in which I had always delighted.

“It was the decline of day when I was summoned to dinner, and I appeared in the saloon, where the dinner-table was spread, in better spirits than I had enjoyed since I left Paris. The duke and his sister were deeply occupied in conversation near the window when I entered the room. Their discourse suddenly broke up on my appearance, and as the duke came forward to hand me to the table he said, ‘I am glad to see you have so much recovered the fatigues of your journey, Madame.’

“I was startled at the tone of voice with which these words were spoken, and, looking towards the speaker, instantly observed such a cloud on his countenance as made me tremble. However, I resolved not to notice what I had observed, and I began to talk with Madame de Portalier. The beauty of the place afforded a natural subject of observation, and the duke remarked, that it was his favourite residence, that he meant to remain there till the end of autumn, and to spend his winter in Italy; and then, turning suddenly to me, asked me how I should like to see Rome.

“‘Very much,’ I replied, ‘but I have no chance of doing so.’

“‘How!’ he answered, ‘cannot you accompany me and my sister?’

“‘No,’ I replied, ‘I cannot be so long from home; I shall want to see my children: I think of going shortly to Pau.’

“As I uttered these last words, the duke coloured deeply, and seemed to find some difficulty in commanding himself: for, though he did not speak, he gave me a look which indicated much, though not so plainly as to enable me to judge of the whole that was passing in his mind.

“The servants were at that period removing the dinner, we therefore remained silent till they had left the room, and then I took occasion to speak to my companions to the following effect: I told them that I had been brought to a sense of my imprudent and hasty behaviour, I thanked them for their kindness, but informed them that

I was come to the resolution of imploring my husband's forgiveness, and that I should hold myself in readiness to return to him the very instant he should signify his intention to receive me. 'Or,' I added, 'should he wish me to go to his mother, I am equally ready to obey.'

"While I spoke, I avoided looking at them; indeed, I was overwhelmed with grief, and my eyes dimmed with tears; but when I ceased to speak, and no one answered, I looked up, and saw that the duke was reclining his head upon his hand, his elbow resting on the table, while Madame de Portalier had her eyes fixed on him as if to obtain a hint of the line of conduct she was to pursue respecting me.

"At length the duke raised himself and addressed me, not in invective or reproach, as I had expected, but in a strain of the highest panegyric. He called me the best of wives and of mothers, and praised me as one who was willing to sacrifice every thing for the good of her family. He hinted that my husband was a tyrant, and that my mother-in-law and her daughter were gloomy bigots. He regretted, he said, that I had fallen into such hands, and lamented that he had not seen me first, and thereby entitled himself to become the object of all those conjugal affections of which I had, he was pleased to observe, so high and exalted a notion.

"In this strain he proceeded, till my self-satisfaction was entirely restored, and the intoxicating effects of flattery were, no doubt, fully apparent.

"The rest of this day was spent in walking among the beautiful environs of the castle, in conversations on the *belles lettres*, in hearkening to music performed by some of the duke's retainers, and in other amusements of the same nature.

"During the next month I was kept in a state of constant expectation of answers to my letters; but they did not arrive. At the end of that period I wrote again both to Pau and to Paris, and sent my letters, not by the hands of my waiting-maid, but by those of a man-servant, who waited on me at dinner.

"In the mean time, the duke and his sister contrived that I should be kept in a state of constant excitement by company, parties of pleasure by land or water, theatrical amusements, and other devices. While these were

the ostensible occupations of the duke and his sister, they were secretly labouring to remove every sentiment of honour and integrity which still possessed any influence over my heart, by shaking the very foundation of my belief in the Christian Religion. Both of them were decided infidels, and to see others reduced to the same state of hopeless infidelity with themselves seemed to be the chief delight and solace of their lives, as it was of most of those with whom they associated.

“It is inconceivable with what industry they pursued their purpose, and how anxious Madame de Portalier was to bring me to that state into which she was conscious of having brought herself.

“Still, however, while awaiting the answers to my letters and while I felt some hope of being delivered from the mire in which I was sinking, I retained some degree of honour, some rectitude of character: but at length my pride exciting me, I resolved to think no more of my husband, no more of my infant children, my religion, or the days of my childhood, and I from that time became as wax, to be moulded into whatever form my vicious companions might desire.

“But Madame Portalier had no sooner brought me to renounce my husband and my children, than she instantly turned upon me, and hinting that it was her intention to return to Paris, asked me if she should execute any commissions for me at my milliner’s.

“I was shocked at hearing that she was going to leave the castle, and declared that I would accompany her to Paris.

“‘It cannot be,’ she answered.

“‘And why?’ I asked.

“‘You will not now be received in society.’

“‘And wherefore?’ I replied.

“‘Because,’ she said, ‘you have quitted your husband.’

“‘As a friend to you, and with you?’ I answered.

“‘True,’ she replied; ‘but the world has put another construction on your conduct, and there are some things that the world cannot forgive.’

“‘And this from you, Madame de Portalier!’ I said, ‘you, my adviser and familiar friend! O, this is greatly too much!’ and I shrieked with agony, and fainted.

“This scene took place in my own room; and when I recovered, I found myself lying on a sofa, and the duke and his sister standing near me. As I opened my eyes, the duke came forwards and tried to soothe me; but my indignation was excited, and I then let him see the kind of spirit he had to deal with. Violent, however, as I was, I had now encountered one who was more than my match. When thus haughtily repulsed, he stood before me, looking upon me with a determined and daring expression, indicative of contempt; and, bidding me to look back on my past life, asked me to blame no other than myself for all my misfortunes. ‘Is it my fault,’ he asked, ‘that your husband has forsaken you, and that your children are taken from you? Was it by me that you were taken from beneath your husband’s roof? or through my persuasion that you renounced his countenance and protection? You ought to have weighed the matter well, before you thus violated the laws of society and closed every avenue to your return. You have now, indeed, no friend—no protector but myself. And are you already weary of this protection? Are you determined on your own destruction?’

“I listened to him in silence, for amazement had deprived me of utterance. I now for the first time felt the chains which I had forged for myself. My proud spirit was humbled indeed, and O, how debased! The duke would have added more, for he had measured and weighed my character, and had discovered the means of taming that spirit which had never been subdued before: but rising from the sofa, I approached him with a bended knee, I implored his forgiveness, I besought his continued protection, and I promised to refrain from all future reproaches.

“He received my concessions with a haughty graciousness; and from that period I became the miserable slave of one who, had I honoured myself, would probably have ranked the daughter of the humble pastor of the mountain village among some of the fairest ornaments of her sex.

“But what am I now doing? Do I not forget myself? For whom am I compiling these miserable adventures? My head is giddy, my senses are confused. O, my Estelle! my daughter! Be this remembered by my daugh-

ter: that the influence of every virtuous woman is confessed, not only by her husband, but by all the other sex; and one of the contrary character is despised in every society with which she mingles, while she introduces distress and disorder into all her connexions, and poisons every source of relative happiness.

“On the evening of the day referred to, the duke, probably by way of a peace-offering, presented me with a superb set of jewels; but although I had already begun to lose my value for these gaudy trifles, I was obliged to receive them with an air of gratitude, and to express a degree of satisfaction which I did not feel.

“Madame de Portalier remained at the castle for nearly six weeks after the conversation had passed of which I spoke above, and during that time the amusements proceeded without interruption. At that period I accidentally heard, through the means of a visiter, that the Comte de Barfleur had left Paris and was gone to reside with his mother. What would I then have given to have been permitted to join that happy party, or only to have taken a distant view of the venerable mother with her children and grandchildren! But ah! the door of hope was shut, and my children and my husband were lost to me for ever.

“At length Madame de Portalier left us, but without taking leave of me, and with her departed all our female visitors. A few gentlemen only now frequented the castle, and now the duke began to give himself much to those pleasures in which I could take no part, and I was left alone, to reflect almost to distraction on the whole tenour of my miserable life. I saw in the past only subjects of regret and mortification, and in the future nothing but distress and horror.

“It was at this time that I endeavoured to fortify my mind in unbelief; and though assisted in this attempt by the duke, I never could succeed so far as to remove my apprehension of what was to follow after death.

“I seldom breakfasted with the duke, and how at this time I wasted my weary mornings it is difficult to describe. Sometimes I allowed my attendants to talk to me, but their conversation was utterly detestable to me. I could not endure their flatteries, and I abhorred still more their sentiments. If I treated them with scorn, that

scorn has been repaid with interest. Sometimes I would beguile an hour or two in reading, while one of my attendants played to me on the harp, and oftener I sat meditating at the window, watching the progress of the boats on the bosom of the Rhine, or the variations of the lights and shades upon the woods. Sometimes I would contemplate for hours together the figures on the tapestry, and particularly a group which represented the parting of Hector and Andromache, until the infant figure of Astyanax and the dutiful sorrow of the heathen matron would fill me with shame and pain, and I should be ready to sink with grief and self-reproach.

“And now, as time advanced, and autumn began to display her dark tints and cast her foliage, I looked forward with dread to approaching winter, and I began to consider whether the duke would think of removing, and what would be my fate. He at one time spoke of going to Italy, and I felt rejoiced at the idea of any change: but being engaged in some diplomatic business in a German court not very far distant, it was settled that I should remain where I was; and as his time would not be fully occupied in the affair, he resolved to give me as much of it as he conveniently could.

“I can give no adequate idea of the extreme depression which seized my spirits, when I found myself without a companion in the castle of Sphorzheim. Never perhaps till then had I felt the deep, deep wretchedness of my situation; and had I then possessed a single friend, or a few *Louis d'ors*, I verily believe that I should have left the place. It was then that my imagination first assumed that wild and vivid character which is nearly allied to insanity. I had from youth yielded to my passions. I had indulged my fancy in waking-dreams and foolish expectations, and the propensity at that period became dangerously strong.

“There was a tale allied to the cavern of which I have spoken as being visible from my window, which being told me at this time affected even my nightly visions. It was said, that before those heights were covered with wood, a certain prince, with many followers, had pursued a hart to the mouth of this cavern, and there the terrified animal had sprung from the precipice and been followed by the whole train of hunters, who had miserably perished;

and that a spring of pure water had subsequently gushed from the place on which the hart had stood at bay before it took its perilous leap.

“ My mind was so filled with this tradition, that I, one night when the moon was shining full upon the cascade, fancied I beheld a train of shadowy huntsmen springing from the shelf of the rock, and even heard their groans in the wind. It was between sleeping and waking that these fancies filled my mind: but they were inexpressibly distressing, as they always, somehow or other, connected themselves with circumstances allied to me, my husband, or my children.

“ ‘ Oh! what would I now give,’ I would often say, ‘ for one interview with my children! Does my Theophilus still lisp the word mamma? or is the sound for ever interdicted to these unhappy babes? Is the name of Estelle held in entire abhorrence by my husband? Is the mother of his children utterly detested?’

“ In meditations of this nature passed the weary hours, till the duke returned and occasioned some change of thought, but little comfort; for finding me dejected, he seemed hurt, and in some degree offended, but I refrained from answering his reproaches. In his presence, however, I tried to rally my spirits, and my efforts in some degree succeeded.

“ During that long sad winter, I experienced many languid hours. The duke was often absent, and I thought I observed an increasing indifference every time he returned; nevertheless, there were some intervals in which he seemed to feel my situation, and to wish to console me.

“ The duke had at length finished his diplomatic duties, the spring again bloomed, and my spirits were somewhat revived; nevertheless, I had some very sad moments, and many intervals of bitter sorrow and unspeakable anguish.

“ Time hastened on, and after a while my little Estelle was laid in my arms. For a season after the birth of this unhappy baby it was supposed that I should have done well, but grief had taken a deeper hold of my constitution than was at first supposed. I now earnestly sought to be allowed to nurse my child, but was obliged at length to confess my inability, and a tender-hearted peasant was procured to undertake the office. After which it was

hoped that my health would improve, but the hope was vain, the rose never returned to my cheek nor the bloom to my lips. I was seized with a shortness of breathing, and a slight cough, and was troubled with an intermitting fever which made me inexpressibly miserable. I had little to complain of respecting the duke during the summer months; he procured me the most able medical assistance, and supplied me with every comfort. In the autumn he proposed that I should remove into a warmer situation, and I accompanied him to Montpellier, where I seemed to gain some little benefit, though being uneasy about the child whom I had left with her nurse, I was glad to return in the spring to Sphorzheim. Thus a great part of another year wore away, and if I did not regain health, I did not decline.

“Immediately on my return to the castle, the duke found some pretext for going to Paris, and from that period I saw little of him till we parted to meet no more. I was no longer the companion in which he could delight. My spirits were gone, and young as I was my health was declining, although it was only then a little more than twice twelve months since we had met at the palace of Marly.

“My career was indeed a short one, but had it been longer, it would only have tended to the multiplication of offences.

“I was exactly twenty-six years of age at this time, and had, in my short life, utterly abused and forfeited every advantage of fortune and distinction in society, and was left forsaken of all the world, to watch the gradual approach of death, and, as I then thought, of everlasting destruction.

“And now, by degrees, a deep and fixed melancholy took possession of my mind, and I have no accurate recollection of the last eighteen months that I spent at Sphorzheim. Sometimes, indeed, I am inclined to think that a kind of derangement possessed me, for I knew little that passed, and every sort of terrific image presented itself to my imagination. And during this state of feelings, I have no doubt but that I exercised the forbearance of those with whom I lived in no small degree, and probably rendered myself as much an object of hatred to my attendants, as I had formerly been of envy

and admiration. But who can bear the torments of a wounded spirit? Who can be at peace beneath the vengeance of an offended God?

“At length my illness took a more decided and alarming form, and the Duke de Nemours was sent for.

“He seemed affected when apprized of my situation, and treated me in our last interviews with kindness. Yet he too readily yielded, as I then thought, to the last suggestion of my physicians, which was to send me to the place of my nativity in order to try the effect of my native air; and though I combated the proposal with all the strength I had, it was carried against me, and the plan put into execution.

“My passage was by water up the Rhine, as far as it could be managed. After which I was taken from my couch in the vessel, and put into a litter with my daughter. My attendants were the two females frequently mentioned above, and several men-servants. The duke took leave of me at the edge of the water, and kissing the infant affectionately, promised to follow me in a few days, a promise, however, which he probably never meant to keep. O! what, what were my feelings as I looked up for the last time at the towers of Sphorzheim and towards the windows of those apartments in which I had spent so many miserable hours!

“Thus I commenced my melancholy journey, and thus was I brought to my native place under circumstances of misery and degradation which it is past the power of language to describe. My distress of mind, fatigue, and even terror from the unkindness of my servants during the journey had been so great, that when I arrived at this place my fever raged with unprecedented fury; and I was in that state of feeling in which the imagination is unable to distinguish its own creations from realities.

“I have lost several days of my journey from my recollection. But when I arrived in this place I seemed to wake as it were from a very long dream, and saw again before me the many well-known objects, with which this lovely valley abounds, with sensations it would be impossible to define, and which filled me with unmixed anguish.

“Oh, sin! sin! to what hadst thou reduced me? and

what were thy wages?—Misery, misery from first to last was my doom! various, multiplied, unmingled distresses! shame and grief, and bitter anguish!

“Never, never can I forget the moment in which I was lifted from my litter and carried into that dreadful lodge; when I was laid on that bed, that bed of horror, and saw that room which reminded me of other times—the same, the very same; and yet so different, so tarnished, faded, and altered. I looked around, upward, toward the ceiling, and downward on the floor; and then uttering a wild and fearful shriek, I heard, I saw no more.

“It was night, dark night, when I opened my eyes again. A lamp was burning, and some one held a cup to my lips. I drank with eagerness, and again became insensible. I had swallowed a powerful opiate, and lay for many hours entranced in a deathlike sleep. Again I awoke, and recovering recollection, tore my hair and wrung my hands, till, being held down by force, weakness compelled me to remain still.

“A deep and gloomy silence followed, during which, my recollections, or rather the visions of my fancy, were horrible in the extreme.

“Another day and night passed away, and my eyes opened on the Sabbath, but it was no day of rest to me. The windows of the apartment were open, and I heard the village bells. I started and tried to raise myself, but a kind of paralytic numbness had seized my limbs, of which I had not been aware. I called to my attendants, and begged to be placed in such a direction that I might look through the window. It was no delicate hand which then lifted my aching head: no, I had driven far from me all those beloved connexions, whose tender endearments render a sick-bed easy.

“However, being thus raised, I could inhale a fresher air, and could distinguish through the window a part of the belt of pine, and the inferior peak of the nearest hill crowned with fir trees.

“I lay and gazed on this object during all the tedious day, and heard from time to time the distant sound of the village bells. A kind of tenderer sorrow had succeeded my high-wrought frenzy. I thought of my husband and infant boys, yet still more of my father. I revolved and again revolved these things in my mind, till all sense of

time seemed confounded with me, and the present, past, and future were one maze of confusion.

“My eyes were fixed on the peak and the grove. I remembered climbing it, with my father’s help, in early childhood, and recollected the sensations which I experienced from the pure mountain breezes, and fancied I still heard the rustling of the wind among the pines. By degrees the illusion became stronger: the peak and grove neared as it were upon my vision, I thought I saw my father’s figure walking among the trees; in his hand he held a child, it was myself at one moment, and then my infant daughter. For a moment the sight was pleasing to me, but presently it changed its character: the wind blew louder, the grove rocked; and in the countenance of my father and of the child I fancied a forbidding and awful aspect, which caused me to shriek with terror, and made me glad of the presence even of my cruel attendants.

“Notwithstanding, however, this dreadful wretchedness of mind, and the cruel treatment which I experienced, and on which I now forbear to expatiate, I can gratefully acknowledge that these things have tended decidedly and directly to my advantage. My state of health undoubtedly improved after my arrival at the lodge, insomuch as, after the first and second day, I had no return of the fits of frenzy, though I was still unable to rise from my couch.

“The first dawn or ray of Christian hope which broke in upon me, was occasioned by the visit of that worthy man under whose roof my weary foot has at length found rest, though I was then under such restraint that I did not dare to express my joy. From that moment I thought of nothing but how to effect my escape.

“At length I found means to procure materials for writing a note, and having seen a little shepherd boy driving his sheep across the alp, I employed my infant girl to throw my note to him from the verandah: a perilous measure indeed, but it succeeded, and the next Sabbath-day my deliverance was effected.

“What has since passed is well known to the dear friend under whose roof I have found protection, and more than protection, *peace*—peace which I never knew before, even that peace which the world cannot give.

Through the divine blessing, the mists of error in which I had been so long involved have been scattered from my benighted soul. I have been led to consider myself utterly vile and abominable; one who has transgressed the law in deed and word, in the spirit and the letter; a faithless daughter, wife, and mother; a shame and disgrace to my sex; one who has deserved to be an out-cast from society, and the scorn of all. Nevertheless, though this has been revealed to me, and I have been led to cry, 'Unclean, unclean,' yet I have not been left as one without hope. I have been convinced that my Redeemer is mighty, and that the atonement he made is all-sufficient for my salvation. Though my offences are as scarlet, they shall be white as wool; for I know in whom I trust, and I will not be afraid. Though some sad hours, some bitter conflicts, I doubt not, remain to be experienced; yet my victory is certain, inasmuch as it depends not on myself, but on Him who said unto the leper, '*Be thou clean.*'

"And now to sum up this awful history in as few words as possible, for the hand which traces these lines already begins to feel the palsy of approaching dissolution. I here declare, that I yield my soul and body to him that fashioned them, with an entire renunciation of all self-confidence, with an utter abhorrence and detestation of my former life, and without other hope of mercy but through the merits and death of Christ. I have no expectation of being accepted of the Father but through the Son; and have no hopes of amendment of life, were my life to be prolonged to the appointed age of man, but through the restraining and sanctifying influences of God the Holy Spirit. I further add, that it is my wish that my infant daughter, my little Estelle, should henceforth consider my honoured protector, the successor of my father, as a parent; that she should be educated by him, and early taught to shun those errors which proved the ruin of her mother. To the tender care of my Almighty God, I bequeath my injured husband and beloved sons. May every blessing descend on my children—showers of blessings from above! And may we, who now can meet no more on earth, experience a joyful reunion, when time shall be no more, and the work of redeeming love shall be completed!"

“The manuscript broke off in this place, and the few last lines were scarcely legible.

“Such was the account which this unhappy lady gave of her life, and I could fill volumes with my comments on it, but I forbear. Suffice it to say, that it left an impression of sadness on my mind which never wore off. My heart clung, in a manner which I cannot describe, to the little Estelle; and I was exceedingly uneasy lest any dispute should arise, on the part of the Duke de Nemours, respecting my guardianship of this child. This matter was, however, soon and amicably settled between us. For the duke, as I afterwards found, being on the point of forming a connexion with a lady of high station and fortune, was easily persuaded to leave the child where her mother had placed her.

“Among the unhappy lady’s papers, I found, after her death, two letters, the one addressed to the Comte de Barfleur, and the other to his mother. I did not think it right to read them, but dispatched them immediately to Pau, with the communication of her death, and an account of the blessed state in which she had departed.

“I certainly expected a written answer to my letter, and was therefore surprised, when after several weeks, in which nothing had been heard from Pau, the Comte de Barfleur himself was introduced into my study. I did not at first form any conjecture concerning this stranger, nor had I the least idea who he might be. I did not therefore immediately send away the little Estelle, who was sitting on a chair by my side, amusing herself with some such trifles as children love. I saw, however, by the air and manner of this gentleman, that he was no ordinary visiter, though it did not occur to me that he was so nearly related to the late unhappy Comtesse de Barfleur. But he soon informed me of his name; and told me, that, being on the borders of Switzerland when he received my letter, he had come so far to question me respecting the last hours of a lady who had once been inexpressibly dear to him. I immediately called my servant, and sent away the innocent daughter of a miserable mother, seeing that the presence of the child disturbed the comte. And when left alone we had a long and very interesting conversation together, in which the comte proved himself to be a reformed character, reformed in

the best sense of the word, viz. the Christian one. He took much blame to himself in the misfortunes of his unhappy wife; saying, that had he not exposed her to the temptations of a vicious world, young and beautiful as she was, she might have still lived and been happy, still lived to bless him and his children. 'But alas!' he added, 'though I have seen my error, it has been too late for my happiness! My wife is lost to me for ever! and my children are without a mother!'

"I said much to him respecting the desirable state in which she died, and the hopes I entertained of her present happiness. He seemed consoled by these assurances, and accepted my invitation to remain with me some days; during which, he visited the grave of his unfortunate wife, and many of those places in which he had formerly enjoyed her society.

"I parted with the comte with sorrow, and I believe that our sorrow was reciprocal. I was much affected when, on taking leave, the Comte de Barfleure asked to see the infant, and, kissing its cheek, would have forced on me a purse of gold for its use, which, however, I did not accept, being handsomely supplied with all I could require. He refused to take back the money, desiring it might be given, in the name of the departed lady, to the poor of the parish.

"Thus the Comte de Barfleure took his leave, and I never saw him more, though I have always remembered this visit with pleasure.

"And now, having given an account of this visit of the Comte de Barfleure, I close my narrative by saying, that nearly fourteen years are now past since the unhappy daughter of the pastor Claude was laid in her grave; and since that period, the young Estelle has never quitted me: while every moment which could be spared from my other duties has been devoted to the education of this lovely child.

"The younger Estelle resembles her mother in person, and is not less beautiful; though, from having been nurtured in affliction, there is a gentleness and softness in her manner, which probably never appeared in that of her mother. The sad fate of that parent seems also to have rested heavily on her heart, and, with the divine blessing, to have inspired her with a dread of that arro-

gant, independent, and self-sufficient spirit, which was the ruin of her mother.

“ We had comparative peace in our lovely village till this dear child was about thirteen years of age. At that time we were driven from our home before the tide of revolutionary fury; and since that period have been wanderers in many countries, and often almost deprived of the necessaries of life. At length being arrived in England, we have obtained a peaceful asylum; and our connexions on the Continent having found means to supply our wants, we are content to wait till Providence shall point out whither next it may be best for us to remove our tent.

“ In the mean time, while blessed in the presence of my lovely and affectionate child, and permitted to mark her growth in grace, to look on that lovely countenance, to behold that beauty, that noble deportment, and that elegance, which would fit her to shine as the brightest ornament of those courtly scenes in which her mother moved with such universal admiration, and yet to behold all these qualities clad in the veil of the deepest humility, and accompanied with a degree of diffidence and modesty rarely associated with the meanest pretensions, is indeed a sight to exhilarate the most dejected spirits, and to excite the highest song of praise: for what but divine power can enable a young person to triumph over the snares of sin, and to march forward heavenwards, surmounting all the stumbling-stones and rocks of offence which the world and Satan may place in her way?”

This manuscript was signed,

“ ERNESTHUS WILHELM.”

As the reading of the manuscript had detained the young ladies to a late hour, the lady of the manor requested them to join her in prayer as soon as it was concluded.

A Prayer against Temptation.

“ O BLESSED LORD and SAVIOUR, we beseech thee to keep us from every path and every situation where we may be endangered by our own evil inclinations. We feel our dangers from without to be great,

but these would be powerless, as they were with thee while on earth, if we were free from those which are within. Our own hearts are the enemies which we would chiefly dread. O, save us from ourselves. Render us deaf to the suggestions of our own vile inclinations. Turn our eyes away from beholding vanity, and our ears from hearkening to its blandishments. Fill our hearts with holy love, and draw our affections upwards to thyself, who art alone worthy of our supreme regard. Draw us, O Lord, and we will run after thee. Set us as a seal upon thy heart, a seal upon thine arm. Reveal thyself to our souls in all thy fulness; and make our feelings subordinate to those principles of love, of gratitude, and adoration, which will lead us near to thyself.

“O blessed Saviour, we lament the coldness of our hearts, the low and degraded state of our desires, and the trifling tendency of our cares. We would love thee fervently. We would be superior to temptation from earthly things, but we feel ourselves too often overcome and bowed to the dust. Ah, Lord God! who is able but thyself to deliver us from the body of this death? Thine, O Lord, is the work of our salvation. From beginning to end it is thine, and thine only. And thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, now and for evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

Third Conversation on the Lord's Prayer—“ But deliver us from Evil.”

“ I AM prepared with a curious little narrative, my beloved young friends, which I hope will at once please and profit you,” said the lady of the manor, when she found herself again surrounded by her young people. “ Its title is ‘ The Garden of Roses,’ and it refers expressly to that clause in the Lord’s Prayer, by which we are taught to seek deliverance from all evil. It is curious, because it presents a view of that kind of life never, as I can recollect, before described by any English writer ; and is the more valuable, as it is, I have every reason to think, a very faithful picture.”

The lady of the manor then read as follows.

The Garden of Roses.

“ It is now between sixty and seventy years since my father and uncle went out to India, the one in a civil and the other in a medical capacity. When they left England, my uncle was married ; and as his wife’s sister accompanied them on the passage, my father made so good a use of the opportunities afforded him during the voyage, that he had scarcely arrived in Calcutta, before the young single lady consented to become his wife, and was united to him before any of the party left the presidency.

“ The state of the English possessions in India, was very different at that period to what it now is ; and our territories, which are now bounded by the towering summits of the Himalaya, at that time extended little further than the Rajemahal hills. The natives of Hindoostan were

then also in a much more barbarous state than they now are, and the few English families who resided in the country, infinitely more ignorant, tyrannical, and greedy of gain, than at the present time.

“I was born at a station lying near the river, between Berhampore and Rajemahal, and recollect very little of my parents. I was not their eldest child, though the only one who survived its infancy. The few and faint impressions I have of my mother are, however, very precious; and I have some convictions in my mind that she was a pious woman, though perhaps I should have some difficulty in explaining my reasons for this persuasion. She was certainly, however, a tender and careful parent; and I suffered a severe bereavement, when in my sixth year I was deprived of her by death.

“I remember little of the circumstances of her funeral: perhaps I might have been removed from the house at the time. But I well recollect being left afterwards under the charge of a Portuguese *ayah*, who treated me with kindness in some respects, but allowed me to acquire such knowledge of evil as I never could forget through all the subsequent years of my childhood or youth, and which probably laid the foundation of most of my miseries in after life.

“And here, surely, it cannot be out of place to give some cautions to parents respecting those persons to whom they confide their infant children.

“It has been frequently remarked, that there are few denominations of domestics in England more universally corrupt, than those who are employed about infants. If we enquire what young women in any town are counted to be the most depraved, it will generally be answered, the nursery-maids, and the reason for this is evident. The business of a nursery-maid is at the same time laborious and favourable for gossiping and unsettled habits. When a mother takes charge of her own infant, she finds an occupation for her heart and for every thought as well as for her hands. But this is what cannot be generally expected from her who performs these duties merely from interested motives. Neither can the divine blessing be expected upon that parent who neglects her own *duties* through indolence, pride, or the love of pleasure, and wholly resigns the endearing caresses of

her infant to one who regards them less than the coin with which she is paid for her hireling services.

“Notwithstanding this general assertion, we however believe that there are many young women in England who perform the duties of the nursery-maid with tenderness and fidelity. But we fear that in India, and other heathen countries, although there may be some instances of warm affection between the infant and its nurse, yet that there are few, very few, children reared by heathens or papists, who have not reason to lament through life the deep pollutions acquired in the nursery. Many dreadful instances of this kind have fallen under my observation, and I take this occasion earnestly to supplicate all parents now residing abroad, to look anxiously at their nurseries, to watch with unremitting care, to investigate every doubtful word and action, and to leave their infants as little as possible under the charge of those persons who have had any communication with idolaters; for after all that has been said by moralists, travellers, philosophers, and even missionaries, I believe that the world in general is only half awakened to the abominations of idolatrous countries.

“I return to my own little history, and I might reflect bitterly upon the guides of my childhood, for their deeply wicked lessons long remained imprinted on my heart, yet I have few recollections of the scenes which passed before my eyes, or the places in which I spent my time. I remember, indeed, many tawny faces which continually surrounded me in my early life. I also remember a hearse-like coach drawn by bullocks, in which I sat between the knees of my *ayah*, and in which I often went out to take the air. I remember a wild region through which I often used to pass on these occasions, where the road on each side was bordered with clusters and groves of luxuriant vegetation; and where, amidst many swampy marshes, I saw vultures and other wild birds. I remember also a *bazar* where we used often to stop to buy sweetmeats and cakes, and to purchase *bangles*; and where I saw many fierce human beings, and savage looking little children. And I also remember my own apartments, which were wide and empty, and had many doors, the chief of which opened into a *verandah*, where I frequently sat with my attendants after sunset,

enjoying the breezes which blew over a garden of roses, in which my mother had taken great delight.

“ Among my father’s servants was a Persian *moonshee*, a man of some learning, and as he had a fine voice for singing, he used sometimes to be admitted to my apartments in an evening, particularly when my father was absent. He brought with him an instrument, which was neither a guitar nor a violin, but something like both, and used it to accompany his own voice in some of the old Persian and Hindoo airs, which were extremely pleasing and pathetic. After he had thus regaled us, he used to tell us many stories, in which truth and falsehood, the marvellous and the beautiful, were strangely blended, and in a manner which made a strong impression upon my young mind.

“ One of these stories, which was probably suggested to his mind by the fragrance of the roses in the garden which spread itself under the *verandah*, took strong hold of my mind, and I remembered it accurately, and have thought much of it in after life.

“ ‘ There are some roses,’ said the *moonshee*, ‘ which have no thorns, but these are not the fairest or most fragrant of these lovely flowers. There was once a princess of Shiraz who resolved that she would have such a garden of roses as had never before been seen in that delightful climate. Accordingly, she ordered a suitable spot of ground on the declivity of one of the mountains in the neighbourhood of the royal city to be prepared for her garden, into which two streams of pure water from the hills were conducted, and which was sheltered from the keen winds of the north by a grove of cedars which one might suppose, from their majestic appearance and extensive shades, to have been coeval with the hills themselves.

“ ‘ Into these gardens she directed that every variety of rose-tree should be introduced, from the variegated flower of Damascus, to the little crimson rose-bush of Cathai. And now when the cold season had passed away and the warmer period of spring had restored each plant to its bloom, and had invited the song of the nightingale, she took occasion to visit her garden, and to enjoy the pleasure of its many odours, as she was seated in a marble pavilion which had been erected in the centre of it.

“ ‘And now when the *Shirazadee* first beheld her garden, she was filled with satisfaction, and extolled the gardeners and other workmen, who had so soon converted this comparatively barren spot into a blooming paradise. She listened with delight to the rushing of the waters, and the warbling of the birds; to the hum of bees, and gentle murmurs of the breezes; and sat awhile enrapt in enjoyment. But inasmuch as royal eyes and ears are not used to be long satisfied with the same thing, she presently must needs leave the pavilion, and busy herself, with her own hands, in plucking some of those flowers whose fragrance and beauty charmed her senses; and in her haste she thrust her hand into a bush, and drew it forth bleeding and pierced with many thorns.

“ ‘Not yielding to the control of reason, when she felt the wounds she became enraged, and commanded that every rose-tree which bore a thorn should instantly be plucked up. The princess was obeyed, and the garden despoiled of its fairest beauties; and when the *Shirazadee* again walked in her pleasure-ground, she had to lament her impetuosity, and would willingly have restored the charms of her garden.’

“ This was the story often repeated by the Persian, and the moral he drew from it was this: that there was no enjoyment on earth without its imperfection, no rose of beauty and fragrance without its thorns; and that the wisdom of mankind consisted, not in avoiding evil, but in distinguishing between lesser and imaginary inconveniences and those which are more real and important. He then expatiated (in a manner which I have since wondered at, considering that he was merely a mussulmaun, and was not acquainted with the purifying doctrines of our holy religion) upon the nature of evil, which he maintained to consist in moral depravity, declaring that no human being could be counted truly miserable who supported an upright and virtuous conduct. I have read that this sentiment has been maintained by many of the ancient heathen philosophers. Be this as it may, it was a remarkable one from a person in such circumstances. And this I believe was the only occasion, on which, during my residence in India, I ever heard a single moral sentiment from any of the natives of the East.

“ I remained in my father’s house in India till I had

entered my tenth year; and as I saw very little of my only remaining parent, and was actually a stranger to the English language, it may be conceived that I was no better than a heathen, when, during this year, I was sent down to Calcutta, and put on board ship with my *ayah*, that I might proceed immediately to England.

“Our voyage was long, and the time I spent on board as little profitable as that which had passed in the place of my birth.

“When arrived in London, I was received by the mistress of a large seminary, in a fashionable square, and my *ayah* having been dismissed and sent back to her own country, no time was lost in modelling my dress more to the prevailing ideas of decorum and fashion, than that which it presented when I first appeared in my *paunjammahs*, shawl, cap, and *labardour*, and ringlets well saturated with cocoa-nut oil.

“I cannot describe to you what I felt when my *ayah* took her leave, and how heartily I hated my governess and all persons in authority under her; and how my Indian blood boiled when I was first subjected to the hands of a dancing-master, and to the discipline of stocks and dumb bells.

“When I found myself condemned to so severe a reform in my personal appearance, I certainly was not without some apprehensions, lest a close inspection of my actions and principles might ensue. But I was soon relieved from these fears, and had not been in England six months before I discovered that if I attended to certain external regulations; if I applied with some attention to my English, French, writing, music, and drawing; if I courtseyed in coming in and out of the presence-chamber, as we called the apartment where my governess generally sat; and if I were careful of my dress and appearance at church and in the dancing-room; I should have nothing whatever to fear from the penetration of any of my teachers, and should be left at perfect liberty to follow all the wayward fancies of my corrupt nature.

“I shall not dwell long on the eight years which I spent at school: they passed much in the way in which young people commonly spend their time in those seminaries, where all sorts of children are collected and little attention is paid to their private habits. Suffice it to say,

that at the end of my school career I was almost, if not altogether, as complete a heathen as when I left India. My external appearance was, however, no doubt, greatly improved. I could dress well, I could dance well, draw a little, play a little, write a common-place letter in a tolerable hand, could speak good English, and embroider muslin; and I could hide my faults where I thought it necessary, and appear as amiable as most other young ladies, whenever it served my purpose to do so.

“It had been long determined that in my eighteenth year I was to leave school and return to my father in India: but as there was the interval of several months between the time appointed for my leaving London and my actual embarkation, it was agreed by my father’s agent in Town, that I should spend that time with a lady in the country. That I may explain my connexion with this lady, I shall proceed to give some account of the relations whom I had left in India.

“Since my mother’s death my father had remained a widower. He had frequently been removed from place to place, and had settled at Monghyr, a most beautiful station in Bengal, inclosed on one side by the Rajemahal hills, and on the other by the Ganges. There he had prepared a house for my reception, and I had frequently anticipated a residence there in all the pride and pomp of Oriental magnificence.

“My uncle, in the mean time, was living at Baugle-pore, a smaller station than Monghyr, and a little lower down, on the banks of the river.

“I should have informed my reader, that his wife, who was my mother’s sister, had died some years before my birth, leaving an only child, who was as much as seven years older than myself. This daughter, by name Euphemia, had been sent to England immediately on her mother’s death, and placed under the care of a distant relation in Worcestershire, by whom she had been brought up. Nor had her education been conducted in the careless and superficial manner in which mine had unfortunately been: but such attention had been paid to her, and so greatly had the divine blessing attended the labours of her instructors, that when she returned to India she was an honour to her sex and a blessing to all such of her near connexions as were not actually resolved not

to be benefited by her. Poor Euphemia had not, however, such a home to return to as a correct and elegant young woman could be supposed to enjoy; and therefore she was probably the more rejoiced at an early deliverance from this unhappy home, by a marriage with the son of the lady by whom she had been educated, and who, probably with the sole view of following his cousin, had interested his friends to procure him a cadetship in the civil service, and was now actually residing, with his wife and child, in a small house not very distant from his father-in-law. Euphemia was, then, at the time of my leaving school, a married woman and the mother of children, and it was to her instructress and friend in England, that I was to go during the interval between my leaving school and returning to India.

“And now, it may be seasonable to explain the reasons why Euphemia, in returning to her father's house, found it so wretched. I do not, however, profess at this time to enter into many particulars, as I shall find occasion shortly to give my reader a very exact account of my uncle's ill-regulated household; but would remark only, that when my uncle had lost his European wife and parted from his child, finding his situation as a widower somewhat irksome, he formed a sort of contract of marriage with a native woman, a mussulmaunee, with whom he had resided from that period, and by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters, some older and some younger than myself, but all partaking in their manners and appearance more of the Asiatic mother than of the European father. The history of my uncle's family had been given me more than once by persons who had visited me from India, and I had frequently diverted myself and my companions at the expence of my Asiatic cousins and my uncle's extraordinary household; for I had neither feeling nor principle sufficient to weigh, in a serious manner, the evil effects to the old gentleman himself, from this association, not only with one of another complexion, but of a religion so wholly adverse to the truth.

“But, for the present, having already said all that is needful on this subject, I shall return to my own particular history: before I proceed, however, I must call myself to account for a strange negligence, of which my young readers are undoubtedly aware, namely, that

I have omitted to tell them my name and that of my parents, particulars which are generally of more than minor importance to young persons when they study the narrative of any individual. Be it then known, that the name of my father's family is Richardson, and that of my mother Fairlie, and that the name which was given me by my parents is Olivia.

“And now, having given my reader all necessary satisfaction on this subject, I proceed.

“I do not recollect that I felt much on leaving the seminary where I had spent the most important years of my childhood and youth: for I had found little in that place either to gain my affections or claim my esteem; and I therefore scarcely shed a tear when I parted from my teachers and companions, to enter on my journey into Worcestershire, where my relation Mrs. Fairlie lived, but I was eager to receive pleasure from every change of scene or company which might present itself.

“My journey was made in a stage-coach, with a servant of Mrs. Fairlie's; and I have no doubt that I afforded no small amusement to two gentlemen who were also in the coach, by my inexperienced remarks on all I saw and heard.

“Having passed through the city of Worcester, and left our fellow-travellers, I, with the servant, hired a post-chaise, and proceeded to Mrs. Fairlie's house, which was situated about fourteen miles distant from the county town, in the direction of Wales, and in that part of Worcestershire which at once partakes of the wild beauties of Wales and the rich fertility of England.

“Mrs. Fairlie was a widow, and possessed a property sufficient to afford her all the comforts and even some of the elegancies of life. She resided on a small estate, situated on one of the declivities of a long range of hills, which, although not very high, were so finely formed, so clothed with groves of trees, so varied with valleys, so richly furnished with brooks and waterfalls, and every variety of dale and dingle, rock and coppice, that I scarcely believe the world can elsewhere supply a more lovely region.

“Mrs. Fairlie's house was built of white stone, taken from a neighbouring quarry. In its front was a lawn sloping towards the east, and to the right and left the windows of the house commanded views of the valley of

the Teme, terminated at one end by the Malvern and Gloucestershire hills, and on the other by the Clee hills, and to the back of the house, grove rose above grove, and height above height, till the summits of the highest trees seemed, as it were, to pierce the very clouds.

“In this most lovely abode, I found Mrs. Fairlie living in a holy, peaceful, and blessed retirement, being entirely devoted to her God and her domestic duties; for, independent of her eldest son, now in India, she had several other children, all younger, and some even in infancy.

“It was from what I saw in this house that I was first led to believe that elegance might exist wholly distinct from fashion, and that it was possible to be happy without splendour and parade.

“I was received with much cordiality by Mrs. Fairlie, and with many innocent smiles by her children. I have often thought since, that had she known me then as I know myself, she would have shuddered to have introduced such a serpent into her earthly paradise; for my sentiments and thoughts were unholy, and it was a painful restraint to me to affect those feelings of virtue in the presence of Mrs. Fairlie which were quite the reverse to all I really experienced.

“I did not, however, perceive that I was suspected as being different from what I appeared to be, and I did not observe that there was any watch upon me when left with the young people.

“It was the beginning of the Midsummer holidays when I arrived in Worcestershire, and the widow’s family were then all united under one roof, with the exception of the first-born, who was in India, and whom the excellent mother daily recollected in her prayers, besides the frequent mention which was made of him in an incidental manner.

“I was considerably fatigued when I arrived at the Fall, which was the name of my relation’s place,—a name which had been given it from time immemorial by the country people, on account of two waterfalls in its immediate neighbourhood,—and saw little more of the family that evening than their smiling faces round the supper-table. In the morning, however, we all met together in a large, old-fashioned parlour, which had formerly been a hall, and which now supplied the place of breakfast-room, work-room, and school-room.

“ Here all my young relations were assembled, and, after the morning devotions and the breakfast, they all sat down to their different employments. The boys were busy with their holiday tasks, and the daughters with their books and needles; while the mother went from one to another, encouraging, directing, and approving.

“ In the mean time, we were delighted with the sound of rushing waters, murmuring bees, and rustling leaves; while the fragrance of many sweet flowers, and the song of many birds, with the distant lowing of the cattle in the vale below, contributed to charm the senses. In imitation of my cousins, I had provided myself with some employment: but while my hands were occupied, my mind was busy on other matters; and I was comparing the past, the present, and what I expected to be my future mode of life, forming visions of happiness, in which all that was agreeable in each was blended together, and from which all I could conceive disagreeable was excluded.

“ Thus, while I sat deeply occupied in meditation on my expected garden of roses, which was to be without a single thorn, the morning wore away, and we were called to an early dinner; after which, it was proposed that we should proceed to a cottage at some distance, where we were to drink tea.

“ This was a new species of enjoyment to me, and I partook of it with no small enthusiasm: yet I should have been much better pleased if Mrs. Fairlie herself had not joined the party, as I could not divest myself of the idea, that if I could but meet with my young cousins in the absence of their mother, I should find, in some of them at least, more congeniality with my own temper than I had hitherto discovered. But Mrs. Fairlie had resolved to accompany us, and I was not a little surprised at the joy which her children expressed on her mentioning this resolution. We accordingly set out, being provided with such refreshments as we meant to take at the end of our walk.

“ Mrs. Fairlie had four daughters, and as many sons. The eldest daughter was considerably older than the other children; and between her and the next in age, there was one of those long intervals which indicate the frequent ravages of death among the youngest and the fairest of the human race. Miss Fairlie was, therefore,

older than myself, and, as I judged, not a subject for my attempts at intimacy; but the two next daughters, the elder of whom was not more than thirteen, were not unlike two great playful kittens; and I had little doubt but that they would be quite ready to meet my advances, and to hear and admire all the histories I might choose to relate to them respecting my tricks at school, and our various modes of cheating our governesses, retarding our own improvement, and bringing discredit on our protectors. Accordingly, when we commenced our walk, I endeavoured to withdraw Sarah and Mary from the rest of the party; and, after having administered to each of them some of those little flatteries which so easily find their way to the inexperienced heart, I ventured to open my purposes a little further to them, and asked them if they were not tired of being always so much with grown-up people.

“‘What grown-up people?’ asked Sarah.

“‘O, those who have the care of you,’ I replied. ‘There was nothing we hated so much at school as being with our governess: we never had any fun when our governess was by.’

“‘Fun!’ repeated Mary: ‘what do you mean by fun, Miss Olivia?’

“‘O, play,’ I said, ‘pleasure, amusement. Don’t you know what fun is?’

“‘Yes, to be sure I know the meaning of the word,’ she answered; ‘but it is an odd word, too. I thought that very poor people only used it.’

“‘You mean to say,’ I replied, ‘that you think it a vulgar word?’

“‘I did not say so,’ she answered; ‘but, if you do not mean any thing rude, why could not you have enjoyed it when your governess was present?’

“Our conversation was broken off in this place by one of the little boys, who came darting upon us from an ambush, in which he had lain in wait for us, in the corner of the coppice; and as I was a little disheartened in my first attempt to draw my young cousins into my confidence, I thought it better to add no more to what I had already said; and being called upon by Mrs. Fairlie to survey the lovely scenes which opened before me, I was compelled for the present wholly to relinquish my purpose.

“And now, Mrs. Fairlie having taken my arm, led me slowly on, pointing out to me all she thought most interesting in the scenery, and imperceptibly conducting me from the contemplation of these wonders of creation, to some reflections on the Creator himself.

“I know not what I said on this subject, but something, I suppose, which evinced my ignorance; for, in reply, she lamented that I should have been thus far educated without the right knowledge of God, earnestly impressing upon me the duty of seeking Him to whom I had hitherto been so great a stranger. ‘My dear Olivia,’ she said, ‘you spoke this morning of the happiness you expected to enjoy in India, when restored to your father: but, my dear child, permit a friend advanced in age, and one who has experienced many reverses in life, to assure you, that there is no such thing as peace of mind or true happiness ever felt, unless the heart is right towards God. When we really love God, when we trust in him, when we confide in him for our acceptance and sanctification, the petty troubles of life may afflict us for a moment, and cause some tears to fall; yet there is an abiding peace in the soul which the world cannot disturb: but when the heart is alienated from its Maker, there is no condition of life, no arrangement of outward circumstances, which can insure felicity. And I will venture to foretel, that if you go to India, and remain there estranged from God, as you now are, you will find sorrow instead of joy, and mortification instead of pleasure.’

“‘Mortification!’ I replied: ‘O, Mrs. Fairlie, I shall be so happy! I am told that papa’s house at Monghyr is one of the finest in the station, and commands such a view of the hills as no other house possesses in all the vast plain of the Ganges. I have heard all about it; and he says himself, in his last letter, that he has provided an elephant for me, besides various carriages, and shawls, and jewels, and other ornaments; and I am sure I shall be happy.’

“‘Shawls and jewels,’ replied Mrs. Fairlie, ‘are pretty things; but I doubt their power of making any one happy.’

“‘But papa will be so fond of me,’ I added.

“‘No doubt of it,’ she replied: ‘yet are there not troubles in life which neither fathers nor mothers can

avert from their children! Look at those brambles in that winding wood-walk to our left, where my little boys are looking for vetches; can I prevent those brambles from growing, or prevent them from piercing their tender limbs? I might indeed restrain my children from going into those sequestered paths; but I doubt whether I should add to their pleasure by abridging their innocent liberty: for in so doing I should only make a choice of inconveniences, and perhaps prefer the greater to the less. Thus, my dear young friend, is the path of life strewn with inconveniences, neither is it possible for the most prudent person, through life, to do more than make a choice of troubles. Under these circumstances, he is happy who wisely distinguishes between those evils which are real and those which are imaginary.'

“ ‘You think then, Mrs. Fairlie,’ I replied, ‘that I shall find some thorns in the garden of roses which is prepared for me in India?’

“ ‘She smiled, and surprised me by asking if I had been a student of Persian poetry.

“ ‘What makes you suppose it?’ I enquired.

“ ‘Your figurative mode of speaking,’ she replied, ‘and your reference to the favourite flower of Oriental song.’

“ ‘In answer to this, I repeated the story which I had learned from the Persian *moonshée*, and which I had never forgotten.

“ ‘Your Persian,’ she replied, ‘was a mussulmaun, and therefore could not have been expected to have drawn a better moral from his tale than that which he actually derived from it. But permit me to say, that this fable (for such I presume it is) is capable of a much higher signification than that which has been given to it already. In the fair mistress of your garden of roses you may behold the picture of one who possesses all this world can give; but, trusting in such a portion, she cannot endure the little difficulties and inconveniences ever attendant on so imperfect and transitory a state of things as the present, and hence, under the influence of impatience, tears up and destroys her own advantages. How many thousand unsanctified mortals act upon this principle! and how differently would they judge, did they know that there is no evil which ought to be anxiously

avoided but sin--no other evil which we ought to pray to be delivered from--no other thing which can really render life miserable, death hopeless, and eternity terrible!

“What more was added in this conversation I do not well recollect, nor probably should I have remembered so much, had not what Mrs. Fairlie said been so fixed on my mind by the ingenious manner in which she improved the story related to me by the Persian. I can, however, though indistinctly, recollect some mention which she made of the nature of salvation by Christ, and the hopelessness of man’s state without the Redeemer: certain, however, it is, that her observations on these subjects made little impression on my mind at the time, though I often recollected them afterwards.

“Our walk was at length concluded by our entering into a narrow valley, encompassed on each side by sloping banks sprinkled with fruit trees; the eastern extremity of the valley being terminated by a rock, in which an ancient hermitage was scooped, and on the summit of which was a cottage in a garden. There a clear stream of very cold water dashing over the rock, and winding through the bottom of the valley, was presently lost to the view among groups of lowly alders, and other such trees as delight to bathe their roots in running waters.

“As we descended into the valley, and again ascended round the rock, Mrs. Fairlie gave me the history of the inhabitants of the cottage. ‘It is occupied,’ said she, ‘by a very old woman, her daughter, who is a widow, and a grandson, a simple, pleasant little boy, who has been taught to study his Bible from his very infancy. These good women,’ said she, ‘once knew what are called better days; and I remember the elder the wife of a respectable farmer, and the mother of several noble-looking sons. But the old man and his sons are no more; many losses have reduced the little remnant of the family to a cottage; and the old lady is now sinking under the pressure of various infirmities into the grave: and yet, my dear Olivia, if I were required to direct you to a happy family, I should say you may find one in that thatched dwelling on the rock.’

“‘Happy!’ I repeated: ‘O! Mrs. Fairlie!’

“‘Yes,’ returned she, ‘happy; and I will point out

to you their many sources of comfort. And first, I would ask, What is this life?

“I made no answer; and she, replying to herself, said, ‘This life is a journey to another world, infinitely more important and lasting than the present. The trials we meet with here arise necessarily from the present state of sin and imperfection, but, under the divine control and blessing, they often prove our choicest mercies; so David expresses himself—*Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.* (Psalm cxix. 67.)

“‘And this being remembered,’ continued Mrs. Fairlie, ‘you may, my dear Olivia, comprehend the nature of the poor widow’s happiness, of her joy and her thankfulness; for she is now nearly at her journey’s end, waiting for her departure, and looking back on a long life, in which she has been the constant subject of unmerited favours. Her departed children are now, we trust, all in glory, having before death given satisfactory evidence of a renewed nature. Her husband she believes to be equally blessed. Those of her descendants who are left to her are pious and humble. She trusts that her own sins are pardoned; and whether looking backwards or forwards, she finds innumerable occasions and motives of gratitude to that Saviour who makes his disciples more than conquerors, and effects their deliverance from every real evil.’

“I know not how it happened that I should have remembered so much of Mrs. Fairlie’s conversation at this time, unpractised as I then was in spiritual things, unless I may suppose that my memory was assisted in a supernatural way. Nevertheless, I believe that there is scarcely an individual, however thoughtless, who cannot recollect having been impressed on some occasion or other in early life by some remark or sentiment of a serious nature, uttered in common conversation. And hence the importance of expressing correct and proper sentiments in the ears of youth; for, as the wise man saith, *a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in network of silver.* (Prov. xxv. 11.)

“I was still listening attentively to Mrs. Fairlie’s discourse, when, having half encompassed the rock, as we ascended, we came into a little farm-yard, inclosed with a hedge, and paved with round smooth pebbles. On one

side of this yard was a cowhouse, before the door of which were two cows waiting to be milked; on the other, a little orchard; and in front, the low porch of the cottage, flanked on each side by narrow latticed windows. It now appeared that the hill or rock, on a shelf of which stood the dwelling-house, arose considerably above it in the direction opposite to the front of the little tenement; and its highest parts being in some places bare, and in others richly covered with vegetation, presented a varied and pleasing prospect. The cascade mentioned before, gushing from the highest point of the rock, and becoming visible here and there amid the surrounding verdure, took a circle round the boundaries of the yard, and from thence passed into the valley below.

“Mrs. Fairlie and I had preceded the rest of the party, and entered the yard some time before them; and approaching silently, we stopped for a moment to contemplate the beauties which presented themselves in this sequestered spot, before we disturbed the inhabitants of the cottage; and during that short interval my mind received its first impressions of the charms of deep retirement, and of the happiness enjoyed in many a humble dwelling through our favoured island, a happiness arising principally from those views of divine love that are frequently possessed by obscure Christians, and which the mere worldling can never know. O how often in after life, when exposed to the burning rays of the southern sun, when tossed on the mighty ocean, or parched with the blasts of the deserts, have my recollections returned to this scene of repose, and how ardently have I longed for such cooling gales as blew upon me in this shadowy spot!

“Mrs. Fairlie left me for a few moments to the quiet contemplation of the beauties above described; and then, directing my attention towards the cottage, bade me step softly, and behold the scene within.

“I obeyed; and, looking in at the half-open door, saw a neat little kitchen, where a kettle was boiling over a fire of sticks, as if in preparation for tea; the venerable mother was seated at her wheel in the chimney-corner, her daughter being occupied by her side, and her blooming little grandson engaged in reading his Bible aloud.— ‘What do you think, Olivia?’ said Mrs. Fairlie: ‘is there any appearance of unhappiness here? Has not the

blessed root of piety produced its fruits of peace, think you, in this little family?’

“I was about to reply, when the quick eye of the old lady espied the visitors, and she came forward to receive us with all the simplicity of the cottager and the true dignity of a Christian. ‘Come in, dear Madam,’ she said, as she recognized Mrs. Fairlie; and as she directed every chair and three-legged stool in the house to be collected, she expressed her sincere delight at the honour done her.

“I might fill many a page with an account of the tea-table preparations, and with praises of the white loaves, and thick cream, and wood-strawberries, which were set before us, and with the expressions of joy with which my cousins addressed their humble friends. But such scenes have often been described, and I would only desire my reader to suppose us all seated at our simple repast, where, vitiated as my taste was, I should not have failed to have enjoyed myself considerably, had it not been for my two young cousins, Sarah and Mary, who, in a manner which I at first thought spiteful, (to use a word to which I had been much familiarized at school,) but which I afterwards found to be wholly without design, repeated to the whole company all that I had said to them during my walk, on the subject of its being impossible for young people to enjoy fun in the presence of their elders.

“The story had come out so abruptly, and Mrs. Fairlie was so little aware of what was coming, that she had not had time to spare me the mortification such disgraceful communications could not but inflict. I saw, however, that she blushed deeply for me; and, checking her daughters, she kindly extended her hand to me, and said, ‘My dear Olivia, I am sorry that you entertain such an opinion of your elders, as to suppose that they would deprive you of any innocent pleasure. It must be my endeavour to give you a different view of these things. There are times, indeed, when the harmless mirth of children and young people may make old heads ache; but that must be an unfeeling mother who does not rejoice in every occasion of innocent delight to her young people.’

“Had Mrs. Fairlie spoken harshly to me on this occasion, my spirit would have risen, and I should have burned with anger against her and her children; but her

kindness quite subdued me, and I burst into tears. On which, my two young cousins sprang up from their seats, and kissed me affectionately; and the old lady of the cottage made this suitable observation—'Poor Miss,' she said, 'is probably an orphan; she has perhaps been brought up by those who never won her confidence; she is to be pitied then more than to be blamed. But, dear lady,' she added, addressing me, 'remember that the orphan has a Father and a Friend above, who is ever ready to hold out his protecting hand. Endeavour to please this Friend, and then there will be no question, but that all that you do, whether in your more serious or more playful hours, will please all those among your elders who are really interested in your welfare.'

"I looked up, amazed to hear such language from a cottager, not being then aware of the purifying, exalting, and ennobling influence of true religion on the human mind. I, however, could make no answer; for I was ashamed, and for the first time in my life felt sensibly that I had done wrong.

"When we had finished our repast, all but myself joined in singing a hymn; and the visit being thus concluded, we prepared to leave the Cottage of the Rock, (for so I have been in the habit of calling this delightful abode,) and to return to Mrs. Fairlie's house.

"It was the beginning of the Midsummer holidays when I came into Worcestershire; and as I was not to sail for India till the next March, I remained for the greater part of that interval under Mrs. Fairlie's roof, and during that period might have enjoyed all the innocent pleasures of domestic life, had I possessed a taste less depraved, and a mind less eagerly bent on those amusements which bring strong excitements with them.

"Two circumstances, however, are worthy of remark—that although, at the time, I did not seem to profit in any degree by the excellent admonitions and examples I then received and witnessed, yet they were not without their effect in after life;—and that the openness and unreservedness of my young cousins towards their mother, of which I have given one example, proved such a defence to them, that I never on any subsequent occasion dared to insinuate a single sentiment in their presence which I did not wish her to hear.

“I shall not enter into any further detail of my life in Worcestershire, nor attempt to describe the tender adieus of Mrs. Fairlie and her lovely family, but shall entreat my reader to accompany me on board the Bengal Castle, and to imagine me seated in a convenient cabin on the deck of the vessel, richly provided with every species of ornament and article of dress, and placed under the superintendance of a lady who was returning to India and to her husband, after the absence of three years. With this lady’s cabin, which was one half of the roundhouse, mine had connexion; and the greater part of my mornings were spent with her, who had taken upon her the character of my protectress.

“It is impracticable to give the inexperienced reader any accurate idea of the mode of life commonly pursued in an East Indiaman, where a number of persons of all ages and classes are confined together in one place, with little to do, and few occasions of acquiring a single new idea. Suffice it to say, that, with respect to myself, I spent my mornings with my friend Mrs. Burleigh, in looking over and arranging my dresses, packing, unpacking, and cleaning my trinkets, and in receiving from her such accounts of the magnificence and dissipation of oriental life as filled my heart with the most eager desires to be at the end of my voyage. At three o’clock every day, all the passengers dined together, and I was solicited to drink wine with nearly all the gentlemen at the table; and as Mrs. Burleigh informed me that I should offend if I refused any of these solicitations, I sometimes certainly took much more than was good for me, and if I did not always walk out from the dining-room very steadily, I trusted that my unsteadiness was attributed to the motion of the vessel. After dinner, we retired for a short time to our cabin, where we received visits from some of the ladies of the other cabins. At tea-time, we went out and sat on deck, or concluded the evening with a dance when the weather would permit.

“In this manner was our time occupied; and as we were all thoughtless, and many of the party decidedly profligate, it will be readily believed that very little occurred of an improving nature among us. And this was indeed the case without one single exception till we ar-

rived at the Cape, into the harbour of which we were obliged to enter on account of some affairs of the captain. There we took in several passengers; among whom was an elderly gentleman, a chaplain in the Company's service, who had been some years established in Calcutta, and had come to the Cape to recruit his health. He was a man of gentlemanly appearance, but of grave and retired habits, and one who did not seem hasty to form acquaintance, though remarkably pleasing when once engaged in conversation.

“It was on the Saturday afternoon that we sailed out of the harbour of the Cape, and we were not aware that Mr Arnot (for such is the name by which I would designate this good man) had any influence in the ship, till we were called to morning worship about an hour before dinner the next day.

“In the afternoon, it being fine, all the passengers were on deck, and among the rest I had taken a seat, and was engaged in conversation with some lively young man, whose very name I now forget. This gentleman, having exhausted many frivolous topics, produced from his pocket some light volume of a novel or play, I forget which, and said that he had purchased it during his stay in London. I received it eagerly, and, as he sauntered from me, I began to turn over the leaves of this book.

“While thus engaged, Mr. Arnot approached me, addressed me for the first time, and took the vacant seat next to me. I was surprised, and at a loss what to say; and as persons in these cases generally hit upon the precise thing which they ought not to do, I made the very remark which would have been best let alone, and asked him whether he did not agree with me in thinking the Sunday on board ship the most wearisome day in the week.

“‘By no means, my dear young lady,’ he replied; ‘and for this reason—that the work we have to do on the Sunday is a kind of business which may be pursued every where; whereas, to our weekly religious duties there are so many hindrances in this situation, that I do not understand how many of them at least can be performed at all.’

“‘Business, Sir! business on a Sunday!’ I repeated, with a smile.

“ ‘Yes, my dear young lady,’ he replied, ‘business, and the most important business we have on earth.’ He then, without further prelude, began to reason with me on the value of the soul, of the need of continual watchfulness, and of the means appointed for man’s salvation; at the same time hinting, that he was sorry to see me engaged with a book so trifling as that which I held in my hand on the day appointed for a rest from vanity.

“I have before said, that I possessed in very early youth that pliability of character and insight into the feelings of others which enabled me often to accommodate so well to those with whom I conversed, as to appear what I was not, at least to superficial observers; neither had I been so inattentive to Mrs. Fairlie’s sentiments, as not to be able to obtain credit in this discourse with Mr. Arnot: and if I did myself no other service by this artful conduct, I at least procured to myself the advantage of hearing more of what Mr. Arnot had to say; for he frequently joined me when I was on deck, gave his opinions to me without reserve, and stored my head with knowledge, though my heart still remained unaffected.

“When we were within three weeks’ sail of Bengal, I was seized with a slow fever, which confined me to my bed, and condemned me to many hours of painful solitude—painful, not only from the depression which always attends fever, but from a certain conflict in my own mind between the love of the world and my persuasion of the importance of religion.

“The period which I spent under this slow, consuming malady, I can never forget. I was in a small cabin taken off the *cuddy* or dining-room; my window opened towards the sea. We were within the tropics, and during my illness actually crossed the line. I had many comforts; but the water in the ship was become very foul, and was in that tepid state which always disappoints the parched lips. Though not quite delirious, my head was in that confused state in which the images of fancy blend themselves so strongly with realities that it is difficult to separate them, and I never can forget the vivid manner in which at that time the cool solitudes of Worcestershire presented themselves to my fancy, especially the scene on the rock which I had visited with Mrs. Fairlie, a scene which ever mingled itself in my imagination with ideas

of perfect peace. O, what would I then have given for one draught, only one draught, of that sparkling fountain which poured from the green heights above the cottage!

“There was, indeed, no piety in these feelings: and yet I have ever thought that these my ardent aspirations after rest and peace, and burning desires for one drop of cool water, partook in some degree of that experience which the thirsty soul is the subject of when longing for the river of living water, and panting for the regions of everlasting rest; or at least that it then pleased the Almighty to make me thus familiar with the emblems of superior joys, that I might in due time be made the more easily to comprehend those hidden glories of which they are the lively type.

“It is natural for man to aspire after happiness, and these aspirations are always the deepest when he is in affliction. When the heart is fixed on heavenly joys, that heart has found its proper object, and hope sheds its beam of glory over every changing scene. Hence the peace of the children of God. But while the unregenerate heart perversely adopts the words of the Persian poet, ‘Bring me the wine that remains, for thou wilt not find in Paradise the sweet banks of our Rocknabad, or the rosy bowers of our Mosellâ,’ it must ever be subject to disappointment, and ever condemned to the fever of desire and the thirst which never can be quenched.

“An earthly Paradise, a garden of roses, of roses without thorns, was the subject of my constant reveries, and when weary of sighing for the cool shades from which I was separated by thousands of leagues of sea—when impressed with the idea that I should never behold them again—when aware that we were approaching the shores of India, I tried to fancy that I should there find the thornless regions of ever varying joys, without which I felt that I could by no means be content.

“My fever remained with little abatement till we passed the Island of Saugor; but whether owing to this near view of land or to some fresh water which was at this time received into the ship, I suddenly became better, and when we at length came to anchor in Diamond Harbour, at the mouth of the Hoogley, I was enabled, though weak, to come out and sit on deck.

“I was much amused with the bustle which then took place, and extremely impatient to hear news from Calcutta. My father had engaged to send for me from Diamond Harbour, or if possible to meet me there: I accordingly waited, with great impatience, for the summons; and Mrs. Burleigh, who had promised not to leave me till I was with my friends, was equally impatient. I had seen Mr. Arnot and several more of the party take their departure, and was leaning over the gangway, when I observed a pinnacle approaching the ship from Calcutta, and, as it drew near, a gentleman on the deck hailed us and mentioned my name.

“My feelings were such as those only can have known who have been in similar circumstances. I turned suddenly from the gangway and sunk almost fainting on a gun-carriage. The pinnacle approached, I heard the steps of persons ascending the ladder on the side of the ship, and a moment afterwards my uncle stood before me. My father was a very tall man, whereas my uncle was of the ordinary stature, and I cannot say that I should have remembered either, though I perfectly knew that the person I saw was not my father.

“Having been pointed out to him, he came up to me and embraced me, though I thought in a solemn manner. He said he was glad to see me, and led me into the *cuddy*, where he seated me. ‘Do you know me, Olivia?’ he said, ‘I am your uncle, and henceforward you must look on me as a parent.’

“He then informed me that my father was no more, that he had been dead more than half-a-year, and that he had left me under his protection. He took occasion at the same time to tell me that my father had not died so rich as had been expected, but that he himself had prepared every thing comfortable for me in his own house, where, he added, I should have very pleasant companions of my own age.

“My father dead! and my home to be in my uncle’s house! and my companions to be my country bred, and country born cousins, whom I had heartily despised ever since I knew any thing about them!—O, where now were my bright prospects of happiness in India! My feelings on this occasion were thoroughly selfish; but I believe that my grief was interpreted differently, and therefore

excited pity. However, as all was ready for our departure, we left the ship, accompanied by Mrs. Burleigh, and as I could not endure fatigue, so soon as we entered the pinnace Mrs. Burleigh made me lie down on the bed in the inner room of the vessel, where I yielded without restraint to my sorrows. My uncle had invited one or two young gentlemen, fellow-passengers with me in the East Indiaman, to accompany him up to Calcutta, and as there was only a slight partition between me and the outer apartment of the vessel, I could not avoid hearing all that passed there.

“I have not yet described my uncle, though I have said he was not a tall man. He was at that time between fifty and sixty years of age. His hair was white as snow and adorned gracefully his forehead; his features had been remarkably handsome, and his complexion was still fresh; he was neat in his person, but his manners were no longer European; he spoke loudly, contradicted bluntly, swore frequently, called names when he disliked any one, and fell into the most violent passions on the most unimportant occasions, seldom refraining from striking any of the natives who chanced to cross him when he was in these paroxysms; and, indeed, though I believe that he was an upright man with respect to pecuniary concerns, yet such were the provocations he gave that I cannot to this day understand how he could have attained to nearly threescore years of age without having had his head broken.

“Such was my uncle; and as I lay meditating on my future plans, and lamenting my hopes destroyed, my uneasiness was not a little increased by the bursts of violence with which he continually regaled his guests, regardless of the presence of Mrs. Burleigh.

“In the mean time we were advancing rapidly with the tide, in two of which we expected to reach Calcutta. It was about six in the evening when the tide failed us, and I was then persuaded to come out of my room to partake of the dinner which was prepared, to which we all, with the exception of my uncle, sat down with little appetite, being more or less affected with the change of climate.

“My uncle, at dinner, took notice of my melancholy, and tried to give me comfort by describing the happy life

I should lead under his roof, but a servant, in the midst of these efforts at condolence, having unfortunately thrown down a goblet and poured its contents on his coat, he dropped all other considerations to give way to a burst of passion, and, knocking off the offender's turban, sent it through the open windows into the river. This little circumstance renewed my affliction, by giving me some insight into the character of my new guardian, and I could scarcely feel myself secure from the violence of one who, on so slight an occasion, could treat a poor servant with so much roughness. My apprehensions, however, proved only my ignorance of my uncle's modes of acting and thinking; for, although blustering as a master, he was by no means harsh as a parent, but, on the contrary, allowed rather too much liberty to his children, and though imperious toward the natives, not in the main cruel or unkind to them.

"We proceeded to Calcutta, after waiting some hours for another tide, and, as I was still in a languid and depressed state, my uncle thought it best for me, after I had taken leave of Mrs. Burleigh, and we had changed our boats, that I should proceed immediately up with him to his station, which was situated on the banks of the river some hundred miles above Calcutta.

"I was so unwell during the former part of my voyage up the country, that I remember little of the first impressions made on my mind by Indian scenery. In proportion, however, as we approached Baugleapore I revived considerably, and when our boats rested in the evening, I was enabled to take several walks with my uncle, and to enjoy some of the finest prospects I had ever seen, for we were now approaching the mountains which, in this part of the country, run down to the very brink of the river. We passed beneath the walls of the ancient palace of the Sultan Sujah, at Rajemahal, and obtained from the top of the pass of Teriagully, to which we ascended, a glorious view of the mighty Gunga, winding through rich and fertile regions till at length she was lost to us by the distance. We had opportunity of visiting many woods in the vicinity of the river, where a variety of beautiful birds and tropical trees reminded me continually of the change of climate I had lately experienced. The mode of life I enjoyed in the boat, and the kind attentions of

my uncle, with the advance of the cooler season, now evidently operated to restore my health, and with my health my spirits returned; so that before I reached the place of my destination I was again elated with hope, and had almost ceased to think of the loss I had sustained.

“At length, after a considerable effort at rowing, my uncle pointed out to me the station of Bauglepore, which consisted of a number of houses belonging to European gentlemen, scattered over a park-like region which rose above the river to a considerable height.

“The sun was sinking beneath the boundaries of the western horizon at the moment my uncle came in from the deck of the vessel to announce the termination of our journey, and bidding me look up at the same time, I saw that we were under a very high and precipitous bank, or conka rock, over which the *verandah* of a *bungalow* hung like a balcony, being supported only by frame-work underneath. ‘Welcome to Bauglepore, my good niece,’ said my uncle, as he handed me out from the boat, ‘one more effort and your journey is at an end,’ and so saying he led me up certain rugged steps by which we were presently conducted to the summit of the bank and found ourselves at the entrance of the *verandah*.

“My uncle’s house was a *bungalow*, or thatched dwelling, consisting of one very large hall encircled by eight smaller rooms, the whole being encompassed by a wide *verandah*. To the left of this *bungalow* was a large court, which conducted to a second dwelling of the same kind and form but of smaller dimensions, and encompassed with high walls, which, with the many trees that grew without, rendered it a place of perfect retirement. There were no inclosures round the larger *bungalow*; it stood on an open lawn, over which were scattered many groves and *topes* of trees, and from the back part of the edifice there was a fine view into the interior of the country, the fore-ground resembling an ornamental pleasure-ground without fences, and the back-ground presenting a view of the mountains, in some places covered with woods, in others bare and rugged, and in others intersected with deep ravines and shadowy recesses.

“The loud shouts, or rather howlings, of the watermen, had forewarned the family of our approach, and

we had scarcely entered the *verandah* before we were accosted by such a mob of *khaunsaumans*, *kitmutghaurs*, *bearers*, *chokedaus*, *circars*, *choprausses*, &c. &c. as it might be thought would have been counted sufficient to form the *suwarree* of a *Nawaub* of Bengal. All these stood bowing and paying their compliments till we had passed and my uncle had led me through an antechamber into the hall, where a table was set out for dinner, which seemed to groan beneath the weight of silver plate. 'Where are my sons and daughters?' was my uncle's first enquiry; and on being told they were not come in from their airing, he called for an *ayah*, who it seems had been prepared for me, and who directed me into a small room at the corner of the house, which, together with a bathing and dressing-room within, were to be my apartments. The small room, like every other part of the house, was only white-washed, having neither hangings nor other ornaments on the wall, with a mat only on the floor, and a small bed furnished with gauze hangings in the very centre of the room, so as to leave a free passage round it on all sides.

'When turned into this almost empty space, I stood for a moment considering what was next to be done; when the *ayah* commenced a long speech, which I presume was of a congratulatory or complimentary nature by the various grimaces and *salams* of which she made use during her oration; but as I did not understand one word which she said, I could do nothing else but stand still and admire her figure and physiognomy, both of which are now as present with me as if I had seen her but yesterday. She was a tall gaunt person, extremely wrinkled, though perhaps not very old. Her skin was of a tawny copper colour, and she wore trowsers, or *paunjamahs*, as we should call them, of striped *Benares* silk, a white *banyan*, or loose jacket, a variety of silver rings on her arms and ancles, no shoes or stockings, her hair divided and combed off her forehead, and hanging in many plaits to her waist, and a thin veil of muslin thrown over her head and shoulders. Such was the figure which addressed me, and had I been in a more merry mood, I should certainly have laughed at her ineffectual efforts to make me understand, for I had so completely forgotten my *Hindoostanee* that I could scarcely manage to

call for a glass of water although water had been the first thing I wished to call for.

“The good woman having, however, at length discovered the reason wherefore all her eloquence was thus thrown away, suddenly left the room, and returned in a few minutes with all my female cousins but one, to the number of four; and most assuredly I was less prepossessed with their appearance than I had been with that of their waiting-maid. That they were excessively dark, and altogether Indians in their persons, was not indeed their fault, and had they been presented to me as the daughters of a Hindoo Rajah, I, perhaps, might have thought them sufficiently well looking, for the Hindoos are not an ugly race, but there was such an extraordinary mixture in their manners and appearance of the European and Asiatic, and what they had acquired of European manners and address, in such a school as Calcutta could furnish thirty years ago, seemed to me so singular, that I was compelled to put my politeness to the test before I could return their embraces with any thing like the cordiality necessary from one relation to another. However, I did my best, and I trust my backwardness was not observed, for my young relations appeared to be satisfied with me, and, after a few polite speeches on both sides, I was conducted into the hall, where my uncle and his sons were waiting for us to sit down to a dinner, which, from its amazing abundance, might have supplied a Roman cohort after the fatigues of a battle. But before I was allowed to take my place, it was necessary that I should receive the congratulations of my male cousins, four dark young men, extremely slender in their persons, sprucely dressed in white nankeen, their hair thickly powdered, as was the fashion then, and their manners forming a curious medley between the Asiatic and the most finished European beau. The proper compliments on all sides having taken place, we sat down to dinner, and, while the rest of the party satisfied their appetites, I had leisure fully to consider the strange and new scene into which I had entered; and on this occasion I was not less surprised by the appearance of the company which sat round the table, than by that of a number of *kitmutghaurs* by which the whole circle was flanked: a set of whimsical-looking tawny young men,

dressed in white muslin with turbans of various colours and descriptions, bustling to and fro, and twenty of them effecting less than two good waiters in a London tavern would have accomplished with half the bustle. I was also aware that without the door of the antechamber there were as many more persons, all occupied in some way or other in supplying us with what we called for, or in securing such remnants as were left on the plates and dishes. An army of crows and jackdaws were also stationed in the rear of these, as I could discern through the open doors, and, no doubt, by the agitation which at times appeared among them, were not waiting there without the prospect of some remuneration for their trouble.

“Having taken a cursory view of these more indifferent matters, my attention was again drawn towards my cousins, in whom I was particularly interested, as I considered that they were to be the companions of my future life, and my eager and penetrating glances moved from one countenance to another while I was anxious to find out one among all these whom I might choose for a confidant, for I had no higher idea of friendship at that time, than that of a free and reciprocal avowal of all the silly thoughts which might pass through my mind.

“Every one who has the least quickness of observation must infallibly, after a time, become something of a physiognomist, and I had been a great observer of countenances in England and on my voyage; but when arrived in India, I was wholly baffled and thrown out by the entire new character of every face. My uncle’s old English physiognomy was indeed legible enough, but I could make nothing of his children’s faces, for they were all as perversely unlike their European parent as they possibly could be; and although the features of some were tolerably regular, and the eyes of most of them very fine, I could not fix on any one in which I did not fancy that I saw something which repelled more than it attracted. As to my male cousins, viz. Stephen, Josiah, Samuel, and Jonathan, I did not bestow upon them a second regard, for I had conceived such an utter contempt for their dark complexions, effeminate manners, and finical dresses, that I do not think that they would have been able to have redeemed my good opinion had they evinced the strength of intellect of Sir Isaac Newton. There was,

however, no such redeeming power in their conversation; they talked indeed, but in such a hissing or lisping accent, and on such uninteresting topics, that I could scarcely give them the attention which common politeness required. My female cousins, indeed, detained my attention much longer. Julia, the eldest, was undoubtedly the most regularly handsome, and her complexion, though dark, was delicate, and she was dressed, not perhaps in the last European fashion, but with an attention to nicety which an English lady would hardly find time to adopt. I could have wished, however, that she had not fancied pea-green ribands, being very unsuitable to her complexion, nor covered herself so profusely with soam pebbles and other heavy ornaments. However, when we are contemplating a friend, and have leisure to meditate on the colour of her ribands and choice of her ornaments, it cannot be supposed that there is much in her appearance calculated to excite our affectionate regard. Celia, Lucretia, and Lizzy, next drew my attention: they were all nearly of an age, but I felt nothing but estrangement at the very peculiar turn of their countenances. The two elder were tall, inclined to *en bon point*, had large eyes of an oblong form, and so situated in the head that the outer corners were considerably raised above the inner. Their eyes were dark, and at times had a peculiar fierceness of expression. The last of the three had much of the negro in her appearance. The fifth daughter, whom I had not seen till I sat down to dinner, was the youngest of the brood, and seemed a kind of pet of her father's, and as she had never been in a Calcutta school, she was still less of a European than the rest of the family. She wore a short frock over long *paunjammahs*, had *bangles* on her arms, wore coloured shoes and no stockings, had large ear-rings, and her hair plaited up with abundance of cocoa nut oil. She used very few English words, but appeared oratorical in her mother tongue, using much action when she spoke, and apparently not being very select in the choice of her words, as, during this first meal, she was called to order once or twice by her eldest sister for some improprieties of language to me inexplicable. The name of this little girl was Gertrude, though she was called Gatty Baba by the whole family; and surely there never was a more

troublesome, boisterous, ungovernable, and, in some respects, corrupt child, in any family in the world the father of which called himself Christian, than little Miss Gatty, though I afterwards found that this child was by no means the least amiable of the family. However, as this was an after discovery, I shall content myself at present with describing Miss Gatty as she appeared when I first saw her. While engaged with her food she was tolerably quiet, and I was not a little surprised at the amazing quantity of *pish pash* and *kedjerie* which she contrived to swallow, using a spoon indeed for the former, but casting away that unnecessary aid when attacking the latter, which she jerked into her mouth out of her hand with her thumb, with a dexterity which an English child would have imitated in vain; and instead of being seated on her chair with her legs duly hanging to the floor, she was altogether perched on the seat, her lower limbs being neatly folded under her, and though she once altered this position, owing to an admonition from her sisters enforced by the father, she speedily returned to the one most agreeable to herself, and was allowed to retain it without further admonition, and in this position she finished her meal; but that being ended, she commenced some of those practical jokes by which she not unfrequently relieved the weariness of life, and tumbling out of her chair with something like the activity of a monkey, ran out at the nearest door and presently appeared again, stealing in with gentle steps and bare feet, (for she had disencumbered herself of her shoes,) with a small dead mouse in her hand, which she very dexterously contrived to fasten to her eldest brother's hair, which was tied in a *queue*; and this being effected she retired again to an open door, where she stood a moment, uttering some loud and vehement exclamation of which I only understood a few words, to wit, her brother's name, and a request that we would all look at him.

“The trick was now immediately discovered, on which the brother rose in anger amidst the laughter of the whole party. The father knocked furiously on the table, a motion by which he was often accustomed to indicate his displeasure, and Gatty Baba made her escape, probably to her mother's apartment, where she was sure of finding a place of refuge.

“We had sat some minutes after this manœuvre of the spoiled child’s, when my female cousins proposed a removal, and led me to the *verandah* at the back of the house, where we were presently supplied with chairs and *moras* by as many *bearers*, and here we seated ourselves, enjoying the prospect of as fine a country as I had ever seen.

“The objects composing the views before us appeared to me more grand than the scenery of England. The valleys were wider; the hills seen in the back-ground of greater magnitude though of no extraordinary height; the sky, of a deeper blue, was not broken and shaded with cloud or vapour as in countries in the higher latitudes; the very trees and vegetables seemed of a larger growth, and the foliage more luxuriant.

“It being immediately after the rainy season, the fields were covered with a rank verdure, and a dead stillness reigned in the air, seldom disturbed by any sound but by the cawings of the many crows which inhabit those places, the occasional shriek of the cheel or Indian kite, and the softer murmurings of the dove.

“Not to acknowledge the superior beauties of these scenes was impossible; not to feel impressed by the towering palm and Brahminee fig tree was utterly impracticable; and yet I felt, as I looked around me, such a deep and sudden depression of spirits as I had never before experienced. This country is charming, indeed, I thought; the air is embalmed with the scent of roses, the hills are crowned with forests, and the valleys abundant with riches, and yet these beauties do not please me. I am not happy. Had my father been alive it might have been different.

“While these reflections possessed my mind, my cousins were preparing to address me, and after an apparent effort, for it seems that they had as great an objection to me as I had to them, Julia asked me how I liked Bauglepore, and after she had received my answer, which was of course a favourable one, she began to talk of their own family; to ask me if I were not surprised to see so many of them at home, adding, that she regretted very much that her father should keep all her brothers with him idling and spending their money.

“‘Idling!’ I said, ‘what, have they nothing to do?’

“‘Little or nothing,’ she answered. ‘My father has

indeed some indigo-works, and a farm in the hills; but my brothers do little else than ride, shoot, and sometimes hunt tigers.'

"'Why does he not send them to Europe, or to Calcutta,' I asked, 'and put them in some way of business?'

"'It might be further enquired,' she answered, 'why he did not give them a better education; but it is too late now. He must make the best of it, however.'

"'Have they had no education?' I asked in amazement.

"'Very little,' she replied: 'they were taught to read and write by an invalid sergeant of a European corps, and, to do them justice, they write beautifully. They were at school at Chandernagore a few years, and learned a little French; and Stephen and Josiah were in a merchant's counting-house a short time in Calcutta, but they had no application for business, and here they are again; and the end, I suppose, will be, that they will turn Indigo planters in the *jungles*.'

"'And marry black women,' I hastily added, not recollecting the situation of the person to whom I was speaking; I discovered my blunder, however, before I had concluded; but my cousin replied with perfect coolness, 'Nothing is more probable,' and then changed the discourse to question me about the latest modes of dress in London.

"'We were now got upon a topic of general interest, and my cousins promised themselves a great treat the next morning, in seeing my clothes unpacked, when I suddenly recollected that the next day was Sunday, and I observed that we would defer opening my boxes till the following day. 'And wherefore?' they asked.

"'Because of going to church,' I answered.

"'Church!' they replied; 'where are we to find a church here?'

"'But you have some place of worship?' I answered, 'or perhaps you have service at home?'

"'My cousins all smiled at this question, and fairly confessed that they never worshipped at all.

"'Had I not resided some months at Mrs. Fairlie's, I perhaps should have wondered the less at this avowal; but I contented myself with uttering an exclamation indicative of my surprise, of which my cousins took no notice, for at that moment our ears were saluted with the

screams of Gatty, who it seems had been walking out with two *ayahs* and a *chapraussee*, and now she appeared at some distance on the lawn, struggling so violently with her attendants that all three were unable to hold her.

“What she said, or what they said, I know not; not because I did not hear it, but that I did not comprehend it. Her sisters, however, who better understood the subject of dispute, called to the restive child, but called in vain; and, on my enquiry, they informed me that Gatty Baba was insisting on sucking a sour lime, although she had made herself very ill only a few days before by a similar imprudence. In the mean time, little Miss kicked, struggled, and scolded; and at length very dexterously pulling off her shoe, she applied it with such force to the ear of her *chapraussee*, that she sent his turban rolling down the green slope near to the edge of which the party were standing.

“On this, the three elder sisters thought it right to interfere by such arguments as the little Miss did not choose to withstand; and proceeding to the place of action, they dragged her into the *verandah*, where she stood a while, pouting, with her finger in her mouth and a tear in her eye; thus furnishing a new subject of complaint to the eldest sister, who declared that if Gatty Baba was not presently sent to school, she would prove a greater plague than Stephen, Josiah, Samuel, and Jonathan, all united.

“This was an unfortunate remark, for it was uttered within the hearing of the very persons in question: for she had scarcely ceased to speak before they all appeared in the *verandah*, and asked her wherefore she was using their names. ‘Are you trying to set our cousin Olivia against us, Miss Julia?’ said one of these amiable brothers. ‘But I hope she will not believe a word you say, but will judge for herself.’

“‘Are you sure,’ replied Julia, ‘that you would come off the better for her using her own judgment respecting you? Is it likely that a young lady, just come from Europe, should think highly of such persons as you are?’

“‘And why not?’ said Stephen.

“‘Why not?’ returned the sister, with a sneer: ‘don’t ask why not?’

“ ‘ And pray,’ said Stephen, sitting down by her, ‘ are we not as good as you, Miss Julia, though you have been educated in Tank Square, and have a fortune of your own? Are we not of the same flesh and blood as you, Miss?’

“ ‘ Don’t expose yourself, Stephen,’ said Miss Julia.

“ Here the altercation between this amiable brother and sister was interrupted by the sound of a carriage; and Miss Julia had scarcely found time to compose her agitated features, before a handsome phaeton drove up in front of us, from whence alighted my eldest cousin, the daughter of my mother’s sister, and daughter-in-law of my much respected friend in England, Mrs. Fairlie. With her was her husband, Frederick Fairlie, of whom I had heard so much while in Worcestershire, and a beautiful boy of about four years of age, the son of these interesting parents.

“ The moment I saw Euphemia, (for such was my cousin’s name,) I felt my heart drawn towards her, although there was a feeling of awe which mingled with the love which her pleasing countenance inspired. She had every fine feature of her father, softened and refined; her complexion was delicate in an extreme, her dress was simple, and her manners engaging, being wholly free from every species of affectation: neither was I less pleased with her husband, who instantly entered into conversation with me respecting all I had seen in Worcestershire.

“ This young couple, as I afterwards found, lived only at a short distance from my uncle, Mr. Fairlie being in the civil service; and I had afterwards many opportunities of witnessing the comfort and peace in which their days passed; although they were not without their trials, for of several lovely infants with whom the Almighty had blessed them, one only, namely, the little Frederick, had as yet survived its first year.

“ While occupied in answering all the enquiries of Mr. Frederick Fairlie respecting his friends in England, I observed Miss Gatty, who had made her escape from behind her sister’s chair, using various devices to attract little Frederick from his mother’s side, where he had stood ever since their arrival, but hitherto it appeared with little success. But on her producing some attraction in the shape of a toy, the little boy glided from his mother’s

knee, and Gatty was leading him off in triumph, when the mother called him back, and at the same time holding forth her hand to her little sister, encouraged her to come to her, and immediately rising, led her out upon the lawn. At the same time my uncle called his son-in-law; and my cousin Stephen remarked, 'There, now Euphemia is giving Gatty a lecture: but it's of no use—nothing will benefit her while my father and mother have the management of her.'

"The brothers and sisters then unitedly opened their mouths against the little favourite; and I discovered that she was as much hated by the younger part of the family as caressed by the elder. At length, however, on my speaking something in favour of little Frederick Fairlie, the tide instantly turned; and it was observed, that he was no better than Gatty, though his mother made such a stir about him, and would not leave him a moment with a native. 'No, nor will she leave him,' added Stephen, 'even with Gatty; and I assure you we think that this is shewing a contempt of us, which we do not approve.'

"'But did you not a moment since allow that your little sister is a very naughty child?' I replied.

"'Naughty!' repeated Stephen; 'I did not use any such expression, Miss Olivia. I said she was as wicked a little creature as ever breathed on the face of the earth; and it would be strange if she were not. But are not all children wicked? The servants take care enough of that, and I will be bound for it that Master Frederick, with his milk-and-water face, will be quite as wicked as Gatty before he is her age; and I don't see why he is to be taught to despise his own relations because, forsooth, their complexions are a shade darker than his own.'

"'Despise!' I answered, 'why should he despise any one on such an account as that?'

"'Because,' returned he, 'he will be taught to do it. Don't I know that all you Europeans despise us Asiatics so completely that we are not deemed fit to wipe the dust from your feet?'

"'It may be so,' I said, 'but I was not aware of it.'

"'Were not you?' he replied, with a sneering smile, 'then you have a lesson to learn; and Euphemia will take care that you shall begin your lesson before you are

twenty-four hours older. Mind my words: if she does not ask you to spend to-morrow with her, my name is not Stephen de Sylva Richardson.'

“‘But if she does ask me,’ I replied, ‘are you sure that it will be with the view you mention?’

“‘Not ostensibly,’ said Stephen. ‘Certainly she will not give this reason for her invitation; but we know her too well to doubt her intentions. I know she hates us all in a mass, and not the less because we have the same right as herself to the contents of our father’s *sundook*.’

“‘*Sundook!*’ I repeated. ‘What do you mean?’

“‘O, you don’t understand,’ replied Mr. Stephen. ‘You will know by and by, but don’t repeat what I say to Euphemia. Remember that we are related as nearly to you as she is.’

“‘By the father’s side,’ said Julia emphatically.

“‘True,’ returned Stephen, ‘I had forgotten that.’

“The return towards the *verandah* of Mrs. Frederick Fairlie with Gatty in one hand and her son in the other, put an end to this conversation; and, notwithstanding what I had just heard of her strong prejudices against her father’s children, I could not help at that moment thinking that there was something wonderfully sweet and attractive in the expression of her countenance. I was surprised also to see that her eyes were glistening with tears, and that the boisterous Gatty was actually sobbing, in consequence of something which her sister had been saying to her. ‘And so,’ said Stephen, as soon as his sister stepped into the *verandah*, ‘you have been preaching to Gatty, Euphemia. Well, I hope it may not be lost labour.’

“‘I hope not,’ replied she, seriously but modestly. ‘Gatty has a susceptible heart, and an affectionate admonition is never wholly lost upon her.’

“‘Indeed!’ he said. ‘You really think she has a heart?’

“‘I do,’ she replied. ‘And why not?’

“‘O, I did not know that such an idea was agreeable with your theory.’

“‘My theory!’ she repeated, and then turning the subject off with a smile, she suddenly addressed herself to me, and asked me if I would spend the next day at her cottage, and bring Gatty with me.

“I was startled to hear the prediction of Stephen thus fulfilled, and answered with coldness, that as I was an inmate in my uncle’s house I should make no engagements without consulting my cousins.

“She blushed slightly on hearing this remark, and turning to Julia, said, ‘Can you spare Olivia to-morrow?’

“‘Olivia is certainly at liberty to do as she pleases.’

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘I will, if you please, defer this visit, and Gatty and I will come some other day.’

“This determination of mine seemed pleasing to my cousins in general, though Euphemia looked grave. Stephen, however, seemed to be particularly elated, for he immediately began to play tricks with Gatty, who was standing quietly and thoughtfully by her elder sister, and tickling the back of her neck with the end of a flower which he snatched from one of his sisters, presently roused her into a state of violent excitement, by which she disturbed every one in company, jumped on her brother’s back, tumbled head over heels in the *verandah*, and jabbered Hindoostaunee with a rapidity which certainly astonished me, although it might not perhaps have had so great an effect on those who had heard her before. From the expression of my cousin Euphemia’s countenance while these things were proceeding, and from certain looks of enquiry which were cast upon me by the other sisters, together with the frequent exclamations which were uttered by the whole company at different times, I was led to judge that I did not lose much satisfaction by not understanding what was passing between Gatty and her brother. This disagreeable scene was soon, however, put an end to by the appearance of my uncle, soon after which, Euphemia and her husband departed; and coffee for the ladies, with wine and brandy and water for the gentlemen, having been handed round as we sat in the *verandah*, we presently afterwards retired to our apartments for the night.

“As it cannot be expected that many of my readers will have an opportunity of personally visiting such a house as my uncle’s; although in the *jungles* and wilds, the remote and even the public stations of the British possessions in India, there are many habitations whose inmates are as curiously assorted and as ill conducted as those beneath the roof of my uncle, I will not suppose that they can

have so little pleasure in the contemplation of this scene, as to think me tedious if I give as accurate an account of the second day which I spent with my newly known relations, as I have done of the first few hours after my arrival at Bauglepore. And first I shall describe my feelings when I opened my chamber-door, and pushing aside the check or hanging-screen of painted grass which hung before it, stepped forward into the apartment. As I before said, there was little other furniture in this room but a bed, which being hung with curtains of China gauze, was placed in the centre of the room. To this was now added a low *teapoy* of *sessoo* wood, on which a lamp was burning, which increased rather than diminished the gloom of the chamber. By this *chiragh*, or lamp, sat my *ayah* and a *sweeper*, both squatted on the floor, the latter being engaged in chewing *paun*, and the former occupied with some kind of needlework, which she held with her feet, as a substitute for the vice or lead pincushion to which our European sempstresses sometimes find it convenient to attach one end of the garment with which they are employed. It seems that these women were silent, or conversing only in whispers, for I heard not their voices till I saw them; but the louder voices of the *bearers* and other servants in the *verandah* without were so distinct, that had I understood their language I might have derived all the benefit from their conversation which it was capable of affording.

“The women arose and paid their respects by low *salams* as soon as I entered the room, and accompanying me to my dressing room, I certainly was surprised at the dexterity with which they performed the offices of waiting-maids, leaving me nothing to do but to sit still and be served.

“At length I had taken refuge from the musquetos behind the silken curtains of my bed, and my women had stretched themselves on their *rosaies*, or cotton quilts, in the inner apartment. All other voices in and about the *bungalow* also were hushed, and I was wholly left to my reflections, which were by no means of the most pleasant kind, having no other disturbance but a kind of whizzing or spinning sound, which is often heard in hot climates, and which proceeds from the amazing multitudes of those creatures so aptly described in Scripture, as *fowls*

that creep, going on all fours, which swarm in every possible situation where heat and damp are found united; now and then also a mournful shout, cry, or song, reached me from a distance, either from some devotee performing his laborious devotions in some solitary place, or from some one or other of the *dandies*, or watermen, whose thatched boats were attached to the shore immediately beneath the *conka* rock on which my uncle's house was situated. To give you an adequate idea of the deeply melancholy tone in which these cries or songs were uttered would be impossible; for I know not of any sound that is similar, or of any musical instrument that can express it.

“These sounds added not a little to the sadness of my reflections; for since I had arrived in India, and especially since my introduction to my uncle's family, there had been such a decided overthrow of my blooming hopes of earthly happiness, that I found it utterly impossible to rally my spirits, neither did I enjoy the forgetfulness of sleep during that night till I had wearied myself with weeping.

“My repose, was, however, refreshing, for to one who has been long tossed about on the water the comfort of a stationary bed on solid ground is inexpressible; and this pleasure I now enjoyed, and it added much to the restoring effect of sleep, so that I not only rested till broad daylight, but for some time afterwards; and when I awoke I found my two women ready to administer to my wants as on the night before.

“When my toilet was completed, I left my room, expecting to find the family at breakfast; but although on my stepping into the hall into which my chamber-door opened, I saw a long table set out with all the appendages of fine linen, china, and silver, I saw no other symptoms of breakfast: for I as yet did not understand the custom of the family, which was to rise almost before the dawn, and take the air in carriages, on horseback, or on the elephant, and to return as soon as the sun should appear, and go to bed again to enjoy the refreshment of two additional hours of sleep, which with another hour devoted to the bath and toilet brought the moment of assembling at breakfast to nine o'clock.

“It was scarcely eight when I made my first appear-

ance: I had therefore one hour upon my hands; and I sauntered into the *verandah*, where I stood for a while, leaning over the parapet, and looking on the scene which presented itself. Immediately beneath me was a branch of the Ganges, called the Bauglepore Nulla, and the bosom of the Nulla being covered with the little boats of the natives, some lying at anchor, and some moving in different directions, together presented a busy scene. On certain shelving points of the rock immediately beneath me, I saw companies of *dandies* cooking their first meal in *kedjerie*-pots over a little fire made with sticks, and regaling themselves, while they awaited the result of their preparations, with that never-failing feast supplied by the *hookah*. Immediately beyond the Nulla was a reach of sand, but lately redeemed from the bed of the river; yet, from being liable to frequent floods, incapable of cultivation. Along this reach I saw no living creatures but a few crows and Pariah dogs, seeking that dreadful sustenance which is too often thrown up from the stream of Gunga. At no great distance beyond this region of sand, rolled the main stream of the river, which might be traced for some distance, even when itself out of sight, by the masts of the vessels which were passing and repassing. Still further beyond the Ganges, a fine and fertile region, thickly set with *topes* of mangoes, parm and Indian fig trees, and covered with a fine verdure, was visible to the eye; and far beyond, though mingled with the clouds, was a range of snowy peaks, which formed a part of the remote regions of Thibet.

“The morning, though it was the early part of the cold season, was hot, and the glare from the sandy region which first met the eye was quite oppressive. A feverish stillness seemed to abide in the air, and no cheerful sound of Sabbath-bell had ever reached these miserable regions. I turned from the scene, and thought of Worcestershire. A chair had been placed for me in a shady part of the *verandah*, and I tried to ease my painful feelings by looking on the nearer objects which presented themselves. There were many servants in the *verandah*; some lounging in perfect idleness and inaction, and others indolently engaged in their different employments. There was, however, sufficient novelty in all this to amuse me for some time; when at length a

new object suddenly attracted my attention, and gave my thoughts a turn. This was no other than a young European gentleman, who suddenly appeared in that part of the *verandah* most remote from me. It seems that he had come through the *bungalow*, and was accompanied by Josiah and Gatty.

“I had conceived an unwarrantable contempt for all my male cousins, and had confounded them all in one general dislike, not condescending to suppose that there could possibly be any shades of character, or superior good or bad qualities, in one more than in another; though if there was one more hateful to me than another, it was Stephen, and that because he spoke oftener and attempted more to bring himself into notice. It may be certain then that I did not bestow a second look on Josiah, when I saw him thus accompanied, but set myself to investigate the appearance of his companion, whom I afterwards knew by the name of William Fitzhenry, and found that he was the younger son of a noble family in England.

“Had I not seen Mr. Fitzhenry in company with Josiah, I have no doubt that I should have been much struck with his appearance. He was undoubtedly remarkably handsome, his person was uncommonly elegant, though not effeminate, and his features particularly regular; though all these together were not what arrested me so much as the expression of his countenance, the vivacity of his eyes, and the benignity of his smile. At the moment when I first saw him he was engaged in what I must call a game of romps with Miss Gatty; though I would serve myself with a more elegant expression for this kind of inelegant play, if I could at this moment think of another more to my purpose. Yet, I observed, that notwithstanding the forwardness of the little Indian, the young stranger never forgot the gentleman in his behaviour to her, even in the highest exuberance of his gaiety.

“Still, however, amidst all that was so favourable in the appearance and manner of Mr. Fitzhenry, there was a something in him, which if it did not actually displease me, yet made me pause before I could quite yield to him the approbation which I had given to the husband of my cousin Euphemia at first sight, but what this something

was I knew not precisely, and I am not sure whether this kind of doubt which he inspired did not rather tend to make me look upon him with more interest. I would request my reader to recollect that at this time I was entirely destitute of religion, or I should not have indulged in such sentiments and feelings.

“Mr. Fitzhenry had not been long in the *verandah* before Gatty pointed me out to him, and as she led the stranger towards me, she no doubt contrived to give him a good deal of information respecting me, for she jabbered so loudly and so fast that her companion more than once endeavoured to silence her.

“My introduction to the young stranger had scarcely taken place before we were called to breakfast, on which he took my hand and led me to the hall, where we found the whole family assembled, my female cousins being dressed with a degree of nicety which accounted very well for the time usually spent by them under the hands of their *ayahs*. Besides Mr. Fitzhenry, there were other strangers, two of whom were elderly Europeans, who I found were Indigo planters among the hills, and another *taza wilaut*, that is, a young Englishman who had not been many months in the country.

“I have given an account of an Indian dinner, and I now found that an Indian breakfast was an equally elaborate concern; not that any one ate much, excepting the *taza wilaut*, who paid his compliments to the salted humps and *guava* jelly, in a style which proved that he had not yet lost his English appetite, but the ladies I observed scarcely ate a mouthful, and the older Indians seemed almost wholly devoted to their *hookahs*.

“Our conversation was upon the nature of tiger-traps, with tales of inroads made among the villages of the hill-men by these terrible creatures, and of various exploits and escapes which had taken place at tiger-hunts; and I had on this occasion an opportunity of observing a new quality in my cousins, and one in which my uncle was by no means destitute: viz. the art of embellishing and magnifying; which they did, on this occasion, respecting the multitude of tigers in the neighbourhood, with such effect, that I certainly should have been afraid to have gone to sleep in my apartment, had I not seen a certain expression on the upper lip of my new acquaint-

tance Mr. Fitzhenry, which induced me to think that there was not all the reason for dread of wild beasts which my good relations would have induced me to suppose.

“These various adventures engaged our attention during the greater part of breakfast-time. When this matter was concluded, we lounged another half-hour, and then, the gentlemen taking their leave, my cousins followed me into my dressing-room, where they insisted on seeing my clothes unpacked, in order that they might inspect the last Europe fashions; and in order to tempt me to this acquiescence, they caused several chests and boxes to be brought me, in which were shawls and other articles, left for me by my father. It was right that these tokens of affection from a father, now no more, should painfully affect my feelings; and, to do myself justice, I must observe that I did shed a few tears while the boxes were being opened, but when I saw the multitude of shawls, cornelians, pebbles, agates, jaspers, &c. &c. with the Benares silks and gauzes, the *jindellies*, and velvets, with which these boxes were filled, together with the pearls, and even diamonds, which I unexpectedly possessed, I must confess that my heart was elated, and I entered into the spirit of the thing quite as much as my cousins, with this difference only, that they were more eager for Europe goods, while I was attracted by those that were Indian; and while I despised the former so much, my cousins were much pleased by several presents which I made to them from my English stock. Thus passed the greater part of the day till it was near *tiffing*-time, and we were just locking up the valuables in the boxes, when Gatty, whom I had missed ever since I had seen her in the *verandah* before breakfast, burst into the room followed by a Muglanee *ayah*, who might have passed for a second edition of my own waiting-maid, had not her nostrils been graced with an immense nose-jewel, which hung pendant over her mouth. I was in the act of putting a superb piece of *kin quab* into one of the trunks, when the child sprang forwards, held back the lid of the box with one hand, and grasping the corner of the silk by the other, began to address me with a vehemence which perfectly amazed me, though I could not comprehend one word she said. The child had almost succeeded in dragging the splendid piece from the box,

when I seized the other end, and began to expostulate with her; on which the sisters interfered, and, as I understood, bade the child let the silk alone. But Miss Gatty was not to be so quieted: the more the sisters reasoned with her, the more violent she became, and at length, partly by signs and partly with a few words of broken English, which she contrived to muster in the height of her agitation, she made me understand that I was to give that piece of silk to her mother.

“I could not but smile as soon as I understood the child, and yielded up the contested article. I begged that it might be delivered with such a message from me as should be judged proper; and the lady with the nose-jewel was requested to carry the message, which she was most willing to undertake, being won over by the gift of a rupee and a pair of European scissars.

“These matters being duly arranged, my cousins and I entered into discourse, during which I endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of Mr. Fitzhenry; and was told that he was a young civilian, living at the station, and was reckoned a gentleman of the first fashion in the place. I would have known more, but finding my cousins somewhat backward on the subject, the affair was relinquished, and we returned to the favourite topic, which I found to be that of dress.

“Thus wore away our Sunday morning, till two o’clock, which was the usual hour of *tiffing*, or afternoon luncheon, to which meal we were about to repair, when we saw a person with a well-powdered head peeping through the check by which my dressing-room was screened from the *verandah*, and the voice of Stephen was heard, asking his sisters, if they had had time enough to learn the last London fashions.

“‘Keep your distance, Stephen,’ said Miss Julia; ‘what have you to do in ladies’ rooms?’

“In reply to this, the young man marched right in, saying, ‘Did you call me, Julia? I thought my cousin Olivia could not do long without me.’

“‘You are much mistaken then,’ I replied, with no small scorn; ‘I never even saw you till yesterday.’—

“‘And,’ said he, retorting upon me, ‘you would not care if you were never to see me again. Was that what you were going to say, my fair cousin?’

“‘You have spoken for me,’ I answered; ‘and now please to walk out.’

“He paid no attention to this, but coming into the middle of the room sat down on one of the boxes, which induced me to retire, resolving, in future, to keep every door of my apartment locked. But before I was very distant I heard some very curious language passing between the young man and his eldest sister; but as I had no disposition to linger and listen to what they said, I only caught one expression of his,—‘It is all for what you can get, Miss Julia, and you know it is.’

“I found my uncle waiting at the *tiffin*-table, with his younger sons and Miss Gatty; and the old gentleman was indulging his passion because the rest of the family had not come at the first call, driving the servants about, swearing, and calling them opprobrious names, half in English and half in Hindoostaunee; and striking the table, till he made every thing upon it jingle and dance.

“On the arrival of the rest of the party this storm was, however, hushed, and we were amused, till the repast was over, by sundry sparrings between Julia and Stephen, and with the exploits of Miss Gatty, who, not being very hungry, was amusing herself, in her usual manner, with certain practical jests, similar to those described on a former occasion, and which at last became so troublesome that her father, who was never, I found, in his best mood on a Sunday, ordered her out of the room, and as he reiterated his commands with a tone of voice which was known by experience to denote that he would be obeyed, the young lady was seized and carried out, though she kicked with such violence that she broke a *serai* of water, and deluged entirely one corner of the room.

“We did not sit long at this afternoon meal, though the company contrived, during the short interval, to swallow the contents of nearly a dozen bottles of beer, which being very strong, no doubt disposed them for sleep; for, a few minutes after I had returned to my room, the hall was empty, and a perfect silence reigned through the house. I had not been accustomed to sleep at this hour; but understanding that it was the custom of the country, and feeling weak and languid, I lay down on

a couch in my dressing-room. Having taken up a book, which had been given me by Mrs. Fairlie before I left Worcestershire, and which I had never yet opened, as it had been placed in the bottom of one of those trunks which I had unpacked during the morning, and having opened it and read a few pages, I was insensibly overcome with sleep, and was occupied in my dreams with the same train of thoughts which had been suggested by the contents of the volume.

“Thirty or forty years ago there did not exist the variety of books for young people which are now to be so frequently met with, in which the truths of religion are conveyed to the young mind through the medium of easy, elegant, and affecting narratives; Mrs. Fairlie, therefore, had not much choice among works of this kind, but she was probably too well acquainted with me to suppose that I should be induced to read any thing which might appear abstruse and dull; she therefore selected for me such productions on the subject of religion as she thought to be most attractive; and the volume which I had met with on this occasion, among several others, was a selection from the works of that excellent woman, Mrs. Rowe; and it was a letter of hers in which the joys of a future state, and the happiness of a heart devoted to the Saviour, and released from the love of the world, which occupied my attention at the moment when sleep overpowered me; and my dreams, though confused, had a certain something in them, which impressed me even when I awoke, and made me feel the unhappiness of being in such a family as my uncle’s even more than I had done before.

“Many persons can point out the moment of their conversion, and can attribute it, with some precision, to such a conversation, such a sermon, and the perusal of such a book; but if I am a converted person, I may say that my religious impressions were by no means sudden—by no means to be attributed to any one circumstance or event of my life—that I never was suddenly or strongly impressed in any such remarkable way as to be enabled to say, that on such a particular occasion I began to discern the beauties of Christianity for the first time. But I may observe, that from the time of my visit in Worcestershire I was disposed to receive impressions of good,

though those impressions had a very short and momentary influence; but happily, at length, they formed an aggregate of religious feeling which prevented me from being an actual disbeliever even in my worst condition. But leaving the unnecessary point as to time, I would remember the importance and the glory of the change as described by the Saviour—*Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.* (John iii. 7, 8.) I will now proceed with the account of the first Sunday spent in my uncle's family.

“Being somewhat refreshed by my short sleep, I arose and was dressed for the evening: after which I sauntered into that *verandah* which looked over the river, and there sat down to enjoy my own thoughts amid the silence which reigned around; for the very servants were stretched in sleep, and scarcely a bird or beast was seen.

“The different position of the sun had given another aspect to the landscape. I could now distinguish more accurately the distant groves of trees on the other side of the river, and the outline of the mountains. There were fewer boats on the river, and no sound disturbed the ear but the occasional cry of the *cheel*, or Brahminee kite, soaring in the air.

“I had my book in my hand, which I opened, and read a few more passages, and was led, by the contemplation of the feelings of Mrs. Rowe, to compare the state of England—England with all its faults and follies—with the awful heathenism of my uncle's family, and that I fear even now of many families in India whose master is a European. Again my mind wandered into Worcestershire; and I calculated that the hour was precisely the one in which the village-bells were calling the people to the morning worship. The beauty and simplicity distinguishing the forms of prayer in England affected me; the freshness of the climate, the cold clearness of the springs of water, the fragrant verdure of the thymy uplands, and the greenness of the valleys in that favoured island, were again revived in my remembrance, and produced what was indescribable in my feelings, but of a nature so overpowering, that I could scarcely refrain

from yielding again to tears. But hearing a noise without the *verandah*, on the western side of the house, I moved towards the quarter whence the sound proceeded, and leaning over the parapet, I saw, a little beneath me on the lawn, two of my cousins, viz. Jonathan and Samuel, and several of the servants, amusing themselves with a monkey and a goat, which had been brought to the house by one of those miserably depraved men who make it their business to lead these poor creatures about, and make them perform various antics for the amusement of the natives, and the more silly portion of the sons and daughters of the Europeans. Jonathan was without his coat, and in slippers, having probably sallied out of his room on hearing the voice of his old friend the monkey-man, and Samuel was scarcely better dressed; and these two youths were engaged in fencing with the monkey, and highly entertained with the various grins and grimaces of the enraged animal. Several of the servants of the family were collected to see this spectacle, encouraging the young gentlemen to proceed with their sport with such peals of laughter as would astonish those who have not witnessed the merriment of heathens. While gazing for a moment on this scene, I was accosted by a miserably cadaverous-looking woman, who seemed to be the companion of the monkey-man, and, as I supposed, for I knew not one word she said, who wished me to bestow my charity. I threw her a trifle, and turned away with disgust at the whole scene; yet I scarcely knew which way to turn, that I might not meet with those objects which were calculated to excite the same feeling.

“Again I returned to my chair, and looked again at my book; and thus wore away another hour of this miserable Sabbath, when I was joined by my female cousins, who came all out together from the *verandah*, dressed, at least, if not with greater taste, with much more show, and in far more gaudy colours, than in the morning, which led me to conjecture that we were to have a party to dinner.

“‘We are come,’ said the eldest, ‘to invite you to see our mother; she wishes to thank you in person for your handsome present.’

“I certainly was not without a wish to see this lady of

whom I had heard so much, having been told that she had been in high life, was a Cashmerienne, and had been a beauty. And as she was called the *Begum* by all persons in India who spoke of her, I was certainly prepared to behold a person of a higher order than I should otherwise have expected from the mother of four such youths as Stephen, Josiah, Jonathan, and Samuel. I accepted the invitation with perfect readiness, and followed my cousins into that part of the *bungalow* on the side of the *Begum's* habitation. We first proceeded through a suite of rooms, which I should have known to have been my cousins', from the numbers of ladies' articles scattered over them, and the multitude of *ayahs* and *sweepers*, whose low *salems* I thought it necessary to return. Through these rooms and a *verandah* on the outside of them, we passed into a square court, the opposite side of which was formed by a *bungalow* of the same construction, but much smaller than that in which my uncle and the rest of the family resided, the two sides being occupied by ranges of small rooms which were allotted to the female servants. The court was of clay, but swept very clean, and sprinkled with water.

“‘You must speak for me to the *Begum*,’ I said, to my cousins, as we walked through the court; ‘I shall not understand a word which may be said to me by her.’

“My cousins promised that they would act as interpreters, and we went on. We first came to the *verandah* of the second *bungalow*, in which I saw nothing but a mat, a *tum-tum*, and some brass *hookahs*—I like to be particular—and were then ushered into an antechamber which was as bare as the *verandah*; and having passed through this, we entered the hall, or presence-chamber. It was the centre apartment of the house, a large white-washed room with many doors: it was covered with matting, but in the centre was a square carpet, over which was extended a piece of silk of equal size with the carpet, from which hung curtains of gauze, these at that time being knotted up in the centre. On this carpet was spread a smaller, of fine texture, and a variety of large cushions of brocaded silk, forming as it were the back and sides of a sofa. In the centre of these cushions, and scarcely appearing to have more life or animation than the cushions themselves, sat the *Begum*, a little

corpulent old woman, who looked vastly older than my uncle himself, and fitter to be the grandmother than the mother of Gatty; but as I knew that the East Indian women age so much faster than the European, I was not so much surprised at this. She was dressed in *paunjamahs* of Benares silk, a short loose jacket of very thin muslin trimmed with silk, and over her head and shoulders a superb Cashmere shawl, which, however, rather added to the strangeness of her figure than deducted from it. Whether she had been handsome or not I could not conjecture: but had I not previously known I was to see a female, I should have been at a loss when I first saw this lady to know whether I beheld an old man or an old woman, although the mustachoes were undoubtedly wanting; but her cheeks and neck were so large from her habits of extreme indolence, that her whole face was disfigured. Behind her stood a splendid *hookah* with a mouth-piece of agate, and a very superb gold *paun-box* lay on one side. She had a variety of bracelets on her arms and ancles. She scarcely moved when we appeared, but bowed when we drew nearer, and motioned to us to sit down, chairs being offered by the servants; for I should have told you that there were a number of women ranged on each side of the place where the old lady sat, though without the cushions; but such a group I had seldom seen.

“When we were seated, the old lady addressed something to me, which being interpreted, I found was, that she was glad to see me, and that she thanked me for the very handsome present which I had sent her; and these compliments having passed, a silence followed, which was beginning to be awkward, at least to me, though it did not seem to be felt so by any one else then present, when I was suddenly relieved by the voice of Gatty.

“It is certain, that conversation must be at a low ebb, when the presence of a troublesome child proves a relief; and yet I believe the person must have been particularly fortunate in his society through life who has not been obliged by a relief of this kind. I was not sorry, on the occasion, to see Miss Gatty bounce into the room followed by her Muglanee *ayah*, and not a little amused to see her come tumbling over the cushions and nestle herself into a corner by her mother, while not a single mus-

cle in the old lady's face varied in the smallest perceptible degree, though Gatty was the favourite child of both parents.

“But though the *Begum* herself did not reprove Gatty for her want of ceremony, Miss Julia, who had her private reasons for hating this favourite child, did not fail to say something which provoked her; for she began to jabber in reply with so much loudness and vehemence, and using at the same time such menacing attitudes, that the Muglanee ventured to put in a word in a kind of whining, wheedling tone, which was probably meant to conciliate both sisters; but if meant to produce this effect, it certainly failed of its end, for the enraged child, turning all her fury against her *ayah*, took one of the silk pillows and aimed it with all her force at her: the pillow, however, being heavy, fell at the woman's feet, who, taking it up and shaking it, placed it quietly in its usual position, and then withdrew into the back-ground of the scene.

“Our visit was not continued long after this exploit of Miss Gatty's, and we all returned to the great *bungalow*, where we found, among several other persons, my new acquaintance Mr. Fitzhenry, and a lady who appeared to me scarcely less remarkable than the *Begum* herself. This lady, though a European, had been so long in India, and so much separated from her countrywomen, that she was become more than half Indian, had acquired a haughty indifference of manner, was devoted to finery, drank a great quantity of beer, was excessively stout, and smoked her *hookah* in public. She was the wife of the surgeon of the station, and kept an excellent table, and therefore was popular; but I disliked her at the first glance, and took no means of conciliating her favour. However, as this lady, whom I shall call Ellison, demanded much of the attention of my cousin Julia, I was more at liberty to do and say what I pleased, for I considered my younger female cousins as mere ciphers.

“I was handed to dinner by Mr. Fitzhenry, and our dinner was a splendid one.

“During the bustle which the servants made, and amid the clatter of knives and forks, my companion contrived to whisper some agreeable flattery in my ear, which

had the power of thoroughly restoring my spirits, which I describe as having been much depressed during the greater part of the day. But of these agreeable things I could remember very little when I rose from table, but certain unconnected expressions relative to an English complexion, coral lips, bright eyes, and blue skins; which latter term I did not then understand.

“After dinner, the ladies withdrew to my cousin’s chamber, where Mrs. Ellison was favoured with a sight of the last Europe fashions, and had the pleasure of trying several of my best lace caps upon her own head before a looking-glass, a circumstance which I did not altogether enjoy, as I did not think that my peach-blossom and sky-blue satin linings would be greatly benefited by the near approach of the lady’s hair, which had much the appearance of being well saturated with coconut oil: neither could I ever afterwards fancy my pea-green silk mantle, after it had been brought into contact with her olive-green neck. But enough of this. The exhibition of fashions being concluded, we went out into the *verandah*, where tea and coffee being served, we were presently joined by the gentlemen, and soon after by Miss Gatty, who soon contrived to excite such a tumult, that I could hardly hear a word which was said by Mr. Fitzhenry, who had contrived to place his chair close to mine.

“We had not sat long in this situation when an universal move took place, and the whole party adjourned into an inner room. I was ready to say, ‘What is to be done now?’ when Mr. Fitzhenry rose, and offering me his hand, muttered something like, ‘Allow me the favour,’ which, interpreting merely that he wished to hand me to an adjoining apartment, according to the custom of India, where a lady never walks alone if there is a gentleman to conduct her, I did not decline his proffered courtesy, but rose immediately, and giving him my hand, followed the rest of the party.

“We passed through the hall into the room beyond, where there was a piano-forte; and as I heard some one preluding on the instrument, I made no doubt but that we were about to be regaled with some of my cousin’s music, or that perhaps we were to have a specimen of Mrs. Ellison’s talents in that line, for I had heard that

she both played and sung. For an entertainment of this kind I was therefore prepared, but for nothing further. What then was my astonishment when I entered the room, to see all my female cousins, with the exception of Gatty, standing up, each with her partner as for a country dance; the party being increased by three couple of gentlemen at the bottom, Jonathan, Samuel, and the *taza wilaut*, (spoken of as having made his appearance at breakfast,) having taken the ladies' side, where the two boys having stolen their sisters' fans, were aping the female, by courtseying, smirking, and fanning themselves.

“At one end of the room was the orchestra, occupied by Mrs. Ellison at the piano-forte, my cousin Stephen with his violin, my cousin Josiah with his flute, and a big hideous negrolike looking servant with a kind of tabor, drum, or *tum-tum*, for beating time. On another side of the room sat my uncle and one or two of the elder gentlemen who had dined with us. These were regaling themselves with their *hookahs*, and looked as unmoved as so many images of *Juggernaut*. Behind them, in the very back-ground of the piece, was Miss Gatty, playing monkey tricks, and shewing what liberties she dared to take with the wigs of her father's visitors for the amusement of a crowd of servants, who were gaping and staring at her. Mrs. Ellison and my cousins were just striking up, and the first couple were preparing to set and foot it to each other at the moment this scene burst on my view, when this mode of spending a Sunday evening struck me with an amazement I could not overcome.

“I believe that I uttered something like a shriek as I snatched my hand from Mr. Fitzhenry's, and ran back into the deserted *verandah*, followed by my astonished companion, where many broken sentences in the form of dialogue passed between us, before we could at all understand each other.

“‘Are you well, Madam?’ said he. ‘I am afraid that you are taken suddenly ill.’

“‘Sunday evening!’ I replied.

“‘Sunday evening!’ he repeated, and looked more surprised than ever.

“‘Do you dance on Sundays in India?’ I asked.

“ ‘Not often,’ he returned. ‘The truth is, I seldom dance at all; but when such a partner offers——’

“ ‘Offers!’ I repeated; ‘who has offered to dance with you?’

“ He looked smilingly, and as if he wished to be very insinuating, ‘Ladies,’ he said, ‘don’t offer, to be sure: but did you not accept my hand?’

“ ‘Accept your hand? to be sure I did, but not as the partner in a dance.’

“ ‘Then for what, my fair lady,’ he replied, ‘for what did you bestow that honour on me?’

“ ‘I don’t know,’ I answered: ‘I heard nothing about dancing; and really I could not have thought that you were all such complete heathens as to spend your Sunday evenings in dancing.’

“ He started as one does who has been puzzled and suddenly finds himself extricated from his perplexities: but nothing like shame or self-conviction seemed to affect him. He smiled again, and said, ‘Your sentiments, my dear young lady, are, I perceive, as fresh and unhackneyed as your complexion. You remind me,’ added he, ‘of some sweet innocent sisters whom I left in Europe;’ and I thought that he sighed as he spoke these last words: I thought so, but was not sure. ‘Well then, if I must give up the pleasure of dancing with you,’ he added, ‘if I must bow to your honourable prejudices, I shall hope, on another occasion, to claim this fair hand in the dance:’ and so saying, he sat down by me, and we entered into some easy conversation, which, after a while, again turning towards the employment of our friends in the next room, I ventured to say, though in a smiling manner, ‘And do you really live here altogether without God in the world? pray how do you manage to die?’

“ ‘Why,’ said he, shrugging up his shoulders, ‘we never die when we can help it, and when the time comes we do as well as we can.’

“ ‘I fear,’ I said, looking in his face, ‘I have made a very bad acquaintance in you.’

“ He shrugged up his shoulders again, attempted to laugh, but did not succeed; and then becoming more serious, ‘The truth is, Miss Olivia,’ he said, ‘that a man in this world must do as well as he can. We have

no teachers, no ministers, no house for worship, in this place, and where little is given, and so forth. We have reason to think, that if there is a God, he is as merciful as he is just; he will not judge harshly. Let us enjoy the good things of this world as they come, and leave all concern about the future.'

“‘What!’ said I, ‘and have you really made up your minds to total infidelity?’

“A momentary expression of sadness flitted over his countenance, which was really a fine one; and he replied with a forced lightness, but it was evidently an effort, ‘I sometimes almost wish it were otherwise; but when the eyes of the understanding are once opened to the unreasonableness of superstition, they cannot be closed again; and though the individual may lament the departure of past agreeable illusions, they can no more be restored than we can recover the bloom and vivacity of youth in decrepid age. But,’—and he suddenly stopped, and then added, ‘the music ceases in the next room: they are probably going to begin a new set. May not I hope?’—and he held out his hand again to me, but I still withheld mine, and at that moment my cousin Julia appeared.

“The young lady might be supposed to have been heated by the exercise she had been taking. I therefore wondered not at the flush which had arisen in her cheeks, which were usually pale; but I could not so well account for the indignation which flashed from her eyes, as she asked me, if I did not choose to dance, and plainly told me that it would be remarked if I withdrew in this way from the rest of the company.

“‘In what way, Miss Julia?’ said Mr. Fitzhenry, saucily enough as I thought.

“She gave him a look of contempt, and then again addressing me, ‘Will you please, Olivia, to favour us with your company in the next set?’

“‘Miss Olivia has a pious objection on account of this day being Sunday,’ returned the gentleman.

“Julia put up her lip in scorn, and then said, ‘Well, do as you please, cousin; you are your own mistress, and must enjoy your own opinions, though I do not understand where the sin lies. But you had better join us.’

“Mr. Fitzhenry now united his entreaties, and I at

length yielded, and concluded the evening as gaily as any of my companions.

“Refreshments were brought us at ten o'clock, and at eleven my partner took leave of me, and I retired to my apartment; and thus concluded my first Sunday in my uncle's family.

“Having given so particular an account of the few first hours which I spent at Bauglepore, I shall in future be less particular. From a Sunday so occupied, my reader may readily judge what must be the nature of employment on other days; which varied little, excepting in the practice of taking airings in the morning and the evening, and by receiving and paying visits. Mr. Fitzhenry was our constant visiter, and paid me very marked attention; and if I should say that his attentions were without their influence on my heart, I should be depriving my young readers of a lesson of some importance, which is not my design.

“In less than a week from my arrival at Bauglepore, every secret thought of my heart was connected, in one way or other, with this young man; and again I began to fancy another garden of thornless roses, in which this my new acquaintance was to be my companion. I had almost, I might say at least for the moment, got a surfeit of shawls and jewels, numbers of servants and equipages: but the fresh illusion which had taken possession of my mind, was even more replete with evil than the former one; for I was now attaching myself to one who, though pleasing, was a decided infidel, and whose want of religion was likely to be rendered more fatal to me from the agreeableness which certainly did exist in his manners and appearance.

“Now, indeed, was the time for me to pray, ‘Lord, deliver me from evil;’ but I had no inclination to put up this prayer, as it referred either to Mr. Fitzhenry, or to any other circumstance which attended me, and which seemed to promise present pleasure.

“From the time of the Sunday-ball, it seems that I had lost ground with my female cousins, notwithstanding the handsome presents which I had bestowed upon them. But of the cause of this I was quite unsuspecting; and, really, I had conceived such unmingled contempt for all my uncle's family, with the exception of the old

gentleman himself, and his daughter Euphemia, that I cared very little what any of them thought of me.

“Thus passed the week, and on Saturday night I received a note from my cousin Euphemia, excusing herself for having stayed away during the whole of the week; and requesting me to spend the next day with her, and bring her sister Gatty with me. She apologized for not asking any of her other sisters, as they had always declined visiting her on the Sunday. Having read this note, as we sat in the *verandah*, in the evening, I handed it to my uncle, who said, ‘You can’t do better than go, and Gatty shall go with you. Euphemia is fond of Gatty, and I don’t care how much she is with her. The elephant shall be ready for you at six o’clock;’ and the old gentleman went out of the *verandah* immediately.

“He was no sooner gone than Stephen began to speak sarcastically: ‘And so, Miss Olivia, you are really going to spend the Sunday as it should be? Well, you will hear about us. Euphemia will give you a fine character of us. Shall I tell you beforehand what she will say?’ and without waiting for my answer, he went on to this effect: ‘She will tell you that she despises us all, but looks with most dislike on me and Julia: on me, because I am the eldest son, and won’t hearken to her when she preaches; and on Miss Julia there, because she has an independent fortune left her by her old Armenian godmother, Mrs. Arabella Sophronisba Dorothea de Clessos, and that since Miss Julia has had this fortune, there has been no such thing as coming near her.’

“Miss Julia looked scornfully; and I repeating the word, godmother, with no small insolence, asked if any more of them had ever been christened besides Miss Julia.

“The whole family fired at this, and all declared that they had been duly baptized, excepting Samuel and Gatty; and that their father meant to have it done for them as soon as it was convenient.

“‘O,’ said I, laughing, ‘I don’t see but Gatty does quite as well without it.’

“They all retorted upon me for this, and Stephen insisted on knowing what I meant.

“‘Meant!’ I replied; ‘I did not mean any thing; only that I like Gatty very much, just as she is; and I don’t think you can mend her.’

“ ‘I believe,’ said Stephen, ‘that if you were to say all that is in your heart, Miss Olivia, respecting us, we should not have reason to be much obliged to you. But one good thing is, that,’—and he hesitated, and then added, ‘that we are quite as easy about what you think of us, as you may be about what we think of you.’

“ ‘And so far we are agreed, Mr. Stephen,’ I replied; ‘and now, if you please, I will go and answer my note,’ and so saying, I hastened out of the *verandah*, looking at the same time towards him with an expression of as much contempt as I could throw into my countenance.

“ At the dawn of day, Gatty, who had been apprized that she was to be the companion of my excursion, was rattling at my door. I did not understand one word in ten which she said, but she contrived to inform me that the *hati* was ready. I accordingly rose and dressed; and the morning had scarcely opened, when Gatty and I were in the *howdah*, and had begun our short excursion, followed by the Muglanee in a bullock-coach.

“ I had never before been on an elephant, and was astonished at the view which this exalted station gave me of the country. When the elephant rose we were on a line with the lower parts of the *choppah* of the *bungalow*, and saw before us the whole vale of Bauglepore, bounded on one side by the high *conka* bank which incloses the Nulla, and on the other, though at a considerable distance, by a part of that long range of hills which adds so greatly to the beauty of this part of India. The valley itself at that time of the year, abundant with verdure, was scattered over with respectable houses, clusters of trees, and herds of buffaloes. The trees were for the most part of large growth, and their form and foliage indicated that they were not the production of a northern climate.

“ Part of the valley, as we descended into it, was deep in shade, though a long stream of light darted directly across other parts of it from the horizon where the sun might be shortly expected to appear. A thick dew was on the grass, and the bed of the Nulla, though out of sight, might be traced by the fog which arose from it.

“ Miss Gatty had been talking ever since we had mounted the elephant; but as she and I had little means of communication, after several ineffectual attempts to

make me understand, she had ceased to address me, and was conversing with the *mohaut* and a *bearer* who sat behind the *howdah*. When arrived at the bottom of the valley, at a place where several roads crossed each other, Miss Gatty issued out some order which I did not quite comprehend; and enforcing it with a stamp and a threat, the head of the elephant was instantly turned, and we dashed into a deep road inclosed by trees, where we presently lost sight of every house or garden, or other scene, which might remind us of the European inhabitants of the country.

“Proceeding onward, I presently perceived, through the openings of the trees, that we were approaching one of those woody promontories, (if the expression may be allowed me,) or one of those points of the hills, shaded with trees, which extended into the valley, and which added so much to the beauty of the scenery beheld from the eminence on which my uncle’s house was situated. At length a confused murmur of strange sounds reaching my ear, I was aware that we were approaching a *bazar*; and presently we entered a rural street, composed of huts, each having its bamboo porch, and many of them their little gardens, inclosed with a slight paling, and decorated with many gaudy flowers; among which, that flower called by us the cock’scomb, was the most predominant.

“It is said of the native villages in India, that there is no period in the twenty-four hours in which there is an interval of quiet; no shutting up of doors and windows, and going to rest at night. Even Paris is said to be comparatively quiet from twelve o’clock at midnight till three in the morning; but in these dark corners of the earth, these dwellings of cruelty, there is not even that short interval of rest which the most disorderly city in Christendom may boast. The interior of an Indian village is as busy at night as at mid-day, and probably more so; and, early as it was when we entered this *bazar*, all was noise, tumult, confusion, and horror.

“The streets were filled with Pariah dogs, miserable children, praying, or rather howling, devotees, scolding women, and quarrelling men, (creatures just rousing from drunken insensibility,) horns, *tum-tums*, and horrible trumpets, which last resembled in tone the penny-trum-

pets which children purchase at fairs, only infinitely louder; women with jingling *bangles* on their ancles, and other abominations, which I have no desire to describe, but all of which suddenly burst upon my view as the *bazar* became visible, and we advanced into the centre of the place. By the direction of Miss Gatty, the elephant was stopped at the door of a miserable hovel, from which issued an old woman, who, on seeing Gatty, used many expressions of recognition; among which, I observed one which brought before me many scenes of my younger days. This was a kind of motion with her arms, as if she would have embraced the child, and then an application of her hands to the sides of her own head, which made every knuckle crack, in a manner which I should almost despair of conveying any adequate idea of to a person who had never seen it. What the import of this motion is I know not, neither is it worth while to enquire. Gatty's business with the old woman was, to procure some of those pernicious compounds of *gee* and sugar, which are as much the delight of children in India as barley-sugar and lollypop are of those of our more favoured country; and when the young lady had got all she wanted of this kind, she issued her orders again: on which we proceeded to a wider part of the street, and coming to an opening, near the walls of an idol-temple, painted red, and ornamented with a horrible dancing-figure of some demon, we turned round, and made the best of our way back again.

“When we had left the *bazar*, we proceeded back to the place where the roads parted; and taking a new direction, presently found ourselves in as lovely a region as I had ever beheld, in a more open and cultivated part of the valley. To our right and left, though at a considerable distance one from the other, were the houses of European gentlemen, standing in walled *compounds*, so well shaded by trees, that the whole front of no one single dwelling was visible, but only here and there a *verandah*, a portico, or part of a roof. Before us rose the hills in frowning and terrific majesty; in some parts presenting masses of rock; in others green lawns and downs; in others natural clusters of immense trees; in others a range of *jungle*; in others a group of parm trees; and in others long sweeps of dark forests, extending in the

back-ground beyond the reach of the eye. These mountains were the haunts of tigers, rhinoceroses, and wild hogs. To add to the imposing aspect of these scenes, a waterfall poured from the heights immediately within our view, which, dashing and foaming from rock to rock, took a sudden turn beneath the shade of trees and bushes, and thus passed away from our sight. While full of admiration at this sublime and beautiful scenery, we suddenly came to a halt at the gate of a *compound*, within which I understood was Mr. Fairlie's house.

“The gate was presently opened, and we entered a garden, in which was an infinitude of flowers whose fragrance filled the whole air. A few steps of the elephant brought us to the door of a small and elegant *bungalow*, —elegant from the extreme neatness and order observable in all that appeared within and without it.

“In obedience to the word of command, the elephant was on his knees in a moment, and Gatty and I speedily alighting, stepped into the *verandah*, being somewhat surprised that no one had come to meet us. But my surprise was only momentary, for the noise which had been made by our servants had scarcely ceased, when the melodious tones of two or three voices, among which I distinguished a female one, were heard singing the following verses of the lovely hymn of Addison's, so well known by pious persons in India :

“ ‘In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes we pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

‘In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore :
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

‘Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.’

“No sooner had the first notes of the tune reached the ear of Gatty, than the child placed her hand on my arm, and lifting up her fingers as if to command silence, she whispered several Hindoostaunee words in my ears ;

which not being understood by me, she tried to make me comprehend her meaning in English, and said, 'Pray God!—prayers make!'

"It was at that moment, as I looked down on this child, that I first observed the beauty of her eyes; for the truth was no other than this, that I had hitherto indulged such a feeling of contempt for the whole family, that I had a satisfaction in supposing that there could be no redeeming points in their characters or appearances. I was, therefore, the more surprised and touched at the expression of the child's countenance; and now, as I before said, I first observed the rich lustre of her dark hazel eyes, and the whole contour of her features, which was very agreeable.

"In obedience to the check which she had given me, I stood still, and the old Muglanee *ayah* remained behind us, Gatty having forbidden her to advance by a signal of the hand.

"Those persons must be insensible indeed to all religious feelings, who, after having lived for some time in ungodly society, are suddenly and unexpectedly saluted with the songs of praise, sweetly and pathetically uttered by those who truly love the Lord, without being deeply affected. The songs of Zion in a strange land, can surely never be heard without emotion. They were not, indeed, carelessly heard by me; for many, and very painful indeed, were the sensations which occupied my mind as I stood in the situation described.

"At length the hymn ceased; and Gatty taking my hand, led me forward into a hall, where an agreeable breakfast was prepared. We passed to the end of the hall, near the door of an inner room, where I observed a small party of persons engaged in prayer, Mr. Fairlie himself being the leader.

"These excellent persons did not observe us, and we advanced nearer. Gatty, however, interfered when I would have gone in; and dropping suddenly down upon her knees, she directed me to do the same, just without the door-way. I followed the directions of the child, being at once pleased and amused by her. I was so situated, as I knelt, as to observe the congregation within: it consisted of Euphemia, whose little boy was kneeling by her; Mr. Fairlie, as I before said, was leading the

prayer; while two invalid soldiers, from Monghyr; three old Christian natives; two grey-headed indigo planters, from the hills; a young civilian; and an officer, in uniform, belonging to the station; composed the rest of the party. These were indeed but a small remnant of the people of God, only the gleanings of the vineyard, or a few olives at the top of the branches: nevertheless, it was a sight which had power to affect even my cold heart; and although I heard not one word of the prayer, yet the season was, I believe, not without much profit to my soul.

“When Mr. Fairlie was come to the concluding words of his prayer, Gatty, whose motions were inconceivably rapid, placed her hand again on my arm, and was on her feet and embracing her sister almost before the elder individuals of the congregation were risen from their knees.

“The reception given me by Euphemia and her husband was of the most cordial kind. Mr. Fairlie led me to the breakfast-table, where we were joined by the indigo factors, the young civilian, and the officer above spoken of. Gatty and little Frederick were placed on each side of Euphemia; and I was perfectly amazed at the propriety with which Gatty conducted herself. There were no *hookahs* admitted at this meal; and I was much pleased and interested at the easy flow of the discourse, at the various anecdotes told by the old Indians of the hill-people, at the ready introduction of the most pious and humane sentiments, and even at the information, with respect to literature in general, incidentally evinced by all present.

“Soon after breakfast the parties separated, though not till it was understood that they all hoped to meet again at dinner; and I was led by Euphemia into her own apartments. They consisted of a suite of rooms occupying one side of a square court, in which were small apartments for her women-servants. The suite consisted of a bed-room and two lesser rooms, one of which was a dressing-chamber, and the other contained a work-table, a sofa, some cabinets, and a bookcase. Here she conducted me, and opening her bookcase, she said, ‘I will not fatigue you, dear cousin, with my company during the whole morning. Here are books and a sofa, and I will return to you by and by;’ and then smiling plea-

santly, she retired, leading Gatty with one hand and her son with the other.

“I was always fond of reading, and, having risen early, was not sorry to be left alone. The sofa stood before a double door, which was open to the garden. Immediately before the door was a grass-plot, and beyond the grass-plot, many of those luxuriant shrubs and highly scented flowers so common in tropical climates. The wall of the garden was entirely concealed by these; but a projecting point of the mountains appearing above these trees, seemed to hang over them, though, in fact, it was at some distance. This point was covered with an exceeding fine verdure; and on the very crown, or highest visible summit, was a cluster of palm trees, underneath which was a small idol temple.

“There was something so deeply gloomy and solitary in this scene, that I was overpowered by it, and insensibly, as I lay contemplating it, I fell asleep.

“I enjoyed my repose for some time; and at length awaking, I rose to seek Euphemia, and was proceeding into the outer room, when my steps were arrested by a sound of voices, which seemed to issue through the shutters of a door at the further end of the room. I approached this door, and, as the *jillmills* were open, saw Euphemia sitting on the other side, deep in conversation with Gatty, her little son being on her lap.

“Euphemia had a lovely face, and never shall I forget the expression of her countenance as she looked down on her little sister, and seemed to plead with her in the deepest earnestness. I could only see the delicate shoulders and fine contour of the head of little Frederick, as he was placed with his back to me; but the countenance of Gatty, as she sat on a *mora* at her sister's feet, is indelibly fixed in my memory,—it seemed to have caught a glow, as it were, from the face of her instructress. Her dark eyes were raised with an expression of softness and tenderness which I could scarcely have thought it possible she should ever have felt; and never did the effect of piety and pious example strike me with such astonishment as at this moment. I did not wish it to be known that I had witnessed this scene; I therefore retired quietly from the door, and endeavoured to occupy my time with reading till I received a summons to *tiffing*.

“At this meal Mr. Fairlie and my cousin only were present. During the repast we had some chat respecting Worcestershire; and as soon as the meal was concluded, Euphemia and the children left the room, and I was preparing to follow them, when Mr. Fairlie requested that I would favour him with my company a few minutes.—‘Mrs. Fairlie,’ he said, ‘knows that I have some information to give you which will be painful for her to hear, although I give it by her desire.’

“I immediately sat down again, and Mr. Fairlie then informed me that little Frederick was to go to England, to his mother’s house in Worcestershire, in a few months; that they only awaited the departure of an excellent lady in Calcutta, who had promised to take charge of him; that this was indeed a trial to his wife, but that she was determined to acquiesce in what she considered so decidedly her duty. He added, that it was also their wish, as soon as Frederick was gone, to be permitted to take the charge of Gatty. He informed me that the proposal had been already made to his father-in-law; and that he hoped I would throw all my weight into their side of the scale. ‘Poor little Gatty,’ he added, ‘might be benefited, if her father would but submit. But Dr. Richardson,’ continued he, ‘seems to look upon the state of his family with something like that desperate feeling with which the owner of a vessel at sea contemplates a shipwreck when all hope is past. It is not in our power to do much for our other sisters or brothers; but we have long seen that good impressions might be made on the little one, and we are most anxious to make the attempt.’

“I promised my utmost influence with Mr. Fairlie, but feared I could do but little. And thus our conversation ended.

“After this I had some discourse with Euphemia, in her own apartments; when she spoke affectionately of her father, and urged me, should I ever have an opportunity, to lead his mind to religious subjects.

“I did not answer, as I might have done, that she was employing the blind to lead the blind; but seeming to comply, she pressed me to spend my Sundays with her; and then spoke of her little infants, who were no more, with a feeling which, though very strong, was

so tempered with pious hope, as to be evidently free from all repining. She said little of her brothers and sisters, and never once mentioned their mother. One thing, however, she said, which explained some things that had puzzled me in the behaviour of my cousins; and that was, that it was supposed Julia was engaged to marry Mr. Fitzhenry, or at least that there was some attachment between them, which she regretted, on account of the decidedly infidel principles of the gentleman.

“As to the supposed regard of Mr. Fitzhenry for Julia, I had no uneasy feelings; but I did not like this confirmation of my suspicion respecting his infidelity with regard to religion; and I received it with more pain on that day, in which I had witnessed, in such a variety of ways, the happy effects of religion, than I probably should have done at any other season.

“Euphemia and I conversed till it was time to dress; after which we walked in the garden, where Mr. Fairlie joined us. At six o'clock, which was the hour fixed for dinner, our party was augmented by the friends who had breakfasted with us; and we finished the evening with prayers, hymns, and a sermon.

“The moon had risen before we again mounted the elephant, and I had the pleasure of seeing the mountains, and the charming valley between them and the river, illuminated by this soft and silvery light. Not one cloud blotted the deep azure of the heavens, and a thousand stars spangled the regions of ether. I started once or twice at the distant sound of the deep-toned low of the buffalo; and as our elephant stepped onward, with gigantic strides, I was not sorry to see that the mountains retreated rapidly into the back-ground, and that we were becoming every moment more distant from the ranges of wild beasts.

“Gatty was silent during our return; and when I arrived at my uncle's house, I found the family sitting in the *verandah*. My uncle stepped out to receive me, and was pleased to hear that I had enjoyed a pleasant day, but he returned not into the *verandah* with me: I was therefore left with my cousins, who accosted me with evident ill-humour. Miss Julia asked me how I had enjoyed myself. Celia said that she was sure Gatty had

been a great plague to me. And Josiah asked what sort of preacher Frederick Fairlie made. 'And pray,' said Stephen, 'what has Euphemia told you of us, Miss Olivia? I dare say she has given you a fine character of us all.'

"'Indeed she has not,' I said. 'She has said nothing about you.'

"'I thought so,' returned Stephen. 'I thought we should not be thought worthy to be mentioned by her.'

"'It is the kindest thing, Mr. Stephen, one can do by some persons,' I replied, 'not to speak of them at all.'

"'Very well, Miss Olivia,' rejoined the young man. 'I see that you have not been at Mr. Frederick Fairlie's for nothing. You were bad enough before you went, but you are ten times worse now.'

"'But enough of these impertinences, which did not cease till we were all withdrawn to our separate apartments.

"'I have been led on from one circumstance to another to be more particular than may be altogether agreeable to my readers. I must, therefore, compel myself to pass over some of the events of my life, perhaps equally worthy of description with those that have gone before, in a more succinct manner.

"'During some weeks which followed my visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairlie, my uncle and his sons were frequently absent for some days together, at an indigo-factory which they possessed among the hills; and during their absence we should have been occasionally very dull, (for my female cousins and I did not even amuse ourselves by disputing with each other,) if it had not been for visitors and visitings.

"'At this period, however, I saw little of Euphemia, but much of Mr. Fitzhenry, though not always at my uncle's house. But as my uncle had provided me with *bearers*, and a *ton-jon*, or chair-*palanquin*, we always contrived to meet during my morning and evening airings. These opportunities evidently augmented our mutual attachment, for I believe that he really loved me as much as he was capable of loving any one; and though he never solicited my hand in so many words, yet I considered that he certainly intended so to do, but waited only till our acquaintance should be somewhat more matured.

“In the mean time, he had so accustomed me to hear his contemptuous expressions with regard to religion, and he had so much in his manner that rendered this poison palatable, that I, after a while, scarcely considered this defect in his character as an objection; for it must be remembered, that I was myself, at that time, in a state of unbelief, though I had had certain moments of compunction. In short, I became strongly attached to this young man; and once again my fancy began to be busy with its garden of roses, and paradise of earthly sweets.

“The Almighty had, however, resolved, in his infinite mercy, on my deliverance from evil, and it was to be effected according to his secret counsels; while my path through life was to be strewed with thorns, and my feet torn with the briars of the wilderness: yet my will continually rose in rebellion against his, and I would willingly have incurred all future penalties, rather than forego the present enjoyments which I was so passionately fond of.

“Towards the end of the time of which I am speaking, which might be about Christmas, our whole party were invited to a ball, at the house of the chief civilian of the station. It was the first dress-ball I had attended in India, and I was very anxious to make such an appearance as should do me credit, especially in the eyes of Mr. Fitzhenry. The house in which this entertainment was given was the largest in the station. It was a *puckah* building, standing on the same bank over the Nulla as my uncle's, and was approached from the valley by a flight of steps consisting of at least one hundred. It stood in a lawn enriched with groups of trees, and its wide porticoes, *verandahs*, and innumerable doors, prepared it for the admission of every breeze.

“I was conveyed to one of the doors of this handsome mansion in a *palanquin*, and found Mr. Fitzhenry ready to hand me out, and claim my hand in the dance. He led me through several antechambers into a spacious hall, illuminated by many lamps blazing in superb glass lustres, in which I witnessed such an assemblage, I will not say of grace and beauty, but of pearls, diamonds, ostrich feathers, and superb shawls, as I had never before seen. I was soon, however, aware that there was

no freshness of complexion which could vie with mine, and I was not a little elated with this discovery.

“The dancing commenced immediately after my arrival: but I was not able to dance long with spirit, probably owing to the effect of climate, and was not sorry to sit down with my partner, when we had finished one set, in a wide portico at the bottom of the room, which almost hung over the river.

“It was on this occasion that Mr. Fitzhenry made his most explicit declaration of regard; and it was then that I allowed him to believe that he would not be rejected, should he seek my hand.

“Our conversation was at length interrupted by the lady of the house, who introduced a gentleman to me, requesting me to favour him with my hand in the next dance. This gentleman was no other than Mr. Milbourne, of whom I shall have occasion to speak much hereafter, and therefore shall say the less now; only remarking, that he appeared to be about forty years of age, and still handsome, for his features were perfectly regular, and his air decidedly gentlemanlike; but he seemed to me to want animation, and to have little to say.

“I was not sorry when my two dances with this gentleman were over, and when the rules of the assembly again permitted me to become the partner of Mr. Fitzhenry, with whom I finished the evening, being conducted by him to supper.

“It was day-break when we returned to my uncle’s house; and during a few hours of feverish sleep which followed, I enjoyed such dreams of pleasure as never could, and never ought to be realized.

“O how little, how very little, do young persons know what is for their real good! Had I been punished with the grant of my wishes at that time, what would have been my situation now! I tremble to think of it! and what might have been my situation in a world to come! Could I, in that case, have adopted the language of praise, which is now in my mouth, and will be the subject of my song for ever and ever?—*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.* (Psalm cxxi. 1, 2, 7.)

“ It was late when I awoke, and the family had breakfasted. I could not eat, but having drunk a dish of tea which had been brought into my dressing-room, I was summoned into the presence of my uncle, whom I found in a small room, occupied by him as a study. He caused me to be seated, and informed me, after some prelude, that Mr. Milbourne had been with him, and had requested his interest with me to procure my favour.

“ I heard this with unfeigned astonishment; and at once declared, that my uncle could not oblige me more than by telling the gentleman that I would have nothing at all to say to him.

“ On hearing this, my uncle’s eyes, large and fierce at all times, suddenly became more prominent and glaring, and he wished to know if I were in my right senses; and, without awaiting my answer, or paying the slightest attention to my indignant looks, my tears, sobs, and exclamations, ceased not till he had set before me all the advantages of this offer, connected with information for which I was wholly unprepared. He pleaded Mr. Milbourne’s rank in the service—his character as a moral man—his uprightness in all his dealings—his excellent situation—his good family—his large private fortune—with many *et cætera*; to which I paid no attention, being wholly confounded by the communication which followed, and which was no other than this, that my father had left me nothing but what was contained in the few chests which had been delivered to me. Here was a disappointment I little expected; and I was so wholly overcome by it, that my uncle was obliged to call his daughters to me, with hartshorn, &c. to prevent me from fainting.

“ In the evening, being still unwell, I did not accompany the rest of the family in their airings. I, however, walked out upon the lawn, and there was soon followed by Mr. Fitzhenry, who seemed affected by seeing me so uneasy, and questioned me on what had happened with his usual warmth of manner.

“ I was unable to disguise any thing from him, and told him of Mr. Milbourne’s offer, and my resolution to refuse him. He seemed satisfied with this, and expressed his hope that he had no reason to fear any rival in my affections. ‘ But this,’ he added, ‘ is not all;’ and he pleaded so closely with me to tell him what was the real cause of

my affliction, that I at length told him, that I had that morning learned, that when my father's affairs had been settled, it was discovered there was no property left for me.

“ Never shall I forget the change that passed on his countenance when he heard this. He turned red, then pale, attempted to speak, but seemed unable to articulate; and was thrown into such confusion, that he hardly knew what he did. I looked enquiringly at him; but his eyes were directed to the ground, and he either could not or would not look me in the face. At length, making some sort of apology, he hastily kissed my hand, and uttering a deep sigh, suddenly withdrew, leaving me wholly overpowered by a variety of very painful feelings.

“ It was with some difficulty that I got back to the *bungalow*, where I yielded to a violent fit of sobbing and crying, which gave my heart some relief; and I had scarcely recovered from this, when my cousin Euphemia was introduced into my apartment. I was at first so much occupied by my own uneasy feelings, that I did not observe that she was also uneasy; and she had such entire self-command, as not to unfold her own troubles to me till I had made known to her those with which I was exercised.

“ She entered into all my difficulties with great tenderness, and then confirmed the hints I had before heard respecting Mr. Fitzhenry; informing me that he was too well known to be a dissipated and irreligious character, and assuring me, that I had nothing to look forward to but ruin, should I ever take him as a husband. She told me, she did not doubt he had a regard for me, yet that he was so circumstanced, as to be unable to marry without expecting money with his wife; and further added, that he had certainly been particular in his attentions to Julia before I arrived in India. She concluded by informing me, that they had that day received a summons from Calcutta to bring down little Frederick, that he might embark for Europe; and she requested me, on her return, to visit her, in order, as she kindly said, that we might comfort each other.

“ I had found some consolation in the tenderness of Euphemia; notwithstanding which, when my uncle returned, I was so ill that he ordered me to bed, and I was glad of an excuse for not appearing before the family.

“During the first week of the absence of Euphemia, I kept my chamber, and heard no more either of Mr. Milbourne or of Mr. Fitzhenry. For the former I did not then care, but I still thought of the latter with a painful anxiety. Towards the end of this week, I was informed that the *Begum*, whom I had never seen, or scarcely heard of, since I had paid her my first and only visit, was very unwell. I was now enabled to talk a little to my *ayah*, and she gave me the news about the old lady. She described her as being in a fever; and said, that she was attended by a skilful person from the *bazar*, of whom she had a far better opinion than of our European doctors, not excepting my uncle; that she had caused many charms and incantations to be used, and was rubbed every day with oil, and mulled and kneaded according to the fashion of the country.

“‘And does she get any better?’ I asked.

“‘No,’ returned the *ayah*. ‘She will not get well unless the Lord permits.’

“‘True,’ I said; ‘but she ought to use the best means.’

“While the *ayah* entertained me with these communications, every thing seemed to go on as usual, as far as I could discover, with the rest of the family. I could hear, through the latticed doors of my apartments, my uncle storm, swear, and knock upon the table, as occasion served. I could hear Julia and Stephen disputing; and the whole party, on occasion, vociferating to Gatty. I could hear the guggling of my uncle’s *hookah*, and the jabbering of the servants in the *verandah*. There was no diminution or augmentation of these sounds; and if the poor *Begum* was really so ill, as my *ayah* would have it she was, it seemed a matter of little concern to all. Indeed, I was probably the most concerned of any one in the family on the occasion, for I was suffering under the influence of fever myself, and my mind was in a state of deep depression.

“From the time of my first arrival in a hot climate, I had been subject to low and intermitting fevers; and those only who have felt the influence of these disorders, can have any idea of their horribly painful effect on the spirits. My uncle was very attentive to me, in his rough way, during my illness; but I was unhappy, and nothing

seemed to relieve me. The cold weather was now passing away, and I looked forward with some apprehension to the influence of the heat; which, even towards the middle of February, was almost intolerable to me.

“In the mean time, the *Begum* continued to be ailing, as I heard from my *ayah*; and I saw nothing of Mr. Fitzhenry. Indeed I was led to think that he was not at the station.

“It was about the middle, or perhaps near the end, of the month of February, when my uncle was called down to Calcutta on business, purposing to return with Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie to Bauglepore. Julia and one of her sisters were paying a visit at Monghyr; and two more of the sisters, and the three younger brothers, were at the indigo-factory. I was, therefore, left in the *bungalow* with Stephen and Lizzy, the two persons in the family whom I despised the most; and being unwell, my mind was so thoroughly oppressed, that I was glad to plead my indisposition as an excuse that I might seldom leave my room. At this time I was one evening much startled by my *ayah*, who informed me that the *Begum* was so seriously ill, that she supposed she would not live till morning.

“The cool manner in which this information was given, shocked me even more than the news itself; and I could hardly help exclaiming, ‘And is the mother of a family to perish in this way, utterly disregarded?’ But I had no one to whom I could utter this sentiment with any chance of sympathy; and as I had but that moment left Stephen and Lizzy in the *verandah*, I ran out to them, to communicate what I had heard, and to request them to send to my uncle and the rest of the family. ‘What for?’ said Stephen. ‘If my mother is so ill as that foolish *ayah* will have it, she will be dead long before my father can come.’

“‘But at any rate,’ I answered, ‘he ought to be sent for; and your brothers and sisters are near at hand! Pray let little Gatty see her mother before she dies. Gatty loves her mother. She *has* a heart.’—

“Stephen had his mouth open to answer me, but was checked by Lizzy, who pinched his arm, yet not so dexterously as that I did not observe the motion; and such a tempest of indignation rose in my mind at the moment,

that I turned away, hinting, that I doubted not but they would do what was right according to their judgment, though I was certainly of opinion, that every absent member of the family should be immediately sent for.

“I then returned to my chamber, but with such an impression of horror, that I would not be undressed, but lay down on my couch, having had it drawn near the door which opened to the outer *verandah*. My *ayah* and *matraunee* were seated on their *goderies*, talking to each other at another window.

“Hindoostaunee was my mother tongue; and though I had quite forgotten it while in England, I had renewed my acquaintance with it already, to such a degree, that I very well understood what my women were muttering to each other. They were speaking of charms and spells, and recommending them to be used for the sick person; telling of wonderful effects produced by knives placed under the pillow of a dying person; with other incredible things: and interspersing these anecdotes with various accounts of deaths and funerals, ghosts and spectres, ill omens, and fatal prognostics.

“While I lay hearkening to these horrors, all became silent round the *bungalow*. The long shadows of the trees, visible through the latticed door, shot across the lawn, interspersed with streaks of moonlight. There was not a breadth of air to be heard, and the low murmur of the musquito only prevented the silence from being perfectly undisturbed.

“I had thrown a gauze veil over my face, to defend me from these minute tormentors, and after a while became overpowered with sleep. I lay in this state of insensibility for some hours, and it was still dark when I was awakened by some noise; and springing up from my couch, I hastily enquired what was the matter. My women, who had been roused at the same time as myself, were standing by me, lifting up their skinny hands, staring wildly, and using a name which we are forbidden to mention lightly on any occasion. ‘Tell me,’ I said, ‘tell me what is the matter?’ and at the same moment, I was sensible of the distant sound of shrieks and cries—hollow cries and frightful shrieks—which terminated in certain protracted tones, of which I can only give an idea by desiring my reader to imagine a tune entirely composed

of the discords of a piano-forte. 'What does this signify?' I said to my women. 'Do explain it to me. What does it portend?'

"The *Begum*,' replied the *ayah*, drawing up her wrinkled features into a horrible grimace, with which she endeavoured to hide her absolute want of all feeling, 'the *Begum* is no more!' and she finished her speech with a groan, which was re-echoed by the *matrannee* in another key.

"'No more!' I said; 'and my uncle not here! and poor Gatty absent!' and immediately lighting a wax taper by the *chiragh*, I ran out into the hall. I found this room, and the rooms beyond, quite empty. I passed from them into my cousin Lizzy's sleeping-room, but I found no one there. The howling, however, in this room was dreadfully audible; and I attempted to pass on into the area of the second *bungalow*, but was baffled in my attempt, for every door was locked. I stood a while at a door, but could not make out any thing that was passing within; and then returned to my chamber, where I wept till sunrise, and then fell into a feverish sleep.

"In the morning my breakfast was brought to me, but I was decidedly ill, and unable to rise; and my cousin Lizzy had too many concerns of her own to think of me. How this day passed with her or her brother, or how things were managed, or who was sent for, I know not; but I was told, that the funeral was to take place at sunset, for it is impossible to keep the dead more than twelve or fourteen hours in India; and I heard with horror, that the *Begum* was to be buried in the Mussulmaun-burying-ground, a gloomy field of tombs which I had seen not far from the foot of one of the mountains.

"It had never occurred to me to enquire whether my uncle had endeavoured to convert this poor woman to Christianity: nevertheless, it was a great shock to me, when I found that nothing of this kind had been done; and that this miserable woman, notwithstanding her connexion with Europeans, had died in heathen darkness, without one ray of light.

"It was impossible for me, with my English notions, not to say my religious ones, to look on such an end of the mother of my uncle's children, without a horror

which I cannot describe. My feelings were such, that I could not see my cousins during the day without anguish. I therefore kept my room, glad of the excuse which illness afforded me; and did not come out from thence till sunset, when I strolled out into the *verandah*, and there sitting down, had the opportunity, an opportunity which I at once desired and dreaded, of seeing the funeral-procession of the unhappy old lady.

“But though I saw this procession, I cannot describe it; my eyes were so dimmed with tears, that I could not precisely say whether the corpse was inclosed in a coffin, but I rather think that it was carried on a bedstead. The company which followed it was numerous, and they filled the air with mournful cries. I believe that there was not even a nominal Christian among them, unless Stephen was there; but I did not see him, and I never asked the question.

“As they passed the *bungalow*, I shrunk behind the pillars of the *verandah*; but as the procession proceeded I stepped forward, and stood looking on till I could see it no longer, and the last faint cry of the mourners died away. I then went back into the house, and, sitting down, laid my face, which was suffused with tears, upon my hands, as I rested my aching head on a table. How long I remained in this posture I know not; but I was at length roused by approaching steps, and looking up, saw Mr. Fitzhenry. ‘Olivia,’ he said, as I lifted up my sorrowful face, ‘what! my Olivia! and in tears! Is your gentle nature affected by this scene?’ And he came near to me, and would have taken my hand.

“I, however, drew it away, and looked at him with a mingled expression of reproach and affection; that is, if my eyes spoke the language of my heart, for I still loved him, and at the same time wanted consolation. I shall never forget his manner at that moment. ‘O, Olivia!’ he said, ‘dear Olivia! but I am doomed to misery. Refuse me your hand; it is the only kindness you now can shew me. Say but that you really love me, and I am ruined! ruined for ever!’

“I felt my blood rising to my very forehead. ‘Love you!’ I said; ‘say that I love you, and you are ruined for ever! No,’ I added, in high disdain, ‘I will not say so. No, I do not love you! I cannot love you! Base

and perfidious as you are, you shall not owe your ruin to me;' and I turned from him, and rushed into my own room, and was even thankful for a few moments of forgetfulness which followed, and which were occasioned by a fainting-fit, from which I was left to recover without assistance.

"It was quite dusk when I regained my recollection; and I was some time before I remembered where I was, or what had happened. At length I gained strength to sit up on the couch, on which I had thrown myself, and was surprised to hear the sound of many voices without the door.

"I listened, and distinguished that of my uncle and Euphemia; and they seemed to be busy in comforting some one, whom, after a while, I found to be Gatty, who was sobbing, and even sometimes shrieking, in the violence of her grief, calling upon her mother, and insisting upon going to her wherever she might be.

"It seems that the party from Calcutta had arrived during my fainting, and also another party from the hills, for I recognised the voices of several of my female cousins.

"After a while, however, the violence of Gatty's grief had somewhat abated, for I heard my chamber door open, and Euphemia presently appeared. She came close up to me, embraced me, and, after we had spoken a little of the late catastrophe, informed me that she had procured permission to take Gatty home with her, pressing me, at the same time, to join the party.

"Any change at that time would have been welcome to me, and I felt the tender and soothing treatment of Euphemia particularly acceptable at that moment; and it was therefore agreed, that we should stay together during the night, and that we should all set out for her *bungalow* in the morning.

"She sat talking with me for some time, and then, dinner, or rather supper, being announced, she advised me to join the rest of the family, intimating that it would be less painful for me to see my uncle then than it would be some days afterwards.

"Being supported, therefore, by her, I went out, and found the whole family, with the exception of Julia, Celia, and Gatty, arranged round the table. There was

a general gloom on every face, and a strong expression of anxiety on that of one or two in particular; and my uncle was smoking with great perseverance, only pausing, as I entered, to ask me how I did. The late affliction was, however, never once hinted at, but an excursion to Monghyr, which my uncle spoke of as to take place in a few days.

“When I returned to my room, Euphemia accompanied me, and assisted me in arranging the things which I was to take with me and to leave behind; after which she partook of my bed, and we spent some time in talking over the illness, death, and funeral of the poor *Segum*. We both wept ourselves to sleep, each having our private as well as reciprocal causes of sorrow.

“The elephant was ready at sunrise, and Euphemia and I were mounted on the *howdah*; while the Muglanee and Gatty followed us in a bullock-coach, the sorrow of Gatty having given way to sullenness.

“I was so ill when I arrived at Mr. Fairlie’s *bungalow*, that I was glad to go to bed; and poor Gatty sat most of the day with her Muglanee, crying and fretting on the *sitringe* by my bedside. I, however, soon found the comfort of being left with a tender and pious relation rather than with an *ayah*; and was greatly consoled by her counsel and presence. Still, however, my short interview with Mr. Fitzhenry rested on my mind; but I was relieved when I had brought myself to tell Euphemia all that had passed between that young man and myself.

“It was impossible to do any thing with Gatty during this melancholy day; but the next day I had an opportunity of observing the various efforts of Euphemia to detach her from the native servants, to draw her to herself, and to engage her in better things. But, as I hope to have a better opportunity of shewing the fruits of the labours of this excellent young woman with her unfortunate little sister, I shall not enter into the particulars of them in this place. Suffice it to say, that, before a month was past, Euphemia had effectually won the confidence of Gatty, and the Muglanee was only allowed to attend her little mistress in the presence and under the eye of Mrs. Fairlie; a circumstance which so greatly offended the old woman, that she one day demanded her *juwaub*, and walked off to my uncle’s, where, probably

from some idea of remuneration, she was added to the number of waiting-women who crowded the apartments of my other female cousins.

“After a few days, through the effect of regular hours, perfect quiet, interesting conversation, and so much of the consolations of religion as I was capable of receiving, my health was becoming gradually better, when I was again thrown back by hearing from a visiter that Mr. Fitzhenry was married at Monghyr to my cousin Julia, tempted, as it seemed, by the large independent fortune which she possessed, and which had become necessary to him in order to restore his ruined finances.

“My first emotions on hearing this news were those of unmingled anger; but these feelings presently assumed a more tender character, and I could not help feeling sorrow for one who had thus, through his own folly, abandoned every pleasing prospect: for that he was attached to me I had no reason to doubt, neither could I doubt the corruptness of his motives in marrying my cousin.

“I remained with Euphemia till Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhenry returned to Bauglepore, and were settled in their own house.

“In the mean time, Jonathan and Josiah took up their residence on the hills, and Lizzy went to keep their house. Samuel was sent to Calcutta, to a merchant's counting-house, and Celia abode with her sister; and as Stephen and Lucretia were the only branches of the family left with their father, my uncle expressed a wish that I should return to him, and I thought it right to comply.

“When I came back to my uncle's house, I found things much in the same state as they were before. I saw no difference whatever in my uncle: there was no appearance of any thing like grief for the loss of the *Begum*; no diminution of natural strength occasioned by sorrow—no fear of the future, or regret for the past. He was the same loud, boisterous, passionate character as ever, with certain short intervals of feeling and generosity which seemed to declare what he might have been in better society. I could never find out that he had any sensibility of religion, for he never spoke on the subject, and of morality his ideas were loose in the extreme; and although he never expressed himself in a decidedly pro-

fligate manner, or argued in favour of vice in the abstract, yet he had such a coarseness of expression, and confusion of ideas on all subjects of importance, that it was often very painful to hear him. Indeed, as time advanced, I fear he became more violent with his servants, more inflammable in his temper, and less attentive to truth, being led by passion to assert any thing which came uppermost against persons whom he disliked. He was always, however, kind to me, and lavish in the provision he made for me; for, although he would sometimes knock down a servant who had been detected in cheating him of a few *pice*, he was uncommonly careless in more extensive money-transactions.

“I remained with my uncle, after my return to him, for about fourteen months; and when I had ceased to be uneasy about Mr. Fitzhenry, I began to sink much into Indian apathy and indulgence. My religious feelings had been strengthened while I remained with Euphemia, but they became very weak and faint after I left her; and having no other object or affair on my hands in which my heart was interested, I began to love and study dress and ornament, and to seek general admiration, which is one degree worse than that of desiring the particular admiration of individuals.

“My reader will, perhaps, wish to know if I ever saw Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhenry during the period of which I am speaking. I did see them, and saw them often. My first meeting with Mr. Fitzhenry was painful in the extreme; but I was supported through it by pride, and I gloried in appearing totally regardless of him; while at the same moment my heart was ready to break to see him united to a woman whose cold, haughty, and selfish manner must have been utterly hateful to him.

“The indifference affected by me was returned by him; and we played our parts so well, that we probably, after a time, began to feel, in some degree, what we at first only assumed. I must, however, confess that I never was quite easy in his company.

“After his marriage with Julia, his appearance and manners began rapidly to lose their polish, his language became coarse, and his conversation less guarded; and as Julia also became slovenly in her dress, and inelegant in her person, I began to feel a disgust for her which

precluded all possible ideas of envy, although she had won from me the only man in whose favour my affections had ever been engaged.

“It was about twelve months after my return to my uncle’s house, when I again saw Mr. Milbourne, of whom I had heard no more since the day which had succeeded the ball. He came to Bauglepore about this time, with a superb *suwarree*, and was much talked of for his riches and expensive way of living.

“On this occasion, he renewed his addresses, and I was by this time become so much of an Indian, as to think I should enjoy the style and magnificence in which he was able to keep me. I therefore accepted him without doing him the justice of appreciating his good qualities, of which he had many, or thinking it worth my while to enquire whether I could like him sufficiently to ensure him an affectionate wife.

“As I have been obliged to enlarge so much in many parts of my story, I shall say but little on the season of courtship previous to my settlement. It is sufficient to observe, that I married Mr. Milbourne without knowing much about him, and with no other views, than the enjoyment of splendour and independence. I was married within six weeks after I had accepted Mr. Milbourne’s offer; and, having taken an affectionate leave of my uncle, and a formal one of my cousins, proceeded across the country with a splendid retinue to my husband’s station, which was not very distant from Bauglepore, situated at the foot of the hills in one of the finest situations in Bengal.

“Picture to yourself a range of hills, covered with forests, inclining in a mighty sweep to the river Ganges; and a noble *puckah* house, flat roofed, and encircled by a colonnade of pillars, standing on a large and verdant lawn, on a gentle slope among these hills, yet so near the river, as to command a long extent of water; and the view of an ancient temple or *pagoda*, built on the opposite bank, amidst a cluster of the finest and most beautiful trees. Such was my husband’s place of abode, and great indeed was the elevation of my mind when I first beheld this noble mansion and glorious domain; for glorious indeed it appeared to be, whether I looked up to the deep-blue azure of the sky, or the palm-crowned

summits of the hills in the back-ground, or down on the shadowy ravines, the green and spacious lawns, or the wide and sparkling bosom of the far-famed Gunga. I was filled with pride, and really began now to expect that all my views of earthly happiness were beginning to be realized; for my heart had been closed to the expectations of high conjugal felicity, by the conduct of the only man who had ever engaged my romantic feelings of affection: and now my unsanctified desires shot forth in eager longings after earthly splendour, which I believed were about to be realized.

“It was sunset when we entered the gates of our domain, and I was not a little pleased, when, led by my husband through several antechambers, I at length found myself in a wide hall encircled by pillars which looked like marble, where a table of considerable length was set out with gold and silver vessels and a rich assortment of the finest cut glass and china. ‘Your table,’ I said, ‘is set out as for a large company.’ And I was impressed from the circumstance that I was likely to have much society in this place.

“‘We have not one European lady here,’ replied Mr. Milbourne, ‘but a good society among the gentlemen; and I always have such a dinner as, if the whole station were to join us, would be quite sufficient. And, indeed, there are few days in which I have not several guests. And more than this,’ he added, ‘we have multitudes of visits from persons passing up and down the river from the higher provinces. Therefore, my dear Olivia, there is no danger of your finding the place solitary.’

“When people possess fine things, they like to have them seen: and I felt at that moment no other anxiety but that we might have an abundance of visitors to witness my magnificence.

“Through the hall, Mr. Milbourne led me into a beautiful range of apartments, which were appointed for myself. Here I had scarcely time to observe half the superb cabinets and other pieces of furniture which had been prepared for Mr. Milbourne’s wife, probably long before he had thought of me. But my romantic feelings respecting love were over, and I was not very anxious to ascertain any further particulars respecting these matters. However, I was pleased to see several female ser-

vants of a more respectable appearance than those I had been accustomed to at my uncle's, waiting to receive my orders. Among these was an elderly woman, richly dressed in a Benares silk petticoat and many silver and even gold *bangles*, who seemed to have the command of the others.

“I had scarcely time to change my dress before I was summoned to dinner, which was served up with every circumstance of oriental pomp; and I retired to rest at an early hour, to enjoy new dreams of an earthly paradise, gardens of roses, and years of uninterrupted pleasure.

“From that period, for many months, my life passed on in a way which has left few traces on my memory, but which had a powerful effect on my character; for I was gradually becoming, during this interval, a determinately selfish, haughty, imperious, and insolent fine lady, wholly devoted to self pleasing, and seldom indulging a warm or generous feeling; gradually sinking into the languor attendant on hot climates, and losing all vigour of feeling with the bloom and freshness I had brought from England.

“My days were spent with little variety. I generally rose before sunrise, and took the air on an elephant. When I returned, I went to bed again, and slept or dozed till eight o'clock. I then arose, and was dressed, for I never used the slightest exertion to dress myself. I then crept languidly out of my room to breakfast, which was with us a public meal. My husband was deeply engaged with his *hookah*, and I generally found some one or other among the young civilians who frequented our table with whom to converse, and before whom to shew off my fine-lady airs. We generally contrived to wear away our time till near ten o'clock with these visitors; after which, I returned to my own apartments, where I found employment in reading, for we had all the new publications of a lighter kind, together with assortments of fashionable dresses, twice every year from England, and in looking over and directing the exploits of four *dirgees*, who sat in a *verandah* adjoining my apartments. And thus, with the help of occasional visitors, and the calls of the medical man of the station, I contrived to wear away the time till *tiffing*. At *tiffing*, we had al-

ways some individuals calling, which prevented me suffering from the extreme taciturnity of Mr. Milbourne; and this meal being concluded, a doze on the sofa, and another peep into some novel, carried me on till it was time to dress for the evening-airing; at which time I again saw my husband, and sometimes had the honour of his company.

“It was one of the pleasures of my life, (if such absurd amusements are worthy the name,) to see the variety of equipages, horses, and elephants, which were paraded every evening, in the front of our house; among which was a handsome phaeton, a *ton-jon*, an elephant with his superb *howdah*, a gig or buggy as we called it, other carriages of inferior note, and several saddle-horses; and it was not seldom, in the cold season, that, after having surveyed all these, I have dismissed them every one, and preferred a walk in the ornamented pleasure-grounds which surrounded the house.

“A splendid dinner was ready on our return from our airing; and we not unfrequently concluded the day by playing at cards. We never supped, or went to bed early.

“Thus passed day after day, there being no notice by bell or book to remind us of the Sabbath; so, that, after a while, I almost forgot to remark its recurrence, and, in fact, became, after a few months, not precisely a heathen, (because the heathen have their forms and ordinances, however profligate and absurd,) but a creature without a God, and without a thought beyond the present state of being.

“Thus passed the first twelve months of my married state; at the end of which time, my affections and feelings were warmly and tenderly excited by the birth of a daughter, whom we called Mary-Anne. She was a remarkably pretty child, but, as the surgeon of the station chose to imagine I must have a very tender constitution, as soon as she was born she was placed in the bosom of a *dhaye*, whose infant, a fine little black baby, was consigned, in consequence, to that fate to which most of the foster-brothers and sisters of the European children in India are doomed, viz. an early death for want of the mother's care.

“About two months after my confinement, it was

thought that change of air might be of advantage to me; and we accordingly embarked in a superb pinnace, on the Ganges, with our child and her nurse, and, in a few days, came to anchor under the *conka* bank on which my uncle's house stood.

“The old gentleman was glad to see me, but he was not in a state to regard my magnificence, or even to notice my beautiful child in her *jindelly* robes and superb lace caps: for many family troubles were then pressing upon him, and he looked at least ten years older than when I parted from him. I saw in a moment, when he entered the pinnace, that all was not well with him; but he acknowledged only one of his many causes of trouble, and that was, the illness of Gatty, his favourite child, whom he described as in a dying condition from an inward complaint very common in India. I afterwards, however, learned that the state of this child was by no means the only occasion of the old man's grief. Of all his other children, there was not one who gave him the least satisfaction. Jonathan, it seems, had connected himself so with the natives, in his retired situation among the hills, that he was then scarcely fit for European society. Josiah was become wholly indolent and worthless; and Samuel had returned in disgrace from Calcutta. Julia and Mr. Fitzhenry were supposed to be very unhappy in each other, and it was feared were on the brink of ruin, Mr. Fitzhenry having lately run into greater excesses than ever. Celia had made a very imprudent match; and it had been discovered that Lizzy and Stephen had embezzled a variety of their late mother's effects for their own use, having taken advantage of being left with her in her last illness.

“Many of these circumstances were told to me by Mr. Frederick Fairlie, and were spoken of with anguish by Euphemia; but my uncle neither at that time nor afterwards ever alluded to them.

“I was much affected by hearing this account of Gatty, and, being told that she was with Euphemia, I left my child with her father and her attendants, and set off with my uncle to Mr. Fairlie's, for it was in the early part of the evening when our pinnace came to anchor.

“It was the cold season at this time, and the whole valley of Baugepore appeared green and beautiful; yet

I felt my spirits much depressed as I descended into it, and feelings of seriousness possessed me as I approached the house where I expected to see the dying child. My uncle, however, uttered not one word as we went on, although we were seated side by side in the *howdah* of his elephant.

“When we approached the house of my cousins, the same pleasing and peaceful order prevailed around it as I had always observed aforetime; there were, indeed, some servants in the *verandah*, but they were sitting quietly, all engaged in some employment. Within we heard no sound; and my uncle walked forward, stepping softly, and when he met Mr. Fairlie in the hall, he seemed unable to ask after his child. Mr. Fairlie, after acknowledging my presence with a benevolent smile, spoke to the father’s enquiring looks, and said, ‘She is easy, quite easy; and happy, very happy. She is taking a little rest; after which, as you are now come, if she is able, we mean to have the ceremony performed.’

“My uncle uttered a kind of groan; which, however, he strove to suppress; and I could not help asking, ‘What ceremony?’

“‘Baptism,’ said Mr. Fairlie, in a low voice. ‘Your shipmate, Mr. Arnot, is here, and we wish to take advantage of his presence.’

“‘Mr. Arnot!’ I repeated. ‘Mr. Arnot here?’ And I would gladly have left the house, but it was impossible; so I followed my uncle and Mr. Fairlie into the room where poor Gatty lay. It was the apartment which I had formerly occupied; and as I entered it, I saw the child, stretched on a sofa, and Euphemia sitting by her, with an infant in her lap, a daughter, nearly of the age of my own. On the face of Gatty, death was imprinted with an indelible expression; yet there was a softness, a tenderness, and a grace on her countenance, which seemed to denote a holy principle formed within her, that would ensure her triumph over the grave. At sight of her father and me, she smiled; and repeating my name, held out her feverish hand. The poor father turned to Mrs. Fairlie, who had given her infant to its nurse, and said, with a stifled groan, ‘I was not prepared to see this change. When did it take place?’

“‘Last night,’ returned Mrs. Fairlie, in a low voice;

‘but she is free from pain now; she is easy, and very happy.’

“‘She has no pain?’ said the father; ‘so much the worse:’ and, unable to repress his feelings, he walked to a window, when his groans were for a moment audible, and then suddenly they appeared to be suppressed.

“‘Are you come, Olivia, to see me baptized?’ said Gatty. ‘This is kind;’ and turning to Euphemia, ‘Pray call Mr. Arnot now papa is come. Don’t let us put it off any longer. O, I do so desire to be baptized, and to be made a child of God.’

“‘To receive the outward and visible sign, my Gatty,’ said Euphemia. ‘I do trust and hope that you are already endued with the inward and spiritual grace.’

“The child took her sister’s hand, and pressed it with her parched and burning lips. ‘O, Euphemia! Euphemia!’ she said, ‘I shall love you when I am in heaven; for you, you were the first person who ever spoke to me about my Saviour, or taught me the evil of my heart.’

“I was speechless with amazement while all this was passing; and could scarcely believe that this was the same child, who, two years ago, had appeared to me so utterly irreclaimable. I was not only astonished at her improved manner, and the sentiments which she uttered, but at the facility with which she expressed herself in English; and not knowing the power of the Gospel in sanctifying the heart—illuminating the understanding—beautifying the countenance—and polishing the manners—I was wholly unable to account for what I saw, and ready to suppose that all this was a dream. However, I had little time for reflection, for at that moment Mr. Arnot, my old shipmate, entered the room, dressed in his gown, and bearing on his countenance such an expression of holy awe and tenderness as he approached the bed of the dying child, as, I am well convinced, could only have been depicted on the features of one long raised above all earthly considerations. I had the decency to consider that this was not a moment for the public recognition of my old companion; I therefore endeavoured rather to elude his observation, and found it no difficult matter, as his mind seemed so wholly engaged with what he was about to do.

“Euphemia had brought a silver bason, containing

water, and had placed it on a *tea-poy*, which she had covered with a white cloth; and all in the house, who were called Christians, were presently gathered in the apartment: among whom I observed two aged native men, with white hair, and a very wrinkled native woman, who had crept in at a remote door; this last held in her arms my cousin's infant daughter, who was in a deep sleep.

“Euphemia had sat down near the pillow of her sister's couch, and was gently raising the head of the dying child. My uncle and Frederick Fairlie stood on one side of the couch; I had placed myself near the foot; and the venerable minister had approached the head of the bed, standing near the *tea-poy*. After a momentary pause, he commenced the service in a solemn manner, choosing that baptismal service which is intended for such as are of riper years, and are able to answer for themselves; but shortening it, wherever it might be conveniently done, in favour of the weakness of the dying child.

“I had never felt, till that moment, any sense whatever of the importance of our baptismal service; and I was affected beyond measure at the clearness and decision with which the little girl answered all the questions proposed during the course of the service, though by no means in the words indicated by the Prayer-book, and in something of an Hindoostaunee accent and idiom, which rendered her responses still more affecting. My uncle looked sternly and determinately composed, with his arms folded, during the whole of the service, (for I ventured several times to steal an anxious look at him,) till the minister, bathing her forehead with the water, pronounced these words, ‘*Gertrude, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;*’ and was proceeding to declare her reception into the congregation of the Church of Christ, when the unhappy father turned suddenly round, quitted the room, and his sobs were audible till he had reached Mr. Fairlie's study, which was at the most distant part of the *bungalow*.

“Whether Mr. Arnot was himself violently affected by this circumstance, or whether he feared that the strength of the little sufferer might be exhausted, certain

it was, that he hastened to the conclusion of the service. He pronounced a blessing on the newly baptized child, with a deep and tender emphasis, and hastened out of the room, leaving us with Gatty; who, drawing her sister's head down to hers by a motion of the hand, whispered, that she wished to kiss the baby. Mrs. Fairlie wept at the request, and taking the sleeping infant on its fringed *rosare* from the arms of the old Christian woman, she brought it to the bed.

“My own infant was an exceedingly beautiful one, yet I could not but feel, I did feel, that there was a certain tender expression on the countenance of this exquisitely lovely babe of my cousin's, which exceeded all I had ever seen or conceived of infancy.

“Gatty tried to raise herself to look at the infant, and I assisted her feeble endeavours. ‘Farewell, little Lucy,’ said Gatty. ‘Farewell, little baby. I once thought I should have lived to be your nurse, and to have taught you many things; but, dear Lucy, we shall not be parted long, we shall meet again above’ (and she looked up) ‘in glory, Lucy, with the Shepherd; where other lambs are gathered to his fold. One more kiss, sweet Lucy,’ (for my cousin was gently drawing the babe away,) ‘one more kiss, and then—then I shall be ready.’

“‘Ready for what, my love?’ said Euphemia.

“‘To part with my darling,’ returned Gatty, ‘and go to my Father's house. For now,’ she added, addressing me, ‘he has set his signet upon me, and marked me for his own.’

“While I asked her what signet, the baby was removed, and her mind evidently began to wander. Her strength, as might be expected, seemed to fail, and she sunk back on her pillow. Being directed by Euphemia, I administered some cordial drops to her, which were near at hand; after which she nearly closed her eyes, and continued to speak in a low and confused manner for some minutes, saying, ‘When was it done? Who did it? Did you do it, Olivia?’

“‘Do what, my love?’

“‘My mother,’ she said, ‘did they baptize her? Why was she laid in that horrible place?’

“I knew not what to answer; and as Euphemia had sent away her child and was returned, I looked at her to

dictate my reply. Euphemia motioned to me to make no answer, and the poor young sufferer lay still a minute, her eyes being closed; but again beginning to speak, 'It is a dark place,' she said, 'there is no light there. O, my mother!' and she sobbed, and seemed so agitated in her sleep or doze, that Euphemia spoke to her, and said, 'Gatty, dear Gatty, my beloved, what is the matter?'

"The child opened her eyes, with a distressing stare; 'That burying-ground,' she said, 'is so very, very far off. It gets further off every moment,—O, how very far!'

"'Gatty, my love,' said Euphemia, 'you are dreaming. Awake, awake, my child,' and she raised her head a little, and kept repeating her name for a minute.

"'Is it you, Euphemia?' said the child. 'Is it you, my Euphemia? But shall I never see my mother's grave again? Am I parted for ever, Euphemia, from my mother?'

"'No one has ever said so, my child,' returned Euphemia.

"'I thought you said so; and Olivia just now said so,' she added. 'Olivia, why did you speak to me about my mother?'

"'Come,' said Euphemia, 'lay your poor head on my bosom, and I will repeat a hymn to you, and you shall sleep;' and my lovely cousin stretched herself on the couch, and laid her little sister's head on her bosom, and gently soothed her till a refreshing sleep had overcome her, and she was enabled to remove her to her pillow and leave her for a few minutes to the care of the old Christian woman.

"We now withdrew from the sick chamber, and I had opportunity of giving free vent to my tears. 'O, Euphemia,' I said, 'what a scene is this!'

"'It shews,' said she, 'the wonderful power of regenerating grace. It shews, my dear Olivia, that religion is no imaginary thing. It also proves that my unhappy brothers and sisters were as capable of improvement as other children, had they possessed only common advantages; and I doubt not, but that these are the reflections which now so dreadfully embitter the feelings of my unhappy father.'

“We were still within the range of the ladies’ apartments, and we sat down near an open window; and on this occasion, Euphemia, in the fulness of her sad heart, told me of the many distressing and disgraceful events which had taken place among my cousins since she had seen me. Of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhenry, especially, she gave a most affecting account; informing me, that their union had been a truly wretched one; that Julia had tried him greatly with the violence of her temper, and that he had retaliated by open contempt; that, although frequently very gay, and even noisy in company, he was subject to intervals of the most alarming despondency, which sometimes continued for days together. She concluded by saying, ‘O Olivia, you had, indeed, an escape; when, in losing your hopes of inheriting any thing from your father, you also lost that unhappy man.’

“‘But might he not,’ I said, and hesitated, —

“‘Might he not have been happier?’ added she, taking me up, ‘have done better, had he married the woman he pretended to love, and certainly would have chosen? Ah, Olivia! I have my doubts. Mr. Fitzhenry is an infidel; from this springs his heaviest afflictions. Had you married him, would you have endeavoured to lead him to God? The question is easily answered. How have you acted in this respect towards the milder, and far more amiable man, who is now your husband?’

“I could make no reply to this, but being much overcome by my feelings, began to renew my tears; and nothing more passed between Euphemia and myself, till I was summoned to attend my uncle, who waited for me on the elephant.

“I took a hasty leave of Euphemia, promising to be with her by day-dawn; and being led into the *verandah* by Mr. Fairlie, there met and acknowledged Mr. Arnot; who promised to call on me in a day or two, and to perform the same kind office for my little daughter as he had done for poor Gatty, and, as I afterwards found, for my cousin’s little Lucy.

“When mounted in the *howdah* by my uncle, I felt at a loss how to address the old gentleman; not well knowing whether he would choose to make any reference to what had passed; and I was glad I desisted; for I should probably have displeased him if I had referred to it; for

it appears he was ashamed of the late exposure of his feelings, and had again assumed his usual manner, giving me no very agreeable specimen of it as we returned towards the other side of the valley.

“During the first part of our short ride, he was abusing the *mohaut*, in language the most coarse; and, during the latter half, he amused me with some speculations he had lately made in indigo, which I should have but little understood, even had I attended to them, which was far from being the case.

“The first time I crossed this vale of Bauglepore was with little Gatty on this very elephant; and when I compared the moral state of the child at this time, with what it was then; and the state of my uncle’s family with what it then was; when I considered also, that I myself, in point of religion, was so much deteriorated and fallen, I was agitated with such a variety of feelings as I am unable to describe.

“The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon; and, as we were ascending towards my uncle’s *bungalow*, I perceived that Mr. Milbourne had erected a large tent on the lawn, just opposite the windows of the room where I had formerly sat. Groups of servants were scattered in all directions; and the *verandah*, as we approached, seemed full of company.

“‘We shan’t want visitors to-night, it seems,’ exclaimed my uncle; adding some other remark, with an oath, which I did not exactly hear; and as the next minute brought us to the front of the *bungalow*, I was assisted from my lofty situation by Mr. Milbourne, who ran before the rest of the party to tell me that the child was well, and in the tent with her nurse. To the tent, therefore, I hastened, and having kissed my baby, and changed my dress, for my toilet was all prepared as by magic, I presently returned to the *bungalow*, where dinner was waiting. There I found, among other company, Julia and Mr. Fitzhenry; my two favourites, Lizzy and Stephen; the two young men from the hills; and Mr. and Mrs. Ellison. The table, as usual, was groaning with plate, china, and immense joints of meat; and I saw not on any one countenance, excepting that of my uncle, the expression of the smallest anxiety respecting Gatty.

“When I first entered the hall, the blaze of lights and

number of voices seemed to confuse me; and I scarcely knew whom I addressed, or whose enquiries I answered. Neither was I aware near whom my uncle had placed me at dinner, till I looked up, and saw Mr. Fitzhenry on my left hand, and his disagreeable wife nearly opposite to me. I could not well turn and look at Mr. Fitzhenry who was so near to me; but I instantly discovered that Julia had become lusty, and had entirely lost her shape, and all the delicacy of her skin, and appeared so old, that I could scarcely believe her to be the same young person whom I knew when I first came to Bauglepore. This mystery was, however, very soon explained to me, when I saw her swallowing one bottle of strong beer after another; and observed a *hookah burdaur* gently insinuating the silver mouth-piece of a *hookah* under the arm of his mistress's chair between the courses. But before I had time to make all these observations, the lady addressed me several times in one of those languid tones which are adopted at times by those persons who know that they must not always trust their natural voices. 'I am glad to see you look so well, Olivia,' she said, 'and I hope we shall soon have the pleasure of your company to dinner with us.' All of which was very well; but when she afterwards added, 'I am sorry you found poor Gatty no better,' in the same unmeaning and unvaried tone, I felt my indignation rise, and I could not resist the temptation of saying, 'I did expect to find you with your sister, Mrs. Fitzhenry; but I suppose you had some other engagement.'

" 'I am glad to see you have not lost your fine flow of spirits, cousin Olivia—Mrs. Milbourne I mean,' said Stephen, whom I had not before much regarded, as he sat near the bottom of the table; adding, as he turned to my husband, 'Mr. Milbourne, don't you find that my cousin has charming spirits? She does not appear to have lost them in the *jungles*.'

" ' *Jungles!*' I repeated. 'Why you are not comparing our situation to yours among the hills, Stephen? We are, perhaps, not quite so much out of the world as you suppose.'

" Much more discourse of this desultory kind took place, during which, my uncle and Mr. Fitzhenry were silent; till at length some one suggested another subject,

by asking how the race had been decided. This was a race at Monghyr, which had excited considerable interest among the neighbouring gentlemen; and in reply to this question many remarks were made, many technical terms were used, with many profane oaths; and Mr. Fitzhenry, bursting forth with a vehemence which made me drop my knife and fork, and look directly in his face, displayed an interest in the subject, which betrayed him, and evinced his increased profligacy. He gave us the whole of the business as it had been arranged, and swore at the successful bettors; asserting there had been foul play, and that every man was a liar who should maintain the contrary; and that he himself was at least a hundred *rupees* out of pocket by the roguery which had been practised the day before.

“My uncle, on his son-in-law’s representation, took up the matter with equal warmth, and the discussion brought us to the end of the second course; the gentlemen in the mean time inflaming their zeal with strong beer, which disappeared, bottle after bottle, with amazing expedition. The subject was given up while the servants were removing the table-cloth; and as soon as possible afterwards, being the *burree beebie* of the night, I moved for an adjournment, and took the ladies into my tent to see my baby.

“During this violent debate, I had, however, an opportunity of surveying the man whom I had once so much preferred, with cool and unimpassioned judgment; and I wondered how he ever could have been the object of my preference. But, surely, he was strangely altered; and, like the ghost in *Leonora*, he seemed but the ghastly resemblance of his former self. His features appeared larger, as the flesh had shrunk from them; his eyes more wild, and full; his dress, though still fashionable, disordered and *outré*; and I doubt not, if I had obtained him as the rose of my choice, I should, indeed, have grasped a thorn, which would have pierced me to the quick.

“My sleep was by no means easy during the night. It was ten o’clock when I withdrew to my tent; and, pretending fatigue, I contrived to get rid of the ladies, and did not return to the *bungalow*. But although I went to bed, the agitation of my mind prevented me from sleep-

ing; and when Mr. Milbourne came, about midnight, he did not diminish my uneasiness by informing me that the party were not yet dispersed, and that the gentlemen were occupied in play. 'And my uncle?' I said.

" 'Your uncle I left at his *hookah* and his brandy-and-water—him, and that odious woman, his daughter, occupied in the same way.'

" 'Odious woman!' I repeated; for Mr. Milbourne was not accustomed to use such expressions.

" 'Yes,' he replied, 'odious woman! with her shawls, and her *hookah*, and her taunting and reproachful manner!'

" 'And poor Gatty,' I said, 'is she quite forgotten?'

" 'The best thing you can wish for Gatty,' he replied, 'if there is any good in her, is that she may die, and be out of the way of the whole family; for, with the exception of your charming cousin Euphemia, they are altogether a despicable set.'

" As I before said, I slept but little; and by day-dawn, I rose, and went in my *palanquin* to Mr. Fairlie's.

" Early as it was, I found my uncle's elephant in the *compound*; and I augured the worst from the silence of the servants. The doors of the *bungalow* were open: I walked in: there was a deep silence; and I saw no one till I entered the room where I had seen Gatty the day before. I had arrived at the moment in which all the anxious friends of the beloved child were waiting her last sigh; and such a scene it was as I never can forget. Euphemia was sitting by her pillow, holding a smelling-bottle in her hand, her tears dropping fast from her eyes; the Christian native female was kneeling at the foot of the bed; Frederick Fairlie stood with his arms folded, tenderness seeming to struggle on his fine features with manly firmness. Near him was my uncle, who had been up all night; his grey hairs were disordered, his wrinkles deepened, his iron features shewing, as it were, as if broken up, resembling a mighty rock blasted with the fire of heaven; his eyes were, however, fixed on his child, and he seemed to await the last expected sigh or struggle, as the commencement of heavy affliction and protracted sorrow. The child herself lay stretched upon her back without motion, and apparently without breath; yet it was thought she was not dead, and another gasp, ano-

ther dying groan, was expected, and expected with dread. No one addressed me as I entered, though all saw me, and I joined the expecting group without daring to hazard a question. Another and another moment passed: at length a slight, a very slight, convulsion agitated the marble features of the child; her mouth opened, she uttered a plaintive and indistinct cry, gently sighed, and escaped for ever from all earthly troubles.

“It was now evident to all that she was no more. My uncle pressed his lips on hers, uttered a groan, infinitely more bitter than that by which the happy little Gatty had resigned her redeemed soul, and rushed out of the room, followed by Mr. Fairlie; while I led the weeping Euphemia into another apartment, though not till she had repeatedly kissed the cold remains of the child of her tenderest affections.

“I spent several sad hours with Euphemia during that morning, but saw no more of my uncle, who did not return till near the hour appointed for the poor child’s funeral; for in India it is necessary to expedite these things in a manner truly shocking to our European feelings.

“When I returned to our tent, I found Mr. Milbourne prepared to attend the ceremony; and when he had left me, I spent the interval of his absence in tears.

“Mr. Milbourne did not return till eight o’clock; and then advised me, as I was tolerably calm, to join my uncle’s family at supper. ‘The old gentleman is composed,’ he said, ‘and was so during the whole of the sad ceremony; and the longer you delay seeing him, the more affecting will the interview be to both.’

“There was much reason in this; I therefore acquiesced, though feeling inexpressibly low, and accompanied Mr. Milbourne to the supper-table in the *bungalow*.

“I had prepared myself to expect a burst of feeling on the part of my uncle when he first saw me, but I was mistaken in this expectation. He was sitting in his usual place, at the head of the table, when I came in, and only bowed, or rather slightly nodded, without taking the mouth-piece of his *hookah* from his mouth. I did not, however, like his appearance; there was a depth of sorrow in his countenance, which spoke more of despair than of tender grief; he looked at least twenty years

older than when I first knew him; and there was a heaviness in his eyes, which made me almost fear that he had either drunk or smoked some stupefying drug, to deaden his feelings. Lizzy and Stephen were the only persons of the family who were present, besides my uncle. They were all, as well as myself and Mr. Milbourne, in mourning; and the black, if possible, made Lizzy's sallow complexion and negro features more ugly than ever. I also recognised *that* in the faces of this brother and sister which made me regard them with increased aversion: this was an expression of satisfaction, endeavoured to be concealed by a sanctified or hypocritical air of sorrow.

“Such was the party assembled round that table, where once I had seen a large, a gay, and numerous assembly of sons and daughters; and it was impossible for me to appear more than composed; cheerful I could not be, neither did I venture to speak.

“While we went through the form of supping, Mr. Milbourne exerted himself in a manner which made me admire his kindness: though a man of very few words, he kept up a tolerably animated, though serious, conversation with Stephen, and tried to bring forward those topics which generally possessed the most interest with my uncle. The old gentleman, in consequence, spoke once or twice; but not one word was said which bore reference to the events of the day.

“At length the table was uncovered, and my uncle being supplied with brandy-and-water, we were beginning to talk ourselves into somewhat greater tranquillity, when suddenly we saw torches on the lawn, and heard the trampling of a horse. In a minute these were arrived at the door of the house, and a moment afterwards, Mr. Fitzhenry, in the same dress in which he attended the funeral, entered the hall. Never shall I forget his appearance, nor the ghastly deadly paleness of his face; he scarcely noticed any of us who sat round the table, but addressing my uncle, begged a moment's conversation with him.

“‘What! to-night?’ replied my uncle, fretfully.

“‘Yes,’ said Mr. Fitzhenry, ‘my business will admit of no delay. I must speak with you, and alone; time presses, it must be now.’

“‘My uncle rose, and walked with him into his study,

which was a small room at the bottom of the hall, and having two doors opening into it, as well as four others, two of which opened to the outer *verandah*, and two into the interior of the house. All of these doors were, however, fastened, with the exception of one of the inner ones; nevertheless, as their pannels were all made to open and shut like Venetian blinds, it was very easy to hear without what was said within by any person speaking tolerably loud.

“Nothing was said by us who were left in the hall till we heard the door of the study shut after my uncle and his hopeful son-in-law, though our eyes, no doubt, expressed many things. At length, Stephen broke the silence, exclaiming, though in a low voice which he contrived should not be heard within, ‘That fellow has been at some of his pranks again, as sure as I am alive.’

“‘What pranks?’ said I.

“‘Swindling of some sort,’ returned Stephen, carelessly, and wholly forgetting the character of the mourner which he had assumed during the former part of the evening. ‘If that fellow dies a natural death, my name is not Stephen.’

“‘What do you mean?’ asked Mr. Milbourne.

“‘Why, I mean that he will be hanged before he is many years older; and ought to have been hanged months ago, if he had had his due.’

“‘Explain yourself, Sir,’ said Mr. Milbourne: ‘I cannot understand what you mean. I always supposed Fitzhenry to be a gentleman.’

“‘A gentleman!’ replied Stephen; ‘a pretty sort of a gentleman: there are many such gentlemen hanged in England I take it every year, and no great matter either; but I wish some one had tucked him up before he had made acquaintance with this house, and won our young ladies’ hearts with his milk-and-water face.’

“No one, I believe, saw the impertinent look which Stephen gave me as he uttered these words, and I thought it best not to take the insult to myself; and, indeed, I had not much time to think of myself, for I was really anxious to know what charges Stephen had to bring against this unhappy man, and to hearken to the answers which he gave to Mr. Milbourne’s enquiries, who asked

him on what grounds he supposed his brother-in-law not worthy of the name of gentleman.

“‘On what grounds?’ returned Stephen. ‘In the first place, because he never pays his debts;—in the second, because he will get money on any pretence from every one he knows;—and in the third place, because he makes the worst use of whatever sums he can obtain: and if,’ added he, ‘he were content with robbing all those fools who choose to trust him, well and good; but he is suspected of having embezzled some public money with which he has been entrusted; and I dare venture to swear that this is the business which has brought him here to-night, and that he is in danger, at this moment, of being brought to public shame.’

“‘O, Stephen!’ I exclaimed, observing his light and triumphant manner, ‘and is there no hope of saving this unhappy man?’

“A look of cool and familiar insolence was all that I got in reply from Stephen, who, addressing Mr. Milbourne, said, ‘It’s wonderful to me that Fitzhenry has never applied to you for money, knowing, as he does, the interest he has in your family.’

“Mr. Milbourne changed colour as Stephen spoke, and was preparing an answer, I know not to what effect, when the other interrupted him with a shrill whistle; and, as if electrified with some new idea, exclaimed, ‘By Jupiter, that’s rare! And how much did he come over you for, Milbourne?’

“‘What do you mean, Stephen?’ I said, being wholly out of patience with him.

“‘Why, don’t you apprehend the thing, cousin Olivia?’ he answered. ‘Where’s your wit now? or perhaps you don’t choose to understand. Can’t you see that your husband has been bit? If Fitzhenry has not obtained a good round sum from Milbourne, I am not sitting here, and my name is not Stephen.’

“‘I have never acknowledged any such thing,’ said Mr. Milbourne.

“‘I don’t say you have,’ returned Stephen, ‘neither need you; but I should like to know to what extent you came down with the *rupees*; for as sure as I am here, you will never see one of them again as long as you live.’

“‘I shall have all I expect to receive,’ returned Mr.

Milbourne, calmly; 'and, therefore, my good fellow, you may make yourself easy on that head.'

"'Easy!' repeated Stephen, 'I am not uneasy about any thing of the sort; if you choose to throw your money to the dogs, it's no business of mine. But hark! how low they speak there within! they are hatching no good, I am sure. But I will see what it all means;' and getting up quietly, he stole softly out into the *verandah*, leaving us to look at each other, for we could none of us venture to utter what was in our minds.

"A few minutes had passed in silence, when he came back again, stepping softly, and drawing close to the table, 'They are at it, quiet as they are; they are fairly in for it. The old man, however, is as steady as *Jan-gara* rock, and the other as mad as a wild boar; though he mutters so confoundedly, he'll burst out by and by. But I'll wager my father against him; he'll not come over him. The old lad can be as steady as—as, no matter what,' he added, looking at me, 'I won't say bad words before ladies; but if Fitzhenry squeezes one *rupee* out of him, I don't stand here.'

"I was agitated all this time with rage against Stephen, and should probably have broken out, had he not, after having given us this renewed specimen of his brutality, crept out again to his place of observation in the *verandah*. My anger, however, which was on the point of bursting on Stephen, now broke out on Lizzy, and I remarked, that I wondered how she could sit quietly and hear her brother speak so unfeelingly of her sister's husband, and so disrespectfully of her father.

"It was one of the peculiarities of this young woman, that she never, on any occasion, indulged any expression of irritated feeling in the presence of her equals. How she acted with her inferiors I never asked, but with me she ever preserved a cold, unmoved manner, which occasioned me to detest her more than I should otherwise have done; for I had no degree of charity towards her, and, indeed, never wished to have any.

"In answer to my accusation, she replied, in her usual indifferent manner, that she had no influence over her brother, and that he must do what he pleased. I probably might have added more, had not the voices in the next room suddenly become louder, Stephen at the same

time re-appearing. ' 'Tis as I thought, Milbourne,' said the young man, ' 'tis about the government-money; and if Fitzhenry can't raise the sum, he will be dished, and that in a few hours. But the old boy is firm; he stands his ground to a miracle.'

"The contention within now became fiercer, and I heard my uncle say, 'I am not to be frightened, Sir;' and I begged Mr. Milbourne to interfere.

" 'Put your pistols down, Sir,' said my uncle; 'don't play off these things on me.'

"Mr. Fitzhenry's voice was heard in reply, but he spoke thickly, and we could not distinguish what he said. My uncle answered again, and then both spoke together; and there was a sound as of a scuffle. Mr. Milbourne and Stephen ran round to the door which was used as a communication to this room, and I, in my agitation, followed. The door was fastened within; and, as they were trying to burst it open, we heard the report of a pistol, followed by a heavy groan and the sound of some great weight falling on the floor: at the same moment the door gave way, and, by the light of the lamp upon the table, I saw my uncle standing upright, but of a ghastly paleness, and the unfortunate Fitzhenry struggling on the floor.

"Never, never shall I forget that awful moment, nor that inundation of thought, which bore me, in an instant, through every scene in which I had, during my early residence in India, been in the company of the miserable man whose dying struggles I then beheld.

"Years have passed since then, but they have scarcely weakened the impression of that horrid moment. I never think of that dreadful scene without a renewal of the first appalling feelings.

"Mr. Milbourne and Stephen rushed into the room the moment the door gave way, and I was following them, when I felt myself seized by some one, and turning, half fainting, half frantic, to ascertain by whom I was thus held, I found myself in the arms of Frederick Fairlie, who forced me from the scene of horror, and delivered me to my own servants, who bearing me to my tent, I was so happy as to lose all recollection, for a time, in a long fainting-fit.

"It was long after midnight when Mr. Milbourne

came to me. I asked him no questions, and there was no need, for I knew that he would have told me had poor Fitzhenry still lived, he would have had pleasure in so doing; but he had no communication of this kind to make; and when he suggested to me that it would be best for us to return home, I fully understood that the event, with regard to Mr. Fitzhenry, was fatal.

“Such is the expedition with which things of this kind are managed in India, that we were in our pinnace, and had already lost sight of the *conka* rock, on which my uncle’s house stood, before seven o’clock the next morning; and having moved to that distance which wholly changed the scene, halted for the day, at the foot of a flight of stone steps, on the summit of which was a large Brahminee fig-tree, and an old pagoda, in order to give the remainder of our servants, whom we had left behind us to bring away our baggage and to prepare provision, sufficient time to join us.

“Never shall I forget that long sad day which we spent under that fig-tree—never shall I forget my bitter reflections at that period. How did my thoughts attach themselves to what I fancied was passing at Bauglepore! and when Mr. Milbourne, towards evening, slipped away, and was absent for a few hours, I too well knew the reason of this absence, and my imagination faithfully presented the whole scene of the funeral of the unhappy self-destroyer.

“Thus ended this miserable visit to Bauglepore; and thus closed the life of the unhappy man to whom I had once so fondly attached myself. Here, indeed, were many thorns, but the roses, where were they? Yet there were mercies for me hid beneath these frowning providences. I, however, realized them not at that time; I saw only the horrors which surrounded me; and, refusing to draw the moral from these events, I sunk into a state of deep dejection, from which I did not recover for many months.

“I asked no questions respecting what had passed, during the day, at Bauglepore when Mr. Milbourne returned; nor, indeed, did I ever ask where, and in what way, poor Fitzhenry had been buried, or what impression his death had made.

“Our progress to our station was slow, and I received

every indulgence from Mr. Milbourne, who certainly rendered himself every day more worthy of my affection, though I did not yield him the return he deserved.

“I took little delight in the splendours of my situation when I arrived again at my own house; and, as I before said, remained in a very low and distressing state for some months; during which period, I had, at times, strong impressions of the importance of religion, though I did not disclose the fact even to my husband. At the end of about ten months after my return from my miserable visit to Bauglepore, I was considerably relieved in my spirits, and an entire new turn given to my thoughts, by the birth of a son. Ah! my little Henry! my dear boy! how does memory cling to thee, my child, my lovely one! But I will not anticipate the sad end of my baby. Thy little tale, and at least to thy mother, though joyful to thee, must of course too soon be told.

“O, what a sentiment did I excite on the joyful occasion of the birth of my son! to what expence did I go for lace, and corals, and rows of pearls, to put round his neck! with what a number of attendants did I provide him! My melancholy thoughts were now all fled, or if they sometimes returned for a moment, the smiles of my boy presently banished them. With my gaiety of heart, I again assumed my supercilious airs and love of pomp; and it was about this time that, having some very valuable seeds and plants sent me from China and the Indian Archipelago, I was determined to possess a real, not a figurative, garden of perfumes; and accordingly caused a finely situated piece of ground, in a sheltered situation, at no great distance from our house, to be encompassed with a square *puckah* wall, in which I assembled all that I could command of the rare and exquisite in the vegetable kingdom. The necessity of having a wall round my garden as a defence from wild animals, and the still more mischievous inhabitants of the neighbouring *bazar*, somewhat, indeed, troubled me, because it compelled me to exclude from my garden a view of the fine forest and mountain scenery which the situation afforded. It was, however, some consolation to find that, when the wall was built, some of the higher points of the hills were still visible above it, richly decorated with their thickets of *latamar*, their fan-like palms, their wide spreading

fig-trees, the tamarind, the *pepul*, and cotton trees, with a thousand others of which I never even took the trouble to learn the names. To hide the wall, and decorate the fore-ground, was, therefore, all I had to do; and this was soon accomplished by the means of the *magnolia*, the *loquot*, the *campion*, with its silver bells, and a variety of those innumerable beautiful plants, with which the tropical regions so generally abound. It was no difficult matter to procure water for my garden from a neighbouring stream on the hills, and from several wells which we caused to be dug; and when the whole ground was laid out by my directions, and all the beautiful flowers were arranged in their due order, the whole was completed by a small pavilion, or *temple*, which was erected in the centre of the square; and which, being open on all sides, commanded a view of the garden in every direction.

“During one cold season I took great pleasure in my garden, frequently visiting it, and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, and the presence of my children; and if there was nothing particularly praiseworthy in this amusement, it was at least by no means a blameable one; excepting that the effect was not what it ought to have been: for instead of these beauties filling me with gratitude to God, they served rather to elate me more and more, and to remove me further from him.

“Prosperity was not good for me; and it was necessary, in order to my salvation, that I should find thorns among my roses, or that I should be appointed to suffer temporary afflictions, that I might be delivered from greater evils. But my reader may perhaps wish to know something of what was passing at Bauglepore all this time.

“I had frequent letters from Euphemia, all of which were of a melancholy cast. Her father she described as being much in the state in which I had seen him during the first day of my visit at Bauglepore, though he seldom referred to any afflictive circumstances. Julia, she informed me, had put on mourning for her husband, but had shewn few other tokens of sorrow; she had returned to her father's immediately on her becoming a widow; but, soon afterwards going down to Calcutta, had there married an old surgeon, who had nothing whatever to

recommend him but his *rupees*, and she was living with him in considerable style near the *Lal bazar*. Of her brothers, Euphemia said little in any of her letters. Celia she mentioned as living in some of the wild regions near the Sunderbunds, having a rapidly increasing family, and a husband who, depending only on some indigo plantations, was sometimes supposed to be worth money, and sometimes not to be in possession of a single *pice*. Lizzy and Lucretia, she observed, were still at home; but as she never said more than this respecting them, I supposed that she had nothing very agreeable to make known.

“Respecting her own family, she spoke of her little Lucy as being a very delicate child, that she trembled for her life; and expressed her regret, though with submission to the Divine will, that it was not practicable for them to remove from a country which had been so fatal to her children. Upon the whole, Euphemia’s letters were of an extremely melancholy kind; though there was an air of piety diffused over these short epistles which diminished their gloom, and, even to my unsanctified imagination, seemed to suggest, that all would work together for good in the end for the humble and patient writer of them.

“It was soon after receiving one of these letters from Euphemia, that new fuel was added to my vanity, by a circumstance which I would now mention, and which is only worthy of notice from the effect it had on my mind. A king’s regiment was, we heard, passing up the river in boats to the higher provinces; the colonel of this regiment had formerly been known to Mr. Milbourne, and my husband, on this occasion, resolved to entertain the officers and ladies, for two or three days, if he could persuade them to remain so long in our neighbourhood. We accordingly sent down an invitation to meet them by the way; and our invitation being accepted, and the whole fleet coming to anchor at the foot of the hill on which our house stood, we spent three of the gayest and most dissipated days I had ever experienced. We gave three public breakfasts, three dinners, and three balls, not allowing our entertainments of any kind to be abridged by the Sunday which intervened between our first and last day; and at the end of the period I, for once, was

really glad of a cessation of display, gaiety, and compliments. The flatteries, however, which I received at this time, not only from our male visitors, but from the officers' ladies who were of our party, quite completed my own good opinion of myself, and of the various elegancies and distinctions of my situation; and, from that time, if possible, I became more determinately vain than ever.

“When my beloved boy was about a year old, I had a daughter, whom I called Lucy; and, as soon afterwards as possible, another daughter, to whom we gave the name of Amelia.

“I never was so unfeeling and hardened as not to love my children, although they were all nursed by black women; but there was, I fear, much of pride and vanity mingled with my more tender feelings, and I was more anxious respecting their external appearance than the qualities of their minds, or their spiritual welfare.

“And now I am come to that crisis in which my earthly paradise was at its highest bloom, and shed its sweetest fragrance. I had yet to learn the perishable nature of all enjoyments which depend on the creature; and I was soon to be made to feel those thorns which so frequently lie concealed beneath the sweetest flowers. Yet a little while, however, the storm was withheld, and I was suffered to live even without apprehension.

“My Amelia was only a few months old when I received a letter from Mr. Fairlie, informing me of the death of his little Lucy; and very shortly afterwards I had another communication from the same quarter, informing me that Euphemia had another daughter, that it was a fine child, and that the poor mother received this gift from heaven as a token of comfort. A third letter, which arrived the next day from the same quarter, in the hand-writing of Mr. Fairlie, however, surprised and alarmed me; and I opened it with the expectation of bad news, but found, with pleasure, that it contained very desirable information.

“Mr. Fairlie, it seems, by the death of an uncle, had become the possessor of a handsome property, and resolved to return immediately to Europe, with his wife and child. This letter also informed me, that Euphemia intended to visit me, with her baby, before she left

India; and it contained a kind offer from this excellent woman, to undertake the charge of one or all of my children, to convey them to England.

“Mr. Milbourne would gladly have accepted this offer for Mary-Anne and Henry, but I would not hear of it; while I expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of seeing Euphemia before her departure.

“Euphemia and Mr. Fairlie, with their baby, accordingly came to us, and shewed us much affection: but whether I was changed, or Euphemia, or both of us; whether my high and self-satisfied condition of mind might be particularly ill suited to her feelings, which were considerably depressed; or whether she was become more heavenly minded, and I much more the reverse than formerly, I know not: but certain it was, that we never seemed less congenial to each other; and though I was somewhat affected when she left us, yet I was not sorry to get rid of her.

“I can, however, never forget that I had the cruelty at that time, notwithstanding her recent loss, to bring my children often before her; and to speak with pride in her presence of their healthy state, their beauty, and the delight I had in seeing them all before me. There was no tenderness in this display; it was pride, and only pride, which led me to make it. Euphemia, however, at length left me, and I saw her no more in India.

“A few months after her departure, my old friend Mr. Arnot, who was going up the country, called upon us, and stayed a few days. We took this occasion to have our four children baptized; and the good man gave them his benediction. On the day which succeeded that of the baptism, I took occasion to shew Mr. Arnot my garden; and while we were walking among its agreeable shades, I had a conversation with him which I never shall forget.

“As my story has run to a considerable length, I shall not now repeat this conversation; but shall only observe, that he gave me many earnest cautions against resting in earthly happiness; intimating that prosperity was not unfrequently productive of moral evil, and that under misfortunes real good was often communicated. Neither did this good man fail to point out to me, that sin was the only evil from which we ought to pray to be deliver-

ed; 'because,' observed this Christian teacher, 'he that is delivered from the punishment of sin by faith in Christ, and from the power of sin by the influences of the Holy Spirit, is as sure of true happiness as he is of the dissolution of his body.'

"I heard and remembered all that Mr. Arnot said to me at that time; but as his reasoning made me uneasy, I did what I could to forget it, and succeeded but too well for a time. I was scarcely less pleased at being relieved from Mr. Arnot's company than I had been by the departure of Euphemia; and was returning to my own mode of self-pleasing when these excellent persons were gone; but, suddenly, I was alarmed by a certain appearance of languor in my little son, who, after a very short but severe illness, expired in my arms, being little more than two years and a half old.

"I was, at first, almost frantic at the loss of this child. I could scarcely believe that my darling son was no more: I could hardly be induced to part with his cold remains; and, indeed, I actually refused so to do, till my kind husband consented that the pavilion in the garden of roses should be his tomb.

"It was very hot weather, the most sultry season I ever remember in India, when my darling died; and soon after his death Mary-Anne was taken ill in the same way; and, although she recovered, the complaint left her in such a state of languor, that our medical attendant feared she would never be well in India; and he therefore urged us to send her home the next cold season. It was now vain to wish we had taken Euphemia's offer, or to fancy that our lovely Henry might, perhaps, have been saved, had he been sent some months before from India.

"We now heard of a lady who was going to Europe, to whom we entrusted our child to avoid the dreadful alternative of her death. She could only, however, undertake to see her safely lodged with her friends in England; and as I had no other choice, I was glad to have such a person as Euphemia with whom she might be placed at her journey's end.

"It was a severe trial to me to part with my little Mary-Anne, who was still an infant: but heavier trials awaited me. During the next eighteen months, we lost our two younger daughters by fevers; and thus, within

six years, I had become the mother of four children and lost them all—lost to all intents and purposes, as far as I was concerned at that time; for half the globe was between me and my only surviving child, and a gulph, impassable to an infidel mother, (such as I then was,) existed between me and the little redeemed ones I had once called my own.

“When my last baby, my lovely and beloved Amelia, died, it seemed to me as if the house in which I dwelt had been cleared, as to all I loved and cherished, as with the besom of destruction.

“There was now no longer any sound of infant merriment within our halls—no tender voices calling mamma—no little baby to look at when I retired to rest and awoke in the morning—no, all, all was still! all gloomy in the children’s rooms! The pavilion in my garden of roses had supplied the burying-place of our three children, and the remembrance of them was piercing to my heart.

“My reader will not wonder to hear that those dreadfully gloomy feelings which had seized me after the awful death of Mr. Fitzhenry, again took possession of me after my house had become thus desolate. My grief, which had at first been violent, presently changed into a kind of sullen resentment and rebellion against the divine will; in which state I rejected every suggestion of comfort from religion, and every attempt which my husband made to console me; though, after a time, I returned to my usual mode of spending my time, saw company as usual, devoted much time to dress, and grew fond of cards, as a means of passing a weary hour.

“My lovely Amelia had been dead several months; when, one morning while we were at breakfast, my good old friend Mr. Arnot, who was going down to the presidency by water, unexpectedly walked into the house. I was much affected at the sight of him, remembering how proudly I had paraded my babes before him, and how I had despised the providence of God. The good man, however, felt with me, and for me; and his silent yet deep commiseration was a solace to my heart.

“Being earnestly pressed by Mr. Milbourne and me, he promised to give us all the time he could spare; and actually remained with us more than a week. During

that period he used every means in his power to bring me into a right state of mind; but though I heard and remembered all he said, at least the tendency of it, pride and rebellion, rebellion against the Most High, prevented me from profiting, at that time, by his pious instruction. Mr. Milbourne, however, considered attentively every word that he said; though I did not, at that period, know what effect this suitable discourse produced on his mind.

“In the evening before this good man’s departure, I took him to the tomb of my children, Mr. Milbourne accompanying us; and there I broke forth in such vehement expressions of unsanctified grief, as probably shewed but too well how unavailing all his labours with me had hitherto been. He allowed me, however, to exhaust this paroxysm of sorrow; and then taking his text, as it were, from the marble sarcophagi, beneath the dome near which we were standing, he gave such a description of the whole system of Christianity, and of the efforts (if such a term may be allowed me) of the Almighty to deliver his people from all evil, as might have softened the most obdurate, though it failed in softening my heart, which was harder than stone.

“The delivery of souls from the power of sin and Satan, consistent with justice, was, he said, the object of the counsels of the Most High; and inasmuch as man, in adult age, too often resists the divine will, the security of thousands, and tens of thousands, millions, and tens of millions, of the human race, is effected by the death of infants, who, departing this life without actual sin, are made acceptable unto God by an interest in Christ, and are thus made heirs of glory after a short and peaceful course, being regenerated and sanctified in their feelings and affections; and thus, without the experience of the bitterness of sin, being admitted into glory.

“From hence he drew this result, that parents, though bereaved, ought not to mourn as those without hope: and he was proceeding to add more on this subject, when, overcome with passion, which struggled violently against conviction, I stepped from the dome, and walked to some little distance, where, sitting down on a garden-chair which offered itself, I wept for a considerable

time. At length, looking towards the dome, I saw the two gentlemen still there; my husband leaning, in a deeply thoughtful attitude, on his son's tomb, and Mr. Arnot addressing him with great earnestness. This conversation lasted till the dusk of the evening suddenly coming on, the twilight being short in the tropical countries, we were compelled to return to the house.

“The next day the excellent Mr. Arnot left us; but not till he had effected one point with my husband against my inclinations. This concerned our little Mary-Anne, whom I intended to place in a very fashionable boarding-school in London; but Mr. Arnot had interest sufficient to persuade her father to insist upon her being left with Euphemia, of whom, it seems, he had the highest opinion which one human being could possibly have of another.

“From the departure of Mr. Arnot for as much as twelve years, I can scarcely say that there was a single event of my life worth recording. I never had another child; and as I had resisted religious convictions previous to the visit of the good man, and during its continuance, it seems that the Almighty afterwards left me to myself, and thus permitted me to prove my own schemes of happiness for many years.

“Having nothing to call me out during this period, I became excessively self-indulgent.

“My reader will not, I hope, throw my narrative down with disgust, if I speak the truth, and confess, that though I did not actually get intoxicated, yet, that every day I took a quantity of strong beer and claret; so that, in a short time, my personal appearance was much more portly.

“After a while, falling into the society of one or two country-born ladies, I was tempted to try the *hookah*, and very soon used it, without any hesitation, before the largest company. Dress and ornament now began to be more my delight than ever; and I was much gratified in receiving shawls, and other presents, from the natives who had business with my husband, although there was some deduction from this gratification by finding it necessary to conceal these presents from Mr. Milbourne.

“In the mean time, as I contracted increasingly these habits, I became more and more alienated from my hus-

band. Mr. Milbourne was always a reserved character, and a man of few words; and, in proportion as he began to think and act more as a Christian, he became more reserved, probably from the circumstance of having no one who could sympathize with him.

“No person who lives in Europe can have an idea of the solitary and isolated feelings of Europeans in some situations in India. It is astonishing how heavily time often passes in these places, and what a sameness and dullness it leaves on the mind. Here are no impressions arising from revolving months and seasons as in higher latitudes; no periods in which the trees lose all their leaves; when the days become short, the windows are closed, and the pleasures of the family circle are realized round the cheerful fire; no seasons in which the heart is cheered by the revival of nature, and the renewed bloom of fields and gardens;—but every thing in these warmer regions wears an unchanging aspect, and even public news is old and stale before it reaches the ear. There is no enjoyment of rural walks and rural scenery, or even of public pleasures, or the stir of town life; no sound of bells to mark the Sabbath; and even every book must be far-fetched and dearly purchased.

“It requires the energy of a noble mind, indeed, to retain an active spirit in regions so depressive both to the bodily and intellectual powers; and, perhaps, without religion, there are very few instances in which India has not utterly destroyed all vigour of mind in persons who have long resided in its more retired situations.

“But I am lost in the contemplation of those years in which I was so completely sunk, so entirely degraded by sin, that I was insensible to all spiritual matters, and as utterly devoid of all power of raising myself from this sleep of death, as he who lies under the influence of an apoplexy to rise and exert himself.

“This was, undoubtedly, the most dangerous state into which I had ever fallen; and had I been left in this state to my dying hour, I had assuredly perished without the smallest hope.

“Twelve long and dreary years had passed since the loss of my Amelia; and I was looking forward to the return of my Mary-Anne to India, where I expected and hoped that she would form an advantageous union,

(for I had been informed that she was a remarkably handsome girl,) when Mr. Milbourne, whose constitution had sustained the climate almost to a miracle, suddenly began to sink; and our medical man expressed a wish that it might be convenient for him to return to Europe.

“I was much startled at this suggestion; and when Mr. Milbourne replied, that he certainly could return to England, though not to live in the style he did where he was, I declared, with vehemence, that I trusted it might not be necessary, for my habits were such, that I should find it extremely painful to abandon my mode of life.

“This hint was sufficient for my excellent husband; and from that time, the expediency of returning to England on his account was never once hinted at.

“When the cold weather returned, after Mr. Milbourne’s first failure of health, he revived very much; though in the next hot season he had a decided and very alarming attack of the liver complaint, which was repeated afterwards. The medical man then took occasion to say, that it would be best for us to think of Europe: but I chose to turn a deaf ear to this admonition, my head being filled with the prospect of settling my daughter.

“Mary-Anne was four years old when she quitted India, and fourteen years had passed since she left us; I therefore became very solicitous that she should now return; and, after Mr. Milbourne’s third attack, I eagerly entreated him to give directions immediately for Mary-Anne’s being sent to us.

“He looked at me with astonishment. ‘What!’ he said, ‘in my state of health! and when this country has been the grave of three of our children! No,’ he added, ‘no, Olivia, you shall find me determined in this matter. Mary-Anne shall remain where she is; and you may choose whether you will return to England to enjoy the society of your child, or remain here in perpetual banishment. I am willing to abide by your decision.’

“I was astonished to find so much determination in my husband; and the more so, when I discovered that neither tears, reproaches, nor hysterics, had any effect.

However, I was so violently affected, that I took to my bed, and remained there and in my chamber for some days.

“Mr. Milbourne’s resolution was not, however, to be shaken, and we remained on very distant terms till a letter arrived from Europe, the contents of which almost drove me beside myself.

“This letter was from Mr. Frederick Fairlie; and its purport was to inform us, that he and his wife had observed a growing attachment between their eldest son (for they had been blessed with another son and daughter in England) and Mary-Anne; and that, while awaiting our opinion on the subject, they were using all proper means of keeping the young people separate.

“This letter was addressed to my husband; who, having read it, put it into my hand. I was ready to flame out with indignation while I read the letter; and as I gave it back to Mr. Milbourne, I said, with suppressed indignation, ‘Well, Sir, what is your opinion? Mary-Anne might have been on her way by this time, had you chosen to listen to my advice.’

“‘And what should we have gained by that?’

“‘Why, we should have saved our daughter from a connexion with a poor curate, (for the young man was in orders,) and we should have baffled the mean plots of the Fairlies.’

“‘There is no plot in the business,’ replied Mr. Milbourne, coolly. ‘The young man, from all accounts, is elegant in his person, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian; and I am of opinion that things should take their course. If the young people like each other, why should they be parted? I will not be the instrument of making my only child miserable: our departed children are, we know, happy, Olivia. Do not let us make our Mary-Anne regret that she was not taken from under our influence at the time her brother and sisters were.’ So saying, he left me.

“I know not what answer he sent to Mr. Fairlie’s letter, for I never asked him. I had determined to write myself, and had called for pen, ink, and paper; but before they were brought me, I was seized with a giddiness of the head—the room whirled round with me—the blood rushed to my forehead—my limbs became cold—a burn-

ing heat followed—and such a fever ensued, as was sufficient to have destroyed the strongest frame. But it pleased the Almighty to bring me through it; though, when it left me, I was reduced to such a state of exhaustion that I could not move a limb. I was unable to speak, and my memory was totally gone. Every attempt which was made to strengthen me in this situation brought on fever again. It was therefore necessary to keep me exceedingly low for a very long time; and when I was a little recovered from this extreme weakness, disease attacked me in other forms, especially in violent head-aches, and excruciating pains in different parts of my frame, of which I cannot now think without shuddering.

“During the former period of my illness I had been unable to reflect, and thus was spared some of the horrors which I afterwards experienced: but never shall I forget my feelings when I was again enabled to use my reflecting powers.

“It was excessive pain, which I endured one night without intermission, that first led me to serious thoughts. I had had no person with me but an *ayah*, and I had been tossing on my bed through some weary hours, thinking, if pain, for a few hours, was so intolerable, how could it be borne through all eternity? (for who can dwell with everlasting burnings?) when, having an interval of ease at day-dawn, I slept a short time; and when I awoke, saw Mr. Milbourne standing by my bed, and looking anxiously on me.

“‘You have had a bad night, Olivia,’ he said. ‘I am truly sorry for it. Can I do any thing for you?’

“His kind manner affected me; and, bursting into tears, I told him what my reflections had been during the night.

“‘I rejoice to find that you have these thoughts, my Olivia,’ he replied, ‘and I hope that these reflections may benefit you.’ He then spoke in such a manner on the subject of religion, that I was perfectly astonished, and said, ‘Is it from you I hear these things? How long have subjects of this nature occupied your mind?’

“‘Ever since I lost my children, and knew your old friend Mr. Arnot,’ he replied.

“ ‘And yet you have never spoken to me upon these matters,’ I answered.

“ ‘It is my shame and grief that I have not,’ he replied. ‘But I am naturally, and in this respect I have been sinfully, reserved; and you, my wife, never encouraged me. But I do not blame you, I blame myself.’

“I was much affected by this confession of Mr. Milbourne’s; it seemed to strike conviction to my soul. I then recollected a thousand instances in which, since the death of our children, he had evidenced a truly Christian spirit; and I could not help feeling how much greater his progress in all that is excellent might have been, had he possessed such a wife as Euphemia. But whatever my feelings and sentiments were, I had little time given me for the expression of them; for I was immediately seized with fresh paroxysms of pain, and these were so frequent that I, at length, became exhausted, and, for a while, was like a person deranged. But though unable, in general, to express myself with any coherency, my mind was perpetually and painfully busy; full of horrible images of death and judgment; with such convictions of sin as I never before experienced. At length, however, my disorder had spent its fury, and I was enabled to lie quietly on my bed, and enjoy something like rest.

“I then happily knew what it was to have a Christian friend. Mr. Milbourne having once opened his mind to me on the subject of religion, was no longer reserved. As soon as he judged that I was able to hear him read, he brought his Bible, and read to me a little at a time, as I could bear it; and the comments he made were such as could only be made by a Christian.

“When I spoke to him of my strong conviction of sin, he expressed himself pleased, and told me that it was needful that we should abhor self before we could value the Saviour: and thus, step by step, he led me on till he had opened to me many of the sweetest consolations of our holy religion.

“Once I said to him, ‘I almost wish that I could lie here till my dying day; for here have I enjoyed your Christian friendship and your confidence; here have I learned to love my husband, and by his means I have been brought to know my God. But I dread the temp-

tations which have hitherto ensnared me. I fear that I may be led to love pomp and splendour again, and to fall, through the force of example, into former practices.'

" 'Let us go then, Olivia; let us go from this place,' he answered. 'Let us return to England, and see our child again. Let us seek for the society of holy persons, and devote ourselves to the service of our God in retired and humble life. What says my Olivia?'

"He held out his hand to me, and looked anxiously in my face; and I was not then in a situation to withstand his wishes; for my heart, as I trust, being changed, I no longer clung to the vanities of life.

"It was during this conversation that he informed me he supposed our daughter was married, and that she was to live near her mother-in-law. This was an affecting piece of information, but it made me the more willing to return to Europe.

"And now, had not my history proceeded to such a length, I could say much of the closing scenes in my Indian life. However, I must refrain, and shall merely add, that, previous to the next cold season, we sold our house, pensioned off our old servants, sold our furniture, and embarked in a pinnace for Calcutta.

"My garden of roses, where was the tomb of my children, was the last spot which I visited before I quitted that place which had been my home for more than twenty years. I moistened the marble tomb with many tears, and left the remains of my children in the cheering hope of a re-union with them in immortal glory.

"My *hookah*, my strong beer, and my claret, had long been laid aside; and, with my husband's approbation, I had sold all those shawls which I had not obtained honourably; and as I could not restore the money to those who had presented them to me, I devoted it to a charity for the benefit of the natives. Thus, by the divine mercy, being disencumbered from some of my worst habits, and all my ill-gotten goods, I commenced my long voyage with a heart tolerably composed. We had proposed to have seen my uncle at Bauglepore: but being informed that he was at Calcutta, I was not sorry to be spared a visit to a place which I could not think of without horror,

“The first person we saw, on arriving at Calcutta, was Mr. Arnot; who, being apprized of our visit, was waiting for us at the *ghaut*.

“He insisted that we should make his house our own while we remained in Calcutta, and to his house we accordingly went; and it was there that we collected all our provisions for the voyage.

“I was then in a state to enjoy his society, and appreciate his conversation, and that of the excellent persons who frequented his house; and under his roof I and my husband met with the strongest confirmation of the importance of religion.

“My uncle, it seems, was gone down towards Fultah, with an old friend who was going to China, when we first arrived in Calcutta; but as soon as he returned, Mr. Arnot brought him to his house, and insisted on his occupying its only spare apartment, that he might enjoy more of our society.

“I had not seen my uncle for many years, and was much struck with the change in his appearance. He was, indeed, at that time, an old man, being considerably above seventy: but the marks and traces of age observable on his person did not impress me so much as the wild and gloomy expression of his countenance, his fits of heaviness and deep abstraction, and the sighs, or rather groans, which sometimes escaped him. He shewed, however, considerable affection for me, and I would willingly have persuaded him to go with me to England; but he replied, with a sigh, that such a thing never could be, and said, as he had lived so long in India, he must be content to lay his bones there.

“I afterwards understood that this impossibility consisted in his being so deeply involved in debt, that he never could be permitted to leave the country; a too common case with many who live in apparent affluence in India.

“We remained three months under Mr. Arnot’s hospitable roof; and, during that time, heard many discourses on religious subjects, which tended not a little to strengthen us in that which is right. My uncle was generally present on these occasions; but I could not make out, at that time, what impressions they made upon him.

“On reviewing the few last pages of my history, I seem scarcely to have accounted sufficiently for the change which had taken place in my feelings and habits. I dare not, to this moment, speak assuredly on my Christian character; though I hope that I shall be among the redeemed ones, through the faithfulness of Him who never changes, and who has wrought good for me all my days. Yet this is certain, that I was greatly changed in my habits, my desires, and my pursuits; and that this change took place during a long protracted and acutely painful illness, in which my mind was first brought under the power of dreadful horrors, which were followed by the strongest sensibility of sin, producing an intolerable burden, until some rays of light and hope, from the views of redeeming love set before me, beamed upon my benighted heart. Thus was I led on, thus was I delivered from destruction, thus was I induced to adopt the way in which I should go.

“We remained three months in Mr. Arnot’s house; and on the day previous to our departure, this excellent man spoke to me, in a manner, and on a subject of such peculiar interest to me, as I never can forget.

“We were walking on the roof of his house, in the cool of the evening, in a situation whence we could discern the shipping at some distance. ‘My dear Mrs. Milbourne,’ he said, ‘you are the oldest friend I have in India; and to-morrow you leave us, and I shall probably never see you more on earth; but I shall always think of you with pleasure, and with gratitude to God for all he has done for you. You were a giddy young creature, without religion—excuse me for saying so,—when you came to this country. On your arrival, you were immediately thrown into contaminating society, and were on the eve of attaching yourself for life to a young man, who, being a decided infidel, would have made you like himself, and ruined you both soul and body; but the Almighty would not permit this to befall you. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world next assailed you, and had your dear offspring been spared you, you might have ruined them ere you knew the value of their souls: but neither was this to be; these little redeemed ones were to be secured; and their heavenly Father, in removing them from you, fixed their happiness for ever, and delivered you, per-

haps, from the anguish of seeing your children rise up, but not to bless you.'

" 'In the history of your only surviving daughter, you see also the goodness of God; and in his afflicting providences, by which you have lately been brought to a sense of the importance of religion, you have a new and still stronger proof of that divine goodness which has decreed your deliverance from all evil, both now and for ever. You have, therefore, nothing to do, my good Madam,' added the excellent man, 'but to give the glory to God for all past deliverances, and to cast all cares for the future on Him who has hitherto cared so truly for you.'

"I was much affected by this address; and, thanking my old friend for the interest he took in me, I besought him, when I was gone, to extend that interest to my uncle.

"He sighed, and I thought shook his head; but he assured me that the poor old gentleman should not lack his services.

"The next day we embarked on board a boat to go down to Sauger. Mr. Arnot and my uncle accompanied us to the *ghaut*. My uncle could not speak when I parted from him; and I stood on the deck of the pinnace, looking on my Indian friends, till the windings of the river rendered it impossible for me to see them any more.

"Thus passed my Indian life; and thus closed all my Indian affairs.

"A voyage of five months brought us to England. We landed at Gravesend, and hastened into Worcestershire. We arrived at Worcester after two days' and one night's hard travelling; and taking a chaise-and-four, arrived, about four in the afternoon, in that woody vale, so long and tenderly remembered, through which the clear and modest Teme winds her secret course, and where no burning *siroch* blows, or pestilential vapours rise.

"The old white house, which had been visible to us from the opposite side of the valley, presently appeared again as soon as we had crossed the bridge; and in less than twenty minutes I saw on the green lawn, in front of the venerable mansion, a friendly group await-

ing to receive the travellers with open arms and open heart.

“The carriage stopped at length, but not till my beating heart had almost overpowered me; and foremost of the party rushed forwards my Mary-Anne, all other persons giving way, and threw herself, half fainting, into her parents’ arms.

“For some minutes I could look on no other than this lovely child who, in the first moments of her joy, had uttered that sweet sound, ‘My mother! my dear, dear mother!’ But after I had once and again pressed her to my heart, I came forward to meet the embraces of Euphemia, and of the venerable grandmother, now tottering and bending down with age. My son-in-law too was presented to me, the second Lucy, and the younger children of Euphemia. Mr. Fairlie himself also claimed my notice, and others of the family whom I had formerly known, all of whom were married.

“But how can I describe this meeting, when such was my state of mind that I do not recollect how I got into the house, or how I came to be seated on a sofa, in a large room, with the venerable mother on one side of me, and Euphemia on the other; all the rest of the happy party being gathered about Mr. Milbourne, with the exception only of my daughter and her husband, who had both disappeared.

“‘But Mary-Anne,’ I said, ‘where is she? Let me see her;’ and I was going to chide, when I saw her enter again, smiling most sweetly and followed by her husband, who was very carefully carrying something white in his arms.

“The charming young pair came close to me, and, both kneeling, the husband held before me a little sleeping baby, about two months old, fair as alabaster, and fast asleep, utterly unconscious of the interest which he was exciting. ‘Dearest mother,’ said my beloved daughter, ‘here is your little Henry—another little Henry!’ and, as she spoke, the conflict of tenderness and joy occasioned her to burst into a flood of tears.

“‘Your child! my Mary-Anne, my child!’ I said. I could add no more; and seeing Mr. Milbourne pressing forward, it was with difficulty I could keep myself from fainting. My cup indeed was running over.

I was truly happy. I was oppressed with a sense of my unworthiness. My pride and ingratitude, in former times, rose up before me, and served to subdue and humble me.

“Four happy years are past since that blessed day. Mr. Milbourne and I are residing in a comfortable but not magnificent dwelling, near our dear children. Other children are added to our little Henry; and, like Job, I rejoice again in my children, and am straitened for room, for the multitude of my little ones. Nevertheless, through the divine mercy, I have ceased to expect and desire a garden of roses on earth; for I have felt the thorns which are produced in this baneful climate; and I now long after those regions of pure delight where sin no longer exists, and from which all evil is banished.

“The reader of my narrative must not, however, suppose that I am become a second Euphemia, or that there is any thing like her excellence in my character. No; I am a poor broken down creature, always weak in body, and sometimes so in mind; obliged often to keep my chamber, and to exclude myself from society. But I am enabled, through the divine mercy, not to disturb others with my ailments, nor to wish to exclude my excellent husband from his enjoyments, or to use such restraints towards my children as to make them uneasy: and few are the days in which I am not delighted with the younger members of our family enjoying their sports beneath the windows. As to Mr. Milbourne, he is become young again; health has bloomed afresh in his cheeks; and he has lost his reservedness: and it is pleasing to see him surrounded by his grandchildren, or carrying one of them in his arms.

“And here I would conclude my history, filled with gratitude towards Him who has delivered me from every evil: but supposing that my reader will feel some satisfaction in hearing more of my uncle's family and Mr. Arnot, I shall add such information as I have been able to gather.

“Mr. Arnot still lives, and is active in the blessed work of serving his fellow-creatures in Calcutta. My poor uncle is no more; but his death, as Mr. Arnot expressed himself in his letter which brought the news

of the old gentleman's decease, was not without hope. Immediately after we left India, my uncle was seized with a violent attack in the liver, under the roof of Mr. Arnot. It was impossible to remove him; and the old gentleman expressed his satisfaction that he had not been seized thus suddenly at his own house. Thus was an opportunity afforded by Providence to Mr. Arnot for promoting the spiritual good of the poor old man.

“He informed me, however, that the old gentleman fought hard against conviction. ‘Never, never,’ said he, ‘did I witness such a warfare. Your uncle, Mrs. Milbourne, proved himself a man of iron; but rock, iron, and adamant must yield to the influence of the Spirit of God, which is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword. And I had the inexpressible delight of seeing the old rock broken down, and the adamant and iron dissolved, some weeks before the spirit of your uncle took its departure.’

“Mr. Arnot then proceeded to describe the penitent, subdued, and contrite state of the old man, and his expressions of anguish respecting his former life, his unhappy connexions, and the neglect of his children. Gatty was the last of these of whom he spoke by name, calling her his happy little Gatty.

“Mr. Arnot concluded by saying, that exceedingly bright and glorious views of redeeming love had been vouchsafed the aged convert shortly before his death, so that he now enjoyed the most pleasing confidence of his happiness.

“Julia still lives with her husband in Calcutta, and is sunk deeply into the lowest order of half Indian, and half European morals and manners. Celia and her husband are lost in the *jungles*—lost, I fear, in every sense of the word. The two young men in the hills are completely amalgamated with the natives. Lucretia married to a sergeant major, in the Company's service, and died soon after, leaving one child. Lizzy and Stephen live together on an indigo-factory in the Sunderbunds. But the whole family are altogether so entirely degraded, and so much, which is discreditable to them in every point of view, has been told of them in India, that their sister Euphemia can only weep for them; though she is prepared to do any thing for them which circumstances

may call for, and she has actually sent to India to request that the daughter of Lucretia, who is called Gertrude, and who is in the orphan-school in Calcutta, having lost her father as well as her mother, may be sent home to her as soon as she is old enough to undertake so long a journey, piously hoping to find in this poor infant a second little Gatty."

When the lady of the manor had finished the Garden of Roses, the young people began to express their astonishment at certain parts of the story. "We should hardly have believed it possible," said they, "that any Englishman could have been so entirely careless of the soul of his partner, as to live with her till advanced age, and suffer her to die, undisturbed, in the errors of superstition in which she had lived."

"I am sorry to say," replied the lady of the manor, "that examples of this kind were by no means rare in India a few years since: and I myself have known more than one in which a connexion of this kind, with a heathen woman, has ended, not in the conversion of the unbeliever, but in the apostacy of the nominal Christian. Hence the wisdom of the Apostle's command, *Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.*" (2 Cor. vi. 14.)

The lady of the manor then called her young people to prayer.

A Prayer for Deliverance from Evil.

"O THOU eternal Lord Jehovah, who formedst the plan of man's salvation ere thou hadst set this globe in the empty air; and who, in thine infinite goodness, didst appoint the sufferings and death of thine only Son as the means of triumph over Satan and sin on earth; deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from all evil, and, in thy mercy, save us from the consequences of our sinful doings.

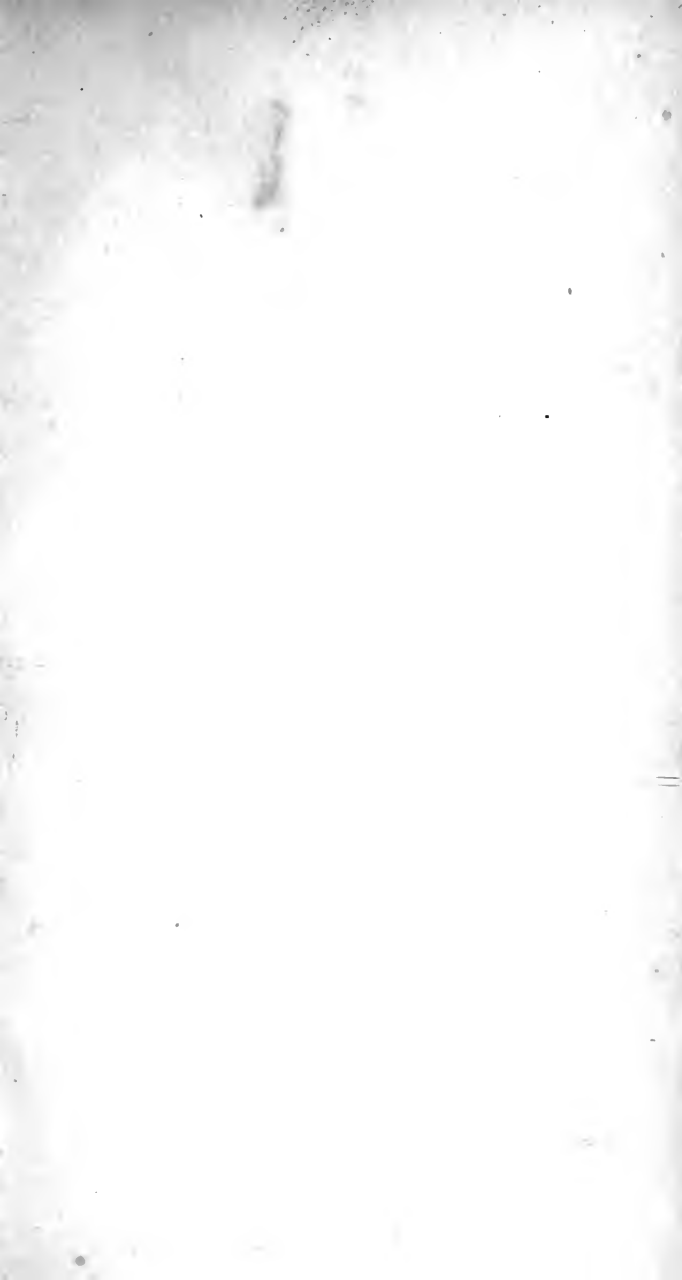
"Thou hast promised that all things shall work together for good to those who are adopted into thy family. O, leave us not, therefore, to ourselves; but guide us through the dangers of this present life as a mother guides her infant child. Suffer us not to turn

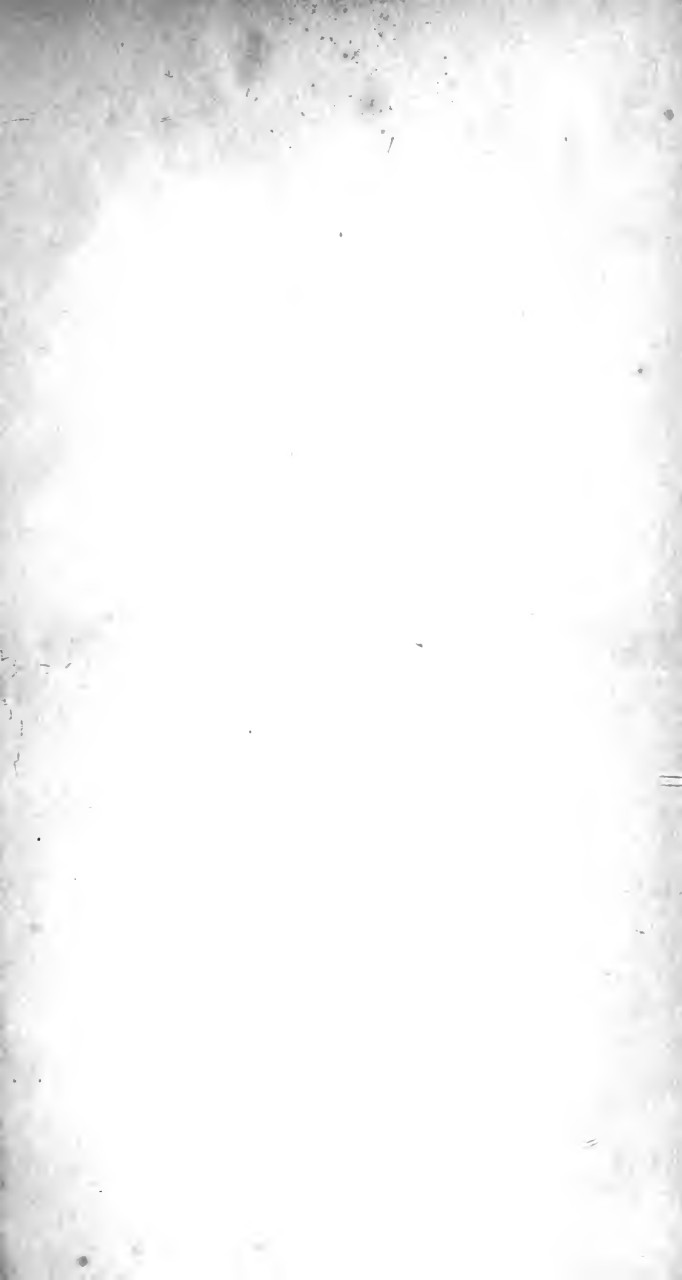
from thy ways: but, though the path should be difficult and painful, still, in thy tender mercy, lead us forward to the end.

“ We know not what is good for us; we know not what to desire, or what to avoid; bestow, therefore, upon us, we beseech thee, an obedient and child-like temper, that we may place a thorough dependence on thee, and rest assured that all thou ordainest is for our benefit both in time and eternity. Enable us to say, Thy will, O God, be done; and in seasons of joy and sorrow, alike to give glory to Thee.

“ And now to Thee, O Holy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour for evermore. Amen.”

END OF VOL. VI.











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