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OWEN CASTLE;

OR,

WHICH IS THE HEROINE?

A Novel.

—
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

—
BY

MARY ANN SULLIVAN,

*ACTRESS OF THE THEATRES ROYAL, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER,
NEWCASTLE, BIRMINGHAM, AND NORWICH.*

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below. POPE.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. IV.

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OWEN CASTLE;

OR,

Which is the Heroine?



CHAPTER XXXI.

THE base designs of Mrs. Wallace, with respect to Omphale, had in part succeeded, Lord Merioneth was enamoured by her beauty and sportive wit, and he anxiously sought opportunities to court her dangerous favour, which the baron was not slow to observe; her extreme extravagance, disregard of appearances, and the odium of his friends, all heated his jealousy to an alarming height, and he often threatened to dissolve a connexion

that brought on him nothing but involvements and his own abhorrence. Earl Northerland had greatly interested himself in the baron's affairs, and painted to him the deformity of her conduct to Augustus in such a striking manner, as to convince the baron of the necessity of speedily abandoning her to her vices. She had heard, by means of a domestic belonging to Earl Northerland's establishment, the extraordinary escape of Augustus from the Parisian madhouse, with the great influence he held over his lordship, whom she knew had been her enemy with the baron; and she set her inventive malice at work to disturb the harmony of the families that were on such friendly terms. To this point she directed her

discourse when Lord Merioneth called on her. "Your lordship is late, (cried she, with a reproofing pat of her soft hand on his shoulder) I have been waiting for you some time."

He apologized.

"Don't pretend such penitence, you vile creature (she laughingly returned); you are but this moment come from Lord Orkley's. Well! you have the oddest taste in beauty—(his lordship coloured). Nay, now you are angry at my arraigning your choice. Every man has his peculiar fancy, and you are not alone. The mulatto newly-made ladyship has had other admirers, I assure you."

“ You surprise me, madam; her ladyship is not long arrived from the West-Indies, or America.”

“ Do you suppose she came alone ?”

“ Some female friend, I suppose, conducted her to England.”

“ Rather say a *passionate admirer*, who has been bribed to secrecy, in order to preserve her ladyship’s tarnished reputation. Did not you mark, how she trembled and dreaded my observing her when in the park, and her reserve and haughty carriage towards me, because I was too well acquainted with her amour.”

“Heavens! madam, how you amaze me; and his lordship has dared to propose her to me, one tainted in reputation. Pray what is the name of the gallant?”

“Now you press too far on my good nature. I will not reveal his name, and am sorry that I inadvertently mentioned having any knowledge of her; but her ingratitude had hurt me, and we women are sad tell-tales. But I won’t suffer you to breathe a sentence; if you do, I’ll banish you for ever from my smiles. I’ve just said sufficient to put you on your guard against imposition, and I hope you will profit by it.”

“Her agitation is now explained (said

he, anger flashing from his eye), but I am aware of the deception, and it is you, my angel, I have to thank for the rescue of my honour; but I promise to be obedient."

"That's right; and as I am troubled with ennui to-day, pray take me in your barouche for an airing. She rang for her pelisse, and he, though with concealed unwillingness, conducted her to it, and drove to Kensington. Elated at her triumph over Omphale, and the credulity of his lordship, she was all fascination and spirit during the drive.

His lordship was extremely uneasy at the insinuations she had dropped respect-

ing Omphale, though the lightness of Mrs. Wallace's reputation made him doubt the authenticity. "Do you know what has become of that genius, Mr. Swithin?" said he.

"No (returned she, gaily); unless he has taken flight to the mountains, with his spouse."

"He does not appear fit to take charge of her."

"The poor gentleman is not overburdened with penetration; and Lord Orminstead seemed resolute in forcing himself on them.—Alas! and a-well-a-day! yonder comes the gentleman."

Tobit Swithin appeared galloping hastily towards them. "Pray, my lord, have some sport with him." He stopped the horse. "Where hast thou been, killing swine?" cried Mrs. Wallace.

"What you've heard of it (replied Tobit), I thought it wouldn't be long a secret, at least, from you."

"I've a good eye, I can see a church by day light."

"Why, for the matter of that, so can any one that isn't blind," smartly retorted Tobit, imagining he had said a witty thing.

"But the matter."

“Matter enough, and I have to be obliged to you, madam, for your lordly friend, who would come and dine with me.”

“Civil as an orange, and something of its jealous complexion!”

“*Jealous!* and who would’nt be jealous, when he had such a cause. I shan’t enter into the particulars now, but I have sent Mrs. Swithin into Wales, to mamma, who will take care of her, I warrant; and challenged my Lord Orinstead, to let him see he was’nt to intrude on a welchman’s territory with impunity.

“ Oh, *bravo, bravo!*” cried she, heroically.”

“ *Bravo!* yes I don't want spirit: To be sure we did not shed any blood ; the seconds interfered, or we might have done one another a prejudice; but there was a deal of heat between us, particularly on *my side* ; for I supposed my honour was impeached by his lordship's gallantry to Mrs. Swithin. But the second he had chosen, told me it was nothing more than fashionable manners, for that many married ladies had a *cicisbeo*, and that husbands now-a-days thanked them for taking the trouble of attending their wives off their hands. But as I was a country gentleman, and was new to

London manners, his lordship would accept my apology. So I thought it was as well as having a bullet in my head, and I agreed to ask his pardon; so we went home to dinner in a very agreeable way. But as I did not like exactly the gallantry of London, I sent Mrs. Swithin to Rusty Hall, on purpose to keep myself out of harm's way."

"And you did right; it is an excellent plan," said Lord Merioneth. "A wife is a troublesome appendage to a gentleman in town, and many would be glad of one so obedient, as to leave the seat of pleasure for the monotony of the country."

"And you asked his pardon?" said Mrs. Wallace, with a half laugh.

“ I did, because his friend assured me, that his lordship meant no harm. I suppose, madam, you think that a deal of honour lies in having an ounce of lead in one’s body; but if a gentleman is shot, he cares little for his *honour* then I believe, which veers about and wheels over to his antagonist. Fighting is all very well when one can’t help it, but I see no fun in running one’s head against stone walls, when one can be quietly drinking one’s wine in a friendly way.”

“ But *honour*, (cried she) *honour*.”

“ Well, honour makes me call a gentleman out, but honour need not make me kill him; and I find going to fight a

duel, is as good in making a person a man of fashion as the reality."

"You will certainly put it in the paper," said she gravely.

"I didn't think of that myself, but some friend has for me; and I think it is very handsome. How they will all stare at Rusty Hall! Mamma will *faint*, Sabina will be in ecstasies; and half the neighbourhood will go to see them on purpose to wish mamma joy at my escape. But read, read," said he, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "and let your eyes convince you that a man's name for courage does not always depend on *fighting*, but the *appearance* of it. Pray read out

that his lordship may hear." Tobit drew himself erect, and importance swelled every muscle of his face, as Mrs Wallace read aloud the paragraph.

"We are informed that a dispute of a delicate nature, arising between a country gentleman, and a nobleman of noted gallantry, was yesterday terminated in an unexpected and amicable manner. The challenger's courage was like the sensitive plant, no sooner *touched* than it *shrunk*. He became in an instant assured that Cicisbeonism was in perfect *ton*, and confessed the ignorance of high breeding that led him into the *absurdity* of fighting on so *trivial* an affair. His apology was graciously accepted by his lordship.

‘ *What a well bread age we live in!* The fair cause has indignantly fled the scene, but her champion will we trust still continue to grace the spot his *valour* has crowned with perpetual laurel.”

She had just finished, when Lord Orinstead and three other gentlemen rode up. “What! my man of mettle,” cried he, shaking the hand of Tobit, “are you here?”

“That is *fighting Bob*,” whispered one of them to Lord Merioneth, “I could have sworn he had belonged to the family of the *Acres*. I hear my lord you are on the point of matrimony, and no longer one of us. Is it a golden chain, or the rosy band of love that catches you?”

“ Your jibs and jeers he laughs to scorn,
“ No staff so reverend as one tipped with
horn.”

Said Mrs. Wallace, with great spirit.

“ Thank you, madam,” cried the gentleman who had last spoke ; “ admirably said, ’pon my honour.”

“ Yes, and quite in *point*, eh ! my lord ?” Lord Merioneth felt the allusion she so archly made, but did not relish its poignancy.

“ If I were rash enough to take *some*, that I could name (returned he,) I should justly fear a well directed sarcasm. Eh !

Theodosius! Let the galled jade wince,
my withers are unwrung."

"That's severe, Jack, you need not
remind a man of his misfortunes."

"The bait is *gilt*, (said the former
gentleman) or I'll be sworn he would not
bite."

"Prithee have done, I am not in tune for
your rallying," said Lord Merioneth.

"Ah, it is a serious matter, Jack. I vow
you look as if you were already shackled.
What a rueful phiz you draw up! But
where is the *dingy Desdemona*?" cried
Lord Orminstead.

“ Sir !”

“ Sir ! Why Jack, you are not married *yet* ; do for the love of mercy drop that threat'ning aspect ; It is time enough to look grave, when you are *really tied*. Your honest countryman has terrified me to death with his big looks ; I shan't be able to meet you, till I recover his attack. Have you seen the beauty, and her argus ; the Wesh baronet and the lily of the mountain ?”

“ Oh ! I know whom you mean, (cried Tobit,) it is Sir Matthew Fitzowen, and his young wife.”

“ What, do you know her my boy of

valour, will you introduce me?" said one of the gentlemen.

"I dare not, Sir Matthew is so comical in his ways; and if the gout was twitching him, he would not mind my being an old acquaintance, but be very uncivil perhaps, and desire me to leave the house."

"The hesperian fruit should be guarded by a *dragon*, if all men were gifted with the fascinations of Mr. Swithin," said Lord Orminstead.

"Now you are too polite, my lord, and something of a *quiz*. I knew Lady Fitzowen, when Miss Fitzbeauchamp. To be sure she was always *particular* to me,

that I can't deny, and I shall take the liberty of calling, but as for introducing another, I vow I dare not. They arrived but two days ago, and reside in Park Lane. I must wish you now a good morning, gentlemen."

"Nay you are not off, so, (cried Lord Orminstead, laying his hand on the bridle of his horse) we haven't half done with you; your society is so enlivening that you are the very spirit of the company you mix in."

"Yes, (cried Mrs. Wallace) he should have had a place at court, but they have a house too full of such as him, already."

“Bravo, Bravo!” vociferated the gentlemen, and Lord Merioneth wishing to escape further notice, bade them adieu and drove Mrs. Wallace home.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Mrs. Wallace returned to dress, she observed the baron's valet, and asked in a careless manner if there were company to dinner, or if they were to dine *tête à tête*.

He answered with a joyous countenance, that his master dined at Earl Northerland's with his wife and children, and that he had orders to send his wardrobe, and every valuable after him ; he then delivered her a note and withdrew.

“MADAM,

“The voice of conscience has awakened me to a just sense of my cruel treatment of a virtuous wife and children, and proclaims that no peace can ever await a connexion where honour and every desirable sentiment form not a cement; I therefore withdrew my misplaced protection, to give it where duty, affection, and virtue demand, and from this hour bid you an eternal farewell.”

Rage swelled each fibre of her heart, and many moments elapsed before it burst forth in vindictive upbraidings on the baron's ingratitude and avarice. Nor did Earl Northerland escape her fury; she knew he was the counsellor and assistant

of the baron, and the chief means in restoring him to his wife and children. Curses on his interference were copiously showered upon his head, and every expression a woman robbed of luxury and profusion, could be supposed to bestow on those she had reason to conclude had conspired to foil her arts, fell on the happy groupe that assembled at his lordship's.

The house was in the greatest confusion; upholsterers were taking down the draperies and removing every article of furniture; the carpets were rolled up, and every apartment but her dressing room, was in disorder.

“What's the meaning of all this,” she demanded from the principal domestic.

“ The baron, madam, gave orders for its execution immediately, I know nothing more; our wages have been paid, and we all leave the house to night.”

“ Order the carriage I shall dine abroad,” cried she imperiously, and burning with every baneful passion insult and disdain could inflict on such a nature.

“ The baron has sent for it, madam, to convey his children to Earl Northerland’s.”

She muttered a deep curse on their innocent heads, and desired dinner might be served in her dressing room.

“ The cook left an hour ago, madam ; the larder is empty and the fires are all out.”

“ Why was I not informed of this before, (said she, stamping with madness). I was the person whose orders were first to be attended to, and how dare you obey any without first informing me?”

“ The baron's valet, madam, settled every thing according to the orders he had received from his master. We obey the person who pays us, madam.”

“ *Silence*, sir, and desire the valet to come to me.”

The servant murmured something about airs, and left the room; shortly after the valet appeared, and requested to know her commands.

“ Tell your master, sir, that I shall leave this house in the morning, or when I choose, and demand every attendance from the domestics while I remain in this house.”

“ I fear, madam, my delivering your message will be of no service, for his express orders were for me to deliver the key to the owner of the house to-night and if I might advise you—”

“ Advice from you! Insolent familiarity!

Leave the room, and henceforth know whom you address," said she, haughtily passing by him.

"It is my perfect knowledge on that head, madam, that gave me presumption to offer it, (cried he bowing in evident derision and contempt) and I am extremely sorry to say, that you must remove your property yourself, as your maid has departed. When you are ready madam, I will call a *hackney coach*, that will convey you from here as well as my master's carriage, which is much better employed in the service of his children and amiable lady.

A fiend-like look of resentment and

contempt was her only reply, as she flung out of the room, maddened at her debasement to one she conceived so much her inferior.

Her trunks were rudely filled, and hastily put into a coach, which she ordered to Park-lane. On her arrival there, she was informed that Sir Matthew and his lady were alone; the servant was a stranger to her person, and conducted her and her luggage to a parlour adjoining the hall, and soon sent Sir Matthew, who hearing a lady desired to speak with him, hobbled to receive her. His astonishment was great at the sight of his old colleague in former designs, he could not disguise his reluctance to comply with her desire of

being accommodated in his house for a few days, and plainly stated his objections.

“ You refuse my request,” said she, sternly regarding him, “ and this is the gratitude you shew in reward for my assisting you in your marriage. What do you fear? I am no *man*, to create your jealousy; and as for the fantastic modesty of your lady, who may not receive me in the warmest manner; leave me alone to combat that.”

The baronet promised to entertain her for a few days. He would have denied this favour, if his former obligations had not forced him to grant it.

Lady Fitzowen was *thunderstruck*,

when her husband led Mrs. Wallace into the drawing room, and without uttering a word, prepared to leave them.

“*Stay*, Lady Fitzowen, (cried Mrs. Wallace, with an humble and beseeching voice,) stay a moment. That I am an unwelcome intruder, I can well suppose; but when I inform you that *distress* has obliged me to entreat your hospitality for a *few days* only, I am aware that your *charitable* nature will not deny this small request.”

“Your own *conscience*, madam, (returned her ladyship, with virtuous dignity) may answer for me,” and she moved toward the door.

“Is this the fruit of your *religious life*? (said Mrs. Wallace, stopping before her) is *this* the *charity* you boast.”

“To *deserving* objects, madam, (replied her ladyship) I have never refused it, but I cannot bestow it where neither esteem nor pity prompts. Nature and insulted virtue demand my detestation of one, who has hurried to her grave, a beloved relative; involved me in bondage, and plunged my friends in ruin and disquietude. You may be the guest of Sir Matthew, madam, but never can be mine.” She walked proudly by the intruder, who with all her audacity felt awed by such purity, and attempted not to retard her departure, yet inwardly determined with

demoniac envy, to stigmatize, and, if possible, to pollute it.

The next day, when summoned to dinner, her ladyship, on seeing Mrs. Wallace coolly seat herself, could scarcely refrain from quitting her situation at the head of the table; but the peremptory tone in which Sir Matthew desired her to take a chair, and the look he cast on her, convinced her how impossible it would be to follow the impulse of her outraged feelings; she therefore contented herself with a pointed silence during the meal, and rose as soon as the dessert came in.

Her ladyship retired to her dressing room, where she waited for the appearance

of Sir Matthew until twelve o'clock. Wearied at his long stay, she had just taken up a book to beguile the time, when Mr. Maskall entered, apparently much elevated. He apologized for intruding on her privacy, and loudly blamed Sir Matthew for permitting Mrs. Wallace to remain beneath the same roof with her; insinuated his dislike of her husband's conduct, and expressed his pity for her ill-treatment. "Surely, madam (said he) you ought to revenge yourself on such barbarous usage." He drew his chair nearer to her's.

"A wife, sir (said she, reservedly), cannot wish revenge on him; it is her duty to obey."

“ In all reasonable demands, certainly, madam ; but. you must confess, my dear abused lady, that in the latter instance he greatly degrades you, and not at all honours himself.”

“ I could wish that my husband’s behaviour were such as not to expose him to censure,” replied she, taking up a book to prove her reluctance to listen to him ; and she begged to be alone.

But disregarding her inattention and desire, he went on. “ When I reflect on your youth and loveliness, which all eyes must admire and every heart be too sensible of—” Here he paused, and breathed a heavy sigh, fixing his eyes on her averted

face. "When I contrast his debilitated form with these possessions, and know he does not prize them as he ought, my regret is inexpressible. Oh! madam (cried he), if you knew how deeply you interest me, you would—yes, I am certain you would deign one ray of pity—of hope." He caught her hand, and falling at her feet, poured forth his unhallowed love in the impassioned language of a romance.

She beheld him with indignation, and repelling his advances with disdain, started from the sofa where she sat, when Mrs. Wallace appeared before them. "I beg pardon, madam (she cried), I did not know in what an agreeable way the evening was passing, and shall intrude no longer."

A malicious sneer gathered on her features as she receded.

“ Remain, I command you ! (said her ladyship, in a voice of authority that for an instant astonished her hearers) nor dare to put an unbecoming construction on my actions.”

“ I have put no construction as yet, madam, on your actions (replied Mrs. Wallace, with a bitter smile of ironical respect). Why should you fear it? All conscious rectitude is its own defender, and can defy the defamation of the vile.”

“ You have entered rather mal-a-propos (said Mr. Maskall, in confusion); but if

you have any generosity, you will keep our secret."

Lady Fitzowen stood aghast at the effrontery that insinuated she was an accomplice in his meditative designs on the honour of Sir Matthew.

"I did not think we should so soon be on a *par*, madam, (said Mrs. Wallace, gaily approaching her) or your chilling reception of my visit had not passed without a reproof our present equality might have permitted; but you are a *serious; saint like* sinner, whose puritanic face and cold demeanour might mislead even *me*, who know the world. Come, shake hands, and I promise to be mute."

“ I would sooner clasp a venomous serpent to my breast, than link my guiltless hand in thy contaminated grasp. As for that insinuating monster, who has, by his specious arts, blinded my credulous husband to his adulterous attempt on my honour, I'll unmask—will expose him to the whole world, a disgrace to the sacred profession he hypocritically affects to reverence and serve.” She rang the bell, and desired John, who answered it, to order the carriage, and to send Sir Matthew to the drawing room, to save her from her insulters.

John answered, that his master was so overcome with wine that the servants were obliged to remove him to his cham-

ber, where he soundly slept ; and he dare not order the carriage at that late hour without his permission.

“ Good heaven ! (cried her ladyship) how am I surrounded. Defenceless against my enemies, exposed by my husband to their villainy, without one friend to punish their audacity, or shield me from unmerited contumely ; but I will soar above their malice ; the truly virtuous mind can never be debased or shrink from scrutiny.”

“ Your ladyship is most incontestibly right (said Mrs. Wallace) ; but *appearances* ——”

“ Are certainly against us ; but if you

will permit me, madam, I will explain," said Mr. Maskall to Lady Fitzowen; and passing to the door, continued to Mrs. Wallace, "In the morning, I will be in the study, madam, where I will give you every innocent statement of what may injure that lovely lady in your opinion. He bowed, and disappeared.

His departure was followed by a contemptuous laugh from Mrs. Wallace, who drawing a bundle of papers from beneath her lace veil, that had been carelessly thrown across her shoulders, presented them to her ladyship with a satanic smile.

"What mean you (said she, regarding

her with surprise), and why do you insult me with your presence ?”

“ Here is entertainment. Peruse these letters (said she, still holding them forward for her reception) and here is also a newspaper, which if you condescend to look over, will, I doubt not, please you, and divert a melancholly hour.”

“ I once read a newspaper (groaned her ladyship, disturbed by the recollection of the heart-rending information it contained), and I never wish to see another. Leave me.”

“ And yet you lose much by the neglect,” replied she, tauntingly.

“ I desire to be alone. The society of those whose actions are atrocious must ever be repugnant to the lovers of virtue.”

“ Virtue!” cried her inveterate intruder, with mortifying derision, curving her lip, and with disgusting familiarity in her air. “ Virtue! where is the virtue that resists not a form like Maskall’s? Would you indeed taste the joys of boundless love, I will unfold a tale that shall fill each vein with joy; I will be the guardian of your bliss, I’ll ——”


“ *Woman!*” cried Lady Fitzowen, shrinking from her detested touch, for she had grasped her arm and her daring eye

fell full on her lovely face. Shocked at the intimation of her words, she bade her instantly quit her presence.

“*Yes, I will quit you,*” returned she, throwing her arm with triumphant force from her, and malignantly pointing to the papers which she threw on the carpet, said, “*Soon, soon will you bless this moment of ignorance, for sweet and cordial will it be to the approaching one, that shall develope a two-fold misery. You have driven me from you ; soon will you curse your folly, and wish in vain for my proffered assistance.*” Her face shone with savage exultation as she darted from the dressing room, that made the blood recoil with terrifying sickness from the

heart of her ladyship, who fearfully took up the papers that were scattered at her feet. They were letters, the hand, the recent date, the signatures all rushed with such force to her tortured sight and memory, that giving a scream of distracted surprise she fell prostrate on the floor, and was conveyed cold, motionless, and without a sign of life, to her bed chamber.

CHAP. XXXIV.



THE hastening nuptials of the now reinstated Rufus Marmaduke with the gentle Lady Sarah, made the mansion of Lord Orkley the scene of happy tranquillity. The pensive cast of his daughter's mind was impressed with pity for the cruel fate of Lady Fitzowen, whom she had seen but once since her arrival in London, and the form of Augustus that ever floated before her eyes, had renewed the picture of their former loves in the

despondent bosom of the still tenderly attached Omphale.

As the intended marriage was now become public, Jonathan hastened to London, and cherished the hope of turning Lady Sarah again to her persuasion; but his skilful preaching was heard without effect, and he was obliged to go back without his proselyte. In the hall he met Chloe, whom he had often importuned on the suspicious state of Lady Sarah's heart, but she never disclosed or even satisfied his curiosity with a confirmation of his doubts, though from her attendance on her mistress, frequent opportunities had occurred to let her into the state of affairs.

He stopped short at beholding her, and shaking his head emphatically cried, "Thou art like unto a dark lanthorn in the hand of an evil doer. When the righteous seek him he turneth it round and shutteth out the light ; yea, he screeneth the flame from the path of the just, and leaveth them in total darkness."

"Why, (said David, who now served Omphale) why should you be so cross and black about the sweet Lady Sarah's marriage with a good young parson? I'm sure he'll make her as good a husband as any stiff-necked quaker."

"My body, friend, is erect, so are my deeds, (returned Jonathan, drawing him-

self still straighter: "The crooked windings of deceit are not known amongst the brethren: we are all upright men!"

"That I believe," replied David, looking slyly at his formal figure.

"Thou mayest believe the thing that is true, although there is a sneer on thy face, and a waggish sparkle in thine eye, that contradicteth thy words."

"I don't mean, friend Jonathan, to affront you (said David), because you are, I hear, a charitable man to the poor, and ought to be respected; but why don't you make merry sometimes, as we do; sing and

dance, and tell funny stories, and be entertaining.”

“ Friend, (said he, his visage becoming very grave) I was never entertaining—but once.”

“ Well! I should like to have seen and heard you, vastly,” said David.

“ There was a fire in my native village which burned down the poor house and many dwellings. I gazed on the flames with great sadness.”

“ You should have run and helped to put them out,” impatiently said David.

“The hand of man could not prevail, and many tenements were destroyed, and the women and children ran about with scarce any covering. Yea, I heard their lamentations over the ashes of their goods and dwellings with pity; my breast waxed into sorrow, and I turned away. The next morning I gathered together my stores, which were not mighty, but a little multiplies when charity is in the breast of the giver, and thankfulness abideth with those that receive; my brethren did help my willingness by many mites, and a subscription did build anew the poor habitations that were burned to the ground. In my father’s barn I did spread a board with bread and wholesome food for many days, at whose

head I did stand, and saw the hungry feed; I did also tell parables of righteousness, and did sing psalms, and was merry, for my heart was cheered by the orphans' and widows' tears of grateful thanks. I was then entertaining, friend, was I not?"

"You were indeed, sir (said David bowing), and I wish I may ever be as good a man."

"All dat very well, but me love song and dance—no harm neither," cried Chloe, skipping lightly over the marble pavement of the hall; and Lady Sarah, she like dance too."

"Yea, now thou hast said it; she hath

danced unto Belzebub's fiddle, until he hath led her astray. Oh! woman, woman!" he gave a deep sigh, and proceeded to his horse that was in waiting.

"This is an old horse, sir," said David, respectfully giving him the stirrup.

"Yea, friend, he is quiet, and troubleth me with no viciousness. We are old acquaintances. He was a foal when I was born, and has been now forty-one years in the world. He is not without faults; he stumbleth like unto a sinner, over nothing, and were it not for a check, would fall in the highway of danger."

"Why don't you shoot him, sir, and

get another ; he is past work, has scarce an eye to see with, is broken winded, broken knee'd, and no manner of use, only to eat his provender. If he was mine, I would send him to the dogs."

Jonathan had seated himself on his abused and aged beast ; but on hearing David, turned with a comic seriousness towards him, and patting the neck of his old horse, said, " This has been a faithful servant unto me for many years. Put the case to thyself, friend ; wouldst thou not think it hard, if thou, after forty-one years of servitude, was to hear thy master say, ' David is now past labour, and only eateth up my bread ; he is nearly blind, lame, and is plagued with asthma and

rheumatic pains. I will turn him away, and he may go to the dogs?' Yea, then wouldst thou feel the value of a true friend, that in thy old days did not forget the activity of thy youth," so saying, he moved slowly off.

David, on turning into the hall, was met by Winifred. "Oh! David (cried she), I've been seeking you every where. There is such a rumpus above stairs; they will surely kill my dear sweet Lady Fitzowen!" She then proceeded to acquaint him, that Lady Fitzowen had that morning left Park Lane, and that Sir Matthew had come in haste to bring her back. "There he is, storming at my poor lady, and she is crying, and such a hubbub as I never heard."

This was a true account of what was passing. The letters Mrs. Wallace had maliciously put into her ladyship's hands, had discovered a system of treachery that had for many months been practising against her, and now completely destroyed the composure she had laboured to acquire. The sight of her husband was dreadful; his cruel treatment and newly-disclosed villainy rendered him and his confederate, Mr. Maskall, so abhorrent to her eyes, that she fled in a moment of suffering and distraction from his presence, and sought the consoling aid of protecting friendship.

Mrs. Wallace left the house to seek a new abode, enjoying the tumult she had

raised, and the disgrace so rash a step would throw upon the unhappy truant.

Sir Matthew soon learnt her place of shelter, and instantly demanded from Lord Orkley his wife, who he supposed had seduced her from her obedience. His lordship sought to mitigate his anger, by beseeching his patience, and declaring his innocence of his accusation; but every remonstrance was useless. Nothing could allay the torrent of passion that flowed from his lips. He spurned all efforts that were made to abate his wrath, and in a peremptory voice cried, "By a husband's authority I command you, Lady Fitzowen, to follow me home, or dread an injured lord's fury."

“ The power of millions should not make me follow one step the man who has inhumanly beguiled me.—Oh! my friends, did you know the arts that have been practised against me, you would compassionate my misery,” cried her ladyship, supplicating their pity and interference.

“ Is it thus, madam (said the baronet), that you fulfil the duties of a wife? To fly your home and abandon your husband. Are you aware of the everlasting blemish this conduct casts upon you?”

“ I had been content (replied she) to have borne the tyranny you have ever exerted towards me until this moment,

had you not exposed me to the insidious addresses of your wily confidant ; in disbelieving my assurances and avowed dislike of his villainy ; next to insult me, by forcing into my presence a woman whom of all others in the world I had most reason to hate, as the combining foe against my happiness ; the enemy of my departed aunt, whose injustice drove her to a prison, and finally caused her ever-lamented death. A woman, whose tainted morals and depravity have brought her to the level of the vilest of her sex, and thrown her for ever from the notice of the virtuous. Thus it was you performed your oath of protector, of councillor, of tender companion.—Ask your heart, Sir Matthew, if have you been to me either a

gentle guardian or a soothing friend—loving, kind, or generous? No, heaven is my witness (she continued, her eyes turned upwards in appealing sorrow) you have not. Think you, that after reading this, and this (here she pointed to the letters she had received), I can ever look on you again? Have you not blasted my youth with never-ending regret, and crushed in the very moment of coming bliss, my long promised joys? Oh, monster! what had we done to injure you, that you should relentlessly doom us to perpetual despair?" She burst into an agony of tears, and pressed the letters to her bosom.

Sir Matthew, irritated at her just com-

plainings, seized her arm, and forcing her to rise, repeated his command for her to return home.

Lord Orkley attempted to persuade him to desist.

“ She is *my wife*, (cried the baronet, rage flushing in his eyes, and stamping madly on the ground) and I’ll make the proudest here feel my vengeance who dares to impede my lawful power.”

“ Oh, my friends! (said she,) am I indeed left to his mercy. Is there none who will save me from tyranny, cruelty, and madness?”

Earl Northerland entered the drawing

room unannounced. He started back at the affecting scene before him, and gazed with astonishment on the pale but beautiful features of Lady Fitzowen, who in an attitude of entreaty sought to interest her beholders, whose hearts were with her but dare not oppose a husband's right. " Oh, mother ! (she exclaimed) angelic spirit of the murdered Eliza ! Deign from thy seraphic realms to look on thy wretched child, and snatch her to thy heavenly bosom, where she may repose in eternal peace. Oh ! woe to my father's cruelty ! Woe to the hand that made me a destitute orphan !"

" *Enough, enough !* (cried Lord North-erland, rushing forwards, and clasping her

in his trembling arms;) living picture of my *slaughtered, loved Eliza*, receive a *father, a repentant father*, in thy filial embrace!

“*Father!*” said the astonished object of his fond endearments, and sinking on her knee, reposed her beauteous head upon his bosom, who overpowered by his strong emotions, had also dropped upon his knees, and in dumb transport fervently pressed her to his beating and parental heart..

“*Child! my child!*” “*My father! my father!*” were for many moments the only words that escaped the kindred strangers; while tears of joy glistened in

every eye, but that of the baronet; who saw the meeting of a repentant parent and a suffering daughter without one smile of pleasure or tender tear of sensibility. "He is her *father*, (whispered his callous heart,) but he cannot take her from my *superior hold*."

"Image of my sainted Eliza! to thee will I endeavour to atone for the wrongs she meekly sunk under;" said the earl, supporting to a sofa his daughter, who, drawing a miniature from her bosom compared it for an instant with the fondly beaming countenance before her: then threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "It is, it is—my *father*! and I am not without protection. He will not again desert his unhappy child."

“ *Never*, my suffering innocent! I know the story of your life, and longed to meet your duteous embrace. These amiable ladies last night divulged the sorrows of my child, at which my accusing heart ached with compassion.”

“ When this tedious ceremony is over, (said the baronet imperiously regarding the earl) I may conduct my wife to her forsaken home ?”

“ Hard-hearted man! (returned his lordship) can nothing touch your flinty bosom? Have you no comprehension of the feelings of a parent at this trying moment. The ecstatic blessing of enfolding a long deserted child within your

arms, can never be known to *you*. *Obdurate, selfish and perverse*, you steal a jewel from my throbbing heart that renews the vital stream within my veins, and talisman-like, charms me to a life I had loathed for years."

Sir Matthew largely expatiated on the elopement of his wife, and proclaimed himself the injured person, and swore no earthly consideration should persuade him to return to his home without *her*."

"Fear not, my child, (said Earl Northerland) a father's presence shall insure protection and indulgence for you. You will not surely refuse to admit a

father to his child,” continued he, addressing Sir Matthew, who, with an ill grace acceded to his wish; and Lady Fitzowen, shielded by the tender authority of a parent, was persuaded to return to Park Lane. When calmness was restored to the bosom of her ladyship, she made known her provocations for flight; she then gave a bundle of letters into her father’s hand, and after having read them, implored his compassion and interference in separating her from a man who had so vilely trapped her into marriage. Earl Northerland took them with great interest to the study, and with a melancholy curiosity began to peruse them.

“ MY ADORED GRACE,

“ How shall I word a letter that will, from its unexpected appearance, cause the most tumultuous joy in your susceptible bosom ; for my flattering heart whispers that the fate of your ever ardent lover is not indifferent, though his absence has been tediously long, and contending circumstances of no trivial nature have combined to retard his desire of relieving the anxiety of his beloved. I fear the papers have been the occasion of great distress to my parents and yourself, as I understand my name has been inserted among the killed, in a dreadful skirmish ; an occurrence as uncommon as cruel, for the returns are ever, for the most part, correct ; but in this instance there is

much excuse, as you will justly allow, on reading my miraculous escape from the pangs of death, for the unfounded insertion. In the attack I, with my company, took by order an ambush station; the Americans fought desperately; our force was scattered, yet victory was on *our* side. I was covering the retreat of a party, whose triumphant courage had inspired the enemy with savage rancour, and who endeavoured to cut through our little body of resolute resistance with ferocious vengeance; but we maintained our ground with dauntless intrepidity, and our troops effectually gained the day. Those who had most engaged the attention of their assailants, were butchered in a shocking manner.

“Several of my bravest brother officers and soldiers fall, covered with wounds, frightful victims of British valour. Nor did I escape, but was disabled in so desperate a way, as to bid defiance to hope. I was secured and made prisoner by the enemy, and languished in confinement for about two months. One night, when all was still, I heard a person enter my wretched apartment, and approach softly towards my bed, and a female voice, in the language of my native hills, desired me to rise and put on a dress she had procured, in which she promised my escape. I obeyed her with doubtful joy; but being weakened by severe illness, could not dress myself, without her assistance, in the new costume that she presented.

When I was ready, she led me silently along the passages of the prison, when we were suddenly met by a man bearing a torch, who stopping for a moment, unlocked a small door, and eyeing me attentively, pushed us out, and barred it on the inside. My companion then clasped her hands in silent gratitude, and bade me quicken my speed. We ran along a dead wall, by uncertain star-light, for a considerable distance ; when she suddenly stopped, and in a low voice, whispered the word, *Maurice*, twice. A stout figure then joined us, who on opening a dark lanthorn discovered the corse of a sentry on the ground ; we then with great difficulty climbed a large iron-gate, and when on the other side again commenced

our running, and at length day-light found us within the lines of our own encampment.

“ In my brave deliverers I recognized a soldier of my own company, and his wife a Welch-woman. When free from the fear of pursuit, she explained the means by which she had so fortunately befriended me and her husband. The number of sick in the prison called for additional attendants ; she had petitioned to be admitted to nurse her husband and me ; she was permitted to perform this duty, and by her tender care restored us both to liberty.

“ The prison being so extremely full, the

good woman and another nurse, a native
a woman of a very masculine appearance,
were obliged to sleep in an outer building.
They usually departed together about
twelve o'clock at night, and were received
in the morning as soon as the gate-keeper,
was ready to admit them. On the event-
ful night, my deliverer administered a
strong portion of laudanum to her female
companion, and disguising her husband
in her clothes, conducted him safely by
the door-keeper and sentries. When
secured from observation, she returned
with the borrowed clothes, and by the
time the midnight watch was set, again
sallied forth with me. None of the present
guard had intelligence of her being before
from the prison, and having given the

countersign which she had overheard, we escaped to the iron gate, where her husband had sprung on the sentry, and to secure our safety, plunged a sharp knife suddenly into his breast, and thus vanquished the only remaining obstacle that lay across the path of liberty. When my reappearance was known to the commanding officer, he graciously expressed his happiness at my return, and kindly promised to recommend me for promotion, which he was pleased to say I greatly merited. Maurice O'Driscal, the soldier who aided my emancipation, was a corporal, but for his service to me, was soon made a serjeant.

“ Thus, my beloved Grace, I was restored

to the anticipation of future joys, in again meeting thee. Oh my adored! this absence has been in love's account, six hundred years, but will soon end, as I have a hope of gaining leave to return to England. My declining health demands rest, for I have wounds that none but my Grace can heal, by her heavenly smiles and long promised hand, which her humanity will not withhold from her faithful soldier. By the spring I cherish the fond expectation of holding in my arms the treasure of my soul, my beloved Grace; till then, adieu. I have written to my dear parents by the same conveyance, and beg that you will bless me with a letter by the same packet, which they will dispatch immediately,

that I may have the cheering stimulus and contemplation, that my love and parents are enjoying perfect health, and impatiently anticipating my return. May every guardian power watch over and protect my adored, until I can shield, by the affectionate tenderness of a husband, your every hour from obtruding care. Once more. farewell, and ever believe me to be your faithful and ardent lover,

WILLIAM MURRAY."

This letter arrived at Owen Castle, at the very time Grace was at the wood-cutter's in the forest ; Sir Matthew made no scruple of opening it, and was astonished at its contents. He wrote to Mrs. Wallace, who assisted in arresting the aunt of the

helpless girl, and sent her into the toil her enemies had prepared. This was done to prevent her meeting her beloved William, and it succeeded beyond their most sanguine wishes.

The parents of Captain Murray, on hearing the sudden marriage of their intended daughter with Sir Matthew, forbore to address or reproach her; conceiving her to be *unworthy* the tender regard of their son. They contented themselves in expressing their displeasure by a silent contempt, while the innocent offender blamed them for unmerited unkindness: Thus was she kept in happy ignorance of the existence of her William.

Captain Murray was stung to the heart at having received no answer from his love; jealousy and fear took possession of his breast on being informed by his mother (for she feared the true statement of her conduct would have too powerful an effect,) that Miss Fitzbeauchamp's attachment had been *weakened* by so long an absence, and implored him to forget her. He wrote by every packet, letters couched in the tenderest strains of reproaching love, complaining of the delay, that kept him still in America; none of these reached Lady Fitzowen's hand, but were concealed by Sir Matthew with exulting villainy.

At Plymouth, where he had arrived

within the last month, he was met by Theobald Raymond, who in pity broke the marriage to him, with all the distressing circumstances, and persuaded him to withhold from seeing her, as the meeting would increase her misery, and not relieve his own. He buried himself in the retirement of his parent's abode, and lingered near the castle, the spot of love and despair, In the dark of the dewy eve he would wander round, and gaze unseen on his lost Grace; but this indulgence was of short duration, Sir Matthew had heard of his arrival, and dreading their meeting, hurried his victim to London.

Mrs. Wallace had been shown by the baronet, with gratified villainy, the secret-

ed number of the wretched lover's letters, who exulted with him in the victory over his youthful rival.

The contemptuous coldness the wronged object of their united baseness had expressed towards her at her unwelcome intrusion, inspired her with the fiend-like desire of overthrowing the self-possession and calm resignation of her ladyship, by a disclosure of the treachery carried on. This was ample vengeance; and her corrupt heart, judging by its own impurity, prognosticated the speedy fall of her ladyship's honour, when hatred of a cruel husband and a lover's impetuosity should combine to shake her virtuous resolves. But the wise and merciful Disposer of all

events had sent a father to sustain his suffering and irritated daughter in the pious principles she had imbibed, and to yield a dutiful obedience to his directing voice.

The presence of Earl Northerland taught the baronet to adopt a different mode of conduct to his wife, who, graced by high birth and every appendage of wealth, was an ornament that shed on his name the brightest lustre; and she was now not treated altogether with the same remorseless brutality as the defenceless unclaimed orphan Grace. But the change he made in his behaviour did not move the settled resolve of her ladyship, never to live with him again, and

she hourly beseeched her father to break the galling chains, and take her to a place where she might mourn over her wreck of happiness. He soothingly endeavoured to console her affliction, by the constant intercourse of her friends, but could not bring himself to comply with her request of an immediate separation, which would cast a blemish on his name. He procured leave of Sir Matthew to remove her for a short time to his own house, when persuasion and parental advice might reconcile them in future harmony.

Sir Matthew consented to this arrangement; and likewise dismissed the insidious Maskall from his presence.

The delicate constitution of her ladyship was much injured by her secret regret and undermining grief. The recent eclclaircissement had powerfully shook her frame, and the pleasure of finding her father, was overcast by the sorrows of her lover and her own despair. She sunk beneath the conflict, and fell ill, dangerously ill, soon after her removal to her father's.

Lord Merioneth's passion for Mrs. Wallace was of a very transient duration. He saw she was a woman of no principle; and having heard an account of her former life from Lord Orminstead, who, like a liberal self-confessed seducer, had divulged the history of her first transgres-

sion from the path of rectitude, with the many gallantries she had indulged in when mistress to the West Indian. Thus armed against her dangerous allurements, he emerged from her infatuations with a thorough disgust, and timely saved himself from the artful snare she had laid. Thus do we see, that unless the mind of man be entirely vitiated, he will turn from the object where esteem adds not a charm to passion. Lord Orkley had been informed of his visits to Mrs. Wallace, and for that insult to his daughter, dismissed him from any further attendance on her. This *cut* (to use a fashionable term for breaking off a connexion) was felt severely by Lord Merioneth; not that his affection for Omphale was of a nature to

inflict much pain at being rejected by her, but her alliance was much to be desired, as the contiguity of her estates would be admirable, if inserted in his rent-roll. He likewise respected her amiable disposition, and though he could not divine the real foundation for the innuendos Mrs. Wallace had dropped with regard to a former attachment, he felt assured they were as untrue as gross. He made every concession to Lord Orkley, but without moving him to forgiveness, and chagrined as he was by his expectations being disappointed, he bore it as a gentleman, and consoled himself by a fresh pursuit of pleasure. He was not an every day character, yet not striking in his propensities. He had received lessons,

but was not in love with the science of pugilism. He drove four-in-hand, but was not a coachman in appearance, language, or vulgarity. He attended Newmarket races, but was no jockey. The sports of the field were his greatest delight; this did not lessen his dignity, for his pride of ancestry was great; and though weak and unstable in his judgment and resolutions, his proceedings never blemished his origin. He was good from habit, and desisted from vice because he had no satisfaction in its pursuit. This may appear an insipid character, from want of spirit, yet it is natural, and I verily believe, more productive of felicity than one more ardent. Moderation is the grand prop of substantial hap-

piness, and blest is he who is so endowed.

Rufus Marmaduke rejoiced that he was saved the anguish of having supplanted a dearly valued friend; he participated in the misery of the devoted pair, and had his nuptial arrangements permitted, would have flown to embrace his friend, and openly confessed how near he had been robbing him of his beloved Grace, whose melancholy sufferings made his heart bleed with commiseration. He wrote a letter breathing the true state of his heart, what it had been, and what it was; implored the renewal of his friendship, and expatiated on the supreme wisdom of his bountiful Creator, who had

saved him the agony of destroying the felicity of his early and beloved friend; yet, in the midst of his repining, had provided a consoling partner, whose virtue and possessions were more than his turbulent opposition had merited, or wished to obtain. He abjured his former errors, and longed by the most exemplary conduct as a clergyman, a husband, and a man, to wash out their remembrance and effects.

Captain Murray hastened to London, eager to embrace the brother of his affection, and pour into his sympathetic breast the grief that festered in his own.

It is with reluctance that I record the

progress of vice in tracing the steps of Mrs. Wallace, who foiled in her designs on Lord Merioneth, had accepted the protection of a Mr. Egerton, a reputed miser in every thing, but where his own gratifications were to be consulted. He was above fifty, unmarried, and master of immense wealth. The only relatives of this singular man, were a sister and her five orphan children, the eldest a youth of nineteen, possessing talents of a very superior order. The narrow income of his mother, was with the most rigid economy not more than enough to furnish their frugal meals. The youth endeavoured to lighten the burden of his parent by using the scientific excellence he had acquired in painting, and he laboured with unceas-

ing industry to assist his mother. Hearing that his uncle was relaxing in his rigid parsimony, he ventured to solicit his remembrance of a sister and her helpless orphans, all of too tender an age to afford by their efforts, the assistance she required.

Mrs. Wallace saw the suppliant for Mr. Egerton's bounty; she was struck with his person and address, and readily promised to befriend his cause: she succeeded so well as to obtain a small sum of money for their immediate relief, and indicated her hopes of softening the brother in his mother's favour. She pressed his frequent visits with all the winning beauty she was mistress of, and was regard-

ed by him as the benefactress of himself and family. Every hour stolen from labour was given to her society, which the youth thought well repaid by her seductive smiles. Intoxicated by her flattering favours, and poisoned by the cup of dissipation she presented to his lips, he languished for the wealth which at his uncle's death would give him power to indulge the taste for expence and pleasure he had so suddenly imbibed.

One evening, while elevated with wine, and softened by the condescending caresses of his artful but bewitching companion, he exclaimed, "Why! Oh, why! am I thus poor and powerless, when blest with the enchanting smiles of my Arpasia."

“ You have chosen the path strewed with thorns, and left the flowery road of pleasure for the empty reward of conscious integrity. (replied she) I have laid before you, the way to wealth and power, yet you shrink from its pursuit. Though goaded by penury, you tremble to seize what in the course of a few years must be yours. Why should you sit down in contented wretchedness, and see your mother pine in poverty and contempt, and not force the miser to administer to their wants and your enjoyments? Is it not a virtue to take from the overflowing coffers of the rich, that which would otherwise rust within their iron hold, and distribute it to the poor? Believe me, in the sight of heaven it would be an act of charity.”—Thus she argued.

“ But in the sight of man,” said the irresolute youth.

“ When escaped from his vengeance you might laugh at his opinion. It is not the shire love of equity that urges the pursuit of justice, but avarice, that insatiate monster of the miser’s soul. Is it not nobler to make the affluent spare from their luxury, a few hundreds, than to rob or cheat a striving industrious tradesman, who furnishes your miserable board with bread, by not discharging his honest demand?”

“ Most true, most true,” said her weak hearer.

“ I see, (cried she, disdain lightening from her eye, while a dimpled smile graced her beautiful mouth) you want the courage to assert your right, and be the saviour of your family. You fear detection, not the deed. Shame! Shake off this sluggish dread of shadeless doubt, and by a brave and hazardous essay, force the sordid to be just.” Thus did she insidiously sap the unstable morality and virtue of a heart her baneful loveliness had fettered to her will.

He left her with a mind filled with important, but confused schemes for procuring the means to perpetrate a daring crime, and secure her blandishments. He had not strength of mind to controvert

her logical sophistry, but *received*, *believed* and was *undone*.

The simple Winifred had received from Earl Northerland a wedding portion for her affection to his daughter, and with her husband, the equally honest David, removed to his lordship's residence, again to wait upon their beloved mistress.

As Winifred was returning one morning from the city, from executing some business of her own, she met in the Strand a woman in whom she recognised a distant relation, and accosting her in Welch, was confirmed in the assurance. "Oh! who would have thought to have seen *you*, Winny, in this big town?"

“ And who would have thought to have seen *you*, Taffline, as you was gone, my mam said nobody knowed where. I was but a little thing when you went away from Abergavenny, and was taken into Brecknockshire very soon after, by my aunt Lewellyn, yet I remember your kissing me and crying, and saying you was going to a grand place with your mistress.”

“ Ah! (said Taffline,) that was a dreadful journey to be sure, I shall never forget the first night I set foot in this great town, and the tribulations and disasters I met with; and the travels I’ve had since by sea and dry land, will make you bless yourself at the hearing of them, for I married a soldier, one Maurice O’

Driscall, an *Irishman*, and as fine a fighter and as good a husband as any, anywhere. He got leave to come to England with a Captain Murray, the best of officers and men."

" Bless us! (cried Winifred,) if that is'ent the dear Mr. Murray, as we thought was dead, *sweetheart* to Miss Fitzbeauchamp."

" *Who!*" exclaimed Taffline, with surprise and anxiety.

" My mistress, Miss Grace Fitzbeauchamp that *was*, now Lady Fitzowen."

" Then she was not lost! Where is

her mother, my dear mistress, Madam Eliza Fitzbeauchamp," cried Taffline, tears starting in her eyes, and hope speaking in each trembling nerve.

"Oh *laws!* she has been dead years back, when her ladyship was quite a young thing, as I have been told, for it was'ent my place to ask questions."

"Where did she die?"

"In this very place, I believe; I heard Madam Milbourne say, that she died for the loss of her son, as was stolen, for there was never any account of him."

"Oh! my dear, dear lady! I have

been the death of her, (cried Taffline, bursting into tears,) I had master George in my arms when,—but I can't tell you now, Winny, my heart is too full; I was a simple Welch girl, just from the hills, and knowed nothing of London ways. Oh! my beautiful baby, my sweet master George."

"Miss Grace, I mean her ladyship, is very grand now, her father is an Earl, but she's so sick, I fear she won't live, for all the fine fathers in the world."

"Sick! oh, take me to her," cried Taffline, "I can't rest another moment without seeing her."

Winifred conducted her to Earl Northerland, and after preparing her mistress to see her, brought Taffline into her presence.

She had heard at full the particulars previous to her mother's death ; but no trace had ever been found of her servant or child ; anxious to interrogate Taffline, and hoping her account might illustrate the mystery of her brother's disappearance, she sent for the earl, who listened with his daughter to her simple narration, which was as follows.

CHAP. XXXIV.



WHEN my lady with little Miss Grace, in her dear arms, bid me follow her with Master George, after leaving the coach I went along pretty well, but turning to look at a glass shop which mightily pleased Master George, and to tell truth your honour I was as foolish as the baby I had in my arms, for I stood staring in at the window for a good five minutes, when I bethought me, and set off as fast as the folks jostling would let me, down a long

street, but I could not see a sign of my mistress, look which way I would; so I asked a woman that I met where the borough was, and a Mr. Stewart lived, in as good English as I could (for I never spoke any thing but Welch in my own home.) but she laughed, and said she did'ent understand gibberish Welch. Well, I went further and further, till I thought I was ready to die with weariness, when I took heart and asked a civil looking young man the same question; he at last came to understand me, and said, I had best make my way back to the inn I came to, because he said, the lady might send there to enquire for me.

“ And did you ?” said the earl.

“ Yes, your lordship’s honour, I went as he told me, staight back again, but could not call to mind the sign as was right, but asked for the blackymoor’s head.”

“ The Saracen’s head, you mean?” said the earl.

“ Ah, my lord ! if I had the sense of a goose, I might have remembered that, but only just had a glimpse of the sign by lamp-light, and to my thinking it was as black and ugly a face, as any blackamoor’s in the world.”

“ To the point, woman,” cried the earl, impatiently.

“ Yes, your honour, the point is coming; so I travelled a great many streets, and came to a lane, a very loathsome place to be sure it was; but I thought to myself it might be the back door, as I was going round to; but law! I was a weary way off from the Samaritine’s head, as I afterwards found. But I went in, and saw a parcel of soldiers and recruits drinking round the kitchen fire; which scared me; for your honour, I was afeard of a red jacket then, though I have since seen a deal of service in their company. Well, I was sadly vexed and fell a crying, and so did little George, for he was hungry, and wanted to go to his mamma.”

The earl struck his forehead in painful

recollection of the desertion of his innocents, and said, "Woman, go on in your story without comment, or animadversion, or you will drive me mad."

"I am sure your lordship's worship, I don't mean to be tedious, but it is a round about story; and twenty years ago requires a good head piece, to recollect what's gone so long back; but while I was crying, who should jump up from the fireside, but the very Irishman who directed my mistress to Mr. Stewart's, when hur was in the coach. He was very kind indeed, and civil, and gave me some bread and cheese and ale; and master George took greatly to him, and I told him how I had lost my mistress; and he

said, ‘ I must make myself easy, and he would take me to her in the morning, for it was too late that night; and was as comfortable, and mannerful as never was. And he could understand my talk, though nobody else did, for *Irish* and *Welsh* is a deal alike, when folks mind of it.”

“ But the *result*, the *result*,” said his lordship.

“ Dear a me! your honour, there was no insult at all, for he was as modesty, and as pretty in behaviour as any body could be. As for what they say of Irishmen being so bold, they love bashfulness and wouldn’t insult a virtuous young woman, half so soon as another haram skarum rantipole.”

“ Well, well, did you return in the morning ?”

“ I’ll tell your honour. I slept with the servant of the house, and with master George, who cried all night long for his mamma ; and I wanted Mr. Maurice o’Driscal to go with me early in the morning to find my lady. But laws ! I found out he had listed for a soldier, and was going to Deptford to be sworn in ; and was soon to go a great way beyond seas ; he vowed he was my true lover, and said he would not part with me, and if I would go to Deptford he would marry me and take the sweet boy to his mamma, and I should see foreign parts.”

“And you consented,” eagerly demanded the earl, “and took my child with you?”

“I was young and simple, and Mr. O’Driscal was very smart in his soldier’s clothes. He was so kind and civil, and the only person I could depend on smongst strangers. But I wasent in a hurry to be married. No, I said I’d ask my mistresses leave first; for I was in great trouble about her, your honour, for all I was so taken with Mr, O’Driscal; so he good soul consented, and away we went to Deptford in a coach. He went to the officer, while I took a walk in the dock yard with master George; we had been there about an hour, when I heard

a drum beat, and so I ran away to see what it was, like a giddy mad creature as I was, and left master George playing amongst the timber."

"Well, woman! tell me what became of my child," cried the earl, his feelings wound up to the highest pitch of fear and anxiety.

"I don't know, your honour; for when I and O'Driscal came back to seek him he was *gone*, and nobody knew where. I hope your honour won't transport me, for I was young and giddy, and as wild as the hare that runs over the mountains," said Taffline, bursting into tears, and throwing herself at Earl Northerland's feet.

“ Enough (said the earl, struggling for composure, and lifting her up) he was drowned, I suppose.”

“ No, your honour; for there was no water nigh enough for him to toddle in; indeed, indeed, there wasn't.”

“ Did you make no inquiry for my lost boy?”

“ Oh, yes, your honour. O'Driscal inquired of every body, but all to no use; and then he said, I should be transported for child-stealing, if I went to my mistress without poor little master George, which frightened me greatly. and I was nearly out my mind with sorrow and grief, and

did know what to do; but at last, we gave up asking and looking about, for there was no tidings of him. So O'Driscal said, if I wanted to save my life, I must list as well as he, and go to soldiering; and so we were married, your honour, for I dare not look my mistress in the face when I had lost her darling boy; and so I went with my husband to foreign parts, and great trouble and distress I've had. About two years ago, my husband went to America, and there I had the good luck to be of service to Captain Murray, your honour, and my husband is a serjeant in the same regiment, and is come to London, to go to Ireland to see his loving relations. But I hope your honour will be merciful, and not transport me, for I have

told you the true and lawful matter, as I am a living christian woman. When I heard of the death of my sweet and handsome lady (to be sure, you, madam, my lady, was then a little babe, but you are as like her now as two roses on the same stem) but when I heard of her dying of grief all along of me, my heart was quite drawn across with repentance and sorrow ; so I hope your honour, for the sake of my three children, you won't take the law of me," cried she, supplicating his forbearance and forgiveness.

" You have nothing to fear from me, woman (said the earl) ; I am the principal cause of all the distress that hangs on myself and children. Still there is a pro-

bability he may yet be living," continued he, faintly smiling at the hope of clasping him to his bosom.

" Ah! indeed, your honour, and so he may; and if I was to see him, I should know him amongst a thousand, if he was as tall as the monument and as big as a church, for he must be a fine youth now. Aye (continued she), he must be three-and-twenty to-day, for he was just three years old when I had the misfortune to lose him, and that is twenty years ago."

" How should you know him?" demanded the earl, ready to catch at the most slender clue to the discovery of his son.

“ By something very particular,” cried she, sagaciously tossing her head.

“ A mark ?” said his lordship.

“ No, your honour, no natural mark ; but you’ll be angry if I tell you.”

“ If you do not wish to create my displeasure, woman, I charge you instantly to divulge your knowledge, how you should know my son, should you ever meet him ?” said the earl, in a serious tone and frowning aspect, which greatly alarmed Taffine, who tremblingly returned—

“ Why, as my husband and another

soldier were marking their arms with gunpowder, your honour, the night before we went to Deptford, master George was sitting on his knee, and seemed vastly pleased at the pretty marks, and my husband said, he was a fine little fellow, and fit for a soldier; so, your honour, don't be angry, but he marked his little fat shoulder with a small crown, done with a needle and gunpowder; which vexed me sadly, for I know'd how my mistress would take me to task; so I tried to wash it off, but I could not, and Maurice O'Driscal said, he would surely carry it to the grave with him."

"It was the merciful ordinance of heaven, who foresaw that he would be cast

upon the world defenceless and unknown, who inspired your husband with the whim of marking the forlorn innocent. Yes, yes—by that I may yet trace him, may yet find a son.”

“ I hope your honour is not offended, indeed he meant no harm (said Taffline) ; for Maurice O’Driscal is the best of fathers, and always speaks with sorrow for the dear babe’s loss.”

“ Say no more (said the earl), I am not offended, but on the contrary, well pleased at the glimmerings of hope your information has given. Let me know where you are to be found, and how long you stay in England.”

“ My husband is in the same house with Captain Murray, your honour. He loves him dearly, and who would not, for he is the best of men and gentlemen ?”

Lady Fitzowen heaved a profound sigh.

“ He lodges for the present, your honour, in Albemarle-street, and I and my husband wait on him. He went to see his friends in Wales, and was there six weeks, and only returned the beginning of this week.”

“ Good heaven! (exclaimed her ladyship) was he then so near me! Now I see why I was hurried to town. Oh! my lord

and father! What does he think of his wretched Grace?"

“ Good lack! (cried Taffline, you are the beautiful lady he is so melancholy about. Oh! if you could see him, he is one of the unhappiest gentlemen in the kingdom.”

The earl fearing the effect her communication might have on his debilitated daughter, ordered Winifred to take her to the housekeeper's room, and there entertain her, and to make her and her husband welcome whenever they came: he then gave her a handsome present, and bid her tell her husband he would endeavour to serve him, and not to leave town

without seeing him; he then embraced his drooping daughter and left the apartment.

“ Tell me,” faintly cried her ladyship, “ tell me, Taffine, how does Captain Murray look, is he in health?”

“ Bless you, madam,” answered Taffine, her eyes filling with tears, “ how like your voice and face is, to your dear mother’s; when she was in trouble, she would look just, aye, just as you do now. Her ladyship repeated her question. As to his health, it is but middling, and he looks quite pale; I thought to be sure his coming to England would have done him great service, but it seems it is quite otherwise.

He has a handsome young gentleman constantly with him, one Mr. Marmaduke, I think, for my husband had his card in his hand. One day I heard him tell Mr. Marmaduke, my dear young lady, that he had seen the martyred angel when she east suspected it, and could read in her soft features the disquietude of her mind. Ah, them were the very words, but I little thought the martyred angel was the babe I had so often nursed. You'll excuse my boldness, madam, but I think you are the lady he talks so about to his friend; and he said too, that if he could but speak once to you, his heart would be easier. Do now, my dear lady, for the love of charity, see and talk to him, if it be only for once."

Lady Fitzowen could scarcely restrain the emotion the words of her loquacious nurse called forth : she repressed the consent that hovered on her lips, and by a virtuous effort banished the obtruding softness that pleaded so powerfully for her beloved William, and assuming a hauteur, foreign to her nature, quelled the officious and unmeaning presumption of Taffline, by saying, “ You cannot recollect I am the wife of Sir Matthew Fitzowen, or you would not insult me by wishing me to act in a manner unbecoming his dignity and my own esteem? I am a married woman, and all intercourse with my former lover must cease; my duty, my honour, and my peace demand it.”

“ Oh, my poor master !” cried Taffline, bursting into tears. “ What a pity ! What a thousand pities that you should be so misfortunate.”

David entered with a letter and presented it to her ladyship, saying a servant waited for an answer.

The well known hand in the superscription awakened every tender sensation, but mastering the impulse of love and anxiety that prompted her to break the seal, she returned it into his hand unopened, saying “ That is my answer.”

David looked astonished, and stood irresolute, when he articulated with timid

respect and intreaty, "Won't your ladyship read it?"

"You have your orders," she replied, hastening to an adjoining apartment as fast as her tremulous frame would permit, and throwing herself on a sofa, gave scope to the anguish her struggle for rectitude had caused. She was startled by a voice that thrilled every nerve with ecstatic joy, and looking up beheld her beloved William, who, gazing with grief and adoration leaned over her in dumb but expressive sorrow. "My William!" exclaimed her ladyship, "recoiling from his ardent regards, why! oh, why are you here?"

"Lady Fitzowen," said he, stifling his

feelings, “do not, I beseech, I implore you, unman me by this coldness, this unnecessary cruelty. I am now in your presence for the first time since my arrival in England, and on the eve of an everlasting farewell, yet you repulse me, you deny me the bliss of beholding you. Oh my love! my Grace! (cried he, giving way to the transport which the sight of her created in his bosom, and forgetting in the tumult of his contending passions the restraint duty imposed on her, and his own honourable resolution of not trespassing on the tenderness that he knew dwelt in her heart for him, catching her in his arms) let me hold thee to my wretched breast, let our mutual tears mingle with our woes, while kisses such as angels give, seal our parting.”

“ *Oh, inhuman William!* (exclaimed she, bursting from his embrace,) do *you* conspire against me too? Leave me, I conjure you; remember I am *wife* to another, no longer to be approached by love or joy.—Oh! in pity spare my anguish, unutterable as cruel, and instantly depart.”

“ *You love me!* (cried he, holding her trembling hands within his own nervous grasp,) *you love me, you are my wife,* not the monster’s that tore you from me; our vows are registered in heaven.—Mortal ceremony had not power to dissolve them;—then let us fly together to distant shores, far from those who stole thee from me. We shall be blest! supremely

blest! (continued he, kneeling at her feet,) Heaven will smile upon us, will *cancel* your bondage with the aged tyrant that holds you from me. Oh! my Grace! is this our promised joys?" His *tears*, his *energetic appeal*, his countenance glowing with impassioned beauty; his fine and graceful form extended at her feet; all were powerful foes to rigid rectitude; she struggled to be free from their seductive influence, and attempted to fly the apartment. He clung to her robe: "Do not, I conjure you, leave me thus, but banish that hovering frown that threatens death to my fond and ardent implorings. Oh! Grace, celestially arrayed in relentless purity, does not one throb of pity move your heart,—

the heart that *once* was *mine*? Scorn not my prayers, but let the love that flutters in your breast, bear down stern law,—Let us seize the happiness that heaven sanctions, and fly, blest in each other's love, where arbitrary power can never part us."

"Captain Murray! (cried she, while misery wrung her heart, and with affected firmness she strove to hide her emotions,) you are unworthy the love I once cherished in my now broken heart; you insult me with a passion, honour and every sentiment of religion condemns as *base*, and bids you for ever banish. Am I not *another's*? Where is the love you so loudly proclaim, that would lure its object to destruction and infamy?"

Selfish, and regardless of the sacred title I bear, you rush into my unprepared presence, and think by a violent and frantic appeal to my ill-smothered tenderness, to vanquish every sacred obstacle that withholds me from you.—Learn that you are *deceived*. I am bound by solemn ties *never* to suffer a treacherous thought against my husband's peace and my own integrity. In heaven I have an *oath*, that without *perdition* never can be broken, and though my tortured heart may break in the performance of my duty, yet I will not swerve from it; *no* not even *your* distraction, and my *own* despair, shall ever stain my soul with a guilty love."

" *Cold* and *obdurate* virtue! (cried

Captain Murray, rising with a pallid look of deep despair,) you have fixed my doom ;—I leave you, Lady Fitzowen, for ever leave you ;” then clasping his hands together with the most bitter regret, continued in a voice of anguish, “Where are now the sanguine visions that cheered me on the bed of sickness? Where are now those heavenly smiles my flattering heart presaged would play round that lovely lip? Where are now the imagined and enchanting greetings that wrung in my ear as whispered by my Grace on my return? Oh! heavens! she is not *mine* ; *never, never* will she be *mine again*.”

“ Why do you indulge this unavailing

grief, (said she, touched to the soul by the misery she saw him labour with.) Ah! think how much beneath your manly fortitude you fall, when you thus deplore my unworthy loss." As she approached him, a seraphic radiance shone in her face, while she held forth her white hand, and a full tear not to be suppressed, rolled down her cheek, "I present you my hand, William; I congratulate your long-wished arrival and—" She could articulate no more, the effort was more than human to appear calm at such a moment, and she sunk on the sofa overcome by the strength of her ungovernable sorrow.

In an instant William was again at her feet.

“And can you consume the life dedicated to me, to your William, in wretchedness, and not embrace the moment of bliss and freedom he supplicates you to accept? Loveliest and most adored of women, let me beseech you to listen with compassion to what I propose. In Ireland I have an estate lately left me; thither let me bear you; the just Creator knows our hearts; a sacred ceremony shall ratify our vows, annul your present fetters, and place us in everlasting joys. By heaven the picture transports me beyond the earth, and I already taste the celestial paradise your presence would create.”

“Hear me, in *mercy* hear me;” exclaimed she, casting her eyes to heaven,—

“Just guardian of thy erring creatures! shield me from the temptation his honied words and adored presence casts round me.—Oh! give me *fortitude* to resist his weakness and my own:”—then starting from her reclining position, she cried, “William *adieu*, everlastingly adieu! shame and remorse be banished eternally from us; this is the crisis of our fate; honour and duty divide us; we may meet in yon pure abode, and there unite in everlasting purity, but *on this earth*, we separate for ever.”

“Oh! why must I revere the inflexible virtue that dooms me to perpetual misery!” exclaimed he, trying to detain her. At that instant Maurice O’Driscall burst into the room, crying “By the blessed Pope Joan

'tis I have the news. Och! is it there you are, honies?" said he with respectful delight, as he beheld Captain Murray and her ladyship; "sure and sure enough, it was *myself* that did it."

"Did *what*?" demanded Captain Murray in a reprimanding tone.

"Och! bad luck to my manners, (replied O'Driscal) and is it me that's offending you honour intentionally?" and bowing to the ground with a profound reverence to lady Fitzowen, continued, The blessing of blessings light on the *baby* that I see before me. Och! and it's little you were when Maurice got the half crown from the sweet fist of your mo-

ther; by my faith, that half crown was the making of me, for the sup of whisky which I got with it filled me brim-full of valour. Och! I was bursting with bravery, was as drunk as a prince, and entered the army like a gentleman."

"What *business* brings you here?" asked the Captain. "*Business* is it. Och! your honour, and it's a *fine business*, a *noble business*!" Here O'Driscal danced round the room with every demonstration of joy. "Its myself that's the lucky creature; but begging your honour's pardon, I'll come to the marrow of the whole truth in a few words."

"I wish you *would*, and not intrude on Lady Fitzowen thus."

“Is it intruding?” By the fortunate powers, but the beautiful crature won’t say so, when she knows all. You must know, your ladyship, that one Mr. Marmaduke, and a certain person that we will call Mr. Milbourne for the fun o’ the thing, (Maurice looked extremely sage and important as he said this, and Lady Fitzowen, giving a gracious but faint smile, listened with tranquil patience for his communication) but that’s neither here nor there, jewel, we’ll soon be after seeing the upshot. Faith, Mr. Marmaduke and the other gentleman went their ways to the Serpentine river to take a dipping, my lady; natural enough, my lady, you’ll say, this hot day: well, I wanted his honour to deliver some letters to him, and so thought I, may be *he* is gone too;

so I set off, thinking to find him with the other gentleman; the mother's son of me never dreaming himself was here all the while. Well, I went and I found them, and it was the *greatest find* that ever was found, my lady, for saving your presence, when I came to assist the gentleman to dress (for you know they had no clothes on in the water) I *saw it*; the saints set a blessing on *the mark*, I saw it on his *shoulder*." "A *what!*" said her ladyship nearly breathless. "A *mark, a crown!*" by St. Patrick; and it was a *crown*, as natural a *crown* as the king's own"

"A crown? On *whose* shoulder," demanded her ladyship. "On the gentleman *misnamed Milbourne*. By my faith but its

a blundering sort of hocus pocus; but had you seen my joy, and his astonishment, you'd never have forgot it: and sure I brought him in a twinkling to my lord, his own natural-born father, and there they are as happy as princes; and there's a tawny lady, and a fine old gentleman, they are all together, and sent me for you, your ladyship. Och! this is the *day of all days* in the year!"

Earl Northerland now entered the room, holding Augustus by the hand, and followed by Lord Orkley and Omphale, who eagerly flew to her agitated friend.

"Receive a brother, my beloved daughter!" cried the enraptured father, "and par-

participate in the happiness the discovery has occasioned to all around."

Her ladyship received him with affectionate surprise. "Can you, dear and injured sister, forgive the unkindness of Augustus, when he, in the character of a *brother*, solicits it?"

"In this embrace I bury the remembrance of former wrongs," replied she.

"Miraculous are the ways of the Divine Providence," said Earl Northerland. "I felt my heart incline warmly towards the distressed beggar, and followed the bent of my then unaccountable predilection in his

favour. It was heaven sent him to a father's care, and nature, with her unseen cord of powerful *instinct*, drew me to my own. Oh my children! let me see in your pure lives, an atonement for my indiscretions, and I shall die content. You, my George, (said he, addressing Augustus) have seen sufficient of the dangerous and seductive path to shun it, and by experience, dearly bought, are prepared to accept of power and dignity with an improved and chastened spirit. You are heir to a distinguished house; may the dignity and virtue of your ancestors shine in all your actions; I do not desire a more able supporter of my honours, (continued he, beholding with parental delight his noble form and expressive aspect.) You have

talents, genius, generosity, and every quality of mind to fill an elevated station. The impetuosity of an ardent nature had nearly overwhelmed you in ruin. Thank heaven! it has been checked by early misfortune; but I perceive you yet retain the glow of enthusiasm, which properly directed, is so essential for a patriot, so necessary for an orator. Your eye is open to discern, your heart to liberality; you have penetration to detect villainy and reward merit; thus are you fitted for an English peer." His son was confounded by the instantaneous change in his prospects; he saw how much he was exalted; he rejoiced at his father's picture of what he should be, and with the proud swell of conscious ability for the task, with mingled

reverence and gratitude, he threw himself at his feet, exclaiming, "Your son will supplicate heaven, that he may never disgrace his noble father."

Omphale did not witness a scene so replete with pleasure and amazement unmoved; her heart throbbed with transport at the elevation of one so long, so tenderly beloved; her feelings were ecstatic but confined to her own enraptured breast; words could not adequately paint her joy; silence was heaven with such guests, and she was mutely blest.

Captain Murray was graciously received by the Earl of Northerland, and many encomiums paid him on his military

atchievements. The earl did not in the midst of his joy at finding a son, cease to regret the misery of his daughter. In Captain Murray he beheld a gallant officer, a gentleman of family and fortune; sorely did he lament the unnatural tie that withheld him from presenting his child to such a man, and his heart bled at their mutual unhappiness. His reliance on the rectitude of his daughter, and opinion of Captain Murray's honour, spared him the pain of supposing any criminality in their meeting, and delicacy denied his asking, why he was in his house.

When Lord Orkley placed the hand of Omphale within that of the former Au-

gustus, he bowed to the earl, and said
“Thus I ratify our friendship, George, and
heaven bless the trustees for our bond of
amity.”

Lady Fitzowen, who had borne up
through the affecting scene of unexpected
love and surprise, could not, on con-
trasting her friend's felicity and her own
misery, longer conceal the struggles she
had borne, but exclaiming with clasped
hands, “ Bless, oh! bless them for
ever. Oh God! why am I the only
wretch, forlorn of hope?” Then casting a
look of unfeigned tenderness and afflic-
tion on Captain Murray, fell senseless in
her father's arms.

The authenticity of Augustus's birth

was sworn to by O'Driscal and Taffline, they also had recourse to the people of the public house, who were living, and swore they saw him put the peculiar mark on the infant's shoulder; and after a most diligent search amongst the papers of the late Mr. Milbourne, a writing was found, directed for Augustus, to be opened by him five years after his arrival in England; wherein was stated the means by which he gained him, with the name of the ship, and the sailor who stole him from England. No time was lost in ascertaining the sailor's existence, who was found and acknowledged the crime; he also observed the singular mark, and without hesitation made oath he was the child he had twenty years since sold

to Mr Milbourne. Thus was the infant George Frederick Fitzbeauchamp found in the person of Augustus Milbourne, who for the future we shall distinguish as Lord George.

Captain Wallace resigned the Whitford estate to the true claimant, a distant relation of the late Mr. Milbourne; and exchanging into a regiment destined for the East Indies, left his unworthy wife to the fate her destructive courses courted.

The marriage of Lord George and Omphale was to be celebrated on the same day that Rufus Marmaduke and Lady

Sarah's took place ; and every settlement was adjusted with the greatest promptitude and exactness.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CAPTAIN Murray withdrew from the affecting scene he had witnessed at Lord Northerland's, in a most distracted state of mind; but sought in the society of his early friend, to gain some composure, and by his consolatory advice, learned to bear the harsh separation fate had decreed. Rufus Marmaduke often dined with him, and devoted every friendly exertion towards calming the agitations of his breast. At an early hour his attendance on Lady

Sarah compelled him to take his leave. Captain Murray could not endure the solitude of his lodgings with so oppressed a heart and tortured mind; and invited by the beauty of the night, strolled down Picadilly. The air from St. James's Park greatly revived him. As he leaned dejectedly against its iron pallsades, watching the reflection of the pale orb of night in the glassy surface of Rosamond's pond, he was roused from his melancholy train of thought by a sudden uproar, and turning round, saw a groupe of watchmen surrounding a person whose voice struck him to be that of Tobit Swithin's, hemmed in with several other gentlemen in masquerade habits. Tobit Swithin had on a motley dress, with a fool's cap and bells,

which in his violent gesticulations, shook with a jingling noise, that made his angry words more incoherent than his passionate hesitation.

“ I demand satisfaction,” cried he, “ and I will have it.”

“ So you shall, Cloten,” returned a half intoxicated mask, “ Cloten the brave!”

“ So I will. I am as inoffensive and peaceable a man as any, when let alone; but I won't put up with an affront, look you to that.”

“ You broke the lamp my master,” said a watchman, “ and Will Snorum's head,

so yo must go with me to the watch-house, in your fool's coat."

"I am a gentleman, fellow," cried the enraged Tobit, "and will knock any man down, by St. David I will, that offers to molest me."

"Here! you gemman in the shape of the devil," exclaimed a watchman, "what is the meaning of this here rumpus?"

Captain Murray then observed a person in a dress meant to resemble that character, who made no other answer, than a roar-of laughter, in which the masks joined.

"You may laugh, gentlemen," cried

the irritated Tobit, "but its no joke to be hunted to death through the streets by a demon. The blessed Saint David himself, nor St. Winifred to boot, would not stand it; with his tail whisking about like a flambeau; then his horns too. It is a sin and a shame, look you, and I'll have satisfaction."

"Take them to the watch-house," cried the mob, "or the fool will kill the devil, and all London will go into mourning." They attempted to seize Tobit, who nimbly escaping them, ran along the street with the masked devil in pursuit of him, and the whole mob shouting in full chase.

Captain Murray then enquired of one

of the masks, who lingered behind the rest, if he could inform him of the meaning of the disturbance then making.

“ Only a masquerade frolic, sir, at the expence of a simple gentleman.” He then proceeded to inform him of the whole affair.

“ When at dinner at the London Tavern, it was proposed that Mr. Swithin, who had a strong desire to witness the fluctuations of a masquerade groupe, should accompany a large party then there, to the Pantheon in the evening. Accordingly we went to a warehouse, and chose our different dresses. Mr. Swithin was persuaded to hire that of the fool, with his

cap and bells, by Sir Frederick Hairbrain, who waggishly proposed to have some sport with the novice; and being a little merry with the wine he had drank after dinner, equipped himself in the dress of his infernal majesty, but kept concealed from Mr. Swithin, until we all sallied into the thickest of the company. The country gentleman's surprise at every striking object, created the diversion of many, and brought on him the wit and impertinence of the masks; he was roasted exceedingly, from his inability to support the character he had assumed. Sir Frederic Hairbrain, shortly presented himself to the astonished Tobit; who trembled excessively at his terrific appearance, and did not at all relish his

selecting him for his companion ; but the extreme wit of Sir Frederick's sarcasms on many he knew, even in their disguise, made him the most followed and admired of the characters. Mr. Swithin perceiving the protection of the majestic demon in a trifling measure saved him from the rough usage of the company, stuck close to him, and as the Japanese do, worshipped him through fear ; but he turned traitor to his servile adherent, and joined with the rest to worry and tease him. He lashed him relentlessly with his fiery tail, and hunting him from the Pantheon, pursued him furiously along the streets. He was in the greatest terror, and in his speed to gain his lodgings, mistook his way, knocked down a watchman, and

breaking a lamp, raised the uproar you saw. Sir Frederick will not quit him until he sees him safe lodged at home, but I much fear the end of the frolic will not be so replete with mirth as the beginning; they will certainly get lodged in the watch-house for disturbing the peace, and the morning bring forth a disgraceful appearance at Bow Street."

Captain Murray lost no time in seeking his alarmed and distressed neighbour, whom he found seated in the corner of a watch-house with Sir Frederick, and the constable of the night sitting in judgment over them, with many creatures, whose tawdry misery and gross language shocked his sight; and seeing pickpockets

and every species of beggarly depravity surrounding the grotesque and respectable strangers, he soon prevailed on the constable to take his bail, and liberated the prisoners, who as soon as a coach could be procured, were conveyed to their lodgings.

“ Well (cried Tobit, as he seated himself in his own apartment), if I live a thousand and a thousand years, I shall never forget the frights and escapes I’ve had to-night ; and I’ll not sleep another night in this wicked place, but give my orders, and gallop away from it as fast—aye, as fast as I came into it. Never was a simple country gentleman used in the barbarous way I have been. I shall never

think myself safe from that flying devil until I am lodged in mamma's arm-chair at Rusty Hall."

When Captain Murray informed him that it was Sir Frederick Hairbrain who had tortured him with fright, Tobit stared incredulously in his face, and said that he could not credit that Sir Frederick, who had declared himself to be his particular friend while drinking together after dinner, could be such a heathen and a traitor as to assume the disguise of a devil, and take part against him. Then with a rueful visage and a profound comicality of superstition, cried, "He danced me, 'tis true into a fever, but if Old Nick does not dance him, for

being so familiar with his person, may St. David never protect me from the powers of witchcraft. My dear friend, if you had seen him capering with Venus and the conjurer at the Pantheon, you would never have forgot it; whisking his fiery tail, first to the right and then to the left—Lud, lud, it was vastly profane! Then he whips him off with Venus, and left the poor conjurer in the greatest trouble, for I heard the greybeard say, throwing down his wand, that since the devil had fled him, he had no further power over the minds of the people, and he must give up his trade. Soon after, he was at the elbow of a methodist-preacher; then, arm-in-arm with a statesman and a Jew; then again holding up

the train of a rantipole woman of quality, who flirted about in the disguise of a nun; then he stood between a gipsey and a miser, and absolutely assisted the gipsey to pick his pocket; now you know that was a downright robbery; then he jumped on the back of a lawyer, and rode round the room, brandishing his sceptre, swearing none should touch his loving disciple, and one after his own heart."

"You may smile, captain, but I see no wit or pleasure in such doings; the music and lights excepted, there was nothing pleasurable in the place."

"Did you join in the dance?"

"No, indeed, I had a better value for

myself than to dance with low company; there was no distinction amongst persons; there was a princess and chimney sweeper, a barrow woman and a mogul; and an old match-woman had the assurance to make up to me and hauled me about, because I refused her; but I have a shrewd suspicion that the match-woman was a man, and one of the company at dinner, for he was the most *indecent* old *hussey* in nature. Then I had a narrow escape from an oyster wench, and had liked to have been scraped to death with oyster shells."

"Most probably the persons so habited," said Captain Murray, "were people of the first respectability and fortune. Duchesses often hide their rank beneath a patched petticoat."

“ May be so,” returned Tobit, “ but I like nothing out of reason, and as for Venus, Cupid, Apollo, Hercules, Bacchus and his Bacchanalians, I was quite tired of blushing for their scanty drapery ; but the ladies did so simper, that I am inclined to believe a state of nudity has no terrors for their delicacy.”


Captain Murray endeavoured to persuade him to stay a couple of days longer in town, when he would accompany him to his friends, but to no purpose, Mr. Swithin was determined to quit London that evening. “ Don’t persuade me, my good friend,” he cried, shaking him cordially by the hand, “ don’t persuade me to stay. I am convinced that the post

of honour, (at least for me) is a *private* station. If I continue here, I shall ruin my health by drinking, and my fortune by *gambling*; besides I don't understand these hoaxing Londoners, and am best at Rusty Hall, where in a fox chase, and a pop at the partridges, I am your man. As for masquerading frolicks, I've no head for them; so, my dear captain, excuse me to all we know, while I make my escape before that madcap boisterous Sir Frederick lays hold of me. He swore he would beat up my quarters at Rusty Hall in the grouse season, but I don't care for that, let me but once get him amidst the mountains, and I will shew him sport for sport, I warrant." He lavished a thousand congratulations on

Captain Murray's arrival in England, and expatiated very largely on his concern for his disappointment with Lady Fitzowen. "I like a soldier, mightily, and wanted to go with the baronet, my valiant countryman; but mamma would not let me, which mortified my rising spirit very much; particularly when I saw him come safe back again, without the least damage. But would you believe that I heard he said, he was only sorry that he had not an opportunity of leaving an arm or a leg behind him, in the field of battle. What an odd taste he must have! Now I should have been very loath to have lost any of my precious limbs; and if anybody was to ask me which I would rather part with, I could

not make up my mind in a month. Here Tobit admiring himself in a large glass, gave Captain Murray an opening to wish him a good journey, and took his leave.

CHAP. XXXVI.



MRS. Wallace now requires our attention. She at length was weary of wheedling the coveted treasure from the iron hold of the miser, under whose protection she lived, and longed to place his infatuated nephew in the possession of his wealth. Her passion for the youth was as violent as it was shocking to all morality; but her well feigned pity for the poor widow his mother, and her helpless orphans, won the confidence of the whole family. She loaded the daughters with presents,

and forced on the unhappy credulous parents various sums of money.

The young man had, by the assistance of his able instructress, forged several checks on his uncle's banker, to supply his unbounded extravagance, which had remained some time without detection, but by an unexpected examination of accounts was suddenly discovered. Shocked at the treachery of his nephew, and the ingratitude of the syren who had inveigled him by her uncommon arts, and on whom he had lavished every expensive gratification, he was, as it were, stunned by the developement of their practices; but pity for his innocent sister and orphans, induced him to desist from pro-

secuting the offender. He commanded the wretched youth to quit the kingdom and never more appear within his sight, unless he wished to provoke the fate his unjust conduct and criminality deserved.

Mrs. Wallace, maddened by her lover's ruin, and her own, resolved not to leave him; but by a desperate exertion to gain the means of support during their banishment. To this end she turned her thoughts, and soon, fatally soon, their dreadful result will appear. The night before her intended departure from London, Mrs. Wallace, by imposing on the favour and innocence of a servant, gained admittance into the house she had so lately been driven from; and stealing softly to the

bedchamber of Mr. Egerton, who was asleep, rummaged his escrutoire, and took from thence notes and cash to a vast amount. While she was thus employed, he awoke, and seeing her about to decamp loaded with her pillage, leaped from the bed, and threatened her with the punishment her audacity and theft merited. She struggled to be free, but finding his superior strength would inevitably prevent her liberty, she drew a pistol from her bosom, and before he could wrest it from her hold, the contents were lodged in his head, and he was extended a lifeless corse at her feet. An instantaneous horror of the crime took possession of her senses. The treasure she had purloined, fell from her nerveless hands; she wrung

them in the utmost terror and dismay; and flying down the stairs, was met by the watchmen, servants, and others, who alarmed by the report of the pistol, were rushing up to ascertain the cause of so unusual a sound at that hour. They immediately seized the culprit, who confounded by their sudden appearance, and the discovering of her crime, made no useless resistance. A torpid cessation of all the faculties of her mind, glared in her deadened eyes, and the perturbation of her body alone betokened that a sense of what had passed remained in her recollection. She was secured for the night, dragged before a magistrate next morning and from thence sent to Newgate, where lodged in the gloomy cell assigned her,

and loaded with heavy chains, the lost Arpasia was condemned to linger the appointed time before her *final trial and condemnation*. The midnight hour was replete with terror and distraction; the form of her honest father flitted before her sight; the wronged and abused widow Milbourne haunted her imagination; the divided loves of Grace and William upbraided her conscience; all grouped in dreadful plaint around her straw pallet. Maddened by her final doom, she raved incessantly, and strove with unavailing frenzy to break the massy chains that bound her galled wrists and legs, and to burst the prison bolts. The horrid blasphemy of her curses made her keepers shudder, whose familiarity with crime

rendered them almost callous to the lamentings of the guilty sinner. Exhausted by her vehement complainings, and unavailing distraction, she sunk powerless on the cold pavement.

In the second week of her confinement she was brought out to trial, was convicted, and received the awful sentence of condemnation. The beauty of the culprit interested at first every spectator in her favour, but her crime could not be denied or palliated; yet every heart melted when the judge, exhorting her to penitence, pronounced the fiat of her fate. The sanguine hopes of pardon she had indulged in, which the knowledge of her interesting youth and beauties

had given rise to, all vanished as the last sentence sounded in her ear. She threw a frantic look of supplication towards heaven, and uttering a piercing shriek of agonized despair, fell senseless at the keeper's feet, and was conveyed in that melancholy state to her cell. On her recovery to sense and feeling, her mother with her child stood lamenting over her.

The wretched parent hearing of her doom had obtained permission and had travelled up to town on the sad occasion.

“ My *mother!* my wretched *mother!* (cried the deplorable sufferer,) why did you not forget *me* as I did *you.*”

“ Oh! woe is the day I gave thee birth! (returned the miserable parent,) My loving folly has destroyed thee, and brought my grey hairs with shame and poverty to the grave.

“ Enough! mother, (returned Arpasia,) the time is past;—let us pray, Oh! my boy! (she cried, snatching the unconscious child to her tortured breast,) may thy omnipotent Father guard thee ever! ever! Mother, (she cried, forcing her on her knees by her side,) recommend my soul to God, implore the intercession of my father for his once beloved Arpasia. Pray—Oh! mother, pray for your desperate and repentant child.” The earnest expression of her sallow and despairing

visage, her shrunken form and ghastly eye, overcame the heart-broken parent with awful fear; she obeyed her child, and sinking by her side, sobbingly articulated a mournful supplication for heaven's mercy. Arpasia joined the pure hands of her boy together, and bending his little knees, bade him pray for his undone mother. The innocent rehearsed the prayers it had been taught, while the guilty mother, murmured in unison with her lisping mediator and aged suppliant. "Yes, yes! (she cried, a bright beam of sudden joy illuminating her face,) there is *hope*. My Father smiles from above; he hears us, mother, he hears us! This innocent has opened the gates of heaven to me, and my soul shall

not perish." She embraced her child, then reclining on her straw, reached her hand out to her mother, and in a hollow tone implored her forgiveness, which was given in a sorrowful and broken voice.

"It is well, (sighed she,) and I forgive *you*, my poor mis-judging parent, your mad excess of fondness that laid the foundation of my ruin.—Where is Reuben Blackthorn, who was so kind to you?" she faintly enquired.

"In his native village, he married a year and a half ago, Miss Spriggs, who had a great fortune left her by a death. He is the best of husbands and fathers and

the most thriving yeoman for many miles round."

" God bless him! (cried Arpasia, clasping her hands with fervency) God bless him! He was virtuous."

" Oh, (exclaimed the mother) when I think on't, how gladsome your days might have been, and how comely and handsome you was, my heart is broke in two."

" *Handsome!* Yes, (replied Arpasia,) I was fatally so. Beauty ! thou baneful gift, how many watchful guardians do you demand! Religion, filial duty, prudence, fortitude. I had none of these to ward off

danger and temptation, the too sure attendants on a beautiful exterior. I was vain of my unsubstantial possession; arrogant, romantic and overbearing; my passions unrestrained bore me on, until they wrecked my soul and body."

The dungeon door slowly opened, and Lord Orinstead entered the solitary gloom of the faintly illumined cell.—The scene made him shudder; the feeble rays of the suspended lamp fell on the altered countenance and worn frame of the miserable sinner, who sat with her mother and son weeping by her side. His heart smote him, and he inwardly ejaculated "See the seducer's work, its fruit and punishment!" he drew nigh, and with ill collect-

ed firmness said, "Arpasia! can you forgive your destroyer, the wretched Theodosius? How shall I atone for being your seducer from the path of rectitude, and leading you to the delusive verge of vice and eternal shame? Teach me, oh, teach me how to make reparation!" He took her burning hand within his own, and knelt by her.

She raised herself, and giving her boy into his arms, pointed to her wretched parent, "Shield the offspring of our crime from want and error; guard him from the snares of youth, by implanting *religion* in his young heart, securely, firmly; be his counsellor, guardian, benefactor—father; for in that title are all united: and

if his mother's crimes should threaten to overthrow your labour, oh! rebuke him not severely, or drive him from you, but win his obedience and return to virtue by gentleness, humanity and consideration. No breast so hardened, but feels the softened touch of kindness."

"I will, I will," cried his lordship, acutely sensible of the solemnity of the charge.

"And my mother.—never let her want."

"I shall not burthen his charity," exclaimed the disconsolate parent; "I shall die with grief and shame, before I need his help."

He promised she should never know a care for the necessaries and comforts of life, and directing the child to be sent to him when he left his mother, took a melancholy and eternal leave of the once admired Arpasia. The good Mr. Stanley soon after appeared, as a missionary of peace and forgiveness from Lady Fitzowen, Omphale, and Lord George. The worthy man was subdued to tears when he saw the penitent; and did not leave her until the clergyman appeared to pray by her during the night. The paroxysms of grief and despair she had given way to, at the first of her imprisonment, had broken a small blood vessel, which was attended with frequent and alarming convulsions; it was with the greatest difficul-

ty she was arrayed in the sable dress, prepared for her execution: she hailed her agonies with a distressing joy, saying in the interval of each convulsion, "surely I cannot outlive another, God will hear my cry, and save me from the scaffold." The turnkey appeared to summon her at the dreaded hour, and as she rose from the wretched straw, the solemn bell tolled the first sound of her knell; she shuddered, it seemed to vibrate through her heart's core. "*Hark, hark!*" she cried, "I am called; did you not hear the dreadful summons? Oh heaven! is there no hope, —none, and die I must!" She burst into a loud and terrific laugh, the blood gushed afresh from her mouth, and with a dreadful shriek, the lost, the wretched Arpasia expired.

Thus closed the life of the fascinating Mrs. Wallace, an alarming example to those whose vain ambition in giving a high turned education to their children, force them from the sphere they were born to move in. Perfections such as Arpasia possessed, were the surest guides to ruin, when unprotected by piety ; and never let the fond parent's eye delight in the perfect exterior and dazzle of a child's accomplishments, unless assured a virtuous heart, impressed by devout principles, unite with them. Her corpse, followed by her mother and innocent child, was decently interred ; Lord Orminstead punctually discharged his promise, and from the hour of the seduced Arpasia's sudden death, retrieved his errors, and by

discharging the duties of a tender husband and father, led an admirable and newly regulated life.

Lady Fitzowen, though smarting under the lash of tyranny Arpasia had assisted to inflict, was struck with horror and pity at her dreadful end, and with angelic benignity remembered the departed criminal in her prayers to the throne of mercies. Mild and indulgent to the faults of others (though unremitting in severity to her own) the injuries she had received were no more remembered, but submitted to the grand judge before whose awful tribunal the guilty sufferer was answering, and where she herself might as suddenly be summoned to appear.

“And can you forgive so soon the wrongs that unhappy woman joined to inflict (said the earl, her father, when hearing her ladyship’s sentiments on her death)? You are more of a philosopher than I should have supposed, particularly when you reflect the galling fetters you are bound with were forged by her assistance.”

“I trust I am a christian, my lord,” replied she, with the most benign countenance, “and how can a frail mortal dare to hold resentment in his heart against a brother sinner, when he repeats this blessed sentence, ‘Forgive us *our* trespasses, as *we* forgive *them* that trespass against *us*.’ Believe me, my dear father; many repeat

this without weighing the sublime and truly christian doctrine it is meant to convey; and in my opinion, no man can call himself a christian that harbours the least spark of enmity in his breast, or permits the sun to set upon his resentment."

The earl enfolding her in his arms, blest the careful hand that had early ingrafted such principles in her mind, and exclaimed, "You *are* a christian in the truest sense of the word; the forgiveness of injuries is indeed a heavenly command, and I hope I may venture to affirm, without profanation, when you come forth before the radiant eye of mercy, a suppliant for purification, *your*

sins will be as readily pardoned, as you have forgiven those of your numerous oppressors."

CHAPTER XXXVII.



A Few days only intervened before the nuptials of Lord George and Omphale, with that of Lady Sarah and Rufus Marmaduke were to take place; yet the infirm baronet threatened to force Grace from the protection of her father, before she could witness the felicity so near its completion. Burning with jealousy at the knowledge he had obtained of his young rival the gallant and amiable Captain Murray having seen his wife, whose

rectitude had made her scrupulous to avoid his presence and drop all intercourse with so dangerous and seductive an advocate, he had sent a stern mandate for her immediate return home, and a speedy departure for the sequestered shades of Owen Castle. She implored his permission to witness the happiness of her friends, which he *savagely* denied ; she then petitioned to be permitted to retire to a distant estate of her father's, where she might lament in solitude the destiny he had inflicted, but in vain ; the baronet was deaf to her entreaties ; she then openly declared her intention of never living beneath the same roof with him again, and in the most pathetic manner besought her father to procure a legal separation

between them. The earl was touched by the distress of his amiable child, yet he intimated, unless the baronet could be prevailed upon, or the law force him to consent to a separate maintenance, no chance of emancipation was likely to lighten the affliction she laboured with. "What can you, my dear child, alledge against your husband, (said the earl) that the world would call sufficient to disannul, your union?"

"He deceived me into marriage by the vilest stratagem, and has since embittered my every hour by the harshest treatment," replied his weeping daughter.

"His fidelity you have never questioned,

and no personal affront or violence offered, such as brutal cowardice inflicts, when the manly arm levels a blow at unprotected feminine weakness; nor does he squander his fortune."

"It is very true, my lord," said she, "but there are other miseries in married life, though these are excepted, that destroy happiness, such as *malignity of heart*, and *tenacious tyranny of temper*, and a great *disparity* of years. Is it not hard, my lord, that *crime* only can separate a woman from - undeserved cruelty? Must she bear sorrow without redress, because the world understands not her complainings?"

“Alas, my child! deceit and badness of temper, joined to disparity of years, though mountains in the road to felicity, are so common, and little noticed in the marriages of the present depraved age, that many would laugh at your distress, and think *dissipation, title, youth and beauty*, ample recompences for the loss of domestic peace.—But be cheerful, an accomodation may yet be made between you.”

“All I wish is a sequestered spot, where the unoccupied hours of my happy friends may remind me of existence. Friends who may devote a small portion of their time in charitable notice of my retired wretchedness. I ask not wealth, grandeur, or superfluity; but peace and retirement, (said

she) and is it not hard, taking no pleasure in my society, save that of torturing me, that he can object to my lonely quiet?"

The earl endeavoured to cheer her by the comfort his interference might produce, and she prepared to attend the solemnization of her brother's marriage, in the hope of being allowed to enjoy the calm but unshaken melancholy that had taken a settled shelter in her bosom. Mr. Stanley waited on her, and had informed her, that the will of the deceased and murdered Mr. Egerton had been examined, and found to contain an ample provision for his sister and her orphans, with a small portion for his offending nephew, who, struck to the soul with contrition

and dismay at his ensnarer's death, had fled in the deepest sorrow to a distant part of Scotland, there to bury in concealment his errors; thither his affectionate but sorrowing family had followed, to console his anguish and encourage his reformation.

In arranging every thing for her bridal appearance, the time of Omphale delightfully fled away. She felt herself the happiest of the happy, in uniting her fate to that of Lord George, whose ardency of affection was renewed with redoubled lustre, now he had emerged from the delusive mist that once obscured it; but in the midst of her joy, she did not behold the irreparable misery of her early friend without the most sincere regret; she felt a

fervent friendship for the amiable. Captain Murray, and aided by Lord George, was unremitting in her kind and commiserating attentions to him.

On the evening previous to the marriage of the elated Lord George, he sought his sister in her boudoir, where her time was chiefly spent, for solitude was more accordant with her melancholy disposition of mind, than the smiling gaiety that shone in every face, and wafted from the lips around her. On entering he found it empty, and enquiring of Winifred where she was, learnt, to his inexpressible surprise, that she had not been seen since the morning. His lordship was petrified with astonishment ; a dreadful fear stole

into his mind, and curdled the warm tide that surrounded his heart.

“If so long missing,” demanded he, looking angrily upon Winifred, “why did you not make it known before?”

“Because, because,” replied Winifred, hesitatingly, “I did not wish to prevent her being as happy as other people, my lord.”

“Then you are certain she has fled with a companion,” asked his lordship with a severe and scrutinizing look of enquiry.

“No, indeed and in double deed, my lord, I don’t know nothing, but I can guess,

and heaven for ever bless and protect her, dear lady."

"So can I," exclaimed his lordship, checking the warm affection of her faithful attendant; "so can I, and the villain shall not escape a brother's vengeance."

"Dear heart," whimpered Winifred, "I see no such great harm in running away with a faithful true lover, like the dear sweet Captain Murray; when such a cross ugly old man was the plague of her life, and other folks were going to be so joyous; it was enough to put her upon thinking how to be so herself."

Lord George was confounded by shame,

pity, and resentment. If, said he, Murray has seduced my sister from her duty, he has acted like a base designer, and has stained the honour of our noble house with lasting infamy. Wretched and deluded pair, whither have they fled. He threw himself on a sofa in the greatest agitation. (The earl soon after entered the apartment, who hearing the unwelcome tidings of Lady Fitzowen's elopement, insisted on Winifred's disclosing the particulars of her flight and place of destination, which she in vain protested her ignorance of; her assertions were discredited, and for the fidelity she appeared to maintain, was with her husband immediately dismissed the house. The earl next sent for Captain Murray's

faithful attendant, Maurice O' Driscall who lost no time in appearing before him.

“Where is Captain Murray, sir,” demanded the Earl with passionate impatience.

“Where is he?” repeated Maurice bowing with profound respect, “and faith your honour its myself that was coming to know that thing when your gentleman came flying to fetch me; they said there was a mighty botheration above stairs, and I was afraid the good captain was in mischief, or some misfortune had befallen himself, for love your honour is a devil of a thing, and when a gentleman

is sick of that disorder, there's no knowing where it may lead him."

"Is Captain Murray in town?" asked the Earl.

"And isn't he here, your honour?"

"No! When did you see him last?"

"Since he isn't here, I can't tell any thing about him, because your honour, I don't know. He walked out about eight o'clock last night, saying nothing at all to nobody, but sure and I hope nothing has befel him!" cried he in a tone of dejected enquiry.

"'Tis in vain to altercate with this pre-

varicating and trusty confident," said the Earl, "let a servant be dispatched to Sir Matthew Fitzowen, that measures may be considered for overtaking the fugitives."

Sir Matthew was not long in obeying the summons; who on hearing his lady had absconded, gave free vent to the rage and jealousy that swelled his breast. Maurice was made the most tempting offers to discover the retreat his master had chosen; but he was stedfast in proclaiming that his master had not entrusted him with any intelligence on that head, and protested utter ignorance of the whole affair.

"'Tis *false*, fellow," cried the infirm and inflamed Baronet, advancing to Maurice;

you are the able assistant of the infamous transaction, and I insist on being immediately informed where they are to be found."

"But for the good Captain I'd be after misbehaving myself, so I'll be going while I can," returned Maurice, retiring towards the door; "only I'd have been obliged to him, if he'd have mentioned his going away, because I am wanting to go to Ireland myself."

"What, he's gone to *Ireland!* then?" cried the Baronet.

He has got a fine estate there, your honour, lately given him by a gentleman that's

dead, and sure Old Ireland is the best place in the world for a gentleman to live in. May be, its *there* he is; but I don't know no more about the real truth than a sucking pig."

"You *lie*, sir," said Sir Matthew, endeavouring to strike him with his cane.

"Be asy old gentleman," said Maurice, putting it aside. "It isn't an old soldier that fears a rattan, after he has stood by the cannon's mouth when vomitting red hot balls. Och, honey! and I'm not the lad to be frightened by a bit of a squib hissing about me."

"A villain, cried the irritated Baronet,

but I'll pursue them to the end of time. I'll bring her back; I'll teach her to run away."

The Earl motioned Maurice to quit the apartment.

"I'm going your honours, but must beg leave to say, that if my good captain has run away with the old gentleman's lady, I knowed nothing at all at all of the matter. Och! and it's myself that would'nt have denied him assistance in any manner of way; but in an act of charity I'd be the foremost, for sure it's a charity to rob a young wife of an old husband any day."

"*Get out,*" exclaimed the Baronet, who

storming with madness at his familiarity, pushed him from the door.

Sir Matthew ordered his chariot to be got ready immediately, and declared his intention of commencing his pursuit that very hour. He had heard of the estate bequeathed to Captain Murray in Ireland, and thither resolved to follow him and his lady, and force her back, and then divorce her with infamy.

The Earl promised to overtake him the next day, as soon as the marriage ceremony of Lord George was over. Sir Matthew left London with the greatest dispatch, and in the utmost perturbation. The festive nuptials were greatly damped by the re-

cent supposed elopement of lady Fitzowen ; but what tongue can describe the wonder perplexity of the bridal groupe as assembled before the altar, when *Captain Murray*, breathless with haste and many apologies, appeared to fulfil his promise to his friend **Rufus Marmaduke**, by being present at his marriage. **Lord George** could not conjecture what mystery enveloped and withheld his sister, and with astonishment heard the Captain whisper to his friend, “Where is lady Fitzowen? I had hoped, yet dreaded, to behold her here.” An universal alarm spread through the bosoms of her friends, lest some fatal accident or premeditated act of grief and despair had caused her non-appearance. As soon as the ceremony was over, the bridal

party took leave of London for Marble Hall, the seat of Lord Orkley, where the nuptials were to be celebrated with rustic festivity, and the partners of each other's hearts enjoy the tranquil charm of real felicity undisturbed by empty dissipation or parade. Thus blest in rational society and dear companionship, their hours glided on with rapidity, and had not their rank compelled a deviation from their sweet plan of elegant seclusion, they would not have mingled in tumultuous gaiety, nor have proclaimed by ostentatious hospitality, the happiness that dwelt within their gate.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.



RUFUS Marmaduke remained with Lord George and his lady a fortnight only, when he left them, with his fair bride, to commence the zealous pastor of his flock. He could not give up his pious instruction of their religious duties to another, or set inactive in a trust so important, when his heart and conscience disapproved the unholy neglect many of his brethren were led into by example,

or by indolence, or from worse motive, had habitually indulged in.

It is impossible to express the alarmed anxiety of Earl Notherland on his daughter's account, and the distraction of Captain Murray. Every effort had been made to gain tidings of the beloved absentee, but without avail; they were doomed to linger for many hours in the deepest horror and suspense. In the agony of remorse, Captain Murry acknowledged the atrocity of endeavouring to seduce Lady Fitzowen from her duty; her abhorrence and rejection of his unauthorized passion, and entire seclusion from his society and solicitations; with his contrite sorrow, submission, and his total ignorance of her

present afflicting disappearance or place of retreat.

The Earl's breast burnt with indignation at the insult the ardour of his passion had hurried him to commit; but compassion for his present anguish lulled his resentment to a calm reprimand, and made him more readily credit the assurances he gave of his present innocence. "Yes, it is plain," cried the earl, "my wretched child could not endure the sight of her brother's happiness; or meet at the altar of her creator, the man her heart called husband, when fate had linked her to another. Oh! it was a task fitting a breast of adamant; not the susceptible bosom of feminine weakness. The mi-

sery of her heart bewildered again her overcharged brain; and in a desperate moment she has secretly rushed into the presence of an offended Divinity. I may embrace her cold corpse, but never hear her soft voice murmur on my ear again!" The wretched father sunk overpowered by his dreadful suggestion into his chair, while Captain Murray groaned with horror at the thought.

We must now to proceed to account to our readrs for Lady Fitzowen's conduct.

Selfish sorrow had not so entirely entirely engrossed the mind of her ladyship, as to render her callous to the

distresses of others. The protectors of her helpless mother, the generous Henry Elwin, and his amiable companion in humanity, the lovely Susanna, had soon after the death of her mother, married, and kept up a correspondence with her aunt for some years after. But misfortunes had come thickly on them, and the inability of her aunt to relieve their distresses had deeply affected the grateful heart of her niece; when arrived in London her ladyship made every enquiry concerning them, and found that the kind comfortress of her mother was dead, but that Mr. Elwin was alive, surrounded by a large family and in very indigent circumstances; she made a personal visit of gratitude to the afflicted widower, put his

youngest daughter to a boarding school, released him from many embarrassments, and finally procured him an advantageous situation. In these arrangements Sir Matthew had been courted to assist by his interest only; his purse had never been opened to the necessitous calls of charity, and from her own sparing allowance did his angel lady strive to evince her grateful remembrance of Mrs. Elwin's disinterested benevolence to her mother. The Reverend James Maskall was her agent in this gentle office; her attendance on the baronet made her dependant on a trusty almoner.

The beauty of the benevolent lady Fitzowen had long been the adoration of her

husband's friend and counsellor, the reverend pious pastor, and hope whispered, that his patron's death would soon authorise an open avowal of his passion; in the mean time he endeavoured to ingratiate himself into her good opinion, by affecting abundance of piety and benevolence, and to blind the credulous baronet, acted in perfect unison with all his humours: the result of his designs have been seen, which drove her to an unexpected father's protection, and banished him the presence of Sir Matthew.

Earl Northerland assiduously proved his gratitude to the worthy Mr. Elwin and his family, by taking his sons under his sanction, and promoting them in the service of their king.

To see the daughter of Mr. Elwin, lady Fitzowen often took an airing, the school she had carefully selected being near Chelsea; and determined after a twelve-month's serious application, to take the remainder of her education on herself, and thus procure an engaging companion in the dreary seclusion she had chosen. Her protégée was about fourteen, her education greatly neglected from the overpowering embarrassments of her father, required a zealous adherance to study and the refining hand of an accomplished female, before it could rise to superiority.

The situation of the house and grounds, joined to the pure air, revived her droop-

ing spirits, and struck with the dignified suavity of the respectable governess, and the sweetness of temper displayed in the mind and manners of the engaging pupil, she was induced to stay the day. She dismissed her carriage and attendants, with a note to the earl, stating the air had so greatly benefited her spirits, that she proposed reposing at the school that night and to return on the following morning, when the carriage was to convey her back. The servant to whom this note was entrusted, conveyed it to Mr. Maskall's man John, who with his master was continually on the watch for her ladyship; the carriage returned, but no note explained the reason assigned for her ladyship's, *non-appearance*; the footman mere-

ly said, his lady remained at the school; and Winifred, misjudging the conduct of her lady, forbore to inform the earl or Lord George of her absence, who were engaged to dinner at Lord Orkley's, and did not return till late that night. When the messenger arrived who had been sent to the school, he brought word, that her ladyship had in the cool of the evening walked out, but not being seen since, and every possible enquiry made, it was supposed she had taken coach and gone home. This was a true statement of all the governess knew.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



LADY Fitzowen had wandered to a considerable distance from the house, when a servant, breathless with haste, approached her, saying, a sudden accident of a dangerous nature had befallen her friend, Lady Sarah Fairfield, who had sent a carriage, imploring her speedy appearance. Alarmed by the apparent flurry of the servant, and dreading to find Lady Sarah severely hurt, she sprung into the carriage, which the servant ordered to

Windsor. She knew Lady Sarah had relatives there, and recollected to have heard her say, she must call on one of them that day, who was to be her bride's-maid. The rapidity of the horses were in unison with her anxious desire of being with her friend, and it was not until they entered Windsor forest, and the heavy mists of night began to gather, that she became uneasy, or entertained the least suspicion of insecurity or treachery. The distressing idea had scarcely entered her mind, when the carriage stopped, and eager to be ascertained of the truth of her fears, she entered a neat house by the road side; when shown into a parlour, a letter was presented to her, she took it with a trembling hand and read as follows:

“ To Lady Grace Fitzowen.

“ Forgive me, divine love, the stratagem your cruelty has driven me to execute; and let me plead for pardon in snatching the blissful treasure I have so long coveted and envied another the possession of. In a few minutes I shall be with you in person, and convince you of those ardent and grateful emotions my pen can never describe, or my tongue adequately express.

“ JAMES MASKALL.”

Greatly agitated, she rung the bell, and desired the servant who answered it, to send the master or mistress of the house instantly to her.

In a moment Mr. Maskall was before her.

She demanded her immediate liberty, or bade him tremble for the consequences. His protestations of adoration, sighs and tears, were alike unheeded. He found her, not like many who unused to adversity sink 'at once beneath its stroke ; but beheld her resolved to resist and punish his depravity. " You are not in a country, sir, where romance and fraud can find countenance or protection," cried her ladyship, " if you persist to detain me, the law, and my husband's *revenge* shall overtake you even in the hour of boasted triumph." She abruptly passed to the

hall, and insisted on the postilions remounting, or bade them beware of the punishment their disobedience would draw on them. Self-preservation, and the temptation of a large reward, determined them to comply with her request. Her presence of mind and haughty bearing, so different from the affrighted timidity he had expected, bereft Mr. Maskall of all power to oppose her leaping into the carriage, which by the time he recovered from his surprise, had vanished from his sight.

She ordered the postilions to return to Chelsea; where by a few hours repose, she attempted to calm her agitation; for notwithstanding the firmness she had

displayed, she had been greatly shocked and alarmed by the daring effort made to trepan her. The next morning, learning from the governess the consternation her absence had created, she hastened to her father's and entered the drawing room at the moment he had formed the dreadful idea of her death. He rose on her entrance, not daring to believe his senses until the rapturous exclamation of joy uttered by Captain Murray, convinced him of the reality of her safety and presence.

The account she gave of the stratagem that had detained her, filled them with indignant rage, and the assuming

villain was not destined to escape their revenge.

Earl Northerland dispatched a messenger to overtake Sir Matthew, and prevent, if possible, his visiting Ireland. The sixth day brought the messenger again to London, at the very moment Captain Murray was taking an affectionate leave of Lady Fitzowen and her father, who beheld the moving scene with feelings little short of those that agonized the bosoms of the sufferers before him.

With a countenance full of melancholy importance the messenger entered the room, and stated, that on his arrival at

Holyhead, he found the baronet had embarked on board the packet the day before; a dreadful storm had arisen during the night, and although every assistance was rendered, humanity could suggest, or the darkness of the night allow, the vessel had been dashed to pieces, and every person on board perished.

“ Merciful heaven! Sir Matthew then has perished!” cried Lady Fitzowen, insensibly falling into the outstretched arms of Captain Murray, who fondly pressing her to his transported breast, exclaimed, “ She is free! She will yet be mine! Virtuous love and unshaken honour will ever be rewarded.”

We have now only to add the few following particulars.

Lady Fitzowen, in dutiful compliment to an unworthy husband, remained a widow eighteen months, and then was prevailed upon to make Captain Murray happy. His estate in Ireland was one thousand two hundred pounds per annum. The earl presented him with thirty thousand pounds as a marriage portion with his daughter, and the large Fitzowen estate became her's by marriage settlement and will, Sir Matthew leaving no relative behind him.

The friendship contracted between kindred souls, who had early encountered

misfortunes, lasted the remainder of their lives ; they had now become doubly sisters by marriage. A strict intimacy subsisted between the Lords Orkley and Northerland. The noble earls lived to a good old age, beloved and respected by all their numerous friends and dependants, and Owen Castle recovered its ancient hospitality, under the all-cheering auspices and presence of the benevolent Lady Grace Fitzowen Murray, whose liberality was only equalled by her friend and sister, Lady Omphale Fitzbeauchamp. Rivals only in acts of goodness, these amiable women increased in respect from year to year, each diffusing, like the glorious sun, rays of comfort and cheerful happiness to all around them. Their example may be

imitated, but can never be surpassed ; nor can our readers decide, we believe, any more than ourselves—which of the two is the Heroine ?

END.

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