

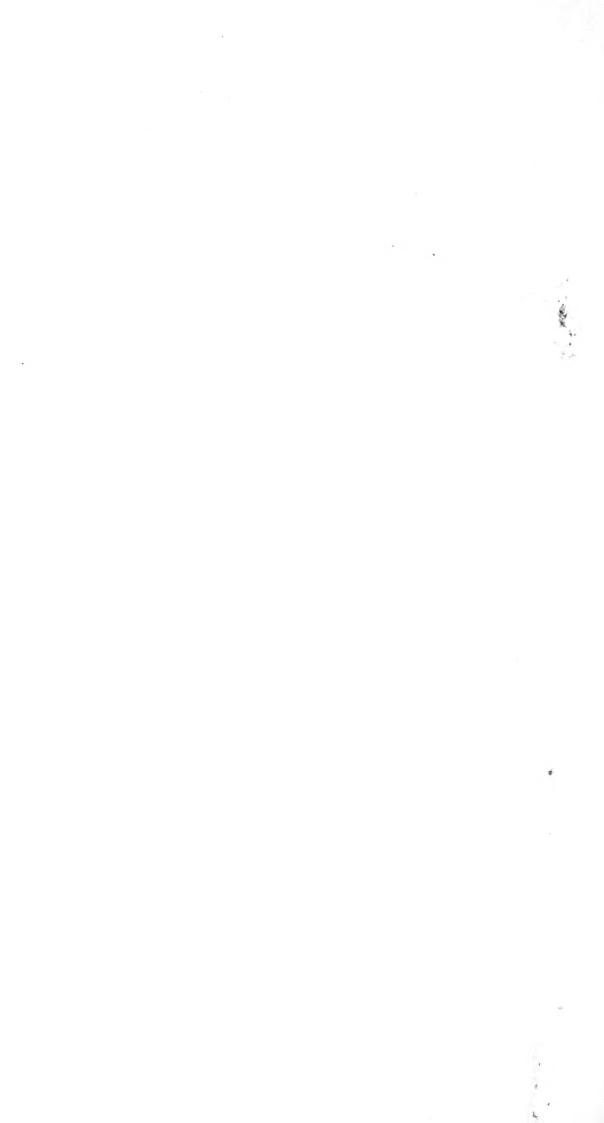


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SIMPLE TALES:

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SIMPLE TALES.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Is war an irremediable evil?—Some will answer, No ;—and indulging their pleasing speculations, they will look forward with certainty to the time when peace shall assume unrivalled sway over the world. But the cautious believer in experience only, asserts the fallacy of these delightful visions, and tells us that war is an evil which must for ever exist,—that it is incident to humanity, and must continue to desolate the world till time shall be no more.

Simple is the story that I am going to tell, and lowly are the hero and heroines

of it; and perhaps, were I to relate it in their humble language, its interest would be much increased: but I dare not do so —lest, while pleasing some, I should displease many: therefore, should my readers experience neither interest nor pleasure in the perusal of this tale, I can only exclaim, “I wish you had heard Mary tell it herself!”

Fanny Hastings was the daughter of a publican in the little town of ——— in South Wales. When she was only eight years old both her parents died, and she became dependent on the kindness of an aunt, and on the labours of her own hands, for support; and she soon found sufficient employment to enable her, with the aid of her relation, not only to maintain herself, but to appear better dressed than many girls whose situation in life was not higher than her own.

Fanny was beautiful; so much so, that her beauty was the subject of conversation

even amongst the genteel circles in ——, and many a youth of the same station with herself was earnest to be her accepted lover; but professions of love she listened to with pleasure from one only.

Lewellyn Morgan, with his father and mother, and his cousin Mary, was her opposite neighbour. His father was a carpenter, his mother took in plain-work, and he himself was undecided whether to follow his father's business or seek a different employment,—when he fell in love with our handsome sempstress.

Fanny, whether from coquetry or convenience, always sat by the window at work: it was therefore impossible for her not to observe Lewellyn sometimes,—particularly as he was young, neatly dressed, well made, and as much an object of admiration to the women as she was to the men: besides, his eyes seemed to be often on the watch for hers, and it would have been cruel to disappoint them.

But though Lewellyn's eyes had been talkative, his tongue was still silent, though the state of his heart began to be suspected at home. His father observed that he ceased to be as eager to settle in some business as he used to be ; his mother said he was no longer as attentive as usual in anticipating her wishes ; and his cousin Mary remarked, in an accent unusually sarcastic for her, that Lewellyn had time for nothing but looking out of the window.

“ That seems a good industrious girl who lives opposite,” said his father, taking his cue from the deep blush that overspread Lewellyn's face at Mary's observation.

“ I dare say she would make a good wife,” added his mother. Lewellyn's head absolutely dropped on his waistcoat, but he remained silent.

“ She is pretty-looking,” said Mary in a faltering voice.

“*Pretty-looking!*” cried Lewellyn, roused to utterance by indignation:—“*Pretty-looking, indeed! She is an angel!*”

His parents smothered a laugh; and Mary, suppressing a sigh, turned up her meek eyes to heaven, and soon after made an excuse for taking a walk. To be brief: Lewellyn's parents told him they saw the state of his heart, and that if he wished to make Fanny his wife, they gave him their consent to try his fortune with her.

But true love is always timid;—and though Lewellyn's parents had consented that he should marry Fanny, would she, and would her aunt consent? But they were opposite neighbours, and Lewellyn soon learnt to take advantage of opportunity; he first began to make acquaintance with Fanny by handing her over the kennel when she went to carry home her work; then he begged leave to carry her parcel for her, and so on: and these at-

tentions at last. Fanny received so graciously, and was so often coming to the window to thread her needle, that Lewellyn began to flatter himself that her heart was a little touched in his favour. True, there were other opposite neighbours to Fanny, young men too, who had time to look out of the window as well as he ; but then Lewellyn did not know that, and he thought Fanny's needle-threadings were all for him : however, he was right in taking the smile and nod which she gave on these occasions to himself, and Lewellyn was authorized to hope : but when he was on the point of declaring his love, Fanny fell ill, and was confined to her bed.

Oh ! the anxiety of poor Lewellyn ! He walked tip-toe across the floor of his own house, as if fearful of disturbing the invalid over the way : and on his mother's complaining of a bad head-ache, and not being able to bear any noise, he flew to

expend his little savings on a *litter of straw* to lay before the door; and having bought enough for both sides of the way, he sent to Fanny's aunt, and asked permission to lay it before her door too. He said, nay, he even persuaded himself that he did this merely for the sake of his mother: but Fanny and her aunt thought otherwise, and Mary too, I believe; and when Fanny recovered, she thanked him for his attention in a manner so tender, that he took courage, declared his love, and was accepted.

The next thing to be done was to choose a trade, or rather to let Fanny choose it for him, and she decided that he should follow his father's business: but, as he had it yet to learn, it was judged imprudent for them to marry immediately; and the young couple were looking forward to the hour that was to unite them, when an increase of the standing army, in consequence of the declaration of war, and

the gradual change of private citizens into soldiers, produced an alteration not only in the appearance of the place, but in the manners of its inhabitants.

A military spirit pervaded the whole town; the industrious artisan forsook his work-shop to lounge on the parade: here too the servant girl showed herself in her Sunday clothes; and even Fanny preferred listening to the military band, and beholding the military array, to a quiet walk in the fields with her lover.

But the sound of martial music was not the only one that reached and delighted her ear. Praises of her beauty ran along the ranks—"A devilish fine girl! who is she?" was audibly whispered by the officers. Some young men, who had in vain sought Fanny's attention when they wore the plain dress of tradesmen, now took pains to attract her eyes by their dexterity in the manual, and by displaying to all possible advantage the brilliancy

of their dress, in order, perhaps, to let Fanny feel the value of the prize which she had rejected; while others, not content with exciting her regret for her cruelty to them, were still desirous of gaining her love; and, unawed by the almost fierce looks of Lewellyn, persisted in making way for her in the crowd, that she might hear the band to advantage.

And but too often, Fanny, delighted at the attention paid her, rewarded it by smiles so gracious, that they conveyed hopes and joy to the bosom of her attendants, and fear and jealousy to that of her lover. Not that Lewellyn was sorry to see the woman of his choice the object of general admiration: on the contrary, he would have felt pleasure in it, had not Fanny seemed to enjoy it so much herself; but he saw her eyes sparkle at other praises than his, and he always returned from the parade displeased with Fanny, and dissatisfied with himself.

Still he had not resolution to refuse to accompany her every evening to a scene so fatal to his peace ; and, if he had, he feared that she might resolve to go thither without him ; and he was as wretched as an accepted lover could be, when a day was fixed on for a review of the regulars quartered in the town and its environs, and of the new-raised militia.

“ Only think, Lewellyn,” said Fanny to her lover ; “ there is going to be a review !”

“ And what then ?” replied he in a peevish accent, displeased at the joy that sparkled in her eyes.

“ What then !” rejoined the mortified beauty ; “ only I—I never saw a review in my life.”

“ And I do not know that it signifies whether you ever see one or no,” returned Lewellyn still more pettishly.

“ I am of a different opinion,” retorted Fanny ; “ and if you do not take me to see

the review next week, I know who will—that's all :” and away she walked in all the dignity of conscious and offended power.

Nor did she overrate her influence. Lewellyn's jealousy took alarm ; he followed her immediately, and with a forced laugh told her that he knew as well as she did who would take her to the review.

“ Who ?” angrily asked Fanny.

“ Myself,” replied her humbled swain, “ and we will walk together to the heath on which it is to be ; it is, you know, only three miles off.”

“ Walk !” exclaimed Fanny ; “ walk ! and be melted with heat, and our clothes covered with dust when we get there ! No, indeed ! fine figures we should be.”

“ I should not like you the worse, Fanny ; and I thought you went to see, and not to be seen,” said Lewellyn. “ However, just as you please ; I suppose you have thought of some other way of going.”

“ O yes, we can borrow your cousin John's cart and horse ; Mary can drive me, and you can hire a pony and ride by the side of us.”

Lewellyn with a deep sigh consented to the proposal, and even assisted Fanny to conquer Mary's aversion to perform her part of the plan.

“ I hate war, and all that belongs to it,” cried Mary : “ believe me, I shall have no pleasure if I go.”

“ But you will give others pleasure by going,” said Lewellyn ; and Mary consented directly.

The important day arrived, and Fanny appeared at her aunt's window ready dressed long before the hour appointed for them to set off. “ How beautiful she looks !” thought Lewellyn, “ and how smart she is ! too smart for her situation : yet had she been dressed so to please me, I should not have cared for that ; but she

would not have taken such pains with her dress to please me!"

I doubt Lewellyn was only too much in the right; and that though she looked so handsome that he could not help gazing on her as they went along, at the hazard of riding against posts and carriages, this look had something so sad and reproachful, that Fanny, she knew not why, perhaps wished to avoid it; and when he ventured to say, "You would not have made yourself so smart to walk alone with *me*, Fanny!" a self-accusing blush spread itself over her cheek, and for the first time in her life she wished herself less smart.

Eager, therefore, to change the subject of Lewellyn's thoughts, she asked Mary whence arose her extreme aversion to soldiers and to war.

"I will tell you," said Mary impatiently, "and then I desire you to question

me on this subject no more: My father was a soldier, my mother followed him to battle; I was born on a baggage-wagon, bred in the horrors of a camp, and at ten years old I saw my father brought home mangled and dying from the field, while my mother was breathing her last in the camp-fever. I remember it as if it was only yesterday," continued Mary, shuddering and deeply affected; and her volatile companion was awed into silence.

At length they arrived on the review ground; and Lewellyn, afraid lest the horse should be frightened at the firing, made them leave the cart, and then leaning on his arm they proceeded to the front of the ranks. But the crowd was soon so great that Fanny began to find she was not likely either to see or be seen, and was almost tempted to join Mary in regrets that she had given her-

self the trouble of coming ; when she was seen and recognised by one of her quondam lovers, who, since she had rejected him, had become a serjeant in the militia of the town. Immediately this gallant hero made his way through the crowd ; and forcing a poor boy to dismount from a coach-box conveniently situated for overlooking the field, he seized Fanny's unreluctant hand, led her along the ranks, and lifted her to the place, crying out—
“ Make way for a lady ! ”

Surprise, and the suddenness of Fanny's removal, prevented Lewellyn's opposing it ; but, as soon as surprise gave way to jealousy and resentment, he prepared to follow them. But it was impossible : the review was begun, and Lewellyn could not leave Mary, lest he should expose her to the risk of being run down by the horses, though his own danger he would have disregarded : he was therefore obliged to content himself with watching the con-

duct of Fanny at a distance, who, placed in a conspicuous situation, and taught by coquetry to make the most of it, attracted and charmed all eyes but those of her lover.

In vain did Fanny cast many a kind glance towards her deserted companions. She received none in return : Mary did not, and Lewellyn would not, see them ; and the pleasure which she experienced was at length, in spite of the continual attentions of her military beau, completely damped by the expectation of the reproaches which she knew she should receive when she returned to her lover, and which her conscience told her she but too well deserved.

The review ended, and Fanny was reconducted by the young serjeant to the friends whom she had quitted. The reception which she met with I shall leave it to my readers to imagine—suffice, that Lewellyn upbraided, that Fanny cried,

that Mary mediated, and that they parted the best friends in the world; Lewellyn promising to drink tea at Fanny's aunt's that afternoon, and even to behave cordially to the young serjeant, whom Fanny thought it incumbent on her to ask, in return for his civility.

“But if I come, Fanny, you promise not to make me uncomfortable again by your attentions to him?”

“O yes; I promise faithfully to behave just as you wish me; I will be rude to him, if you like it.”

“No—I would not have you be absolutely rude, but—”

“Why do you ask him?” said Mary abruptly.

“In return for his civilities,” replied Fanny.

“And a pretty return it will be,” cried Mary, “if you behave rudely to him; it surely would have been more civil not to have asked him at all.”

“Mary is so severe!” retorted Fanny.

“And so wise,” said Lewellyn peevishly—“nothing pleases her.”

“I believe, indeed, my temper is altered for the worse lately,” answered Mary, bursting into tears. A profound silence ensued, and lasted till they got home:—then Fanny, seconded by Lewellyn, urged Mary, with more than common kindness, for her tears had affected them, to be of the party in the evening.

“No,” replied Mary;—“I had rather not come—I do not like soldiers; therefore, why should I meet them?” And Fanny, wondering at her want of taste, acceded to the propriety of her not coming: but Lewellyn, while he approved her determination of staying at home, observed to himself,—“She does not like soldiers!—What a sensible young woman my cousin Mary is!—I wish—” Here he stopped; but the violence with which he struck his stick on the ground, and shut-

to the door as he entered his own house, were sufficient proofs that the conclusion of his sentence would, if uttered, have had some reference to Fanny's admiration of the very people whom Mary disliked.

The evening came : and the young serjeant, accompanied by a friend, repaired to the house of Fanny's aunt, where Lewellyn already was, and Mary also, who, to oblige Lewellyn, had consented to join the party. Fanny, to make her peace with Lewellyn, had changed her dress, which he thought in the morning too fine for her situation, and was attired with even quaker simplicity : her manner, too, was all the most apprehensive lover could wish. In vain did the young serjeant endeavour to follow up the advantage which he thought he had in the morning gained over Lewellyn. Fanny had no eyes but for him ; and the consciousness of being beloved added brilliance to the complexion and the eyes of Lewellyn.

But the aunt tried by her attentions to make amends to the mortified soldier for the neglect of the niece, and amongst other things she expatiated on the great improvement made by regimentals in his appearance.

“Improvement, indeed!” cried Fanny: “regimentals are so becoming!—Dear Lewellyn (turning to him), how handsome you would look in a soldier’s dress!—Would he not, Mary?”

“He looks handsome enough in his own dress,” replied Mary unguardedly.

“Yes—but regimentals would be so becoming to his complexion!—I should so like to see him in your coat!” addressing the serjeant.

“You shall, if you desire it,” replied the serjeant coldly; and Lewellyn, the complaisant Lewellyn, was soon arrayed in the scarlet coat of his rival.

Alas, reader! I doubt Fanny was right. The dress was more becoming than his

own, for Mary allowed it to be so; and Fanny, watching her opportunity, threw one of her arms round his neck, and, leaning her face on his shoulder, whispered—“ I never saw you look so well in my life!” and for the first time seemed to court the ready kiss of her lover.

Poor Lewellyn thought *that* the happiest moment of his life: certain it is, it was the most fateful, as all his future hours took their colour from it.

Lewellyn, after wearing the coat longer than propriety warranted, perhaps, returned it to the soldier; but had, at the same time, the mortification of seeing Fanny's eyes continue to the coat, when on his rival's back, the glances of admiration which they bestowed on it when on his. Nay, the capricious girl, not contented with the review in the morning, would accompany her military guests to the parade in the evening; and when there, the serjeant's attention in making

way for her through the crowd, and requesting the band to play only such tunes as she chose, diverted once more her attention from her lover, and restored to his heart all the pangs of jealousy and disappointment: but then he recollected the tenderness with which she had courted and received his caresses when he wore the serjeant's dress; he still felt the pressure of her head against his shoulder; and he owned, in the fulness of his love, that to purchase such another moment he would himself be a soldier.

Day succeeded to day, and week to week; and Fanny continued to receive the visits of the serjeant and other soldiers, though she still professed to look on herself as the betrothed wife of Lewellyn, and though he disapproved in the most earnest manner not only her associates, but the eagerness with which she followed every thing connected with military affairs.

At last, the uneasiness of Lewellyn's

mind showed itself in his countenance. He became pensive, pale, and thin, and every thing about him bespoke some inward struggle; he neglected his business, he spoke little, and ate less; and one evening, in which he had been unusually agitated while Fanny was talking and laughing at her window with one of her military beaux, he started up, and, exclaiming "It shall be so!" seized his hat, and rushed out of the room. "I shall lose her for ever," cried he passionately, "if I do not!" The thought was madness: he hastened along the street, and in a few moments enlisted himself into the regulars then quartered in the town. "Now," said he to himself, as he returned home, "she cannot fail of loving me again! But then, to please her, I have assumed a garb hateful to myself and parents.—Oh, Fanny, I feel I have purchased your love very dearly!"

As he said this he found himself at his

own door.—“No, I dare not tell them to-night what I have done!” said he, and with a trembling hand he opened the door of the sitting-room.

“How pale you look!” exclaimed Mary, running to meet him.

“My dear child! you are not well,” cried his mother.

“We must send for advice for him,” said his father: “the poor lad has looked ill some days, and bad fevers are about. If we should lose you, Lewellyn, what would become of us in our old age?”

Lewellyn tried to speak, but his voice died away; and, leaning on the arm of his father's chair, he sobbed aloud.

Alarmed at his distress, but quite unsuspecting of the cause, his mother hung about his neck: his father walked up and down the room, exclaiming—“What can have happened?—What can this mean?” and Mary, motionless as a statue, stood gazing on him in silence;—when, as he

took his handkerchief out of his pocket, he pulled out with it the cockade which he had just received from the recruiting serjeant.

Mary eagerly seized it; and in an instant the truth burst on her mind.—“Oh! what does this mean?” cried she in a tone of agony:—“How comes this here?—Surely, surely, Lewellyn, you have not been so rash as to enlist for a soldier!”

“Is the girl mad!” exclaimed the old man, “to suppose Lewellyn would do what he knew would break my heart?”

Lewellyn hid his face, and again sobbed aloud.

“Would to God I may be wrong!” said Mary, “but I fear—”

“Mary is always full of her fears,” said his weeping mother pettishly; and the old man was beginning anew to chide poor Mary, when his son, summoning up all his resolution, faltered out—“Mary is right!—I have enlisted!”

The wretched father tottered into a chair ; and, clasping his hands, moved backwards and forwards as he sat, in speechless agony ; while the mother threw her apron over her face, and groaned aloud ; and Mary in silent grief leaned her head on her hands.

“ Oh ! that girl ! that cursed girl ! ” at length exclaimed the father—“ This is her doing ! ”

“ She knows nothing of it,” replied Lewellyn ; “ and you have no one to blame but me.”

“ I had rather have to blame any one else,” cried his father :—“ It is a hard thing to have to reproach one's own child, an only child, too.—Oh, Lewellyn ! we have not deserved this of you ; indeed we have not ! ”

“ We will buy him off again ! ” exclaimed his mother, starting from her chair.—“ We will spend all our little savings with pleasure to do it ! ”

“ You shall have all mine too,” cried Mary: “ and Lewellyn will thank us in a short time, whatever he may do now.”

“ Now, and ever, I shall reject your proposal,” he replied.

“ My child ! !” said his father, grasping his hand, and bursting into tears, “ do you think I have lived long enough ?— Do you wish to kill me ?”

Lewellyn could not answer; but he threw himself on his neck, and sobbed aloud.

“ Have we found our child again ?” said his mother, taking his hand tenderly between both hers: and Mary, timidly approaching him, cried—“ Dear cousin ! why should you be a soldier ? If you should be sent abroad, Lewellyn !—if you should be killed, what would become of—— ?” Here her voice faltered; and, as both his parents at this moment folded their arms round him, Lewellyn’s resolution was shaken; and he was listening with complacence to their renewed proposal

of purchasing his discharge, when, as he raised his head, he saw Fanny at her window, talking with smiles of complacency and glowing cheeks to a recruiting serjeant : and as she spoke she played with the tassel of his epaulette, and seemed to be admiring the beauty of the uniform.

This sight hurried the unhappy Lewellyn into all his wonted jealousy, and counteracted entirely the pleadings of filial piety in his heart.

“ My lot is cast !” he exclaimed, rushing to the door :—“ For your sakes, I wish it were a different one : but I am resolved, and nothing can shake my resolution.” So saying, he left the house : but he did not go in search of Fanny, who had, he observed, left the window ; for he felt dissatisfied both with her and himself, and was at that moment ashamed to prove to her the extent of her influence over him, by telling her that he had become a soldier for her sake. He there-

fore hastened into the fields, and took a long and solitary ramble, in hopes to compose his feelings, and enable him on his return to meet the just reproaches of his parents with more resolution.

As soon as he thought that his firmness was sufficiently restored, he returned to the town; when, as he approached it, he saw Fanny leaving it in a market-cart driven by a young man. She did not see him; and, overcome by a variety of emotions, he felt unable to call to her loud enough for her to hear him: and, wretched and disappointed, he reached his own house.

His first inquiry was, whether Fanny had called during his absence; and he heard, with anguish, that she had not: and his pride being completely conquered by affection, he went to her aunt's house immediately to know whither she was gone,—and found she was gone to spend

two days with a friend of hers in the country.

“And gone without letting me know it, or taking leave of me!” he exclaimed. —“Oh, Fanny!”

But had he known Fanny's motives he would have been less unhappy. The truth was, that during that paroxysm of jealousy which had urged him to enlist, he had neglected to visit Fanny as constantly as usual; and when he had visited her, he had behaved in so strange a manner, that her pride was wounded: and while Fanny had been hesitating whether to accept her friend's invitation into the country, or not, and was wishing to consult Lewellyn's inclinations on the subject, he rushed out of his father's house as I have described above, and neither turned his head to look at her window as he passed, nor did he stop to speak to her, though she had gone to the

door and called after him. Indeed he did not hear her; but Fanny did not know that, and, in a moment of pique, she consented to accept the offered seat in the young farmer's cart: and, pleased with the idea of piquing Lewellyn's feelings in her turn, she set off for the country.

His feelings were, indeed, but too much alive to this seeming proof of indifference in the woman on whom he so fondly and fatally doted; and without daring to encounter again that evening the mournful faces which awaited him at home, he retired to his chamber, and spent a long and sleepless night in self-reproach and jealous agonies.

The next morning a new trial awaited him. He was ordered to join that day a detachment of the regiment at a town about five miles distant, and Fanny was not to return till late the next day: and this overwhelming idea made him insensible to the loud lamentations of his pa-

rents at the idea of parting with him, and to the silent grief of Mary. But at length the feelings of natural affection resumed their sway over him ; and he could not blame either Mary or his father, while they cursed the day when a regiment of soldiers first entered their quiet town, and led its peaceful inhabitants into new dangers and new temptations.

But tears and lamentations were vain : and at the appointed hour he was forced to tear himself from his distressed family, and no consoling thoughts accompanied him on his route.

He must, he considered, be henceforth at the disposal of others ; and be forced, perhaps, to leave the woman whom he adored, (and on whose constancy he, even while present with her, placed no great reliance,) to the addresses of others,—and her attachment to him to all dangers and assaults, of absence and of distance ! And why had he done this ?—That his mistress

might see him in her favourite dress, and that he might fear no rival in a soldier. But now he was to be removed from her sight, and she would not see him at all in those habiliments which he had assumed merely for the purpose of appearing to advantage in her eyes : and, in the bitterness of his heart, he regretted that he had refused his father's offer of purchasing his discharge.

On his arrival at the place of rendezvous his hopes were revived, and his inquietude calmed, by the welcome information, that in two days' time the detachment would be marched into his native town ; and he, in full regimentals, appear before his delighted mistress.

Fanny, in the meanwhile, returned home ; and, being informed by her aunt that it was reported that Lewellyn had enlisted, and was gone to join his regiment at some distant town, her pride yielded

to apprehensive attachment, and she ran over to his father's house to know the truth of the report. But the moment she saw Mary's countenance her fortitude forsook her, and she was unable to ask a single question; and faintly articulating—"I see it is but too true, then!" she sunk into a chair and burst into tears.

"What do you cry for, girl?" said the father: "You do not pretend to be sorry, I hope, for what is all your doing?"

"My doing!" exclaimed Fanny:—"What do you mean?"

"Why, you must know," replied the mother, "that my son is gone for a soldier, merely to please you!"

"To please me!" cried Fanny:—"I solemnly declare that this rash deed was wholly without my knowledge, and quite contrary to my wishes."

"Indeed!" cried both the parents.

"Indeed—So help me God!"

“Then you are willing,” said Mary, no doubt, to use all your influence to prevail on him to let us buy his discharge?”

“I am—I am!” returned Fanny in a hurried manner; and the poor old people folded her fondly and gratefully to their bosom.

Fanny now found her voice again, and began to ask several questions concerning the hasty, ill-advised step which her lover had taken. She inquired the name of the regiment; and being told, she eagerly exclaimed—“What! in that regiment!—The uniform is scarlet turned up with deep blue and gold!—Oh, how handsome he will look in his regimentals!” she added, wiping her eyes, and smiling as she spoke.

The poor old man frowned, and turned away; and Mary shook her head: but the mother, with all a mother's vanity, observed—“True, child, he will look handsome, indeed; and more like a Captain,

I warrant, than many a one that's there!" And Fanny, in the thought of her lover's improved beauty, forgot his absence, and all sense of the danger to which his new profession would expose him.

The next day it was known that the detachment from the town of—— would march in to join the rest of the regiment the next evening; and Fanny, with a beating heart, resolved to go out to meet it. But it was some time before she could prevail on Mary to accompany her: however, at last she consented, and her pale cheek and sunk eye, indicative of secret anxiety, formed a striking contrast to the animated countenance and glowing cheek of her beautiful companion.

"You do not look like yourself to-day, Mary," said Fanny, as they walked along.

"I have not been myself at all, lately," replied Mary, "I am so sorry for Lewellyn's having enlisted."

“So am I,” said Fanny coldly.

“I wish you were really sorry,” replied Mary; “for, if you were, Lewellyn would not be a soldier: but he supposed, I know he did, as he is acquainted with your passion for red coats, that the only way to make sure of you was by becoming a soldier.”

“Are you sure of this?” asked Fanny, her fine eyes glistening at this proof of her lover's attachment.

“Yes; and I see but too well that your pride is more gratified by it, than your feelings are affected,” replied Mary mournfully, “and that when you see him in his regimentals——”

“O dear! how well they will become him!” cried the thoughtless Fanny, quickening her pace in order to hasten the moment of seeing her love, while Mary slowly and tearfully followed.

Soon after they heard the sound of the drum and fife; and ascending a hill, they

beheld the expected detachment rapidly approaching.

“Come, Mary, let us run and meet them,” cried Fanny joyfully; but Mary languidly exclaimed, “I can go no further!” and sat down on the ground: and Fanny consoled herself by reflecting that from the hill she could see them pass better than by standing on the level road.

At length Fanny beheld Lewellyn; and in a transport of joy she exclaimed, “See, Mary, there he is! there he is! O how handsome he looks! but I knew he would!”

“But how will he look a year hence?” said Mary with a sigh.

“How? Why, just the same, to be sure.”

“But suppose he should be ordered abroad?” replied Mary.

Fanny started, and turned pale, exclaiming, “Bless me, Mary, you are such a croaker!” She had time for no more—

Lewellyn was at the foot of the hill; and Fanny, running down it like lightning, arrived just time enough to clasp her lover's extended hand as he passed, and gaze on him with a look which well rewarded him for all that he had suffered.

"Come, Mary, let us follow them," cried Fanny.

"Presently," she replied, slowly descending the hill.

"You are so slow," said Fanny; "I dare say Lewellyn will get to his father's house before us."

"Before *one* of us, perhaps."

"Well, that will seem very unkind to him, I am sure."

"No, he will not miss me, I am sure," returned Mary, wiping away a tear; "he did not even see me as he passed; he had no eyes but for you, Fanny." But Fanny was out of hearing before she finished the sentence, and she did not overtake her before she reached the town.

The meeting of the lovers after this

their first separation was a moment of such true joy to both, that, alive only to the pleasures of affection, they thought not of its pains; and Fanny forgot her anger, Lewellyn his jealousy, while both seemed unconscious that the will of government might, in a few hours, doom them to a long if not an eternal separation.

These fears, however, though strangers to them, were only too present to the minds of the unhappy parents and Mary: when Fanny and Lewellyn, not liking to have their joy damped by the sight of melancholy faces, went out to take a walk; and Fanny, leaning on the arm of her now military lover, led him in triumph, as it were, through the streets of his native town.

When they returned, the father and Mary took Fanny on one side, and asked her whether she had begun to persuade Lewellyn to leave the army again: and Fanny, blushing deeply, replied—"No: but that it was time enough yet;" and

again she was alive only to the satisfaction of the moment.

Another day passed, and still she was too proud of her lover's appearance as a soldier to endeavour to persuade him to be one no longer; and when spoken to on the subject, she replied, that it would be time enough for him to try to get discharged when he was ordered to a distance, or to go abroad.

“No!” cried Mary indignantly;—“should he be ordered to go abroad, I should despise him if he wished then to be discharged: for, though I value Lewellyn's life, I value his honour more.—No; he must gain his discharge now, or never!”

Fanny heard only half this speech; for the parade was beginning, and she was afraid of being too late.

Before the next evening came, the regiment was ordered to Holland; and the unthinking improvident Fanny saw herself

on the eve of parting with her lover, with the consciousness that he was ordered on a service of the most imminent danger.

In vain did she now try to prevail on him to let them purchase his discharge. He was wretched ; but he was fixed to go : and not even Mary now urged him to endeavour to stay at home. His lot was cast ; —and, while he gazed on the miserable looks of his parents, and listened to their lamentations for his loss, and prayers for his safety, he owned that the anguish of his own feelings was a just, but a severe retribution, for having been led by a mad passion to disregard the suggestions of filial piety. Besides, for the gratification of a moment he had risked the happiness of years : for, should he live to return, how could he be sure that he should find Fanny even as fond and faithful as she then was ? But it was too late for repentance, and he had richly deserved to suffer for his folly and selfishness.

The hour of his departure now drew nigh. In vain did he endeavour to keep up his spirits, by telling Fanny that he hoped to distinguish himself so much, that he should return a non-commissioned officer at least. His sanguine descriptions caused Fanny to smile, through her tears, with joyful anticipation: but they could not make him smile himself; nor could they call one smile to the pale lip of his cousin Mary. Her grief seemed so deep, so rooted, that Lewellyn felt almost angry with her for feeling more than Fanny did; and sometimes a suspicion that her love for him exceeded the love of a relation darted across his mind, and awakened there no pleasant sensations.

At the moment of his leaving the parental roof; and when his parents, convinced that they should see him no more, had just folded him, in speechless agony, in a last embrace, he wrung Mary's cold hand, and said, pointing to his father and

mother—"I bequeath them to your care, Mary."

"That was quite unnecessary," she replied, half reproachfully.

"And Fanny, too," he added, in a fainter voice.

"There was no need of that, either," she returned :—"You love her,—that 's enough !"

"Mary, dear Mary !" cried Lewellyn ; but she had left the room.

It so happened that a friend of mine was passing a bridge near Lewellyn's native town as the regiment were crossing it, in their way to the place whence they were to embark ; and, being obliged to stop to make way for them, his attention was attracted by the violent and audible grief of Fanny, who was walking by the side of Lewellyn ; by the settled woe visible in his countenance ; and by the still more touching, though quiet, distress expressed by Mary.

“Those two young women are that soldier's sister and wife, I presume?” said my friend to a by-stander.

“No, sir;—one is his cousin, and the other his sweetheart,” was the answer.

“Oh then, that pretty pale girl, who says nothing, but looks so very sad,—she is his mistress, I conclude?” continued my friend.

“Oh no, sir,—she is only the cousin!” returned the man.

“I wish she had been the mistress!” observed my friend; “for her grief seems to me to be of the more lasting nature.”

My friend's observation was soon proved to be just. After Lewellyn had been gone a day or two, Fanny ceased to grieve, except by fits and starts; and left off protesting that she had now no enjoyment except in the company of Mary, with whom she could talk incessantly of her absent lover: nay, on the contrary, she seemed to avoid Mary, as the sight of her mournful countenance recalled ideas from

which she wished to fly. Besides, whenever Mary was present while Fanny's military admirers were paying their court to her, there was an expression of severity and reproach in the usually mild eye of Mary, which Fanny was unable to observe without confusion.

One day, as Mary was walking with her, she saw Fanny return with, in her opinion, unbecoming complacency, the libertine glance of admiration with which an officer whom they met regarded her; and she was shocked at hearing her exclaim with great warmth, and looking after him at the same time,—“ Oh dear! what a handsome man!—I never saw any one so charming in my life!”

“ I have seen a handsomer man, and you too!” replied Mary, sighing, and looking at Fanny reproachfully.

“ I never saw one so handsome, I am sure!” answered Fanny, piqued at Mary's evident meaning.

“ You have a very short memory,

then," returned Mary: and they finished their walk in silence; nor did they ever walk together again. But while Mary, by the most kind and constant attention, endeavoured to supply to Lewellyn's parents the loss of their son, Fanny was displaying her fine person at parades, reviews, and public walks; and though she loved the absent Lewellyn, she could not bear to forgo the incense offered to her beauty by the admirers who were present.

At length news arrived of a severe battle's having been fought in Holland, in which Lewellyn's regiment had been engaged; and Mary read the account of it to her anxious relations. The regiment was said to have distinguished itself; and the names of some of the officers, deserving particular commendations, were mentioned.

"And do they say nothing of Lewellyn?" asked his mother in a tone of mortification.

“ He is only a private soldier,” replied Mary.

“ No matter : I dare say he behaved as well as a captain.”

“ Wife,” observed the old man, wiping his eyes, “ it is enough for us that our child’s name is not amongst the list of the killed and wounded.”

“ That is very true,” said the mother ; “ but I should like to see Lewellyn’s name in the paper.”

“ You may see it there *only too soon*,” cried the old man.

“ Not if I see him called Captain there, for having killed ten Frenchmen.”

“ My good woman,” replied her husband, “ you hope too much.”

“ And you fear too much, David Morgan,” she answered ; “ our child is brave, and—”

“ So are other people’s children, wife.”

“ Well, but I believe Lewellyn will return a great man.”

“Would I were sure he would return at all!” exclaimed Mary: and the poor old man, forgetting his own despondency, immediately united with his wife in scolding Mary, for looking only at the dismal side of the question.

In a day or two after, both they and Fanny received a letter from Lewellyn. He had been in two engagements, and had escaped unhurt! Again and again he wrote: but at length months and months elapsed, and no intelligence was received of him; till at last there seemed little doubt that he had either fallen in the field, or had perished during the horrible march of our troops in the winter of 1794.

Still his mother and Mary continued to hope that he would yet return; but his father gave him up for lost, and in a short time breathed his last, pronouncing Lewellyn's name, and blessing him in a

tone of agony that almost broke the heart of poor Mary.

His wife continued to exist, for she continued to hope ; but Mary no longer hoped with her ; and she had to perform the painful task of hiding her despondency under a cheerful countenance, that she might not run the risk of destroying the slender tie which still bound the unhappy mother to existence. But her task was soon rendered easier, though her feelings became agonised in a different manner.

Mrs. Morgan's suspense and fearful hope ended in a sort of harmless insanity : whenever any one knocked at the door, she had for some months fancied it was Lewellyn, and in every one who passed the window she had seen a resemblance of her son. At length the idea that he would return took such hold of her mind, that she dressed herself every day in all her best things, that she might go out and meet

her son, who was, she imagined, returning in triumph from battle ; and as Mary led her along the road, to humour this consoling idea, the poor creature used to tell every one she met that she was going to meet Lewellyn : till, fatigued and disappointed, she returned home to bed, to rise the next day invigorated by the same fruitless expectation.

But nature sunk at last under the pressure of disease. On her death-bed she recovered her senses ; and every epithet and every blessing that grateful affection could dictate, she bestowed on the kind and attentive Mary. Mary's heart enjoyed this proof that she had done her duty ; but it enjoyed far more the oft-repeated blessings and the ardent prayer which, to the last, the dying, but still hoping, parent breathed for Lewellyn.

“ If he ever returns,” thought Mary, “ how pleased he will be to know that his parents never mentioned his leaving them

in terms of reproach, but prayed for and blessed him in their last moments! Oh! how happy should I be to impart this consolation to him!”

One evening, after they had been dead some months, and when Mary had, as usual, visited their graves to strew them with fresh flowers (as is customary in many parts of Wales), and weed the little garden which she had planted on them,—instead of returning home she sat herself down on a wooden bench at the entrance of the churchyard, which commanded a view of the town; and as she listened to the distant and varied sounds which reached her ear from the barracks, and a crowded fair about a mile distant,—time insensibly stole away, and, lost in her own thoughts, she was not conscious of the approach of a stranger, till he had reached the bench and was preparing to sit down on it.

Mary started;—but, with that untaught courtesy which the benevolent always

possess, she made room for the intruder to sit down, by removing to the other side of the seat. Neither of them spoke; and Mary insensibly renewed her meditations. But at length the evident agitation and loud though suppressed sobs of the stranger attracted her attention to him, and excited her compassion. "Poor man!" thought Mary, "perhaps he has been visiting the new-made grave of some dear friend:" and insensibly she turned towards the unhappy stranger, expecting to see him in deep mourning; but he was wrapped up in a great coat that looked like a regimental one. This made Mary's pity even greater than before; for, ever since Lewellyn had enlisted, she had lost her boasted insensibility to soldiers and their concerns.

"He is a soldier, too!" said Mary to herself: "who knows but—?" Here the train of her ideas was suddenly broken; for an audible and violent renewal of the

stranger's distress so overset her feelings, already softened by her visit to the grave of her relations and the recollections in which she had been indulging, that she could keep her seat no longer: besides, conscious that true sorrow loves not to be observed, she felt it indelicate to continue there: but, as she slowly withdrew, she could not help saying in a faltering and compassionate tone, "Good evening, sir—and Heaven comfort you!"

At the sound of her voice the stranger started—" 'Tis she!—'Tis Mary!" he exclaimed, rushing towards her. Mary turned about on hearing herself named, and in a voice so dear to her; and in an instant found herself clasped in the arms of Lewellyn.

To describe the incoherence either of grief or joy is impossible: suffice, that Mary was at length able to articulate, "We feared that you were dead!"

“ You see that I am not dead,” replied Lewellyn; “ but I find that others are.” Here tears choked his voice; but, recovering himself, he added, pointing to the grave of his parents, “ Oh, Mary! that was a sad sight for me!—I have found much sorrow awaiting me!”

“ You know all, then?” interrupted Mary with quickness.

“ I know that I have lost both my parents: and I fear my disobedience—my obstinacy—Tell me—tell me, Mary, did they forgive me, and leave me their blessing? Many, many a pang have I felt when I thought of my ingratitude and disobedience in leaving them; and in all my hardships I have said to myself, Unnatural child! this is no more than you have well deserved.”

“ Dear, dear Lewellyn!” cried Mary, “ do not grieve yourself in this manner.—‘ If my son should ever return,’ they both of them said, and they were loth to be-

lieve you would not, 'tell him,' were the words of each of them, 'that I prayed for and blessed him on my death-bed.' ”

“Thank God! thank God!” replied Lewellyn: and for a few moments neither he nor Mary could speak. At length Lewellyn said, “Pray, whose pious hand has decked their grave with flowers?”

“I did it,” answered Mary; and, as she said this, she thought she saw disappointment in the face of her cousin. But her look was a transient one; for she was careful not to let her eyes dwell on Lewellyn's face, lest she should wound his feelings, as the fate of war had sadly changed him. His forehead was scarred, he wore a black patch on his right cheek, and his left arm was in a sling: besides, fatigue, low living, and imprisonment had made him scarcely recognisable, except by the eye of love and friendship. He had been left for dead on the field of battle; and, when life returned, he found himself

in a French hospital, whence he was conveyed to a prison, and in due time was released by a cartel.

“ You see I am dreadfully altered,” said Lewellyn, observing that Mary watched her opportunity of looking at him—
“ I dare say you would scarcely have known me ?”

“ I should know you any where, and in any disguise,” said Mary warmly :—
“ but you seem fatigued : let us go to my little lodging.”

“ I am faint and weary, indeed,” replied he, accepting the arm which Mary offered him as they walked towards the town : “ but I am come home to good nurses, I trust, though one of them is dead (drawing his hand across his eyes as he said it) ; and my native air and the sight of all I love will, I doubt not, soon restore me to health.”

As he uttered these words he fixed his eyes steadfastly on Mary's face, which she

hastily averted, and he felt her arm tremble under his.

“ Mary !” exclaimed he, suddenly stopping, “ you must guess the question which I am longing to ask, but dare not :—Oh, these horrible forebodings !—Mary, why do you not put an end to this suspense which tortures me ?”

“ She is well,” replied Mary in a faint voice.

“ And not—not married, I hope ?”

“ Oh ! no, no, no—not married,” replied Mary.

“ Thank God !” exclaimed Lewellyn ; and Mary was about to speak, when she was prevented by violent shouts and bursts of laughter from persons approaching them—the path which they were in being immediately across the road which led from the fair.

“ Hark ! I hear singing,” said Lewellyn, his whole frame trembling, “ and surely in a voice not unknown to me !”

“Nonsense!—impossible!” replied his agitated companion, violently seizing his arm:—“But let us go another way.”

“I will go no way but this,” said Lewellyn resolutely; and the voice began again to sing a song which, in happier times, had been often sung by Fanny, and admired by Lewellyn. “I thought so:—it is Fanny who is singing!” he exclaimed in a tone of suppressed agony.—“What does this mean?—Tell me, Mary, I conjure you!”

“This way—Come this way,” repeated Mary, trying to force him down a different path, but in vain; when, supported under the arms of two drunken soldiers, and more than half intoxicated herself, flushed with intemperance, dressed in the loose and gay attire of a courtesan, and singing with all the violence of wanton mirth, they beheld Fanny! After Lewellyn's departure she had fallen a victim to the flatteries and attentions of an officer,

and had at length become a follower of the camp.

At sight of Fanny in this situation Mary uttered a loud scream ; but Lewellyn stood motionless and lifeless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the still lovely, though degraded, form before him. But the scream of Mary had attracted the attention of Fanny ; and her eye, quick as lightning, saw and recognised Lewellyn. She also screamed, but it was in the tone of desperation ; and rushing forwards, she fell madly laughing on the ground. The soldiers, concluding she laughed and fell from excessive mirth, laughed louder than she did ; and, in spite of her struggles, conveyed her in their arms up the road that led to the camp. Lewellyn had sprung forward to catch her as she was falling, but Mary had forcibly withheld him—but that was the last effort of expiring energy : with tottering steps, and in silent agony, he ac-

accompanied Mary to her lodging, and ere two hours had elapsed he was raving in the delirium of a fever; and Mary began to fear that the beloved friend whom war had spared to her would have returned only to die the victim of a worthless woman. Day was slowly beginning to dawn, and Lewellyn was fallen into a perturbed slumber, when Mary, as she stood mournfully gazing on his altered features, heard a gentle tap at her window, and, softly approaching it, beheld with no small emotion the wretched Fanny herself.

“Go away—go away!” cried Mary in a low voice, putting her lips to the casement.

“I can't go till I have seen him,” replied Fanny in a hoarse voice.—“I know he is here—and, for the love of God!” said she, falling on her knees, “let me ask his pardon.”

“Impossible!” replied Mary, gently unlocking the door, and closing it after

her as she stood at the door.—“He is ill, perhaps dying—the sight of you—”

“Has killed him, no doubt,” interrupted Fanny, turning even paler than before, and full of the dreadful irritation consequent on intoxication after its effects have subsided. “But do you think he will not curse me in his last moments, as they say his parents did?”

“Oh, no,—I am sure he will not.”

“Do you think he will pray for me?—Ask him, Mary; ask him to pray for me,” she continued with horrible eagerness.

“I will, I will,” replied Mary; “but, for mercy’s sake go away, lest he wake and know your voice!”

“Well, I will go—I will go. I know I am not worthy to speak either to him or you; but no one is waking but you and me, Mary; so no one sees how you are degraded.”

“I did not mean that; I did not indeed,” cried Mary, bursting into tears of pity.

“No—I know you are very good, Mary; and you, you only were worthy of him: so ask him to pray for me, and do you pray for me too.”

“Pray for yourself, my poor Fanny,” cried Mary.

“I dare not,” she answered, shuddering as she spoke: “but did you not say he was asleep, sound asleep?”

“I did.”

“Then, for God’s sake let me see him!—I will not speak—I will not stir, believe me; but, if you do not—” she added, grasping Mary’s hand with a look of desperation.

Mary was awed; and, gently undoing the door, Fanny passed her, and in a moment she stood by Lewellyn’s bed-side. She gazed on him with wild and tearless earnestness, but silently, as she had promised. At length, however, she turned away, muttering as she did so, “And he was once so handsome!”

It seemed as if the most imperfect sound of a voice so dear to him was sure to find its way to the ears and heart of Lewellyn ; for he awoke at this moment, and, starting up in his bed, saw Fanny before the terrified Mary could force her out of the room.

“Let her stay, let her stay,” cried Lewellyn ; and in an instant Fanny was on her knees before him.

“Forgive me !” was all she uttered ; but it was enough.

“I forgive you,” he replied, and sunk back, almost fainting, on his pillow.

“God bless you !—God bless you for that !” cried Fanny, starting up : then she wildly added, “But they say your father and mother cursed me on their death-bed, Lewellyn.”

“Horrible, horrible !—Is this true ?” asked Lewellyn.

“No, no—it is false,” replied Mary ; “quite false.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Fanny and Lewellyn both at once: “but it would have been very natural for them to have done so,” added Fanny; for, till you knew me, you were an obedient child.”

“True,” said Lewellyn mournfully; “but it was my fault, and not yours, that I would be a soldier. I preferred my own gratification to theirs, and I am justly punished—I know,—I feel that I am.”

“It was the fault of the war, and of nothing else,” cried Mary, faithful to her own opinions; “and I never knew any thing good come of war in my life. Had there been no war, we should not have had soldiers in our quiet town, and Fanny would not have run mad after them; nor would you, Lewellyn, to please her, have gone for a soldier; nor—”

“No,” continued Lewellyn; “nor should I have left Fanny exposed to temptation. Mary is right,” he added, look-

ing kindly at Fanny,—“The wicked war was the cause of all.”

Fanny only shook her head, and sighed deeply. Whatever was the cause, she felt that she was miserable, and that all her prospects in life were blasted, while the morbid irritation consequent on drunkenness was rankling through her trembling frame.

“But you have forgiven me, you have forgiven me,” she cried in a hurried manner; “and that is enough for me now, Lewellyn.”

But Lewellyn heard her not: his fever was returned, and with it the happy unconsciousness attending it.

“There!—he is dying!—and I have killed him! One crime more is set down to my account!” exclaimed Fanny with a scream of agony.

“Go, for pity’s sake go!” cried Mary, bursting into tears, “I cannot bear to witness his illness and your agony too.”

“ Me!—Do you consider me, and what I feel ?” said Fanny. “ God bless you ! God bless you ! Well, well, I will go—I will go.” Then wringing Mary’s hand almost convulsively, she stooped down, imprinted a long kiss on the burning temples of Lewellyn ; and bidding Mary ‘farewell for ever!’ rushed out of the house.

As soon as she was gone, Mary repented that she had bidden her go. She recollected with horror her disordered look and her solemn farewell ; and even while weeping on the restless pillow of Lewellyn, her unhappy victim, she thought with generous anxiety of the guilty Fanny.

At length morning began to dawn ; and while Lewellyn having taken a composing medicine was in a sort of sound sleep, Mary gently opened the lattice, in order to feel the refreshing breeze of the rising day, when suddenly she heard voices approaching, and the tread of many feet.

Immediately after she overheard some one say to another, "Let us go very softly past Mary's cottage, lest she and Lewellyn hear us." This was enough to alarm the already suspicious Mary; and in a few moments more her painful curiosity was cruelly gratified; for, carried on a sort of bier, she beheld the dead body of Fanny!

On leaving Mary she had plunged into a neighbouring stream, and been discovered too late to be restored to life.

Happily for Lewellyn, Mary had such an habitual command of her feelings, whenever the indulgence of them was likely to injure others, that, though she sunk trembling and almost fainting on the ground when this sad sight met her view, her sorrow was not audible; and when the poor invalid awoke, and asked for Fanny, the almost heroic girl, struggling with her feelings, calmly replied, that she had persuaded her to go home to bed. And Lewellyn seeing in Mary's counte-

nance nothing to make him doubt the truth of what she said, or to excite his fears, composed himself to sleep again, and escaped the knowledge of an event which might have proved instantly fatal to him.

The next morning a neighbour knocked at the window, and informed Mary that the coroner's inquest was going to sit on the body, and that there was no doubt their verdict would be such as to deprive the poor girl of christian burial.

“It can't be, and it shall not be so if I can prevent it,” cried Mary: “She was not in her senses, I am sure she was not; and I will go and prove it to them.”

So saying, she begged the officious neighbour to watch by Lewellyn while she went to save from disgrace the remains of the woman he loved, and she repaired to the scene of meeting. But all her assertions were vain; the language of Fanny, according to her own account, was rational; and her looks and manner they had not seen:

and Mary returned to her station beside Lewellyn's bed, with the melancholy conviction that poor Fanny would be interred as a self-murderer.

“It will kill him, I know it will, when he hears of it,” said Mary to herself: and though,—thanks to her attentive care,—Lewellyn was soon pronounced to be out of danger, her joy was overclouded by the fear that he should relapse when informed of the fate of Fanny.

“It is strange,” said Lewellyn, one day, when he stood for the first time since his illness at an open window—“it is very strange that Fanny should not have been here of so long a time!”

“I feared, and she feared,” replied Mary, blushing, “that her presence might agitate you too much.”

“Nonsense!” replied Lewellyn rather pettishly: “it would do me good rather; for in spite of all, Mary, in spite of all, I feel—I feel that I love her still.”

“ Indeed !” cried Mary, turning pale.

“ Yes,” answered Lewellyn with a deep sigh ; “ and I am convinced that, as my going away and leaving her exposed to temptation was the cause of her guilt, I am bound in conscience to marry her.”

“ To marry her !” exclaimed Mary, while she could not help rejoicing at that moment that Fanny was no more.

“ Yes, to marry her !” replied Lewellyn : “ you know, you yourself imputed all the mischief that has happened, to my going for a soldier.”

“ Not exactly so,” replied Mary : “ I imputed it to the war.”

“ That is much the same thing,” retorted Lewellyn hastily : but Mary was of a different opinion. “ Therefore,” continued Lewellyn, “ as I long very much to see her—do, my dear cousin, do go for her this afternoon.”

The season of self-command was over. Mary got up ; she sat down again ; she

turned pale; then red; and at last she burst into tears.

“What is the matter?” cried Lewellyn, “what has happened?”

“Fanny—Fanny is ill in bed,” faltered out Mary.

“But not dying, I hope?” answered Lewellyn, tottering to a chair.

“Not—not far from it,” said Mary, resolved now to tell him the whole truth.

“Let me see her—I will see her,” he exclaimed, staggering towards the door.

“It is too late!” cried Mary, forcing him into a chair: “but remember, dearest Lewellyn, that before she died you had kindly forgiven all her offences towards you?”

“She had none to forgive,” fiercely replied Lewellyn, remembering at that moment nothing but her merits: and he insisted on seeing her corpse, if she was really dead.

“She is buried also,” replied Mary, almost piqued at this obstinate attachment to an unworthy girl, while her faithful love and modest worth were unregarded: but she soon lost all resentment, in terror and pity at the anguish which now overwhelmed Lewellyn.

At first it showed itself in vehement exclamations and declarations—that she should not die—that she should still be his wife; but at length he sunk into a state of hopeless despondency, and, throwing himself across his bed, for two days all the efforts of Mary were vain to rouse him from his mournful stupor. On the third day he became composed; and taking Mary’s hand, he said:

“My dear, good cousin, lead me, pray lead me to her grave.”

This request was what Mary had dreaded.

“I—I do not know which it is,” replied Mary.

“Then we can inquire,” coldly answered Lewellyn.

“No, no,—if you are determined—I think I can find it,” said Mary, recollecting that she could show him some other grave for hers.

“I am determined,” answered Lewellyn; and with slow steps they set off for the burying-ground.

When there, Mary led him to a grave newly made, but the flowers with which it had been strewed were withered. Lewellyn threw himself across the turf; and, darting an angry glance at Mary, said:

“These flowers might have been renewed, I think: however, this spot shall be planted now, as well as strewed:” and Mary did not contradict him.

But, unluckily, at this moment a woman, whose mother was buried in the grave which Lewellyn mistook for Fanny's, came up to them with fresh flowers to throw on it; and before Mary could pre-

vent her, she demanded what Lewellyn meant by lying on her mother's grave.

Lewellyn, starting up, replied, that he thought Fanny Hastings lay buried there.

“She!” answered the woman: “no, poor thing! she drowned herself, and is buried in the cross-ways!”

Lewellyn gave a deep groan, and sunk senseless on the ground; nor did he recover till he had been conveyed home, and was laid on his bed, his head resting on the arm of Mary.

When he opened his eyes and saw her, he gave her such a look of woe!—and refused for some days all nourishment and all consolation, as he had done before; while Mary, rendered desperate by his obstinate resolution to die, lost all power of exertion; and after one day of great anxiety, when she left him for the night, she felt as if she should never be able to leave her room again.

The next morning, when Lewellyn

awoke from his disturbed slumbers, he was surprised not to see Mary watching by his bedside ; and though resolved not to eat, he still felt disappointed that his kind nurse was not there to invite him to do so. But hour after hour elapsed, and still no Mary appeared ; and Lewellyn's heart died within him, as the probability struck him, that she had at length sunk under the accumulated fatigue and sorrow which he had occasioned her.

The idea was insupportable : he forgot his languid despondence ; he forgot regret for the dead Fanny, in fear for the living Mary ; and hastily dressing himself, resolved to go in search of her.

Still, respect forbade him to enter her chamber ; and having with some difficulty reached the stair-case, he stopped there, irresolute how to proceed. Had he entered her room, he would have seen with some emotion, I trust, what a wretched garret and miserable bed Mary

was contented to use, in order to accommodate the ungrateful object of her affection :—but, as I said before, a feeling of delicacy and respect forbade Lewellyn to go further, and he contented himself with calling Mary by her name. Still no Mary answered : again he called, but in vain ; for, though Mary did hear him the second time, she was not in a humour to reply.

She had lain awake, revolving in her own mind the whole of her past existence ; and she found that her life had been uniformly a life of wearisome exertion, uncheered but by the consciousness of having done her duty : to be sure, that consciousness was a great blessing, and Mary had found it so ; but at this moment, worn down as she was both in body and mind, existence seemed to have lost every charm ; and she resolved, like Lewellyn, to lie down and die. Indifferent, therefore, even to Lewellyn himself, she was lying still in her sleepless bed when she heard

Lewellyn's voice calling her in an accent of anxiety.

The heart so lately quiet began to beat violently ; her imagined indifference immediately vanished ; and raising herself up in her bed, she listened eagerly to hear the welcome sound again. " So ! he misses me—he wishes for me—he is alarmed for me !" thought Mary ; and in another moment she distinctly heard Lewellyn at her door, saying, through the key-hole, " Mary ! why, Mary ! dear, dear Mary ! for mercy's sake speak to me !"

It was the first moment of pleasure that Mary had known for many weeks ; and telling him she would be down presently, she hastily dressed herself, and, full of something like renewed hope, joined Lewellyn. But with his fears for Mary's health had subsided his inclination to exertion. She found him as she had left him the night before—stretched on his bed, the picture of woe, and again resolv-

ed to refuse all the nourishment which she offered him.

This was more than she could bear with patience. The cheek so lately flushed with hope became pale with disappointment ; and sinking on the foot of the bed, she exclaimed : “ It is over, and the struggle is past : why should I endeavour to keep alive in you, or in myself, an existence painful to us both ? Yet, I own it does grieve me, Lewellyn, to see you so very indifferent to me—so very unkind !”

Lewellyn, at these words, raised himself on his elbow, and looked at her with surprise and interest.

“ Cruel, cruel Lewellyn !” she continued, rendered regardless of all restraint by despair, “ it is not enough, that from my earliest days I have loved, hopelessly loved you, and seen another obtain the love which I would have died to gain ? but must I see this happy though guilty

rival triumph over me still even in her grave? Must I see you resolve to die with her, rather than live with me?"

Here Mary paused: but Lewellyn's heart being too full to allow him to answer her, she soon continued thus:—

“Dear Mary!” said your parents to me in their last moments, “should our deluded son be still living, and ever return to his native town, tell him——”

“Tell him what?” cried Lewellyn, seeing that Mary hesitated.

“Tell him, it was our wish, that he should forget the worthless girl who has forsaken him, (remember, Lewellyn, it was they who called her such names, and not I,) and make you his wife. It is not pretty to praise one's self, I know, Lewellyn,” continued Mary, blushing, “but I may repeat what they said, surely.”

“And what did they say?” asked Lewellyn.

“Why, they said I was a very good girl;

and they were sure I should make you happy!"

"Happy!—make me happy!" cried Lewellyn mournfully; "but you are a good girl—a very good girl, Mary!" he added, putting his arm round her waist, and pressing her to him as he spoke.

This circumstance, trivial as it was, invigorated the hopes of Mary, and gave her courage to proceed. "Now hear my resolution, Lewellyn!—From my childhood to the present hour, I have lived but for you and your dear unfortunate parents; to them and you—my health, my time, and my strength have been cheerfully devoted; but grief has now nearly exhausted me, and I feel that my power of exertion is nearly over; for I see, that—though I have loved you through all your sickness and your sorrow, and love you as fondly now as if you were still in the pride and bloom of health and youth—I see, wretch

that I am! that it is with difficulty you speak kindly to me; and that I am so odious to you at times, that——”

“Odious!—you odious to me!” exclaimed Lewellyn, starting up with unusual animation; “you—Mary! my friend! my nurse! my preserver! my all! now.” Here he burst into a violent fit of tears, the first which he had shed since he had heard how Fanny died; and Mary, leaning her head on his shoulder, joined her tears to his. “You, odious to me! you!” he continued, “whom I have loved from my childhood; you! who were all my poor parents’ comfort; you! who performed towards them all the duties of a child; while I, wretch that I was! forsook them in their old age. O Mary! whatever be my faults, accuse me not of the wickedness of hating you.”

“Then promise me not to give way to this deadly sorrow, Lewellyn.”

“ I will promise you any thing,” cried Lewellyn tenderly.

“ For, mark my words, Lewellyn—I will not live to witness your death—I am ill—I am very ill; and unless assured that you will consent to live, I will take no food, no remedies, but give myself up to the languor which is consuming me.”

“ Mary!—dearest Mary!” cried Lewellyn, catching her fondly to his bosom, “ you shall live for my sake, as I will live for yours! We will either live or die together; and from this moment I will shake off this unworthy sorrow.”

He said no more: for Mary, more unable to bear joy than sorrow, fainted in his arms, and for some time the terrified Lewellyn feared that she was gone for ever; but she revived at last, and in a few weeks, to the satisfaction of the whole town, to whom Mary was an object both of affection and respect, the lovers were united at

the parish church. Not long after, a gentleman, to whom their story was known, put them in possession of a small but comfortable farm on his estate, and Mary shines as much as a wife and mother, as she had before done as a relation and friend.

Nor is happiness bestowed on unthankful hearts.—When Lewellyn returns, after his day's employment, to the comforts of his home, Mary seats herself by his side; and, blest in each other's affection, they ask themselves if it can be true, that they were ever unhappy?

But the sound of the drum and fife always fades the colour of Mary's cheek; and whenever a recruiting party passes her gate, Mary hastens into a back room till it is past, and Lewellyn runs to the extremity of his fields to avoid it; while Mary, shutting the door after her with vio-

lence, exclaims, " I always did, and I always shall hate war, and all that belongs to it; and let who will desire it,—my boys, except in case of an invasion, shall never, never be soldiers."

THE
BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE young marquis de Fontanges and the count his father were amongst those of the French nobility who joined the tiers état at the commencement of the revolution; and during the year 1790, they, with many others of their acquaintance, were endeavouring to forget political cares and warfare in the pleasures of the metropolis, when the old count de Valmont introduced his young and lovely bride into the circles of Paris.

Hortense de Valmont was volatile, fond of admiration, and the wife of an old man. No wonder, then, that she became the centre of attraction to all the young men

of fashion who had time to throw away, and hearts as yet unengaged; and the young marquis de Fontanges was soon her avowed captive, and evidently one of the most favoured of her train.

Not that madame de Valmont had really made an impression on his heart;—her beauty captivated his senses, her attentions flattered his vanity, and the idea of making her his conquest gratified his pride, but he was not in love. Still he continued to pay her the most devoted attentions, and the honour as well as peace of monsieur de Valmont was on the point of being invaded, when the count de Fontanges demanded a private conference with his gay and successful son. The count began by stating his near relationship, and long friendship which subsisted between him and monsieur de Valmont; and he ended by telling the marquis that he could not allow the count's domestic happiness to be destroyed by a

child of his: he therefore made it his particular request, not to say *command*, that he would desist from his pursuit of madame de Valmont;—not break with her at once, for that would make her demand an explanation, but by gradually discontinuing his attentions alarm her vanity and wound her pride, and by that means make a rupture easy. He also wished he would contrive some excuse for absenting himself from Paris; and as he had lately been troubled with a complaint for which an English physician had recommended Bath waters, he urged him, on pretence of ill health, to set off for England as soon as he had seemed to grow indifferent to Hortensia. Fontanges listened to his father's unexpected and unwelcome interference with silent and painful surprise; but he could not help owning to himself that the subject of which his father treated had never been viewed by him in so serious a light before.

He felt what had never before occurred to him,—the respect which he owed to his relation and friend the count: he recollected the many kindnesses which he had received from him in his childhood, and was shocked at the manner in which he was going to repay those kindnesses, till he beheld Hortensia not only as a beautiful and yielding woman, but he saw her as the wife of his earliest friend, and consequently as an object that ought to be sacred to him.

Fontanges had filial piety, and he had a feeling heart. His father had pointed out to him the path of duty, and he resolved to follow it. But though disposed to obey his father and the dictates of honour and duty, he was not disposed to follow his plan in every respect. He thought he should sufficiently offend Hortensia if he set off for England immediately on pretence of ill health, without bidding her a personal farewell; and mon-

sieur Fontanges being contented that he should do so, he wrote a cold note to his lovely mistress, and set off the next day for England.

Almost as soon as he landed, he went to Bath; where, as he was young, handsome, rich, and of high rank, he was soon an object of general attention. But Fontanges compared Bath to Paris, and the former suffered so greatly by the comparison; and English women, though beautiful, appeared to him so insipid and reserved when put in competition with his own fascinating and graceful countrywomen, that it seemed to him an act of heroism not to return to Paris directly; and Hortensia, now she was out of his reach, arose to his remembrance with greater charms and more irresistible graces than ever. Still he had resolution to remain in England: but regret and ennui brought on complaints of languor wholly unknown to him before; and his only pleasure was

the anticipation of continual letters from France, and their actual arrival, when a letter reached him from his most intimate and confidential friend, the contents of which drove him almost frantic with virtuous indignation. His friend, the chevalier de Germeuil, informed him that his father, the count de Fontanges, immediately on his departure, had become himself the constant attendant on the beautiful Hortensia; that, vain of the attentions of so accomplished a man, who was, though not young, considerably younger than her husband, and possessed of a very fine person and accomplished manners, madame de Valmont seemed disposed to revenge herself on the son for having neglected her charms, by transferring her affections to the father.

“ I see you will have great difficulty,” he continued, “ in believing this story, but I have not: the intrigue is no doubt a confirmed one; trust me, it is not

Parisian scandal. The lady appears in all companies devoted to her lover; and the count her husband is evidently a prey to the most tormenting jealousy."

This letter, this dreadful letter, oppressed the poor marquis with a number of the most painful emotions; for till now his father had been as much the object of his reverence as his love; and now he was deservedly, in this instance at least, the object of his contempt. He thought almost with horror of the hypocritical pretence which he made to delicacy of feeling and considerate friendship, by desiring his son to leave France; and he trembled with indignation when he reflected that his father meant to take advantage of his absence, in order that he might himself commit the crime from which he had endeavoured to warn him.

These were painful considerations for an affectionate child; and they put the finishing stroke to Fontanges's dejection.

He loathed the sight of every one; and one day he set out to take a long and solitary ramble in the most unfrequented part of the country round Bath. The consequence of this ramble he himself relates in the following letter to his friend the chevalier:—

“ At length, my friend, I am once more able to address you, after having never expected to address you more; for my father was on the point of adding to the guilt of having deceived his son, that of having destroyed him. I have been ill, very ill, and my illness was the consequence of the anguish of mind which I suffered on receiving your last letter. But believe me, Germeuil, I felt more as a *child* than as a lover:—it was not for my mistress’s infidelity that I grieved, but for my father’s delinquency. It was so pleasant to me to look up to him with reverence as well as affection—and who appears to have greater claims to respect as

well as to admiration! But now——! Let me not think that way——! he is my father still: besides, I have a more delightful subject of contemplation at this moment, and can amuse you better than by the ravings of wounded feeling and honest indignation.

“ Before I received your overwhelming letter, I was languid, depressed, and incapable of being amused by any thing; but when I did receive it, my languor yielded to a sort of phrensy: and rushing into the open air, as if I thought by that means to alleviate my feelings, I wandered up one of the surrounding hills, nor did I stop till I was too weary to walk further. How long, or how far I had walked, I was unable to guess; for I suspect that I was even then under the influence of fever. At length I recovered my weariness a little, or rather perhaps the perturbation of my mind urged me on; but certain it is that I continued to

advance further into the country, when all at once I became insensible, sinking down in a gentle and no displeasing swoon.

“When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a neat bed and a cheerful airy apartment, but one wholly unknown to me; and I saw, by the view from the windows, that I was not in Bath, but in the country. “Where can I be? What can have happened to me?” I exclaimed; when suddenly a light step crossed the apartment, and I heard a soft voice say in English, ‘Mother! mother! he has spoken! he is sensible!’

“I put back the curtain, but I saw no one: however, I soon heard the light step returning, and presently a tall blooming girl appeared by my bed-side. Then abashed at my eager gaze, and as if alarmed at being left alone with me, she called out—‘Mother! mother! pray come hither; the gentleman perhaps would wish to speak to you.’ Immediately a middle-

aged woman, dressed *à la fermière*, entered the room, and, dropping me a rustic curtsy, hoped I found myself better—at least such I supposed was her meaning, for I found it difficult to understand her—and I answered her as well as I could, that I felt well, but weak; but that I was quite surprised to find myself where I was, and not in my own bed; and I begged to have an explanation of these strange circumstances.

“ ‘Ellen, do you tell the gentleman,’ answered the mother; and Ellen, blushing like the morn, told me that as she was walking, she saw a gentleman lying on the ground, to all appearance dead; (‘That was you, sir,’ interrupted the mother) and that, shocked and terrified, she had run home for assistance; that I was almost immediately taken up, carried to their house, and put to bed; that I had been alternately sensible and delirious for several days; and that but for

the nourishment and medicine constantly poured down my throat night and day, I must, the doctor said, have died very soon.

“ ‘ And who,’ said I, ‘ was so good as to attend on me, and make me swallow medicine and food?’

“ ‘ Ellen and I took it by turns,’ replied the mother, ‘ though to be sure, latterly, Ellen sat up and did every thing herself; and I do think, but for her great care, it would have gone hard with you, sir.’

“ ‘ Then to you I owe my life!’ cried I, seizing Ellen’s hand, and passionately kissing it. She hastily withdrew it and left the room; and then I learnt from the mother that I was in a small farmhouse; that the husband, whose name is Percival, is a little farmer, as the phrase is; that Ellen is his only daughter, but that they have a son at sea, in the service; that Ellen has had an education given her by a lady who died suddenly and left her

nothing; and Mrs. Percival added, that her daughter Ellen, though she said it that should not say it, could do every thing, and was the pride of her parents and the wonder of the village.

“ And this charming girl, for indeed she is beautiful, nay more, a beautiful likeness of Hortensia, this beautiful girl, Germeuil, by her generous attentions, saved my life! ‘Then take care,’ cries conscience, ‘that you do not by your attentions embitter hers!’ But what says love? Why, love says——

“ ‘How!’ methinks I hear you exclaim, ‘in love already, marquis!’ Yes, indeed I am: remember, I have as yet only described the first meeting to you; but day succeeded to day, and still I was too weak to sit up, except two or three hours at a time; and oh the kind cares of the good Percivals! But Ellen, the gentle Ellen!——How I bless the passion I had always had for studying English!

as it has enabled me to converse with this dear girl; and during my residence at Bath I have had an English master every day, from whom I have derived considerable improvement. Amongst other poets, I read Prior with him, and in one of his poems there is a passage which I am coxcomb enough to apply to Ellen and myself. Solomon is describing the tender attention of one of his slaves to him, and he says—

‘ And though I call’d another, Abra came !’

Indeed it is true, Germeuil, although I call another, Ellen comes !

“ But now they have found out that I am a marquis, Ellen, I think, treats me with more distance and reserve. I wrote to the count de Mirbelle, in London, to draw on my banker for me for a considerable sum, in order that I may reward these good people for their care of me, and indemnify them for the expense to which I have put them; and when he

sent the remittance, he directed—‘ To the marquis de Fontanges.’ If I am not wrong, Ellen looked sad when she found out my rank, but the mother seemed delighted.—‘ Well,’ cried she, stroking down her coloured apron and drawing herself up, ‘ who should have thought I should ever have nursed and lodged a mylord marquis! (for marquises are called lords here) ‘ Well, girl,’ I overheard her say as she left the room with Ellen, ‘ who should have thought it! who knows but—— Well, but I say nothing.’ So you see the old lady’s ideas travel fast.

“ About a fortnight ago I became well enough to leave my room, therefore I am now able to go back to Bath ; but, alas, I have no inclination ! Here am I bound, here rooted: Paris, my father, Hortensia, ye dear but cruel images that haunted so long my sick fancy, whither are ye fled ? To borrow some lines from Shakspeare, over whom I have been poring to-day—

My father!—I think not of my father——

————— ‘What is he like?’

I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in it but Ellen’s.

I am undone! There is no living—none,

If Ellen be away.’ —————

“And now, how do you think I happened to meet so opportunely with lines that suited my feelings so well? Know then, that the speech whence these lines are taken is Ellen’s favourite speech, and is spoken by a young girl, named Helena, *roturière*, as Ellen is, on her being deeply in love with a young *French* nobleman named Bertram. This speech, I, by accident, oft the favourer of lovers, found Ellen weeping over; and so earnestly did she endeavour to hide from me the passage which she was reading, that it was only by force I could gain a sight of it; and when I had done so, Ellen, the conscious and blushing Ellen, left the room,

and locked herself in her own apartment.

“ The speech goes on as follows : —

————— ‘ It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so much above me
In his bright radiance and collateral light.
Must I be comforted ? Not in his sphere !
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself.
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.—’ ‘Twas pretty, tho’ a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart’s tables, heart too sensible
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.’

“ Yes, Germeuil, I found Ellen weeping over this, and my whole soul melting into tenderness as I read it. I wished, for a moment I wished, that the blood of the Montmorencies did not flow through my veins, or that Ellen could boast of it too.

“ She is really a wonderful creature—full of talent and sensibility, and fitted to adorn the highest sphere of life. The mother

gives broad hints that she thinks she would make a very pretty marchioness, and gives me, foolish, indiscreet woman ! repeated opportunities of being alone with her. The father, on the contrary, looks grave, and is not rejoiced that I have hired apartments at his house for the benefit of the air.

“ Yesterday, for the first time since the circumstance of the lines in Shakspeare, has Ellen allowed me to see her alone ; and I was resolved to make the most of so rare an opportunity. ‘ What a wretch, my sweet Ellen,’ cried I, ‘ was that Bertram, for not loving that charming Helena ! What a brute to be insensible to so much modest tenderness ! Do you not think so, Ellen ?’ Ellen burst into tears ; and I declaring in the most passionate manner, that were I beloved by her as Bertram was by Helena, my whole soul would be hers, and my whole life for ever devoted to her, Ellen listened and believed, and at length I

drew from her a reluctant confession, that her love equalled the kindness which I had confessed for her ; but being convinced that she could never be my wife, she was resolved to struggle with her weakness ; and in order that I might have no opportunity in future of pleading my suit to her, she was determined to leave home, and go to a friend's who resided at some distance.

“ In vain I pleaded, in vain I expostulated. The wise and virtuous girl was resolute ; and having consulted her father, who joyfully consented to her departure, even the day of it was fixed, when the mother returned from spending a day with a neighbour, and positively vowed that she should not, and would not spare Ellen. Oh, how I rejoiced ! and methought that Ellen herself did not look very sorry at having her projected heroism made impossible. So Ellen is here still, and I am here, and her mother says

she always thought Pamela was a true story; for, for her part she thinks it very natural.

“I am teaching Ellen French; and you can't think how quickly she learns. How happy Abelard must have been! I never sufficiently appreciated his happiness before; but my Eloisa is not so kind as his was. Still *nous verrons*.”

The rest of the letter related chiefly to politics; I shall therefore not copy it, but proceed with my story.

Thus, it appears that by the ambition and sanguine folly of her mother, Ellen was exposed to the greatest of all dangers; and instead of confirming her in her wise resolution to avoid temptation, this deluded woman was continually exposing her to it; nor could she receive with common civility the visits of a very respectable and worthy young man, her own nephew, whom, till the arrival of the marquis, she had encouraged to address her daughter. Nay, even Ellen.

herself was conscious of behaving to him and to her former associates with a degree of cold reserve which her judgement by no means approved. But the education, slight as it was, which she had received, had unfortunately raised her a little above her sphere of life, and the society of Fontanges had completed the disgust which the coarse manners and want of refinement in her old lover and companions had already excited in her.

But though Ellen treated George Meadows with coldness, she could not bear to see her mother receive his well-meant civilities with disdain; and the excellence of her heart often made her interfere, to soften by some soothing attention, and kind word, the unkindness of her mother to her now discarded but still faithful admirer.

“Well, now that’s kind, and as it should be,” said he to her one day when her feelings had prompted her to some

act of civility towards him;—"that is like old friends, now; for we, you know, have been playfellows from childhood, and I must say, (and his voice faltered as he spoke,) I did think it very hard for a person to come from foreign parts, a mere stranger as one may say, and for you to take such a liking to him as not to have a kind word to say to an old friend."

Ellen's conscious heart reproached her; and she replied, that she was incapable of forgetting her old friends, and was always glad to see him.

"Well,—give me your hand upon it", answered George Meadows.

Ellen gave him her hand; and he held it some time as if loth to part with it, and Ellen was vainly struggling to release it from his grasp when the marquis entered the room, and started at seeing the apparent familiarity between Ellen and her former lover; while Ellen herself, being

provoked beyond measure that Fontanges should witness her degradation, as it now appeared to her, exclaimed,—“ Unhand me, sir !” in a tone of voice not to be resisted ; and, darting a look of scornful resentment at poor George, quitted the room in violent emotion.

The marquis, darting a proudly indignant look at George Meadows, prepared to follow her ; while the latter, too much afraid of offending her to dare to do the same, put on his hat and passed the marquis with a look of fierce defiance ; then, with a heart too full to bid Mrs. Percival farewell, he rushed out of the house.

“ Well—he is gone,” cried she, “ and I hope he will never come back again. It is a strange thing people can’t see when they are welcome ; and I have as good as let him to know that my daughter is meat for his betters.”

Fontanges instantly left the room.

“ There now,” said she, addressing

her husband, who came in time enough to hear her last observation, "it is always so—he always flies away when I am going to try to bring him to the point, though mayhap he does not understand English well."

"Yet yours was very *plain English*, I am sure, wife," replied the farmer, "and my opinion is, that he did not choose to understand it; for, to speak seriously, What do you suppose he means to do by our daughter?—You can't think he will ever make her his wife, certainly; and you do not wish her to be his mistress?"

"His mistress, indeed! Fie upon you, John, for thinking of such a thing! But why should I not expect him to marry her? Many girls not half so handsome and ingenious as our Ellen have married titles!"

"But French noblemen," replied the husband, "are said to be much prouder

than our noblemen: besides—I don't like the French, d'ye see; and I had rather my daughter should marry a good honest English farmer, than any *parley vous* whatever, as my son Philip calls them."

"Then you have a mighty vulgar taste, John, that's all I can say."

"However, wife, that's nothing to the purpose; but this is,—that I shall not allow this young lord to remain here much longer, I can tell you."

"Look ye there, now! There, you are going to stand in the way of your only daughter's preferment, and send the marquis away just perhaps when he is going to speak his mind genteelly, and ask our consent, for Ellen's he is sure of."

"Is he?—Then the sooner he is gone the better."

"No such thing—no such thing.—La! you're so hasty, John Percival! That's just the way my father and mother behaved

when a militia captain lodged at our house, and was in love with me :—dear me, I am sure he would have married me if they had let him alone ;—but off they sent him, and spoiled my fortune.”

“ Spoiled your fortune, did you say, wife ?” cried the old man reproachfully. “ If you had had him you would not have had me ; and I doubt, though I say it that should not, whether your militia captain would have made you a better husband.”

So saying, he took hold of one of her hands, while her other was busied in twirling her apron-string, and looked in her face with such an appealing look, that the poor woman, who really loved him, could not bear it ; and, averting her head to hide a starting tear, she replied, “ Nay, John, I am sure I don't wish I had married the captain ; for I loved you, and I never loved him : so I am much happier with you, as a plain farmer's wife, than I should have been with him as captain's lady.”

“Then why should not Ellen be happier with George Meadows than with my lord marquis here?”

“Oh! because she loves the marquis, and does not love George.”

“She loves the marquis! I am sorry for it from the bottom of my soul,” replied the old man, clasping his hands as he walked into his hay-field: and Mrs. Percival saw him ever and anon put his handkerchief to his eyes. The sight of his distress for a moment dissipated the dreams of her ambition; and she thought it might be as well to make the marquis come to a resolution and explanation; and that if he did not resolve to marry Ellen, it would be better perhaps that he should go than that he should stay.

The marquis was, meanwhile, by expressions of tenderness which did, and regret which did not exist, deepening the already too deep impression which he had made on the heart of Ellen. When he

said that he passionately loved her, he spoke truth ; when he declared that he regretted it was not in his power to prevail on his father to consent that he should make her his wife, he uttered falsehood ; and his only regret was, that he at present saw no likelihood that she would be his on his own terms ; for Ellen had pride as well as virtue. She knew that her beauty, and the advantages which she had derived from the kindness of her benefactress, had made her an object of envy to her equals and companions by making her their superior :—this consciousness made her particularly careful that no action of hers should expose her to be viewed with scornful pity by those who had before beheld her with respect and jealousy ; therefore, whenever the pleadings of a too tender heart urged her to listen with too much complacency to the dangerous seductions of her lover, her pride came in aid

of her better feelings, and she rose superior to every trial to which her indiscreet mother continued to expose her.

Still, to do the marquis justice, he did not attempt to seduce her by perverting her principles ; he did not try to make her believe that a lapse from chastity was a virtue rather than a vice : had he done so, the clear unsophisticated understanding of Ellen would have revolted at such arguments ; but he rested his hopes of calling her his by the ties of love only, on the tenderness of her heart, and the advantages over her which opportunity gave him.

Sometimes, when she reminded him that he ought to leave the house in mercy to her reputation, as they could never be united, and asked what his plans were, he answered, “ I have no plans : the situation of affairs in my own country grows every day more critical, yet still I linger

here. I mean nothing, I design nothing, I can't marry you, nor do I mean to betray you ; but I see you, I hear you, I am with you, and it seems as if my existence was given me for nothing else." This seemed indeed the language of love ; and Ellen felt it to be so, for it was the language of her own heart.

But though Fontanges told her he could not, dared not marry her, she was not without hopes that he would do so some time or other. Perhaps his proud father might die, and then the great obstacle would be removed ; for she was far from suspecting that the son was in reality as proud as his father.

But one day Ellen ran to meet Fontanges with a countenance more animated and cheerful than usual.

"I have just seen the papers," cried Ellen, "and—and——"

"What?" eagerly asked the marquis.

"There is news from Paris. There is

a decree going to be passed to abolish titles and distinctions of birth, so that all men will be equal."

Ellen said no more; but Fontanges, from the glow of pleasure which flushed the artless girl's cheek and lighted up her languid eye, was well aware of the hopes which this decree of the convention excited in her bosom. But it had no such pleasant effect on him.

"Nonsense! absurdity!" he vociferated in his own language, which by this time Ellen only too well understood. "True, they may abolish our titles; they may rob us of these distinctions purchased by our ancestors with their blood; but can they deprive us of the proud consciousness that we sprang from those glorious ancestors? Can they make us forget that we descend from heroes? Can they ever make me cease to glory in the dear conviction that the noble blood of the Montmorencies flows through my veins?"

No!—let them do what they may, I must remember I am noble still; and no decree of a senate,” cried he, forgetting to whom he spoke, “can ever make a low-born hind my equal.”

He had scarcely vented his pride in this manner when he recollected himself, and observed with great emotion the altered countenance and pale cheek of Ellen. The glow of pleasure and of hope was fled; still she had an air of dignity which he had never seen in her before: and when he had ended, she observed with calmness—“We are, however, all equal in the sight of God!” Then, turning up her large blue eyes to heaven, as if appealing from the prejudices and injustice of men to a more equitable tribunal, she folded her arms across her bosom, and slowly withdrew.

The marquis did not offer to detain her; he was awed, and almost convinced that the honours of which he had just been

boasting were as empty as Ellen seemed to think them. Still he was piqued that she should think them so ; and he felt humbled by the air, almost contemptuous, which she assumed as she left him ; and for the first time displeased with Ellen, and dissatisfied at the same time with himself, he went out to take a solitary walk.

But what was the pain he suffered to that endured by Ellen ! She saw that his own pride as much as his father's forbade their union ; and she felt for the first time convinced that his love for her by no means equalled the love which she bore to him ; for her conscious heart told her that she was capable of sacrificing every thing but her virtue to tenderness and her lover.

Her father entered her apartment while this conviction was agonizing her whole frame, and while she was again hearing in idea those chilling words—"No decree

of a senate can make a low-born hind my equal!" The poor old man said nothing, but seated himself in mournful silence beside her. At length, however, he ventured to ask what it was that had so violently afflicted her; and added, "Surely, surely, my child, these are not the agonies of remorse?"

Ellen understood him; and throwing herself on his neck, she replied, "If they were, could I venture to do this?" And the old man, relieved by this speech, folded her to his honest heart.

"Only one question more," said he: "Can I do or say any thing to comfort you?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Then I will leave you," answered he, "to compose your spirits alone; but I wish to say a few words to you:—I never approved this foreign gentleman's staying here; but your poor mother's high no-

tions and idea of you, Ellen, have led her .to——! Well, God grant, poor soul, that her pride may not be cruelly humbled! But hear me, Ellen; here he shall not stay long, that's certain;—and recollect yourself, my dear child! You have had a pious and virtuous bringing up; and you must know that no prudent young woman ever encourages the addresses of a man unless she is sure he means to marry her, and that a poor girl who is courted by a great lord must lose her good name whether she deserves it or no. I shall say no more, now," cried he, grasping Ellen's clay-cold hand, while her head rested on his shoulder; "but remember that if—that if—(pshaw! I can't speak it,) that if you forget yourself and dishonour us, you will not commit one crime only; for you will have also my death, and probably your poor mother's, to answer for." He then went away:

and Ellen, wretched and motionless, sat where he had left her, even long after the marquis was returned from his walk.

He came back restored to some serenity of mind, and disposed to forgive Ellen entirely, when he recollected how much he must have wounded both her pride and feelings by the conclusion of his speech, if, as it was natural for her to do, she had applied it to herself; and he was resolved not to rest till he had convinced Ellen that, when he uttered the sentiment which had probably distressed her, he was thinking of nothing but his own upstart countrymen, who would perhaps in consequence of the late decree deem themselves the equals even of a Montmorency.

Ellen received his explanations and professions with a melancholy smile. "I know you did not mean to insult me with my lowly birth," she said; "but every day I am more and more convinced that you ought not to stay here a moment

longer; I owe it to my own and my parents' peace, and to my reputation, to urge your immediate departure, let it cost me what it will."

"I know I ought to go," answered the marquis, "but I have not resolution to make the effort; no,—not though my country calls me, and my father almost commands me to leave England."

"Does your father command you to leave us?" cried Ellen, turning pale: "oh, you must not disobey your father!" and immediately she sunk fainting in his arms.

When she recovered, Fontanges asked her how she could expect him to leave her, when he saw (and consequently felt her the more endeared to him) that the bare idea of his departure deprived her even of life itself. Ellen blushed, owned her weakness, but declared that she was resolved to go away herself if he would not.

The next morning, George Meadows,

whom she had not seen since he had so violently offended her by detaining her hand, unexpectedly called at the farm, and with a countenance so full of woe that she forgot all her resentment as soon as she beheld him.

“What is the matter? what has happened, George?” cried Ellen; and she had almost called him dear George.

“My mother! my poor mother!” replied George, and burst into tears.

“What of my aunt?” said Ellen (for George and she were first cousins).

“She is so bad! dying, I am afraid, yonder down in the country; and she wants,—what I fear she will not have now,—good nursing.”

“Why not have it now, George?”

“Because she wishes, poor soul! that you should go and nurse her, as you once did before in the same complaint. But, dear me! she knows nothing about you and the fine marquis here: no,

no, she does not know how times are altered."

"In some respects, George, times are not altered," replied Ellen, turning very pale.

"O, yes they are, cousin Ellen:—once I believe you would have nursed my mother the more readily because she is my mother; but now, no doubt, that very circumstance will stand in the way to prevent your nursing her, and it is natural enough."

"Why so, George?—Indeed you wrong me."

"Why so?—Because, to speak the truth, if I were the marquis, I should not like you to nurse any other man's mother; I should be jealous somehow, I should indeed."

"I shall nurse your mother, depend on it, George."

"What, really! and leave the marquis, to go to her?"

"Certainly: is she not my aunt? is she

not ill? and does she not want and ask my assistance?"

"Oh, cousin Ellen! if you do this, I'll forgive and forget every thing. But what will the marquis say? However, I promise not to come very often where you are; nay, not at all if you wish it, and think he would be uncomfortable."

"You may come as often as you please to see us," replied Ellen, almost contemptuously; "and depend on it the marquis will not be *jealous*."

George liked every thing that she said to him that day but the way in which she spoke '*jealous*:' however, it was so very kind in her to go and nurse her *aunt*, (for he observed, he said, that she did not call her his mother,) that he could forgive her any thing; and he went away to prepare every thing for her setting off the next day: but George, spite of the sarcastic manner in which Ellen pronounced the word '*jealous*,' wished to

think he should prove himself a generous rival, and should spare the marquis's feelings if he gave up the pleasure of driving Ellen, and put her under the care of a young farmer of his acquaintance.

Ellen had now made one vigorous effort to free herself from the dangerous and improper situation in which she was placed ; and having immediately procured a reluctant consent from her mother, and a joyful one from her more wisely judging father, she summoned up resolution to break her departure to the marquis. But as soon as she saw him all her fortitude forsook her, and it was some time before she ventured to tell him that she was going away the next morning, on a visit of perhaps some weeks.

This was an unexpected blow indeed to Fontanges, and he heard of it with frantic agony ; and when he heard that she was going with George Meadows to nurse his mother, his agonies redoubled ; for though

Ellen thought he could not be jealous of her cousin, this circumstance raised his jealousy immediately ; and he put in force every expedient, every persuasion, that ardent passion could dictate, to prevail on her to retract her promise, and not by her absence drive him to desperation.

But Ellen, though wretched beyond all expression herself at the idea of leaving him, was resolute and unshaken. She knew that she was going to perform a duty ; and she felt that it was easier for her to wound her own feelings, and even those of the man whom she adored, than to disappoint the poor suffering invalid who looked up to her for comfort and assistance : and Fontanges, irritated and piqued at her resolution, retired to his room for the night in silence and in sullenness.

“ He is gone without even bidding me farewell !” cried Ellen, with a sigh of

anguish; “but surely he will rise in the morning to see me set out!” and consoling herself with that thought, she went to bed, but not to sleep. At dawn she rose to equip herself for her journey: but, though the hour fixed for her departure drew near, she did not hear any noise in the marquis’s room, though her father was already up waiting her appearance.

“My good Ellen! my precious child!” cried he, kissing her pale cheek, “this is so good in you, to go to your poor aunt, and leave——You understand me, Ellen. It is a sacrifice, my dear child, I feel it to be so, and I trust that God will reward it.”

Ellen only wept her answer; and the chaise arrived punctually at the time appointed: but no Fontanges appeared to take leave of her, and Ellen’s fond heart began to fear that she had lost his love by refusing to give up her visit. That idea

was worse than any thing; and her resolution failed her so much—she felt it to be so impossible for her to go away without seeing him—that she was more than half tempted not to go at all, and she sunk into a chair scarcely able to move. But a look from her father restored her to all her courage; and, on his asking her what she waited for, she rose and said that she waited for nothing: then, giving her hand to George's friend, he lifted her into the chaise; and as she seated herself, she looked up wistfully at the windows of Fontanges's apartment.

Whether the marquis hoped that Ellen would not have courage to go away before she had made her peace with him, and therefore he did not appear, hoping by that means to force her to give up going entirely, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that when he heard old Percival bid his daughter farewell, and thence concluded she was really going, he could

remain quiet no longer. He ran to the window, stood there to gaze on Ellen, and endeavour to give her a parting look; and when she turned her eyes so full of sorrow towards his window, they met his fixt upon her so mournfully, yet so tenderly! In an instant her countenance changed; and, blushing with a thousand emotions at once, she kissed her hand to Fontanges, who kissed his in return; and, regardless who saw her, she looked back at the window till she could see it no longer; for her heart was lightened of the most terrible of all apprehensions—that of having lost his affections,—and, compared to that fear, separation from him was nothing: then, wrapt in no unpleasing reverie, she proceeded on her journey.

But Fontanges had nothing to console him: however, finding that she was gone only thirty miles off, he resolved that he would sometimes ride over to see her.

Ellen found George arrived before her: and previously to her entrance into his mother's room, he took her on one side and said, "My poor mother knows nothing about you and the marquis, cousin Ellen, for I did not like to tell her, as I thought it would make her uneasy; for till you are married, you know, people will take; and I did not know but if I told her some part the rest would slip out unawares, so I e'en said nothing about it; but you will do as you please."

"What do people say? what *rest* is there to tell?"

"Why now, cousin Ellen, can't you guess? for I am sure I am not bold enough to tell you."

"You may tell me any thing," replied Ellen: "I can bear it."

"Well, then, you may think that the marquis's attentions to you have done your reputation no good; for why, your neighbours will not believe that he ever

means to marry you, therefore they make so free as to say that he will make a fool of you ;—not that I ever heard more than one person say so, for they dare not say so before me ; let 'em, I say ; and she who did will never do so again ; for ‘ madam, says I, if you were a man, I'd knock you down ; to go to insinuate such things against the prettiest and best girl in the country, though she is my cousin ; and,’ said I, ‘ I'll pawn my life that my cousin Ellen can't do wrong ! and as for the marquis, if he uses her ill, he shall answer it to me, that he shall ;—but that's impossible,’ said I ; ‘ no man but a brute could use cousin Ellen ill, and the marquis is no brute, but quite a gentleman and very genteel :’ for I thought it but right and handsome in me to praise him, cousin Ellen, though it did go against my heart ; ‘and moreover,’ said I, ‘ I am sure he means to marry my cousin, if they are not married already, privately, and no such great

honour done her, neither; for, as matters are going in his own country, he may be glad to find a home and kind relations in ours.' ”

Here, luckily for Ellen, her aunt was impatient to see her, and she was summoned into her room; and, recovering herself, she endeavoured to assume a cheerful countenance while her heart was torn with agony.

In a few days the old lady's fate was determined; and Ellen found that nothing could save her: nor was it long before she called George and Ellen to her bedside to receive her parting blessing. “ You, my kind and good Ellen,” cried she, “ will console my poor boy: I die contented, since I feel assured that you love each other, and will be happy together.”

Ellen started, and was about to speak; but George, by looks and signs, implored her to be silent. “ Some foolish body or another,” continued Mrs. Meadows,

“told me some nonsense about you and a fine lord from foreign parts; but, dear me! I soon sent them away with their lies and nonsense. ‘No,’ said I, ‘my niece Ellen is too wise to listen to such sort of folks, and she and my son George have loved one another from childhood, and I know that some time or other they will come together.’ So, while I am able, my children, let me bless you together.”

Ellen did not know how to act: she felt that if she told the truth she should deprive her dying aunt of the last and only pleasure she could now enjoy,—the conviction that she left her son happy: therefore she thought it a harmless deception to let her continue in her error; and when George, sobbing as if his heart would break, put out his hand to take hers, she gave it to him, and the old lady made a last effort to breathe an audible prayer for their mutual happiness; then, with a smile of satisfaction on her coun-

tenance, she fell back on her pillow and expired.

“ Thank you! thank you! and God bless you! cousin Ellen!” said George, when the first violent burst of agony had subsided: “ owing to your saying nothing, she died happy. It would have been a pity—would it not?—to have told her the truth. Ah, poor dear soul!” continued he, stooping down and laying his cheek to his mother’s, “ you little thought what had happened. I wish, indeed I do, that I could lie down and die with you!” Here he gave way to such a paroxysm of grief that Ellen really wished she could bid him ‘ live for her.’

But she could not do it; and she was forced to content herself with entreating poor George to suffer her to lead him into another apartment.

The next day Ellen received a letter from her mother, informing her that her brother, the sailor, was expected home in

a few days; and, as he hated all Frenchmen (sailor like), and as his mother was as much afraid of him as the rest of the family was of her, she desired Ellen to hint to the marquis, that while Philip was at the farm, she wished him, lest hard words should arise between them, to go away on a journey, and not return till her son was gone to his ship again.

When Ellen read this letter, she was as eager to write as her mother could be that she should write; for she feared her brother Philip's violence, and knew that the first thing which he did when he came into the house would be to affront the marquis. She therefore instantly obeyed her mother: but just as she was concluding her letter the marquis himself appeared; and she convinced him so forcibly of the agony which she should feel if her brother and he met, that he yielded to her fears, and promised to take a lodging a few miles while this formidable brother staid.

“Nay, do not think,” cried Ellen,

“that I believe he is formidable to you : O, no, I am sure you could face any man : but he is my brother, you know ; and should you quarrel, think what would become of me !”

The marquis pressed her fondly to his bosom as she said this ; and promised, on condition that she would contrive to grant him two or three interviews during the time of his exile, to be obedient, and prolong it according to her wishes. He then went back in search of a lodging ; and as soon as George and Ellen had followed Mrs. Meadows to the grave, Ellen was driven home by her cousin.

“I made bold to drive you home myself, cousin Ellen,” cried George, when they came within a mile of the farm, “because it will be a long time perhaps before I see you again.”

“Why, whither are you going ?”

“Nay, that I can’t exactly tell ; but stay here I can’t, I feel so unsettled ; I

have nobody to love me now, you know, and so I had better go away; for, whether you marry this lord or not, you are lost to me, that I see very clearly; for I see I am not genteel enough for you now, and yet I think, (here he wiped his eyes) if so be you could have liked me well enough to marry me, you would not have repented it; for mine is true love, 'tis indeed, cousin Ellen."

"I don't doubt it, dear George," replied Ellen, tears trickling down her cheeks.

"And look ye, cousin Ellen,—I don't mean any disparagement to my lord marquis; I don't, I assure you: but if I, by staying in the same house with you, injured your good name to the like of what he does, why I would either marry you or be off, that I would. For I should say to myself, 'What! shall I pretend to love a poor girl, and bear to rob her of the good name which she had before she knew me? No—

if I can't make her my wife she shan't pass for my mistress, and I will not hurt if I can't serve her : so, though it breaks my heart to leave her, leave her I will.' Thus talks true love, cousin Ellen, at least to the best of my comprehension :—but I beg pardon for being so bold ; and to be sure lord Fontanges loves you too, but not in my way."

Ellen did not answer, her heart was too full : however, she was more than ever resolved to insist that the marquis should take his departure for France as soon as her brother Philip was gone.

When they arrived, Philip himself came to hand Ellen out of the chaise ; and, overcome by his unexpected appearance, she fainted in his arms. When she recovered, she found Philip earnestly and anxiously gazing on her, and in return to her exclamation of " Dear brother, how are you ?" he coldly answered, " How do you do, Ellen ? how do you ?"

“Dear me! the surprise of seeing you, Philip, quite overpowered me; but I am so glad to see you!”

“So it seems,” replied Philip;—“faint away, indeed, at sight of an only brother! Where the devil, girl, did you learn such fine lady-like airs?”

“Don’t speak so roughly to her, cousin Philip,” cried George, “don’t you, now: she has gone through a great deal lately, and so have I.” Here his voice failed him, and he burst into tears.

“Split my mainmast!—what, are you piping too? a great fellow six feet high whining like a girl! If I had you on the gang-way I could find in my heart to give you a round dozen or two: but come, cheer up, my hearty! no more hazy weather. So my poor aunt is gone, is she? Well, she was a good woman, that she was; and if I cried for any one, I should cry for her, that I should.” So saying, he watched his opportunity; and, unseen as he

thought, wiped away a tear with the corner of his black silk cravat: then, heartily shaking George by the hand, he told him he was an honest fellow, (swearing an oath at the same time,) and that he hoped they should smoke many a pipe and drink many a pint of grog together before he went away.

“Not many,” replied George, “for I am going away directly myself into distant parts.”

“Why, zounds! are you not going to marry Ellen?”

“No, to be sure, I am going to marry no one, not I,” answered George, aware of the storm gathering on Philip’s brow, and afraid of its direction towards Ellen.

“Why, what’s the matter now? What does this mean? Have you not loved and courted her ever since you were born?”

“Yes, till of late days; and now, somehow, I am off the mind, that’s all,” replied

George, generously resolved to screen Ellen from Philip's wrath by blaming himself.

"I don't believe a word of it," replied Philip, pulling up his trowsers, and casting a fierce look at Ellen: "you are an honest lad, and don't chop and change like the wind: no, you always blow steady to one point; and I am sure the fault is all along of that girl."

"Why should you think so, Philip?" cried his mother; "why should you be so cross to your sister?"

"Hold your tongue, mother, or I shall be cross to you too, and I suspect with good reason; for belike you are in the way of the lad's dropping anchor here. But look you, miss Ellen, I have heard strange stories since I came home; and if so be I was to see that grinning mounseer, who has been living here I understand at rack and manger, why I would make no more to doof turning him out of the house,

neck and heels together, than I would of cracking a nut."

"The marquis is gone away," replied Mrs. Percival; for Ellen could not speak.

"The *marquis!*—a hair-dresser, rigged out like a pleasure-yacht, I dare say, nothing more: however, take care if he is gone that he does not come back again, that's all: not that I credit all that I have heard, for if I did—— But it can't be true, and I'll cut any man's throat that dares to say it is: howsomever, there was a wise man, a *Roman*, I fancy, not one of your meagre parley vous, who used to say that a man's wife should not even be suspected! Mind that, miss Ellen; and if you are wise, tow that good-looking vessel, cousin George, into the harbour of matrimony as fast as you can. So now having told you my mind, let us be agreeable to one another—and kiss and be friends."

Ellen dared not refuse him ; but she shuddered as he approached her.

Soon after he exclaimed with great glee that war was about to be declared against the cursed mounseers, and that it was said all those who were in England would be immediately sent home. As he said this, he looked steadfastly at Ellen. " May I be sunk," said he, " if she is not going to faint again !" He was right—and Ellen was carried insensible to her apartment.

" If you are so rough you will be the death of her—indeed you will," cried George.

" So much the better, perhaps," replied Philip with a terrible look.

" Dreadful !" cried George, " what can you mean? You are quite brutal—indeed you are."

" Ounds! man, is it not grievous to come home and see a girl once blooming like a rose, with a face like chalk or cheese?—

and all for what? Why, because a mounseer told her a parcel of lies, and made her believe he loved her; for that's the case, I am sure; and then here's this honest fellow run a-ground, and going the Lord knows where, without either rudder or compass!"

This speech was so true a one that no one dared to answer it; but a hot supper and a bowl of punch coming in soon after, Philip forgot his anger; and as Ellen did not appear again, the subject was dropped and harmony restored.

Ellen appeared at breakfast the next morning with a cheerful countenance, for she had worked herself up to the effort to prevent a repetition of the scene of the night before; and Philip, agreeably surprised, kissed her, and told her she was a good girl, and he hoped would continue so. But his good humour was a little overclouded, when George took his leave,

in order to go he knew not exactly whither; and Philip saw that there was no likelihood that he would ever marry Ellen.

The marquis, meanwhile, was at a farm-house about five miles off, and contrived to send letters to Ellen unseen by any one, while Ellen found means to answer them. In one of them she said—
“Think what I feel at hearing my brother abuse the French every day in the grossest manner; indeed I know not how to bear it: to be sure he has always done so ever since I knew him, but I never till now thought it so very illiberal and brutal. He is always saying too that they are our natural enemies, and that it is unnatural for us to love them, while to me it appears so very, *very natural!*”

For some days affairs went on in this manner; but Fontanges at length received intelligence that his father had become

suspected by the men then in power, and that his life was in great danger; and the chevalier urged him to come over immediately, and endeavour to effect the liberation of his father who was then in custody. On the receipt of this letter, Fontanges felt all his filial tenderness revive in his bosom: "True, he has used me meanly; but he is my father still, thought he, and I can hesitate no longer to return." But the image of Ellen rose in all its charms to his view, and he was almost distracted with contending emotions. Still, he felt it his duty to set off directly; yet he could not bear to go without seeing Ellen once more;—and how could he obtain a parting interview? But obtain it he must; and could she be prevailed on to accompany him? The wish was ungenerous: how could he desire to take her to the scenes of civil broils which awaited him? Besides, the chances were that he should

return to England, and with his father join the band of emigrants: however, see her he must; and he sat down and wrote to her.

Ellen, luckily for her, received this letter when she was going to bed; else the contents of it overpowered her so much that she could never have been able to conceal what she felt from the penetrating eyes of her brother. In it Fontanges declared the necessity of his immediate departure; but protested that he could not, would not, go without seeing her again: and he conjured her, if she valued his peace and his reason, to consent to give him a private meeting.

In what a struggle of opposing feelings did this painful information and this request throw the unhappy Ellen! Fontanges was going!—he might be going, too, to imprisonment and death!—and she might never see him again! No bed that night received her; she passed

the long hours in walking up and down her apartment, tormented by the alternate suggestions of love and duty. Sometimes she thought of making a confidante of her mother, and asking her to accompany her to the place of rendezvous; but then she was not sure that her mother would not command her to give up the idea of seeing Fontanges again: out of fear of Philip and deference to his opinions; because her son had, she told Ellen, convinced her how wrong she had been in allowing the marquis to stay in the house so long, and she had consequently determined not to allow him to come back again; therefore Ellen thought it probable that her mother would at once put a stop to all her hopes of beholding him once more; and she could not bear to put it out of her power to follow her inclinations.

Two hours after dawn she arose, having written a note to Fontanges; but,

as she walked into the farm-yard to go in search of the messenger, she saw her brother Philip at his window watching her ; and before she could see the messenger or deliver the note, Philip with a countenance of distrust and inquiry joined her, and her intention of delivering it was completely frustrated. Having therefore taken a short walk with Philip, she returned to her chamber and destroyed the note ; nor dared she write another ; yet she must form some determination—must send some answer ! and she continued walking about her room in great agitation, when she was summoned to breakfast.

She found her brother Philip in a very ill humour indeed ; and he assumed such authority over her, and insinuated to her so often that he had been advising his mother to lock her up, that a sense of injury, wounded pride, and resentment, urged her to form a decision against

which her better feelings had hitherto successfully struggled. "Had he reasoned gently with me, and spoken kindly to me, I should have had pleasure in obeying him," thought Ellen; "but against such brutal tyranny I must and will rebel!" Alas! Ellen forgot that it was upon herself she was about to revenge the wrongs inflicted by her brother; and that in committing an action contrary to duty she was likely to be the greatest sufferer. But she was glad to find excuses, in what she called her just resentment, for obeying the dictates of passion; and having, unobserved by Philip, found the messenger from the marquis, she hastily said, "Tell your employer he may depend on me:" then she returned to the house and kept herself in continual employment, in order to drown the whispers of self-reproach which since her decision did not fail to torment her. She, however, kept her appointment, nor had she then reason to repent the confidence which

she had placed in the honour of her lover.

But Fontanges delayed his departure, and interview succeeded to interview, till Ellen at length discovered that respect and honour had no longer power over the heart of the marquis, and was forced to hasten from him with the indignation of insulted virtue, vowing as she did so, that she would never again behold the man who had basely dared to meditate her destruction. Yet, a letter which she received the next day from the marquis, full of penitence and sorrow, and declaring that he must immediately set off for France, and should never perhaps see her again, overcame her wise resolution ; and full of rash self-confidence, that rock on which so many have been wrecked, she disregarded the suggestions of offended delicacy, and granted her unworthy lover a parting meeting.

Surely the woman who can ever submit to meet, or even voluntarily to behold

again, the man who has once insulted her by addresses injurious to her virtue, is in the same situation as the being in a fairy tale, who, by some rash neglect, has forfeited the protecting talisman of a benevolent genius. She has thrown away from her the shield of decorum and virtuous pride, that sure and graceful defence of female chastity, and has deserved to incur loss of honour, reputation, and happiness.

Ellen, the rash, inconsiderate Ellen, threw from her this protecting shield; and found the pang of parting with Fontanges was to her embittered by the agonies of remorse.

Nor was her punishment slow to follow her offence. It began in the impossibility which she now felt of meeting the penetrating eye of her brother. He, she found, had formed but too just a judgement of her weakness; he had foreboded her frailty; he had foreseen her danger; and she could hardly forbear

hastening to him and begging him in his justice to take the life of the guilty sister who had dishonoured him. And what were all the agonies which she had before experienced to what she now suffered? for now she felt the consciousness of sin and the gnawings of remorse. While these thoughts oppressed her as she sat at dinner with her unsuspecting parents, and her brother, Philip stroked her pale cheek, and then bade God bless her in a tone of the tenderest affection.

“Why, Ellen, you don’t eat,” cried he, filling her plate, as he spoke, with every thing which he thought likely to tempt her palate.

“I can’t eat,” replied Ellen, her mouth and tongue parched with strong emotion. “I can’t eat, I am very ~~unwell~~ ^{ill}; indeed if I had not been afraid that you would fancy me worse than I am, I should not have come down at all.”

In a moment both her parents were

leaning over her ; and Philip protested he would go immediately for the doctor, nor would he listen to Ellen's assurances that a good night's rest would recover her. However she at last prevailed on him to defer calling in advice till the next day ; and then, more wretched from her relations' kindness than their neglect could have made her, she returned to her own room and remained there till the next morning, though she knew that the marquis had deferred his journey, and would expect to meet her again : but Ellen, though she despaired of ever regaining her own good opinion, felt that it was possible for her to sink in it still lower.

She therefore struggled with that imperious passion which had before urged her to sacrifice her ideas of right and propriety, and she subjected it to her conscience. True, it was an agonizing struggle ; but still she remained firm, and the consciousness of having acted right supported her through the misery of the succeeding day ;

for she still pictured to herself the marquis eagerly and anxiously expecting her, and again she had resolution to disappoint him : but finding her self-denial on the point of failing her, she called her mother to her, and, telling her she was very ill, begged she would have the goodness to sit by her bedside, and not to leave her till she found herself considerably better. But when she thought the marquis must be on his journey to Dover, as he had declared that he could not, even for her sake, stay more than two days longer, and that she saw the struggle over, and the victory complete, all her fortitude forsook her at the idea that she should see him no more. She almost cursed her resolution ; she reproached herself with hard-heartedness ; till at last, worked up into phrensy, her screams alarmed the family, and they found her raving in a violent delirium.

In the mean while the marquis had been punctual to his appointment ; and was so

terrified lest Ellen had been discovered by her brother on her return from their interview, and was now suffering from his violence, that he with difficulty forbore from going to the house to inquire concerning her. But the dread of betraying her to the rage of Philip by so doing, if she were not already betrayed, withheld him ; and having in vain sent a messenger to watch for Ellen, he repaired a second time in no very enviable state of mind to the place of rendezvous.

Again he was disappointed ; and terror and anxiety getting the better of every other consideration, he at length walked up to the house. Luckily, Philip was out, being gone to provide medical assistance. The marquis desired to speak with Mrs. Percival ; but the old man hearing his voice came out to meet him, with a countenance full of the deepest anguish——

“ I wish, I wish to see your daughter,” cried the marquis.

“ You shall see her,” cried the old man ; “ follow me.”

The marquis followed, and he led him into the chamber of Ellen ; where, raving in all the violence of fever, and her fine features distorted by disease, he beheld the object and the victim of his affection ! This sight, this unexpected sight completely overcame him, and he sunk nearly insensible on the bed beside her ; but unable to endure the idea that he was the cause of her illness, he started up again indignantly, and demanded to know who or what had occasioned her disorder.

“ O, it is all owing to you,” replied the mother, “ all unhappiness on your account.”

“ Aye,” cried the old man, “ till you came amongst us we were happy, but now——” here tears choked his voice, but he proceeded thus : “ I have brought you hither, my lord marquis, to show you this sad sight, in order to save, if possible,

other poor parents from misery like ours. Look on that girl: when you came hither she was gay as the lark, and ruddy as the rose. You tried to gain her affections, though you knew you could not make her your wife; and here she lies on her death-bed, destroyed by you! O, my lord marquis, when next you enter a poor family like ours, think of my poor Ellen's fate, and do not trifle with the happiness of an innocent young woman!"

"What, will she, must she die?" cried the marquis, almost as frantic as Ellen, who was in the most violent paroxysm of a brain fever.

"So the surgeon told us," replied the mother; "but my poor boy Philip was so unwilling to believe him, that he is gone in search of other advice: and as he will soon be back again, I conjure you, my lord marquis, to go away; for, if he should come and see you, no doubt there would be murder done: then I should

lose through you both my children." Here she burst into tears; and the marquis, wild and desperate as he was, shuddered at her words, and felt the force of her appeal.

"I will go," said he; "and tonight I ought to be on my road to Dover; but I cannot leave England without hearing how my poor Ellen does: therefore, if you will promise to send me word how she is, I will go away; else I will stay here till the moment of my departure."

"We promise to let you know," replied the father mournfully, "and indeed a few hours will decide her fate: so look your last at her, and bless your good stars, that to her misery you have not been able to add dishonour, but that she is going to appear before her Maker as pure as she came from him!"

This dreadful speech acted upon the conscious Fontanges in so forcible a manner, that, uttering a loud and heavy groan,

he staggered towards a chair and fainted away; and when he recovered, it was with difficulty he could prevent himself from falling at the poor old man's feet, confessing his fault, and imploring his forgiveness. But the hope that if Ellen died the sad secret would perish with her, or that, if she lived, she would not for the sake of her parents' peace disclose it, fortunately had power to restrain him; and making a great effort to conquer his self-upbraiding emotions, he folded the poor unconscious Ellen in a last embrace; then rushing out of the house, returned to his lodgings, where he awaited, in an agony of mind which reflection rather increased than subdued, some intelligence from the farm.

At length it arrived, and he heard that Ellen was pronounced out of danger; the phrensy had subsided, and she had sunk into a calm refreshing sleep. "Then now I will go," exclaimed Fontanges; and,

mounting his horse, he set off full speed for Dover, and landed at Calais the next day, with new fears, new prospects, and new anxieties.

In the mean while, what was the fate of the poor victim of his passions, her mother's blind ambition, and her own self-confidence? Ellen slowly but surely recovered from her disorder, to the joy of her parents and of her brother Philip, who, to do him justice, had been "cruel only to be kind;" but in the anguish of her soul she was heard to exclaim—"Would that I had died, and never seen the light of day again!" Till, recollecting that she ought to wish to live to atone for her fault, she retracted the immoral wish, and sat the image of resigned despair; and Philip, though he had the joy of seeing that her life was in no danger, returned to his ship oppressed by the cruel apprehension that her happiness had received its death-blow.

It had indeed ;—but not, as he supposed from the misery of a hopeless passion, but from the consciousness of the guilt of an indulged one; nor was it long before she was convinced that the secret which for the sake of her parents and her family she meant to conceal for ever in her own bosom, would only too clearly manifest itself; and when she made the dreadful discovery, the anguish of her feelings prompted her to the crime of suicide. The dread of shame, but, above all, horror of the agony which the knowledge of her situation would inflict on her unhappy parents, swallowed up every other consideration, and death by her own hand appeared to her not a crime but a virtue.

But love triumphed over despair: her mother had told her of Fontanges's visit to her bedside, of his agony at the idea of her danger, and of his resolution not to leave the neighbourhood till her fate was decided. This intelligence had roused

her from the stupor of despair ; it convinced her that she was beloved, and it was balm to her wounded heart. Fontanges had raved in frantic anguish at the bare idea of losing her ; what then would he feel at her actual death, and by her own hand too ! “ No,” she cried, “ though he has been the bane of my virtue and happiness, I love him too tenderly to afflict him so very cruelly ; at least I will bear to live as long as I can ; I will live to see him once again, yes—I will live for the sake of his——” She could not add the rest ; for the child whose birth might possibly glad its guilty parents, would, she knew, bow the head of her own fond parents with shame and sorrow to the grave. Still, she resolved to live, and contrive some means of hiding her guilt and its consequences from the eye of every one ; and while her mind was employed in imagining schemes of this sort, the wretchedness of her feelings was in a degree beguiled by it.

But oh, how many and varied were the

sufferings inflicted on her, not by the cruelty but the kindness of her parents!

“Why should you pine and sorrow thus, my child?” said her mother to her one day: “you have been tried, grievously tried, but you have come out unhurt from the trial. ’Tis I who ought to take on thus, and not you, for my folly and pride in leading you into temptation by letting my lord marquis stay here. Philip has convinced me how wrong and dangerous it was: ‘and look you there, now, mother,’ said he, ‘if my sister Ellen had not been a girl in ten thousand, she would have been ruined, and we should all have been forced to leave the village for shame of her bad doings.’ Indeed, Ellen, though Philip be rough, he loves you very dearly, and better now than ever, because he sees how good you are.”

Ellen groaned, and pressed both her hands on her heart, for it seemed *bursting*

“Nay, cheer up, cheer up, Ellen!” said

her father, stroking her pale cheek: "to be sure I was proud of your beauty, and used to think no girl had a bloom like my Ellen's: but indeed and in truth, my child, I am prouder of thee now with this pale cheek than ever I was of thy crimson one. How you did glad and make proud my poor heart, Ellen, when on my saying 'I hope these are not the agonies of remorse,' you threw yourself on my neck, and said, 'If they were, dare I do this, my father?' Nay, dear child, don't tlook so sad, don't you now." Here he threw his arms fondly round her, and would have pressed her to his heart; but Ellen uttered a loud shriek, and sunk fainting in his arms.

"Take her away! take her away!" said the old man, with a countenance of death, and almost dropping Ellen on the floor: "What can this mean? Oh! what can this mean?"

"Why, what should it mean?" replied

his wife angrily, as she laid Ellen across her lap. "You would not suspect your own child; you would not be so unnatural, sure!"

"For less," said he, "I should have suspected the child of another man: however, perhaps I was too hasty:—here,—let me support her." And while Ellen, as she was coming to herself, threw her arm across his, he caught her cold hand, and, pressing it to his lips, burst into tears. "After all," said he, "she is our child still!" Then before she quite recovered, he hastened into another apartment.

Ellen revived to a sense of the imprudence into which her too tender conscience had betrayed her: but as her mother showed no signs of suspicion, her fears for the present subsided, and she was resolved to be more on her guard for the future; nay, she affected cheerfulness sometimes, and laughed and even joked as she was wont to do: but it was in the dark

hour, and when the indelible sadness imprinted on her countenance could not give the lie to the gaiety of her conversation ; while her parents, eager to be deceived into a belief that she was become cheerful, were deceived and comforted.

But some months had now elapsed since the departure of Fontanges, and Ellen's task of concealment grew every day more difficult ; when one day her father returned home leaning on the arm of another man, pale, languid, and with a deep cut on his forehead. " It is nothing, it is nothing," said he, throwing himself into his arm-chair: to be sure I am not strong enough now to cope with a young man, but who can wonder that at such a moment I should forget that I was old ? Should not you, neighbour, have done the same ?" turning to the other man.

" For certain I should," replied the other, " being so aggravated as you were."

At this moment Ellen and her mother

ran into the room, demanding to know what had happened, and hastening to apply remedies to the poor old man.

“Don’t ask; don’t ask; I have been knocked down, that’s all.”

“But why, why?” asked Ellen eagerly.

“There is no occasion for your knowing, miss Ellen,” replied the neighbour, “because why it would only vex you.”

“Am I the cause?—Only answer me that,” cried she, catching hold of the man’s arm.

“Don’t answer her,” cried her father tenderly.

“I *am* answered,” said Ellen, sinking into a chair; “but indeed I shall suffer more from not hearing the truth than hearing it: you know not how much I can bear—I am very, very hard-hearted, indeed I am,” she cried, at that moment mistaking the calmness of desperation for the want of feeling.

At length her importunities drew the whole truth from her unhappy father. A young man of the name of Symonds had dared to utter before him cruel insinuations against Ellen's reputation; "On which," said the old man, "I told the young fellow, who I knew owed you a grudge because you would not have him, that he was a liar. He instantly replied that I was a dupe, and that he *knew* you were the marquis's ——. I did not give him time to finish the sentence, for I forgot I was an old man; I only remembered I was a father, and I struck my fist in his face: he directly felled me to the ground, and before I recovered his brother dragged him away, and my kind neighbour here led me home."

From the earnestness with which he spoke, the blood gushed out again from his wound; and Ellen, already overwhelmed by the story he had told, rendered

wild by anguish and remorse, knelt at his feet, clasped her arms round him, shuddered, and withdrew them again : in short, she gave way to such violent emotions, that she fell into convulsive hysterics, and was conveyed to bed.

She was scarcely recovered, when Philip, who had been raised from a common sailor to the rank of a midshipman during the peace, for some service which he had rendered, by which the ship and the whole crew had been saved from imminent danger, had, since the war had been begun, distinguished himself so much by his bravery, and in being the first man who boarded a vessel of the enemy, that he was raised to the rank of a lieutenant, and, having accompanied the prize into port, wrote word to his parents that he should come on shore, and set off directly to pay a visit to them and see how his poor sister Ellen did.

This news, which rejoiced the hearts of

her parents, had a very different effect on Ellen ; she dreaded Philip's presence, she feared his scrutinizing eye ; and she was sure that, being elated by his victory, he would delight in speaking of the French in such terms as would be very distressing to her feelings. However, come he must ; and she must summon up resolution to meet him with smiles.

He came—and Ellen from her window saw his manly countenance beaming with honest pleasure as he alighted from his horse in a smart new uniform, the proof of his deserts—while a feeling like that of death came over her, as she overheard her parents, who went out to meet him, call him the pride of their hearts. O, how she envied Philip the tear of pleasure which then glistened in his eye, and spite of himself fell on his sun-burnt cheek !

“ Well, but how is Ellen ? ” she heard him say, and then she could listen no longer.

At length she summoned resolution to go down stairs, for her mother told her Philip was very impatient to see her. She found her delighted mother admiring and stroking down the facings of Philip's handsome uniform, while her father was listening with animated attention to his account of the engagement.

But the fire and pleasure which sparkled in Philip's eyes as he told his story, suddenly vanished when he looked on Ellen. He started ; his lip quivered ; and imprinting a hasty kiss on her lips, he turned aside and burst into tears. When he could speak, he said in a tone of reproach to his mother, " Why, you told me sister Ellen was better ! "

" And so I am, my dear brother, " cried Ellen, " so I am ; indeed I am not so ill as I look. "

" You had not need, " said Philip, turning to look at her again ; but he could

not stand it : so muttering a terrible oath, he rushed out of the house to vent his feelings in solitude.

“ Poor Philip ! ” observed his mother, wiping her eyes : “ you see, Ellen, how dearly he loves you ! ”

“ I do indeed : he loves me only too well,” thought Ellen, “ far, far more than I deserve ; ” and she wished that he was not so kind to her.

As soon as Philip had recovered himself, and was sure he should not again behave like a poor fresh-water spark, he returned ; and then for the first time he remarked the plaster on his father’s forehead, and asked what was the occasion of it.

“ Lack-a-day,” replied his mother unguardedly, “ your poor father was knocked down by—— ”

“ I fell down, you mean, wife,” interrupted the old man, with a significant

frown ; “ that is, I was knocked down by the arm of a tree ;” and Ellen suddenly left the room.

“ O, that is the true state of the case, is it, father ?” said Philip with a look of incredulity, and changed the subject : for he had surprised the look which his father gave his mother, and he saw very clearly that the old man meant to deceive him : therefore he did not rest till, having contrived to be alone with the latter, he gained from her by dint of caresses and threats the whole truth.

Philip said nothing when he heard it, he only whistled ; and when she conjured him to take no notice of the affair to any one, and not think of resenting it, he only kissed her, told her she was a good old soul, and then ran up into his own apartment. He remained there about half an hour ; and then, telling his mother he should be back to dinner, he went out,

singing as he went along ; and his mother fancying that his singing was a proof of light-heartedness, was convinced that he had forgotten, or did not think it worth while to resent, the blow which his father had received.

In less than an hour he returned ; but full of agitation, and with a face crimsoned with violent emotion ; and throwing himself into a chair, he wiped his face and called for a pot of home-brewed.

“ What has happened?—what is the matter ?” cried both his parents at once.

“ Give me some beer, I tell you,” answered Philip roughly ; and the beer was brought. He put it to his lips : but setting it down again, he exclaimed, “ Sink me if I can swallow !” and then he walked about the room.

“ My dear son, do tell us what is the matter !” cried his father. “ See how you frighten your poor mother !”

He turned about, and saw that his mother had sunk nearly fainting on a chair. "Ho! hallo there! Why, mother, cheer up!" cried he, "there's no great harm done; only, d'ye see, 'gad I laced his doublet for him, that I did; he shall remember calling my sister names, and knocking down my poor old father, that he shall."

"I thought so—I thought what you had done," said his mother faintly, while her husband reproached her for her imprudence in telling Philip what had passed.

"Avast there, father," cried Philip; "mother was right, quite right; for, if she had not told me of your injuries, how should I have revenged them? To be sure, I shall be sorry, that I shall, if he should *die*."

"Die! is there any fear of that?"

"Why, they say so:—'Well,' says I, 'you know where to find me, and I shall not sheer off, you may depend upon it.'

So they let me go ; and now the murder is out, let's see if I can drink."

He then emptied the tankard ; and declaring himself rather easier, he said he would tell them the whole story, but he thought it as well to keep it from his sister Ellen : and luckily she was gone to take a walk.

" Well, I went in search of the young fellow, and I found him, and he looked as white as the wall when he saw me. ' Look you, my lad,' says I, ' when you called my sister bad names, and assaulted my poor old father, belike you forgot there was such a person as I in the world : so I am come to touch up your memory on that point. So look ye, I am now a gentleman, and am an officer in his majesty's service, God bless him ! But that don't signify ; I was not better born than you, though I hope I am better bred, and should always scorn to reproach a father with the real or supposed guilt of his

child.' (Here Philip's voice faltered; but muttering an oath, he went on thus: 'Therefore, here are two pistols, and you shall have the choice of them; and (here he swore) you shall give me satisfaction.'")

"Well, this was kind and handsome, was it not? But zounds, if the leaky vessel did not fall a-crying, and swore he would not fight, not he. 'Then own that you have told a parcel of lies, and are a scoundrel; for,' added I, 'all things considered, I am glad you will not fight, as I believe my life is of more value than to be risked with such as you.'—'No, I will own no such thing,' answered he, 'for I know all I said was true.'—'Won't you?' says I: so out I took a horse-whip, and I laid it on till he squalled and foundered, and lay rolling about like a ship in a storm: but at last all was silent, and I really thought he was gone down to Davy's

locker ; and so the folks who broke in thought, for I had locked the door. So they said they would take me up for murder. So I said they were very welcome : but he recovered a little ; and then telling them they knew where to find me, I came home."

"O Philip !" cried his mother, throwing herself on his neck, "if he should die, and you be tried for murder, I should never survive it !"

"He would be acquitted, I am sure he would," said the old man grasping Philip's hand, "for where is the son or brother that would not acquit him ?"

"Thank you, father ; thank you for that," cried Philip in a choked tone of voice : "but mum !—here comes Ellen, so let's seem jolly :"

and singing a jovial song he went out to meet her.

"Dear Philip, how *hoarse* you are !" cried Ellen.

“Yes—I believe—yes, I don’t sing as well as usual, I believe,” he answered, hemming down a sigh; “I have a cold, and my eyes are leaky too (wiping away a tear with his hand): but no matter, I am well, and monstrous happy; so let’s in and eat a hearty dinner, Ellen, that is, I mean if we *can*.”

The dinner was served up; and though Philip only *appeared* to eat heartily, Ellen ate with more appetite than usual. She had been contriving a plan to avoid a discovery of her situation, even should her infant live to come into the world; and though she almost envied Philip his increasing reputation, while hers was irreparably wounded, if not entirely destroyed, she rejoiced to think that her parents would find in him some consolation for their disappointment in her: and while this idea was uppermost in her mind, unusual cheerfulness lighted up her dim eye, and she did not attend to the anxious

expression on the countenance of her parents and her brother.

But dinner was scarcely over when Philip, who sat opposite the window, turned very pale, and exclaimed, "Shiver my topsails, but they are coming for me! and I doubt the poor lad is quite aground! Well, I am sorry for it, that I am."

"Who is coming for you?—who is dead?" cried Ellen; while the poor old man and woman, more dead than alive, hung round Philip, oppressed with grief too mighty to be expressed by words.

"Answer me!—what mystery is this?" continued Ellen with the tone and gesture of agony.

At this moment the officers of justice entered the room; and the foremost told Philip that he was their prisoner, as young Symonds was very bad, and, if he died, Philip must be indicted for wilful murder: therefore, as murder was not aailable offence, he must be committed imme-

diately, and go on along with them to jail.

“ Philip !” cried Ellen, seizing his arm, “ am not I the cause of all this ?”

“ Avast you there now,—what then ? ’Twas not your fault—if the fellow spoke evil of you, and knocked down poor old father : though, to be sure, I did not mean to kill him, that I did not : but don’t pipe about it, sister Ellen, pray don’t ; and as for their hanging of me, I don’t believe a word of it.”

He spoke, but Ellen heard it not ; horror had suspended all her faculties : and though her unhappy parents groaned aloud in agony when the officers led Philip away, and though he himself, terrified at her situation, wept over her, and strained her in a parting embrace, she heard, she saw, she felt nothing, and her wretched parents were obliged to rouse themselves from the anguish which the apprehension of their son caused them, in order to

watch beside their senseless and apparently lifeless daughter.

But Ellen lived even through the agonies of this dreadful night. A second, a third, a fourth day elapsed, yet still Ellen was scarcely able to speak or move, though her senses were returned ; and still young Symonds remained in danger, and Philip in prison. But the latter was not without his comforts there. The news of his detention had reached Plymouth, and some of his messmates (for Philip was respected and beloved by the whole ship's crew) obtained leave of absence, and set off to visit him in his confinement. But when they heard why he was confined, their indignation knew no bounds ; they declared the fellow deserved to die a thousand deaths, and they vowed that they would break open the prison and set him free ; nor suffer their brave messmate to be laid in limbo for having tried to rid the world of a sneaking pitiful fellow, unfit to live.

However, luckily perhaps for the jail and the jailor, and *certainly* luckily for Philip, Symonds was declared entirely out of danger that evening, and Philip was released.

No words can describe the transports of his companions on the occasion: they carried him home on their arms in triumph. His unhappy parents were, at the earnest request of Ellen, who was now better, setting out at this moment to visit him.

“Hark! I hear shouting:—It is to be hoped there is good news come to some one, though there is none for us,” cried Mrs. Percival.

“I wish it had come at any other time,” replied the old man; “I like to rejoice with my neighbours, but now there is no joy for *me*.” Here he wiped a tear from his woe-worn cheek. At this instant of time the shouts redoubled, and seemed to approach; and the poor old couple, sickening at beholding the mirth they could not share, were consulting how they should

avoid meeting the revellers; when, at the turning of the road, the noisy group appeared in sight, and they beheld Philip carried on the arms of his companions.

“ ’Tis he ! ’tis our son ! and at liberty ! ” cried his mother, screaming for joy, and rushing forward to meet him. But his father, too much choked to speak or move, had only power to take off his hat ; and standing bareheaded, he turned up his eyes to Heaven, looking the thanks which he could not articulate.

“ Let me down, my brave boys, set me down,” cried Philip : “ there they are, dear good old souls !—Set me down that I may give them a hug.”

“ Nay, if they are good souls we’ll hug them too,” cried his crazy messmates, and they shall have a ride, that they shall.”

“ No, no—avast ye there,” cried Philip, “ nobody shall carry my father and mother but myself, when they want it ; for, look

ye, they carried me when I was young, and so I must do the same for them, now they are old.” :

“How! are they your father and mother, Phil.?” asked the sailors; “Ounds then, we’ll give them a hearty cheer.” And while Philip was receiving his mother’s eager kiss and his father’s welcome, his friends surrounded them, and with hats thrown, and voices raised on high, proclaimed their friendly joy.

The sound, the unusual sound of gladness called Ellen to the window. It was Philip whom she saw returning, and at liberty! He was then no murderer, and she had occasioned no murder! and her heart throbbed almost to bursting: but it was a throb of joy, a feeling long absent from her breast; and tears, a relief to which she had been long unused, burst freely forth as she beheld the happy group. “Then my prayers have been heard,” she exclaimed, “sinner though I be!”

“Ellen! sister Ellen!” cried Philip, “here I am, and all’s well!” and Ellen, running down stairs, rushed into his arms.

Nothing could exceed the mirth that day of Philip and his friends, and even Ellen was disposed to listen to it without disgust; for she had re-considered her last and most promising plan in order to conceal her shame from her parents and the neighbourhood, and she was more and more convinced that it was likely to succeed. True, it would cost her many a severe pang to put it in execution, and many a painful blush; but she knew she had deserved mortification, and she cared not how much she suffered, provided she could preserve from suffering her parents and her brother.

Her plan was this:—She resolved to make a confidant of George Meadows, and by his assistance contrive to leave home in time to be confined at a distance, and where she was wholly unknown.

Ellen, in the midst of her distresses, reflected with mingled pain and pleasure on the faithful and well-tried love which her cousin George bore her ; and she was sure that in sickness and in sorrow, and even in shame itself, his friendly hand would be stretched out to succour and to save her. She therefore resolved to learn his address, and to write to him, conjuring him to return directly, as she had a secret of the greatest importance to impart to him ; and on his arrival, for she felt assured that he would obey her summons, she intended, on pretence that it would be good for her health, to ask leave to go a little tour with her cousin George, relying on her well-known indisposition to skreen her reputation from reproach, while travelling alone with a young man, or determined to set reproach at defiance as unworthy her regard ; while, if she remained at home, a more real cause for scandal

might, spite of her care, be too soon known throughout the village.

Having obtained leave to accompany George, she meant to be conveyed by him to a private lodging in some large town ; and George having consented to let the child pass for his, (for she well knew that the slight disgrace which would hence attach to him he would willingly incur to save his cousin Ellen from shame and her parents from sorrow,) she intended that it should be nursed in the neighbourhood of the farm ; where, on pretence of obliging George, she could visit it frequently, and see that it was reared with care and tenderness till she could have the happiness of presenting it to its real father, when he should seek shelter from the troubles in his own country in the quiet and protection of ours.

For Ellen did not in the least suspect that Fontanges's affection for her would

decay. True, she had not received one letter from him since his departure; but that she attributed to his knowledge of the insecurity of the post as a conveyance: therefore, as she saw by the papers that he was at liberty, and employed by the government, his safety consoled her for his silence; and she looked forward with certainty to the idea of seeing him again; while a flattering hope would sometimes present itself to her mind, that when he beheld his child he would feel the tie that bound him to its mother so strong, so sacred, that he might be induced to overlook the disparity of their birth, and give her the legal right to his affections of which she had before despaired.

In waking dreams like these poor Ellen was now beguiling her too real cares; therefore she smiled on the noisy conviviality in which she could not share. But Philip's gaiety was a little overclouded by the disappointment which his friends

were too blunt not to own that they had met with in Ellen's appearance. Philip had often boasted of his sister's beauty : therefore, when, instead of a lovely, blooming, round yet slender girl, his messmates beheld a pale, meagre, melancholy woman, wrapt up in a large shawl which concealed her figure, and gave her a grave and matronly appearance, they could not help saying, "How, Phil.! is that your pretty sister Ellen that you talked so much of? Why surely it can't be she, but her mother!" And Philip found it difficult to convince them that she was a great beauty before she knew illness and sorrow, but that she had had enough of both to change her.

This little mortification dwelt on poor Philip's mind, and lighted up afresh his resentment against the French rascal, as he termed him, who had caused so much sorrow to Ellen ; nor was he at this moment, irritated as he was by the large

quantity of liquor which he had drunk, disposed to regard Ellen herself with much complacency. No wonder therefore that he should eagerly join in a bumper to "Success to our armies whether on land or at sea!" and that he should propose as another toast, "Destruction here and hereafter to all the French on the face of the earth!"

This horrible toast was received by his messmates with shouts of applause: but his father left the room to avoid drinking it; and Ellen, pale and terrified, was following him from the same motive, when Philip, his lip quivering with passion, and his whole frame trembling with emotion, swore, solemnly swore, that she should drink that toast before she went away.

"I can't drink it, indeed I can't," cried Ellen; "it would choke me, it would indeed."

"You shall try, however," said he, put-

ting the glass to her lips : and Ellen would have drunk it, had not Philip with spiteful eagerness repeated the toast. Ellen listened, and took the glass from her lips :— Could she drink ‘ Destruction here and hereafter’ to the object of her affections and the father of her child ?—Impossible! and with a shriek of horror she threw the untasted glass on the ground, and sunk down in a swoon upon the floor.

Her scream made her brother sober immediately : his heart smote him for what he had done ; and raising her fondly in his arms he rested her head on his bosom, while his mother applied restoratives to her nostrils : but in her fall the large handkerchief unfortunately opened, and Philip’s long dormant suspicions were re-awakened : and instantly consigning Ellen to the charge of one of his companions, he carefully closed the shawl again, and turned in silent and sullen sorrow to the window.

“ Oh, I fear she will never recover

again!" cried his mother, wringing her hands.

"Perhaps it does not matter if she never does," muttered Philip:—but luckily no one overheard him, and Ellen was conveyed still insensible to bed.

In a short time after, his messmates declared it was time for them to set off on their return to their ship; and to their great surprise Philip, who had declared in the morning that he should stay at home and on shore till the last minute, now said he should accompany them; and his parents finding he was determined, and in no humour to be contradicted, forbore to urge his stay: and Ellen having recovered herself, his mother hastened to pack up his clothes, while he, absorbed in gloomy thoughts, leaned against the door.

When his mother came down stairs again, she told him that Ellen hoped he would not go away without bidding her fare-

well, because if he did she should think he was angry with her.

“ *Angry with her! angry with her!*” replied Philip, grinding his teeth and clenching his fist as he spoke. “ Tell her to ask her own heart if I have not reason to be angry with her ; if I have not reason to curse—— No, no,” added he in a softer tone, “ no, no—tell her no such thing, tell her no such thing.”

“ Then you will see her ?”

“ No, that I will not,—but——”

“ But what ? Will you leave her no remembrance—no love ?”

“ No—I tell you,” he vociferated in a tone of thunder ;—and calling his companions, he wrung his father and mother by the hand, and rushed out of the house.

“ He is gone ! and in anger with Ellen !” cried his mother : “ how she will grieve for it !”

“ Pshaw !—let him go if he is so easily offended ; I hope Ellen will not mind his

anger," replied her husband, "and I will go comfort the poor girl directly."

He was scarcely seated by her bedside, when Philip, out of breath with haste, returned; and when his mother joyfully welcomed him, he said—"As few words as possible, mother; I only came back to say—Deuce take me if I know what to say!—Only—in case I should never see Ellen again—for she may die, you know, or I may be killed——"

"The Lord in his mercy forbid!" ejaculated Mrs. Percival.

"In his *mercy*, did you say? in his *mercy*, mother!—Poor dear deceived soul!" muttered Philip: "Well, but you see, mother, in that case I should not like to recollect that I did not part friends with my sister; so you may tell her——"

"Tell her yourself."

"No—that's impossible: we had better not meet, believe me. I must not see her, for I would not speak unkind to her;

and were I to see her——But no—I will not see her, and that's enough. So tell her that I—I wish her well, and forgive her, and so forth, and——”

“ You send your love to her ?”

“ No—I said no such thing ; and I won't have words put in my mouth, such as I never said or thought of. Tell her I wish her well, and forgive her, that's quite enough ;—so good bye, mother !—And hark ye, pray be kind and gentle to Ellen, and take care of her, and comfort her all you can——Well, good bye, mother, and the Lord support you under all your trials !” So saying, he ran from the door : but before his mother could reach the staircase he returned again, and saying—“ Mother, now I think of it, you may give my love to Ellen,” he again bade her farewell, sobbing audibly as he said it, and disappeared.

The next morning Ellen, in pursuance of her plan, took every possible

means to discover where her cousin George was, but in vain. At last she recollected that his address was known probably to the relation at whose house his mother had died, and she wrote immediately to her. But she received an answer which completely destroyed her hopes of discovering George, and being saved by his means from shame : for his relation informed her that George, on her account, had left the country, nearly broken-hearted ; and that he might not be exposed to hear her name mentioned again of some time, he had resolved that he would not let any of his friends know where he was, but would wander about till time, absence, and distance had conquered his unhappy passion.

This news destroyed the hope that had supported Ellen during the last few weeks ; and when she had gone a round through all her thoughts, she found them nought but horror and dismay. Sometimes she

resolved to confide her situation to her parents; but from this she was deterred by the fear of destroying them: and in such agonies of mind as no pen can describe she passed another and another week.

While her mind was in this dreadful state, and while the only idea that shot a ray of sunshine through the gloom was the hope of one day or other presenting her child to its still dear though perhaps neglectful father, she saw the count de Mirbelle, a friend of the marquis, who had visited him sometimes at the farm, approaching the door; and pale and breathless with emotion, (for she conjectured that he brought news of Fontanges,) she ran down to meet him.

Both her parents were out; and her foreboding heart whispered her that it was well they were so. The count, a proud and heartless coxcomb, and who thought that a man of quality did a *fille roturière* great honour by condescending to

ruin her, approached Ellen with very little ceremony; and though he did not know that the marquis had really seduced Ellen, he treated her with a degree of familiarity which proved that he thought it would be no difficult task for him to seduce her himself.

But Ellen repulsed his advances with an air of dignity which he thought vastly amusing and *piquant* for a *petite bourgeoise* to assume; and he told her he should highly entertain the marquis by detailing her *fierté* to him.

“I conclude, sir,” replied Ellen, “that the marquis did not send you hither to insult me, and I do not believe that he will be entertained by hearing that you have done so.”

“Pardon me, madam,” returned the count with a look of scorn, “the marquis is a man of rank and family, and so am I; and he will hardly believe that I can insult you.”

“However that may be, sir, I desire to

know your business as speedily as possible, that I may take leave of you," said Ellen, with as proud a look as she could assume.

"My business you shall know directly," answered the count with a malignant smile. "I have had a letter from the marquis, in which he desires me to call on you and put a finishing stroke to the little affair between you :—he does not write himself, because he is afraid of making Madame jealous."

"Madame who?"

"Madame his wife. Do you not know that he is just married?"

"Married!" exclaimed Ellen, seizing the count wildly by the arm.

"Yes—to a young and beautiful heiress, to whom he is most passionately devoted."

"I will not believe it—it must be false," exclaimed Ellen, gaining fortitude from indignation. "Married he may be, to oblige or save perhaps his tyrant father; but I am sure he does not *love* his wife:—he cannot be so false, so

base! No, no—my own poor breaking heart tells me that he cannot be so faithless, so forsworn;—you only say this to torture me.”

“I thank ye, miss what is your name,” replied the count, “for your good opinion of me:—but thus I repel the calumny: can you read French, miss?” he added, producing Fontanges’s letter.

“Yes—yes,” replied Ellen in a faint and faltering voice, “he taught me to understand his language only too, too well.” Then with a trembling hand she opened and read the letter.

The marquis informed the count, that the condition of his father’s freedom was, that he should marry the heiress of a certain man in power: that he had at first strongly objected to these conditions, but as soon as he saw the lady his objections vanished; that he loved her at first sight, and every succeeding interview had riveted his chains; and that he found he

had never truly loved before. "We were married yesterday," he added, "and I should be the happiest of men but for the recollection of poor Ellen Percival."

Ellen had had resolution to read thus far; for despair (and hers was now complete) is the bestower of resolution: but when she read her own name with the epithet of '*poor*' before it, and written by the man who, as it now seemed, without the excuse of loving her had sacrificed her peace and fame to his passions, the full tide of agony could no longer be restrained; but with a shriek that moved even the cold heart of the count to pity, she threw herself on the ground; she beat her breast; she tore her hair; and prayed to heaven to bid her existence cease that moment.

But as soon as the first feelings of agony had vented themselves, those of pride returned; and she felt ashamed of letting the supercilious friend of Fon-

tanges see the misery which he had occasioned. She therefore struggled with the indelible wretchedness of her soul; and assuming the appearance of composure, she told the count that she supposed his business with her was now over, and that he would allow her to withdraw.

“No—not yet,” said the count, “I have a commission from Fontanges which I must execute before I go. I do not pretend to know why, but the marquis thinks it right to make you some compensation for the many favours he has received from you and your family: he therefore, by me, begs you to accept this bill on his banker for a thousand pounds, and I have now the satisfaction of presenting it to you.”

Ellen seized the bill with a degree of eagerness which called a significant and contemptuous smile to the thin lip of the count: but scarcely was it in her grasp when she tore it into a hundred pieces,

and, throwing them on the ground, trampled on them with vindictive scorn: then motioning the astonished count to the door, with a look and gesture which he felt it almost dangerous to resist, he no sooner set his foot on the threshold than she closed the door on him, and rushed up into her own apartment to meditate, to resolve, and in time execute the fearful suggestions of slighted love, the dread of shame, the pleadings of filial affection, and the busy whispers of vengeance and despair.

When her mother returned, she came up to see how Ellen was; but she found her in bed and seemingly asleep, and she stole gently down again: but at the moment of her entrance, though Ellen had resolution to feign sleep, she had discovered that the agitation which she had so recently undergone had had a powerful effect on her frame.

There was not time for much delibera-

tion : she was ill, very ill, but she could as yet bear to walk ; and having recollected that there was at no great distance from the orchard a sort of cave in the hollow of a gravel-pit, which was rarely entered because it was supposed to be haunted, thither she resolved to go and await the term of her sufferings ; while vindictive passion, jealous hatred, thirst of vengeance, and all the horrible tumults of a desperate soul, triumphed in every throbbing nerve ; and before she had reached the place of concealment she was completely in a state of phrensy.

The result of her madness and desperation I cannot, dare not describe. I must draw a veil over a scene, which, though it only too frequently occurs, cannot be deprived of its horror, even by its frequency.

Suffice, that Ellen, having been found under very suspicious circumstances by the father of the young man whose life Philip had endangered, was conveyed by

him and another man to his house, and kept there in close custody till she was well enough to be conveyed to the county gaol.

On the morning of the fatal discovery many hours elapsed before any one had courage to undertake the dreadful task of informing the venerable Percival and his unhappy wife of what had happened; no, not even young Symonds, who till now had thirsted for revenge both on the father and the son: but when he beheld the woman whom he had once fondly loved mourning over the victim of her phrensy, and demanding the death which she merited, every thought of vengeance vanished from his heart, and left nothing there but horror and compassion; while, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Poor, wretched old man!—Would that the truth of my words had not been proved so cruelly!" At last Mr. Elmsley, the surgeon who had been called in to attend Ellen, under-

took the mournful task of informing the unhappy parents of the dreadful event. He found them wondering and alarmed at Ellen's long absence; but a suspicion of any thing like the truth had never entered their minds, their only fear was that she had destroyed herself; and in trembling, anxious expectation they went out to meet him.

“ You had better go in again, my worthy friends,” cried the surgeon, his cheek as pale as that of the wretched beings before him.—They obeyed in silence. “ Your daughter——”

“ What of her ?” cried the old man : “ only say that she lives !”

“ She does live,” replied the gentleman.

“ Thank God ! thank God ! blessings on you for that news !” cried the grateful couple,--little aware that Ellen's death would have been joyful intelligence to what they had to learn : and Mr. Elmsley was so conscious of this, that, unable

to bear the feelings which oppressed him, he sunk back in his chair and sobbed aloud. But the looks of mute woe and apprehension with which the father regarded him, and the eager interrogatories of the now half-distracted mother, roused him from this indulgence of his feelings, and he summoned resolution to say, "Your daughter has been greatly distressed in mind lately—has she not?"

"O yes!"

"Were you aware of her situation?"

"Her situation! what situation?" said both parents at once: and when Mr. Elmsley explained, a shriek from the poor mother, and a look of horror and a convulsive pressure of the hand from the trembling father, convinced Mr. Elmsley that they were totally ignorant of this unhappy business.

"Now, my good friends," continued Mr. Elmsley, "you must endeavour to be calm, while I inform you that——"

Here his own calmness entirely failed him, and with tears and broken words only could he relate the mournful truth. It was too much for the keenly-feeling father to support;—he endeavoured to speak, but could not; his powerful fancy pictured to him the probable fate, the probable punishment which awaited his child; and exhausted nature sunk under the blow. Then grasping Mr. Elmsley's hand, and feebly muttering, "Say, I forgive her!" he sunk back in his chair and expired.

I shall leave my readers to conceive the misery of Mrs. Percival, whom Mr. Elmsley kindly removed immediately to his house, and whom he endeavoured to console for her loss by trying to convince her that her husband was kindly removed by Providence from a scene of hopeless misery. And while she writhed under the consciousness of her own agony, she felt disposed to rejoice that her husband could endure such misery no longer.

But where could the reasoning be found capable of speaking peace to the angry whispers of her conscience, while she reflected that by her weak ambition and obstinate blindness she had exposed her child to that danger which had plunged her in wretchedness and guilt! Then the misery of her high-spirited son haunted her imagination; and clasping her hands wildly together, "Who knows," she exclaimed continually, "but that my dear Philip will in his anger curse me as the cause of all!"

On the morning appointed for the trial, as soon as Ellen was dressed, the jailor informed her that a young man wished to speak to her; and the next moment she found herself clasped in the arms of her cousin George. It was some time before either of them could speak; but Ellen found her voice first, and she asked him how he came to think of visiting her in such a place as that, and how indeed

he could bear to see her and own her as his relation, after all that had happened?

“Because I love you, to be sure,” replied George, “and am true-hearted: and look ye, cousin Ellen, perhaps you may want a friend to stand by you, and support you under what you have to go through: and you know you comforted me under my grief for the loss of my poor mother: therefore, though it should break my heart, come what come may, I’ll not leave you till all is over, unless you bid me.”

Ellen wept her thanks; and she found how well she had calculated on the strength of George’s attachment, when she purposed to confide in him, and save her reputation through his means; but out of humanity she forbore to tell him, that had he left his address when he set out on his wanderings, he might have saved her in all probability from disgrace, from guilt, and from death.

Here I shall again avoid entering into a minute detail, but content myself with saying, that as Ellen's own declaration was the only evidence of her insanity at the moment when she committed the crime for which she was arraigned, she was unavoidably condemned to death, and was conveyed, as soon as sentence was passed, into the condemned cell; where, on being told that she was to be executed the next day, she requested to see her mother, and the poor old woman was led into the cell supported on the trembling arm of George and of Mr. Elmsley.

The meeting was indeed a mournful one; it was a guilty but affectionate child imploring pardon of a parent whom she had disgraced and rendered wretched; and it was a self-judged parent imploring pardon of that child, for having by her folly and imprudence exposed her to the risk of committing the crime for which she was about to suffer.

“But am I not to see my father?” said Ellen with an anxious and scrutinizing look. Her mother answered not: she had promised not to let Ellen know he was dead, and for that purpose had been prevailed upon to put off her widow’s mourning in order to visit Ellen.

“No,” replied Mr. Elmsley, “he is so weak and feeble that I forbade his coming; I thought it would be too much for him: but he sends you his kindest blessing by us.”

“I see the kindness of your motive,” cried Ellen in a sad and solemn tone, “and I reverence it accordingly: but believe me, my dear sir, the artifice does not, cannot impose on me; for do I not know my father? Do I not know that no fear for himself would have kept him from coming to speak peace and pardon to his poor guilty child, when on the verge of eternity, if he were really living? No, sir—he would not have con-

tented himself with sending me his pardon and his blessing ; and I am sure, quite sure, that he is dead, and destroyed, as he once told me he should be, by my guilt !” Here her mother groaned aloud ; and Mr. Elmsley, conscious that what she said was true, knew not what to answer : at last he thought it better to own the truth ; but he added, that her father was led to believe by his representation that the child died a natural death, and that appearances only were against her ; “and, believe me,” he added, “the last words he uttered were—‘ Say that I forgive her !’ ”

“It is enough,” answered Ellen, “I am contented ; and I would not recall him to existence if I could.” She then inquired for Philip ; and she heard with pleasure that he was gone on a cruize, and would probably not return till all was over. It was now evening, and she begged to be left alone, but promised if possible to see them all again the next

morning ; when she hoped that they would join her in prayers with the chaplain who attended the prison.

As soon as they were gone she sat down to execute a mournful yet a satisfactory task. She sat down to write a last farewell to the author of all her woes. Various and mixed, no doubt, were the motives that prompted her to write, and some were kind and some were not so : but to forbear to write to him, circumstanced as she was, was impossible. She dated her letter as follows ;—

“ From the condemned cell, in S—— jail, and on the eve of my execution.

“ Yes ; it is even so ! That Ellen, whom you once *seemed* to love, (for I find from your letter to the count that you never *really* loved me,) that fond, foolish Ellen, who loved you even more than her own soul, will to-morrow morning perish on a

scaffold! O, thou whom I have loved so fatally, think of me as I was when you first knew me, and think of me now! But do not think that I mean to reproach you;—you did not intend to destroy me! No; you only intended to seduce me:—but is there such a thing as a single crime? Does not one crime inevitably lead to another?

“How shocked I was when I found that there would be an evidence of my guilt! My first impulse was to destroy myself:—but then I recollected how that would grieve you—(poor credulous fool!)—for my mother told me how much you cried and bewailed when you saw me ill in bed, and feared that I should die. I therefore resolved to live, not from fear of God, but from love of you! And then I thought that it would be sweet to live for the sake of *your child*; and what pleasure it would give me to present it to your arms one day, and see you smile on it; for methought you would

love me the more for its sake; and that dear hope supported me through such sufferings! But at length came the count and your letter: I found that we were never to meet again; I found that you were married, and to a woman whom you passionately loved, and who had alone taught you to love; and you would have been the happiest of the happy but for thinking of *poor* Ellen Percival. Yes; from the seeming object of your love I was become the object of your pity only; and then you hoped by your money to make me amends for the loss of your affection! Oh! what a pang the offer of that money gave me! But the count can tell you how I spurned your gift. I dare not even think again of the horror of that moment. He left me to commune with my own sad thoughts, and all was disappointment and desperation.

“The child, for whose sake, and for the sake of my poor parents’ peace, I had

consented to live, would, I found, be never seen by its father, nor even owned by him when it came into existence ; and all the dreams of my fond fancy were vanished for ever, while its birth would doom me to endless disgrace, and probably destroy both my parents ! On these thoughts I dwelt till deeds of death were dear and familiar to me. I cannot go on :—for oh, my murdered bade, am I not writing to thy father ? Yet mark me, mark me, Fontanges, I was mad, indeed I was, or I could not have been so barbarous. But this defence I make only to thee and to the God who reads my heart. It sufficed not before the judgement-seat of men ; there I was condemned to death, and to-morrow I shall be executed !

“ But I had forgotten :—My father, that good old man who was so kind to you, heard the tale of my guilt—shuddered—and died.

“Ha ! morning is already dawning ! Now

then I must bid you farewell, conjuring you to drop a few tears over the story of my woes, and then endeavour to remember me no more. Trust me that I forgive you from my soul, for all the grief which you have occasioned me; and that my dying prayer will be, that you may be as happy in *your* love as I have been unfortunate in *mine*. But I don't think any body can love you better than

“Your *poor*

“ELLEN PERCIVAL.”

And here Ellen ended every worldly thought, every worldly care; and having refused to see even her mother again, she passed the rest of her time in prayer, alone or with the chaplain, till she was led to execution. But, in spite of every prohibition, her cousin George would await her on her passage, to learn her last wishes, as he said, and swear to fulfil them whatever they were.

“I have no wish, my kind George,” replied Ellen, “none; except that you should forget me and be happy.”

“Forget you!—forget you! Oh, Ellen, do you think it is so easy a matter to forget a person whom one has loved so truly?”

Ellen’s conscious heart answered “no;” for she felt that the image of Fontanges was still, spite of injury and agony, reigning there triumphantly.

“You must not detain the young woman any longer,” cried the jailor roughly; “so take your leave and begone.”

“Lord have mercy on me,” cried George, his lip quivering and his whole frame trembling, “that I should live to see this day!”

“Go, go, dearest cousin,” cried Ellen, throwing herself in his arms: “I can bear my own pangs; but to witness yours is indeed more than I can bear.”

“Give me a keepsake, Ellen; for

mercy's sake do! your silk shawl, your pocket-handkerchief, your handkerchief-pin, or something :” and Ellen was about to comply, when the jailor told her all her clothes were the property of the executioner. This information irritated and tortured poor George's feelings so violently, that he vented them in loud abuse of the jailor's brutality ; and Ellen, aware that while anger predominates sorrow is less potent, thought it a good moment to tear herself from her affectionate cousin ; and suddenly imprinting a last kiss on his hand, she glided through the iron gates before George could recover the suddenness of her exit.

“ My children,” cried Mr. Elmsley, taking the hand of each of his daughters, while he turned sobbing from the window as he heard the last dying speech of Ellen Percival cried about the town, “ may this unhappy girl not have died in vain ! May her example teach young wo-

men the danger of listening with too much self-confidence to the addresses of men of higher rank than themselves, especially when they have reason to be convinced that marriage is not the end in view ! And may all mothers learn from the warning example of this poor, foolish Mrs. Percival !—But I forbear : she has paid dearly for her folly, and sacred be her failings as her sorrows ! Come, my children, let us hasten to comfort the poor mourner, and try from the errors and sufferings of others to benefit and improve ourselves.” They then hastened to Mrs. Percival’s apartment : they found her drowned in tears, but more calm than they expected ; for she had just received a letter from her son : and as he had always been her favourite child, the news which he sent of his being now first-lieutenant spoke some little comfort to her wounded heart ; and she hoped, in the increasing success of her son, to find some consolation for the

dreadful end of her daughter. But his own successes could not, alas! for one instant console Philip for the miserable fate of his guilty but still dear sister; and when the horrid story met his ears, as he returned flushed with success from a fortunate cruize, he fell to the earth, struck as with a mortal blow; and days elapsed before he was capable of bearing the sight of any one, or listening to the voice of consolation. The first articulate words which he was heard to utter, were, "Well—thank God, I sent her my forgiveness before I left home! but what would I give now that I had carried it to her myself! So, father dead too! Well—I little thought I should ever rejoice at losing him; but I do now: yes, poor soul! I had rather know you are at rest than know you were grieving; and now I have no one to comfort but my mother; and somehow, I could almost wish she were dead and gone too, and

that there was no one to grieve but myself."

At length, however, he and the rest of the crew being summoned to embark on a service of danger, his thoughts took a new turn; and when he rose from his bed of sorrow, and put on his uniform, he looked wistfully at his sword, and, addressing it as he drew it from the scabbard, exclaimed, "Thou must avenge my poor Ellen and her wrongs on these rascals, whose countryman was her ruin! Yes—for every pang he has cost her and me, let me have drops of their blood tenfold. Besides, I must wipe away by thee, my good sword, the shame which this unhappy girl has brought upon me. And to do this, willingly would I perish in the battle." Here a violent burst of tears relieved his oppressed heart; and having first written a most affectionate letter to his mother, he hastened on board ship, and sought in the hurry of business to bury

recollection : but nothing could call a smile to his lip. He endured, but he could not enjoy existence ; and it was only when they came close to the enemy, and that the signal for engaging was given, that Philip looked like himself again.

They engaged ; and Philip, while Ellen's injuries urged him on, performed prodigies of valour. He was the soul of the battle ; and the great decisive victory which followed was, even by the admiral, attributed to his foresight in planning and his undaunted valour in executing.

“ Why, Percival, you have always shown yourself a brave lad, but now you have outdone yourself,” cried his commander, “ and gained immortal glory.”

“ It was necessary that I should do so, noble admiral,” replied Philip, bursting into tears which he vainly endeavoured to restrain :—“ My sister perished on——” He could not articulate the rest.

“ My brave lad,” cried the admiral, seizing his hand, and not ashamed to let a tear drop on his own manly cheek, “ never mind that ; think no more of it ; and perish the mean-souled wretch who shall ever reproach thee, or think the worse of thee for that unfortunate circumstance !”

Philip the next morning was sent to the Admiralty with dispatches, which contained the most honourable testimonies of his merit. He had afterwards an audience of the king ; and in a short time he was made a master and commander, next a post captain, and had a ship given him ; and lastly received the honour of knighthood. Philip then began to wish that his poor father was not dead, but was alive to witness his honours. And Ellen too—poor Ellen ! how pleasant he thought it would have been to be met by her with one of her old smiles, but not looking as she did when

he last saw her! However, his mother yet lived, and he blessed God that she did so; and as soon as his business was settled, he set off to gladden her sick heart with the news of what had passed.

But when he came in sight of the house where she now lived in solitude and disgrace, he forgot his victories and his honours, and his lost father and unhappy sister were alone remembered: but his mother tottered out to meet him; and he struggled with his own sorrow, when he recollected that he might alleviate hers by telling her of his good fortune.

“My dear child,” replied the poor old woman smiling through her tears, “it was the hope of seeing thee a great man one day that bore me up through all I have suffered, and thou hast not disappointed me, Philip.

“Thank ye, mother, for that,” cried Philip, tears trickling down his face, “thank ye; my success has given me,

many a pleasant feeling before, but the happiest feeling from it has been given me by you."

But to return to the marquis, whom we left happy in the possession of a rich and beautiful bride. He saw the excesses and horrors of the revolution increase every day, and began to wish to put in execution his antient plan of taking refuge with his wife and property in England. But he had too long delayed his departure. He was suspected of incivism ; and, together with others of the nobility and his father, confined at the Luxembourg : and his wife, whom he still passionately loved, was told that she must share her husband's fate, unless she would consent to divorce him, and marry a man in power who was desperately in love with her. Life had charms ; and madame de Fontanges had not the heart of Ellen : she therefore accepted the conditions ; and by one of those strange coincidences

which sometimes happen, the marquis received the news of his wife's infidelity and Ellen's farewell letter on the same day. "Ellen! poor Ellen! thou art indeed revenged!" exclaimed he, when horror for her death, and anguish for his wife's desertion, allowed him to speak; and he sunk into such a state of dejection, that he was with difficulty roused to join a plan of escape proposed to him by the other prisoners. However, he did join in it, and it succeeded; and he and his father, after various hardships, landed in 1793 on the coast of Devonshire, and made the best of their way to Plymouth, in order to take the coach for London.

It so happened that Philip was that day on shore, and saw the strangers arrive as he was standing at the door of a coffee-house.

"These are emigrants, who are just landed," cried the gentleman next him.

“What, Frenchmen, I suppose?” asked Philip.

“Yes—of high rank.”

“D—n them!” replied Philip, “I hate all Frenchmen; but quality Frenchmen worse than a coward. But who are they? do you know their names?”

“O, yes—I once knew them too; but perhaps in that shabby dress they would not thank me for recognising them: however, I understand they have considerable property in our funds.”

“Well—but their names?”

“Oh, they are the count de Fontanges and the young marquis his son.”

At the sound of that name, the only French name which Philip ever *could* or *would* remember, the blood forsook his cheek, his whole frame trembled, and he turned an eye terribly ferocious towards the spot where stood the destroyer of his father and his sister! I have found you at last,” muttered Philip, hastening

to his apartment; and having put his pistols in his pocket, he went into the inn-yard which he had seen the marquis enter.

“ You are the marquis de Fontanges, I think ?” said Philip, accosting him.

“ I am, sir.”

“ Then I have business with you :— follow me, sir.”

“ Sir, I do not know you,” replied the marquis haughtily.

“ But you shall know me, sir,” returned Philip. “ I know you only too well.”

“ Who are you, sir ?” demanded the marquis : “ and what is your business ?”

“ My name is Philip Percival, and my business is vengeance for a sister’s injuries ; for a sister ruined by a villain !”

“ Sir,” replied the marquis, rendered even more proud than before by his mis-

fortunes, "I am a nobleman, and I fight only with my equals. I am sorry for your sister, sir; but her brother, Mr. Philip Percival, it is beneath me, the marquis de Fontanges, to fight with."

"Think not to escape me, coward as you are," cried Philip, seizing his arm, "by an excuse like that; I am now captain sir Philip Percival; thanks to this good sword, dyed deep in the blood of Frenchmen; and a captain in the British navy will be owned all the world over the equal of any lord whatever."

The marquis did not want courage, but he trembled and turned pale when he found he had now no excuse for declining to fight the brother of Ellen.

"Do you insist on my meeting you directly?" cried he.

"I do."

"Then only suffer me to take leave of my father, in case I should fall."

“ Ellen’s father died before she could take leave of him.”

“ Well, well,” replied the marquis, shuddering at his words, “ then be it so !” and he followed whither Philip led.

“ Now, sir, I am ready,” cried the marquis when the ground was measured : “ fire. You are the challenger, therefore you are to fire first.”

“ No,” answered Philip, “ we will fire together.”

They did so, and the marquis fell. By this time, Philip’s old commander, now admiral on that station, some of his brother officers, and the count de Fontanges, arrived on the scene of action, bringing medical assistance with them ; having learnt from witnesses in the inn-yard what was about to happen.

The marquis, mortally wounded, lay writhing in agony on the ground, and his father bent in acute anguish over him.

“ His poor father, how I pity him !” cried the admiral.

“ O God ! I too had a father !” replied Philip, “ and how he made him suffer !”

The marquis now beckoned Philip to approach him. “ I am dying,” cried he ; “ but I forgive you, and I earnestly conjure you to exchange forgiveness with me, that I may die in peace !”

Philip hesitated ; but hearing the marquis utter a loud groan, and writhe as if in the last agonies, he instantly held out his hand to him, “ *There !*” said he, “ I forgive you, and may God do the same !” The marquis seized his hand, pressed it convulsively, laid his head on his father’s bosom, spoke to him earnestly in French, and received an answer from him. He then murmured out the name of Ellen, and after great apparent agony expired.

“ Admiral, admiral,” exclaimed Philip,

as he gazed on Fontanges's dying agonies, "surely, surely, I was right to fight him. Tell me, for God's sake tell me that you think I was right!"

"As a son, and a brother, Philip," replied the admiral, "you could not with your feelings do otherwise: but hasten on board ship; for the unhappy father has a claim to vengeance too, and our laws will not deny justice to the stranger who seeks their protection; therefore you must go off directly, or be taken into custody."

Philip, however, still remained; when the count suddenly arose and said, "Take the young man away, let me not see him; but he has nothing to fear from me. My poor son, with his last breath, told me he deserved his fate, and made me promise not to revenge his death."

"I think, I am sure," said Philip, as he left the ground, leaning on the arm of

an officer, for every nerve within him trembled, "I think, I am sure that I will never fight a duel again; for split my top-sails," added he, "if I can tell what is come to me! But look ye, Harry, may I never come up with the enemy again if I had not rather have killed a hundred of them in battle than have seen that poor fellow, spite of all his wickedness, die yonder by my hand! O God! and in sight of his father too! Well, but the admiral says I was right: so I must forget it as soon as I can; and try to forget Ellen too, in the performance of my duty to my king and country."

And he still fights, still conquers. Nor, while his heart beats with honest exultation as he receives the meed of honour due to his services, is he ever in any way reminded, even by a rival, of the disgraceful exit of the unhappy Ellen; and while he thinks with pride of the generous

nature of his countrymen, he has been heard to exclaim, "Thank God, they have the kindness to forget, even though I am successful, that I am the brother of a woman who perished as a criminal on a scaffold!"

THE REVENGE.

“LISTEN to me, Everard,” said Augustus Stainforth to his friend Everard Waldorf. “As yet, though we are both in love with Lavinia Sternheim, we have been generous rivals, and neither of us has attempted to obtain a preference over the other, but by means approved by the most rigid honour.”

“But why, Augustus, do you tell me what I already so well know?”

“Because I expect that your friendship for me and your generosity will soon be put to a severe trial, and that my happiness will be in your power.”

“I court such trials. and if your hap-

piness depends on my generosity, believe me, while I swear that—”

“No vows, no professions, Everard. If you are worthy my confidence they are unnecessary; and if you are unworthy, they will only make your guilt the greater should you deceive me.”

“What does this mean?—Explain.”

“I will.—Be not too much distressed when I tell you that I have reason to think Lavinia prefers me to you; and that therefore, as our fortune and family are equal, her father will, no doubt, choose for his son-in-law the man whom Lavinia herself has chosen.”

“Doubtless. But I suspect that you flatter yourself.”

“Perhaps so. But if I do so in this instance, my fears whisper louder than my hopes in another. I know that the baron has one great, and, I believe, insurmountable objection to me.”

“Indeed! I rejoice to hear it.”

“ There, Everard—I am glad I did not allow you to *swear* just now.”

“ Why so? Is it then in my power to remove this obstacle to your happiness with Lavinia?”

“ Not absolutely so : but if the baron be convinced that the obstacle in question is removed, I require it of your generosity and friendship not to prove to him that it still exists.”

“ And lose the woman whom I adore by my generosity !”

“ Yes,—even so, if friendship requires it : for have I not often heard you say that it is very hard that a child should be punished for his father’s fault ?”

“ How !—light breaks in upon me !—But pray be less mysterious.”

“ The case is this, then :—Baron Sternheim has often declared that, though he has the most perfect esteem for my character, he will not let his daughter marry

me while my father lives ; because, as his life is forfeit to the laws, for having in a transport of rage killed a brother officer, he will not run the risk of having his child united to the son of a man who one day or other may perish on a scaffold. But it has long been rumoured, and believed by every one, the baron not excepted, that my poor father is dead ; and I did not contradict the report, because I thought it conducive to my father's safety. Therefore to you only I owned the truth ; and you only have it in your power to blast my prospects, by telling the baron that my father is still living in England. But this, if you are the generous rival, and the true friend that you appear to be, you will not do ; and you will cautiously avoid any conversation which may lead the baron to interrogate you on the subject ; nor expose my peace to be sacrificed to his fears of

my father's return, trial, and condemnation—three circumstances which will never happen.”

“ I thank you, Augustus, for the confidence that you have in my virtue ; but, believe me, you have exposed it to a severe trial. However, I will not tell a falsehood for you or any man ; therefore, unless the baron put the question directly to me, he shall never know from me that your father is still alive ; and this I promise by the sacred ties of friendship, and the faith of a gentleman.”

“ And this is all I require of you,” replied Augustus, affectionately pressing his friend's hand ; “ and I trust to you implicitly. At present I know your passion is not so ardent as mine ; but even should it increase daily, I am sure that you would sooner die than break the sacred word which you have just pledged.”

They then parted,—the one proud of the confidence reposed in him, the other proud that he could boast of being possessed of a friend in whom such confidence could never be misplaced. But though Stainforth felt most sensibly the passion of love, he had certainly never calculated on its nature and power. He forgot the innumerable instances on record in which love has been known to triumph over duties the most sacred and ties the most binding. But Waldorf's conduct and his own soon convinced him that, when a man admits the entrance of an ardent passion into his bosom, he opens the door to an active and restless enemy, who, if not watched with the most unceasing care, will throw down all the barriers against evil which virtue has raised, nor rest till he has left no empire there but his own.

Stainforth had not flattered himself, as Waldorf fondly hoped. Lavinia certainly preferred him to his rival, though she

could not be said to be really in love : but her choice quietly waited on her father's approbation, and passion in her tranquil heart could only be awakened by the call of duty. Still the baron had drawn from her a confession, that of the two most favoured of her lovers, namely Stainforth and Waldorf, she esteemed the former the most: and, like an indulgent and fond parent, he immediately replied, " Then he shall be your husband, as his father is no more: however, to be sure of his death, though it is too currently reported not to be true, I will ask him the question myself." He did so, to the horror and consternation of the till then ingenuous and honourable Stainforth : but, feeling that on his answer to this question depended his future happiness and his only chance of possessing the woman whom he adored, he stained the as yet unblemished integrity of his character ; and, love triumphing over honour, he replied evasively

to the baron, "I thought, sir, you had heard long ago that my unhappy father died in England!"

"Then my daughter is yours," cried the baron, giving Lavinia's reluctant hand to Stainforth, who now for the first time felt himself unworthy of it, and endeavoured to hide the confusion of conscious duplicity under the transports of a successful suitor.

That evening, as usual, Waldorf came to pay his court to Lavinia, who received his assiduities with a degree of reserve which wounded both his pride and his feelings, while he read in her attention to Stainforth a conviction that his friend was indeed the favoured lover; and his jealous agony was increased by overhearing the baron introduce Stainforth to one of his relations as a gentleman who would soon be related to their family.

Never had Lavinia looked so beautiful; never had Waldorf been so passionately

in love as on this unhappy evening; and in a state of mind bordering on phrensy he approached Lavinia when he saw her sitting alone, and conjured her to tell him whether Stainforth was indeed the object of her choice.

“He is,” she modestly but firmly replied; “though, I must own, your merits in my eyes appear so equal, that had my father disapproved Stainforth’s addresses, and directed my choice to you, I should without reluctance have obeyed him.”

At this moment Stainforth approached them; and Waldorf, unable to bear the sight of him, left the room, and retired in an agony of mind to his own lodgings. During that night great were his struggles between love and honour—but honour prevailed; and though he knew that he could with a word annihilate all Stainforth’s hopes of Lavinia, whose love was

not violent enough to make her hesitate to obey her father's commands, whatever they might be, he rose resolved to remain true to the word which he had solemnly pledged to Stainforth. But his rival was not so happy as he imagined him to be: He had, for the first time in his life, been guilty of evasion and deceit: and such was his high sense of honour, that, unable to bear the misery of his feelings, he at length resolved to seek the baron, and own the meanness of which he had been guilty. Accordingly, when evening came, he summoned up the honourable resolution of submitting to be miserable rather than continue base; and he set off to demand an audience of the baron, and confess to him the fault of which he had been guilty.

Waldorf, meanwhile, had also repaired to the baron's according to invitation, and had arrived there so early that Lavinia

was not yet dressed, and the baron was alone in his study.

“ You are welcome, sir,” said the latter, “ I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you, that so fully convinced am I of your worth and talents, that were not my daughter more inclined to marry Stainforth than you, her hand and fortune should have been yours directly; but as she likes your friend, and as his father is dead,—I have consented to let them be married directly.”

“ Married directly, sir !” cried Waldorf, turning very pale. “ Stainforth’s father dead—and——”

“ Yes, sir; he is dead. I can no longer doubt the fact, because I asked Stainforth the question, and he assured me that his father died in England.”

“ Then he is an abandoned liar !” exclaimed Waldorf, thrown off his guard completely; “ for it was but yesterday

that he told me he was still alive, and that he dreaded lest you should discover it."

At this moment, while the baron, confounded with surprise and indignation, was unable to reply, the door opened, and Stainforth himself appeared. Waldorf instantly, conscience-struck, sunk on a chair, hiding his face in his hands, unable to encounter the looks of his injured friend.

"You are come opportunely, sir," cried the baron; "you are come to clear yourself from a dreadful and calumnious charge, or, by avowing the truth of the charge, to prove yourself lost to every honourable feeling. Sir, that gentleman has just asserted that your father is still alive, and that you know that he is so!"

"Perfidious, deceitful man!" exclaimed Stainforth, darting a revengeful look.

at Waldorf. "But did he volunteer this charge; or did you drag it from him unwillingly?"

"No;—he told it me unasked, and eagerly."

"Traitor!" cried Stainforth. "But you are beneath my anger. Yes, sir," added Stainforth, addressing the baron, "that perjured man has spoken the truth, and I am convicted of having deceived you by a despicable evasion; nor will I deign to plead my ardent passion for your daughter as any excuse for my wickedness, for I have been self-condemned, I have not rested since I uttered it; and even had I been blessed in the possession of Lavinia I know I should have been miserable, because I had obtained her unworthily, and therefore must have despised myself: nor will I endeavour to palliate my crime by trying to convince you that I now came hither on purpose to own my crime to you; for

I have not actually done so, and I cannot expect you to believe any thing that comes from the mouth of a convicted deceiver. But, sir, before we part for ever, for I cannot endure to meet your scornful eye, let me conjure you to believe that till yesterday my lips were unconscious of a falsehood, and shall be so from this hour again; and that self-condemned and self-punished, I shall hasten from the world, and hide in solitude my misery and my disgrace.....But what shall I say to you, sir?" turning to Waldorf—"That I leave you at present to the punishment of your own upbraiding heart."

So saying, he was leaving the room; when the baron haughtily exclaimed—"You are not going to Lavinia, sir?"

"To her!" exclaimed Stainforth.—
"What! do you think I would presume to obtrude into her presence, conscious as

I am of being a detected culprit? No, sir—I would fly to the confines of the earth to avoid her, though I shall love her, and shall pray for her happiness to my dying breath.” Then rushing out of the house he left the baron at liberty to interrogate Waldorf concerning what had passed between them, and to ask him why Stainforth was so sure that his own heart would condemn him.

Waldorf, though he pitied Stainforth most sincerely, and blamed himself, had still recollection enough to know, that on the opinion which the baron now formed of his conduct depended his hopes of obtaining Lavinia :—he therefore gave such a colour to his conduct as secured the baron’s good-will.

“ Nonsense !” he exclaimed : “ I see nothing but what is very excusable in you on this business ; and I consider, and no doubt Lavinia will too, this breach of

confidence, wrung from you by despairing passion and a horror of falsehood, as a proof at once of your love and of your integrity; so give me your hand.—As Lavinia has lost an unworthy lover, I must present her with a worthy one; but not yet; not till she has recovered the pain which Stainforth's delinquency will inflict on her."

To the propriety of this delay Waldorf consented; and declining to form one of the party that evening, he went home to await a challenge from Stainforth,—a challenge which he meant to accept, though resolved not to fire at the man whom he had already so much injured.

In a few hours a letter from Stainforth arrived: and, to the surprise of Waldorf, it was as follows:—

“ Though I abhor duelling, you probably expect to receive a challenge from

me after guilt like yours. But were I to take your life, an easy task perhaps to one who is, as you well know, almost sure of his aim, the disgrace of having told a falsehood would still remain on my honour, and I should only add cruelty to baseness, without having retrieved in any degree my lost reputation. Besides, common revenge may suit common injuries; but mine have been uncommon, and so shall my vengeance be. Therefore, live, perfidious friend! and, if possible, live happy; while I, in that retirement to which your treachery has forced me, shall endeavour, by the performance of every other duty, to atone for the fault which I have committed. Nor shall I cease to weary Heaven with prayers, that I may live to take ample vengeance on you, and see you torn with repentance and regret for having destroyed the happiness and fame of that tender friend who loved, who ho-

noured, and in a fatal moment *confided* in you.

“AUGUSTUS STAINFORTH.”

“Alas!” cried Waldorf, “his pen wounds me deeper than his sword would have done.” But, notwithstanding, he waited on Lavinia, and prosecuted his suit with all a lover’s eagerness, though well aware that by marrying her he should inflict a new wound on the unhappy Stainforth.

Stainforth, meanwhile, secluded himself from the eyes of every one; and having at length made all the necessary arrangements for quitting D—— entirely, he set off for a country-seat that he possessed, at 50 miles’ distance from the city, and nearly inaccessible from its rocky and mountainous situation. Here Stainforth resolved to brood over his wrongs, and endeavour to obtain means of revenging them; and here he resolved to feed his

hopeless but still ardent passion with a degree of romantic folly which nothing but his youth, and the idea that Lavinia felt for him a mutual passion, could in any degree excuse. And his intended constancy soon became more absurd and more reprehensible, when Lavinia, with a readiness which proved her to have no heart, admitted that Waldorf's treachery to his friend was at once an interesting proof of his ungovernable love for her, and of his generous abhorrence of falsehood, and consented to become almost immediately the wife of the man who had been the means of causing misery even worse than death—the consciousness of disgrace—to the quick-feeling and lofty-minded youth to whom, but a few days before, she had professed a tender attachment.

A woman worthy of love would not, could not, have acted thus: but such is the force of habit, and certain re-

ceived opinions on the subject of love, and particularly first love, over the mind even of the enlightened of both sexes, that Stainforth, though informed from indisputable authority of the unaffected cheerfulness and pleasure with which Lavinia received Waldorf's addresses and consented to marry him, persisted in declaring that he should adore her to the end of his existence with an attachment as ardent as her conduct was cruel.

At length the news of the actual marriage took place; and for days after, Stainforth confined himself to his room and saw no one; while from the bottom of his soul he rejoiced that he was too far removed from D—— to witness any of the nuptial splendours, and congratulated himself in having taken refuge in retirement. But what was the retirement to which he had doomed himself? Not the rigid solitude of the hermit or the devotee, but a solitude cheered by the

society of an affectionate and enlightened mother, and of a lovely and accomplished relation.

When the father of Stainforth, a debauched, passionate, self-willed, and extravagant German nobleman, had in a moment of irritation dyed his hands in the blood of his friend, and been forced to fly to England, his flight was too sudden for his wife to be a partaker in it; and when he found himself in England, and possessed of a considerable sum to expend on his own private pleasures, he was not at all disposed to solicit her to follow him. And his refusal to allow her to share his exile was the greatest favour which he ever conferred on her; for she remained at her country seat to educate her niece, the ward of her exiled husband, then a girl of fourteen, and to enjoy the society of her pious and affectionate son.

Madame Stainforth had never beheld

with approbation her son's attachment to Lavinia Sternheim, because she did not think her possessed of sufficient energy and decision of character, and perhaps because she wished him to marry her charming pupil and niece, Sophia Manstein. Therefore, had Stainforth's disappointment been occasioned by any other cause than one which degraded him, she would have rejoiced at it; but as it was, her maternal pride was deeply wounded; and though she severely blamed her son for having allowed passion to triumph over that regard for truth without which no one can be respectable in society, she thirsted as eagerly as Stainforth did for revenge on Waldorf, and was also desirous that he should hide his disgrace and his self-reproaches in retirement and domestic pursuits.

“And are you indeed willing to quit the pleasures of society for my sake?” said Stainforth.

“Most willingly,” replied his mother ;
“for your society is all my pleasure.”

“But how can I expect or require so great a sacrifice of Sophia ?” turning to his cousin, then a blooming girl of sixteen.

“Let me accompany you, dear cousin,” she replied, “and I will soon prove to you by my saucy cheerfulness that it is no sacrifice.”

“No sacrifice ! Poor child ! thou art too young yet to know the extent of it.” Sophia blushed ; but it was not with pleasure : she did not think herself a child ; she did not think herself so young as Stainforth seemed to fancy her. She had her likings and her dislikings, and of all women she hated Lavinia Sternheim, though she had never seen her ; and of all the men whom she had seen she liked her cousin Augustus. But he thought of her only as a pretty child ; and poor Sophia vainly endeavoured, by assuming an air of coyness and reserve when he

familiarly approached her, to make him recollect she had already reached the respectable age of sixteen. But wrapt entirely in the contemplation of his own unhappy attachment, and of the error into which it had led him, Stainforth almost unconsciously seated the reluctant girl on his lap; and while, leaning his aching head on her shoulder, he rehearsed to her the story of his wrongs, he knew not that he at once offended her delicacy and wounded her feelings. Month had at length succeeded to month, and year to year, and still Stainforth remained unconsolated, and still Sophia was considered by him merely as the girl whom he had loved and nursed in her infancy, while the image of Lavinia triumphed still over his heart; and it was only by forcing himself to perform the active duties which his situation as *seigneur de village* imposed on him, that he could, except in the presence of his mother, whom he feared to afflict, banish

the melancholy which oppressed him, and which made his conversation, though interesting in the highest degree, painful to the feelings of her who sighed for him with hopeless love; for Sophia had learnt to know that she loved her cousin, and, made skilful in the knowledge of the human heart in general by the whispers of her own, she also felt that till she could teach Stainforth to look upon her as a young woman, and cease to treat her with the familiarity of near relationship, it was absolutely impossible that he could ever return her attachment—an attachment sanctioned by her aunt's avowed approbation; though she was too wise to injure the chance of her son's becoming enamoured of Sophia, by hinting to him her wishes on the subject, as she well knew that he had vowed a romantic constancy to his first love, and would probably dislike the woman whom any one pointed out to him as the means of making him unfaithful to it.

While Sophia was thus a prey to hopeless tenderness, her cousin to melancholy, and her aunt to maternal anxiety, Stainforth's name, as the benefactor of his neighbourhood, as the rigid but humane dispenser of justice, and, above all, as the author of some curious discovery by which his native city, and even the whole of the circle in which he lived, would be benefited, was repeated with the highest praise throughout the city of D——: and as he had refused any pecuniary reward for his public services, his disinterestedness was the admiration of every one. But though he would accept no money from the government, it was hinted to him that whatever favour he should think proper to ask would be granted to him immediately.

The baron Sternheim, who had always liked Stainforth, and had lamented being forced to give him up as a son-in-law, now felt his regrets for his loss deepened; es-

pecially as Stainforth's father was now *certainly* dead, and Waldorf, his daughter's husband, on the brink of ruin.

As soon as Waldorf had married Lavinia, he obtained, through the baron's interest, a place of considerable trust and emolument at D——; and the income of this appointment, joined with that of his own estate, made his wealth appear to him so inexhaustible, that he lived away in a style equal to that of a nobleman of the first rank; while Lavinia, whose beauty was the pride of her husband, and whose vanity was gratified by being able to display her charms to an admiring crowd, gave into the expenses of which he set her the example; and was easily led, when their own money began to fail them, to implore assistance from the kind and confiding baron; till at length, though Waldorf every day wanted to receive more, the baron had little left to bestow;

and at the end of four years, Waldorf and Lavinia saw themselves the parents of four children, and involved in debt to a dreadful amount. But the place was still Waldorf's; and he promised, by laying by half the income of it, to prepare himself to pay off his debts by instalments.

Just before the state of their finances became generally known, Sophia had accepted an invitation to the house of a relation at D——, who wrote to her to urge the injustice which she was doing herself by not displaying her charms in those circles where she would be likely to form a proper choice, and to become a happy wife.

“My choice is already formed,” thought Sophia: however, she believed it was right for her to mix with the world, but she could not resolve to leave home even for a few weeks. She however gave the letter to Stainforth, who read it aloud to his mother.

“Right, very right,” cried he when he had finished it; “go by all means, my dear child:” and Sophia burst into tears.

“What is the matter, my sweet girl?” cried Stainforth, tenderly pressing her to his heart: “Do you not like to go? I thought you would be pleased to hear that we approved your cousin’s plan.”

Sophia, half angrily, struggled and freed herself from his arms, and could hardly forbear saying, “Could you think I should be pleased to see how willing you are to part with me?”

“But if,” continued Stainforth, “you do not like to go, say so; we do not wish to lose you even for a day (here Sophia’s proud heart felt a little soothed): but your friend is right, you ought to give yourself an opportunity of settling in life; and here, you know, you have no chance whatever.” Sophia again burst into tears.

“You can’t be well, my dear, surely,”

said madame Stainforth, almost ready to shed tears also at this bad sign of success in her dearest hopes, and she instantly led the conscious girl to her own apartment ; while Stainforth was saying within himself that no woman ever could cry without disfiguring her face, except Lavinia Sternheim. It was well for Sophia that she did not know the reflection which her tears had produced.

“ Yes, madam, I will go,” said Sophia to her aunt as soon as she could speak ; “ yes—I will go, as he is so eager to get rid of me ; aye, and to get me married too ! a cold ungrateful creature !”

“ Yes, my dear, you shall go,” replied madame Stainforth : “ I can’t answer it to my conscience to let you stay here, continually adding fuel to a flame which may perhaps only burn to consume you.” Sophia started with horror at this unexpected observation,—at this unwelcome

confirmation of her own fears; but summoning all her pride, and the active energy of her fine and comprehensive mind, she dried her tears, packed up her things, and the next day set off for D——, having in vain attempted to avoid including Stainforth in her parting embrace. She returned in three months from the time of her departure, but not the same woman as she went. She had learnt to feel her own power; to know her own value: she had seen herself the object of universal admiration, and many had openly professed their love and laid their fortune at her feet; and she who vainly sighed for one smile of tenderness from him to whom she had, unasked, surrendered up her heart, was now told by the grave and the gay, by the wise and the weak, by the learned and the ignorant, by the rich and the proud, that a smile from her was a treasure of which a monarch might be vain.

“ Yet Stainforth sees nothing in me !” sighed Sophia to herself ; and her heart whispered her that she would gladly give up the admiration of all her lovers for the bare hope of being one day beloved by him. However, change of scene, town-pleasures, and the novelty of being followed, flattered, and admired, produced an alteration in her feelings which she contemplated with joy. She had made a discovery ; she found that she had the power of attracting admiration : nor could this be wondered at, as her face exhibited the rare and irresistible union of beauty and expression.

Hitherto, also, Sophia had dressed like a mere girl ; but now she learnt to avail herself of ornamental and becoming apparel : the short petticoat was replaced by the graceful sweeping train, and the dark auburn ringlets which shaded her white neck were now turned up *à la*

Grecque ; and, by displaying her fine throat to advantage, exhibited beauty even more attractive than what resided in her glossy hair. Besides, vivacity, the natural expression of her face, had supplanted the melancholy which she had caught from her melancholy cousin ; and though lovelorn still in her *heart*, in her appearance only beamed the consciousness of beauty tempered by gentleness in the exercise of its power.

“ I declare I believe he will hardly know me again !” said Sophia one evening, when with sparkling eyes and heightened colour she was returned from a ball, and gazing at herself in a whole length glass : “ I wonder whether he will call me *child* any more, and kiss me like a baby !”

At length the day of her return arrived ; and, dressed in the travelling dress in which she left home, Sophia with a beat-

ing heart saw herself returned to the door of her cousin's house. In a moment she was in her aunt's arms, but Stainforth was not at home.

“How you are grown! how you are altered!—how improved!—how beautiful you are!” cried madame Stainforth, folding her in a maternal embrace.

Sophia felt a degree of timid pleasure in being thus praised by the mother of Stainforth, which she had never experienced from the praises of her admirers at D——. “O, if *he* should think so!” faltered out Sophia, hiding her blushing face on her aunt's shoulder.

“Has he *eyes*?” answered madame Stainforth; and Stainforth entered the room. Sophia instantly started up; and, according to the lesson which she had set herself, she made him a sort of mock reverence: she meant it to be so dignified as to keep him at a distance, and check the usual familiarity of his welcome, and

still have sufficiently the air of a joke to avoid his thinking that she was become cold and proud.

Stainforth was so surprised at the change which he observed in her, (for she was grown considerably taller,) that he absolutely stood still at the door ; and when he approached to bid her welcome, he contented himself, though he called her his dear, dear child, with gently kissing the cheek which she blushing offered to him, and did not seem for one moment to fancy her 'a baby.' But he made no comments on her improvement ; he seemed conscious only of a *change* : and Sophia having taken off her hat, and let her fine ringlets hang down her neck as usual, was conscious that she looked in his eyes like her former self. When it was near dinner time, Sophia retired to dress, and Stainforth to his studies. He was soon so engrossed by them, that Sophia, in all the pride of fashionable dress, and the con-

sciousness of grace and beauty, was seated by the side of her delighted aunt, who could not divert her eyes from gazing on her, before Stainforth recollected that Sophia was returned, and that he had been called to dinner. Nay, his abstraction followed him into the dinner-room; and contenting himself with giving her a smile, and nod of welcome, he ate his dinner nearly in silence; and the mortified Sophia saw that her brilliant appearance was totally thrown away on him. After dinner he would have retired again; but as his mother was forced to go away on business, she begged him to stay to entertain Sophia, who was, she said, for that day at least, a stranger, and to be treated with some ceremony: he therefore returned to his seat, and forced himself to make inquiries concerning Sophia's mode of spending her time at D——. But she saw that he scarcely heard her answers, and was evidently in a hurry to return to

his studies ; and wounded pride and pique restored her to the self-command and tranquillity of which the tête-à-tête at first deprived her. At length, however, she saw by his countenance that certain painful recollections came across his mind ; and he suddenly exclaimed—
“ Well, did you see that man, that Waldorf ? ”

“ Yes, frequently. ”

“ And did you deliver to him punctually the message which I sent ; namely, that it was my daily prayer that I might not die unrevenged on him ? ”

“ No ;—indeed I did not. ”

“ Then you are not the kind affectionate girl I thought you : I thought you would have fulfilled the only commission which I gave you. ”

“ So I would have done, had it been a commission *worthy* of you. ”

“ Sophia ! ”

“ Augustus ! ” dear cousin, I love you :

but I do not love your faults, nor the faults of any man; and in my opinion this unsated thirst for revenge is immoral, pernicious, and unchristian."

"So, miss! you have learnt to reason and decide, during your visit to D——, have you?"

"No, sir;—I only pretend to *feel*; and I own it grieves me, and has grieved me through many a year, to see your health and spirits worn away by ungratified wishes for vengeance, and the present enjoyments of life sacrificed to the indulgence of weak and unavailing regrets for the past. True, you have been exemplary in the discharge of your public duties; but have you been equally so in that of your private ones? Was it not your duty to try to amuse your poor little orphan cousin by your sallies of wit, instead of forcing her by the contagion of your woful example to look like a Melpomene, when nature intended her for a

Thalia? I maintain it ;—instead of sighing for a false mistress, and pining for revenge on a false friend ; instead of bewailing the commission of a single error, atoned for by a thousand instances of active virtue,—you ought to have talked sense, and read sense to your affectionate mother ; talked agreeable nonsense to your little cousin ; played cribbage with her, and blindman's-buff with me ;—(‘ I play at blindman's-buff !’) moved a minuet occasionally with her, and waltzed with me ; (‘ I move minuets and dance waltzes !’)—in short——”

Here Sophia was forced to stop : for the almost indignant surprise which manifested itself on Stainforth's face at hearing a girl run on with so much voluble impertinence,—a girl whom he had never heard venture to have an opinion before,—was so ludicrous as to upset her gravity completely, and she gave way to a violent fit of laughter.

“Miss Manstein,” said he at length, “you may think this levity becoming, but—good Heavens! if these are the manners of girls of the present day!—Four years ago, when I mixed with the world——O Lavinia, Lavinia, how different art thou!”

“Very different indeed, I flatter myself,” replied Sophia in a sarcastic tone.

“What!—well—I—I suppose you saw her at D——, did you not?”

“I did.”

“And did you ever see so beautiful a creature?”

“I saw her—perhaps—I believe, to a great disadvantage,” replied Sophia with some hesitation; for she had not courage to declare her real sentiments. The truth was, that when she beheld Lavinia, the long envied object of Stainforth’s affection, her heart throbbed with pleasure and with pride, for she could not be blind to her own superiority in youth and in

charms ; and she almost hoped that, were Stainforth to behold her now, nay, she was *sure* that she would not be as formidable a rival as she had been ; for the cares of a family, late hours, and other circumstances, had faded the beauty of Lavinia, and brought on a sort of premature decay to her charms : for her beauty was merely that of regular features and brilliant complexion : and time, that adds to the charms of character and expression, where character and expression already exist, leaves nothing behind it in insipid and unmeaning faces but traces of its destructive power and the forerunners of age ;—as the fairy sprite, Robin Goodfellow, is supposed to give nothing but pinches and bruises when he visits the idle and undeserving ; but leaves with the worthy, fairy-favours, and no displeasing tokens of his visit.

“ I am glad I have seen her,” said Sophia to herself, as she gazed on Lavinia.

But when Lavinia, in whom Stainforth's high reputation had awakened her former esteem for him, beheld Sophia, and was told that she lived constantly with him and his mother, it is very certain that she did not feel at all glad to have seen *her*.

But to return to Stainforth, who heard Sophia's answer with something approaching resentment.

"Not see her to advantage! Perhaps she might be unwell, and her colour might not be so high as usual."

"But she has no colour at all."

"Impossible! she had a bloom like the morning."

"And four years ago she was in the morning of life," replied Sophia.

"And is still:—you do not mean to insinuate that she is old, miss Manstein?"

"N—no:—thirty is not old."

"Thirty! she is not five-and-twenty!"

"No!—Well, one must not always trust to appearances."

"But supposing the splendour of her

youth is gone by, there must still be a softness, a sweetness in her expression, a roundness of contour in her form, peculiarly her own, which must have struck you with admiration."

"Her expression is certainly mild, and even girlish; but as to roundness of contour, I think I never saw a more meagre woman in my life."

"Impossible! Why she had once all the bloom and roundness of health and youth!"

"Yes:—but when health and youth leave a person, why should you suppose them generous enough to leave some of their richest possessions behind?"

"Well; but her teeth and eyes must still remain, whatever else may have departed?"

"The samples of the former that remain certainly give one a favourable idea of what the rest have been; and her eyes are really brilliant still."

"Well, but you were charmed with

her manner, no doubt ;—you liked her, I conclude ?”

“ No ;—indeed I did not.”

“ No !—unkind Sophia ; I should have liked any man who had been so long dear to you.”

“ Indeed !” cried Sophia sighing, not pleased or flattered at all at this observation, though he thought it a very *kind* one. “ But how could I like a woman who had been the cause of so much unhappiness to you ?” cried she.

“ Nay, all my wonder is, how you could help liking her ; for not to talk of her beauty——”

“ No,—we had better not, we should never speak ill of the dead, you know.”

“ Upon my word, cousin Sophia, you provoke me beyond my patience : you have often complained, my mother says, that I do not consider you enough as a woman ; but on my word, ma’am, you will never have to complain of me in this

respect again; as the way in which you have spoken of the once, and always, beautiful Lavinia convinces me that you are *indeed* a woman, a very very woman."

"Thank you, sir,—thank you," replied Sophia; "then I find I shall owe one obligation of some importance to my want of taste, or want of candour, as you choose to call it; and you will in future, I hope, treat me with the respect due to a woman of my venerable years, for I am twenty to-morrow."

"Twenty! you *twenty*, miss Manstein? I thought you were not seventeen! How time runs away!"

"It does indeed; and if it would run away *alone* it would not signify, but it always carries something away with it; as, for instance, your Lavinia's beauty."

"What! are you attacking that again? and, contrary to your own maxim, disturbing the quiet of the dead? But what—I—

I suppose—perhaps you think yourself handsomer than Lavinia?”

“Perhaps I do,” replied Sophia, modesty struggling with truth, and suffusing her cheek with a brighter crimson, while a playful and arch smile dimpled her mouth.

“You do! Mighty fine, indeed!” replied Stainforth, looking up at her with astonishment: and then for the first time he might really be said to have gazed on Sophia since she had come down dressed for conquest. “Well—well,” said Stainforth, “now I look at you, I do not think you flattered yourself as much as I thought you did. If you had only said you thought yourself as handsome as Lavinia, you would certainly have spoken truth.”

“Do you mean what you say?” said Sophia, blushing with surprise and pleasure, and bending her bright eyes to the ground with becoming modesty.

“I always mean what I say,” replied

Stainforth ; “ you are as handsome as Lavinia ever was ! Nay, dear girl, you may believe me, indeed you may ; ” and as he said this, he took her hand, and was resuming, though with some timidity, the usual familiarity with which he was accustomed to seat her on his knee : but Sophia, assuming all the dignity of a decorous young woman, disengaging herself from him, immediately exclaimed :—

“ No, sir, if you please, you might take such liberties with a mere girl, but remember that I have convinced you that I am a *woman*,—*a very very woman*.”

Stainforth blushed ; and, bowing, promised to keep at a respectful distance, and then added, gazing with great fondness in her face, “ But do you in your conscience think, Sophia, that I have found out only that you are a *very woman* ? are you sure that I have not also discovered you are a *very charming woman* ? ”

Perhaps there is no woman, possessed

of observation, and particularly interested in making use of it, who is not aware of the exact moment when the expression in the eyes of a man, as he gazes on her, ceases to be that of affection only, and assumes that of affection mixed with passionate admiration. And Sophia was well aware, though perhaps Stainforth himself was not, that such a moment was discoverable in the eyes of her cousin as he gazed on her blushing face. The moment was also come, when her power of continuing a pert, vivacious, and gay conversation was entirely vanished. While he was indifferent, she could appear indifferent too, and be saucily loquacious; but when she had reason to believe that happier prospects were opening upon her, choked with emotion, and terrified lest Stainforth should behold the extent of it, she knew not what to do,—what to say; when madame Stainforth unexpectedly entered,

and relieved her from her embarrassment: for, running to meet her, with a faltering voice, but affecting extreme gaiety, she exclaimed, "Only think, dear aunt! Augustus has paid me such a compliment! He says I am as handsome as ever Lavinia was!"

"And no great compliment, I think," replied madame Stainforth; "had he said much handsomer than ever she was, he would have been nearer the truth. But whether you are handsomer than Lavinia or not, is a matter of no importance whatever; but it is of importance to you, that in mind and heart you are certainly her superior, whatever my infatuated son may think of madame Waldorf: for you would not, like her, have been contented to feel a preference only for the man whom you consented to marry, you would not have entered into so solemn an union without the consciousness of feeling an attachment proof against all trials. Nor would

you for one fault, occasioned too by love for you, have given up, without many a long and painful struggle, a man whose only crime was loving you too well: but had filial piety conquered faithful affection, I am sure you would never, in one little month after the rupture with your lover, have given your hand to the man who had destroyed both his fame and his happiness."

"I would have *died* sooner:—yet my cousin wonders I was not charmed with Lavinia! though I must own she courted my acquaintance; and had I not considered her as the enemy of his peace, I might perhaps have returned her advances with cordiality."

"Enough—enough on this subject," said Stainforth, and he suddenly quitted the room.

His observation and his abrupt departure alarmed Sophia, for she feared that he was seriously displeased; but her

aunt quieted her fears by telling her that it was the first time she had ever ventured to express to her son her disapprobation of Lavinia in so pointed a manner, and she thought he had borne it so well that there was no doubt but that the attachment which he now felt for her was merely the result of habit, and the creature of imagination; and that she did not despair of seeing it replaced by another and a better-founded attachment.

“No, no—indeed I doubt,” replied Sophia, “that Lavinia is a formidable rival still; though to be sure her *beauty* is now the mere creature of Stainforth’s imagination. You know, dear aunt, one very often sees a face in the fire so very distinctly that one fancies every body else must see it too; but when you call another person to gaze on it, it is impossible to make him see it, whatever trouble you take; and, indeed, dear aunt, madame Waldorf’s charms, which

Augustus sees so plainly, are now only a face in the fire, which is visible to one person alone."

"I believe you, Sophia; for I know you are above the meanness of envy, and are even capable of doing justice to a rival."

"I hope I am, though Augustus does not think me so: but I wish he could see Lavinia, and then I am sure he would own that I am not envious or unjust. I remember that an old Jacobite English lady, with whom I was a great favourite, told me once as a great favour, that she would show me the picture of the dear, sweet, beautiful Pretender, which she always wore at her heart. She did so;—and I, while expecting to see a lovely blooming face, beheld nothing but a piece of ivory, with scarcely a feature or a tint remaining! 'What!' exclaimed I, thoughtlessly enough, 'is this pale-faced spectre your idol?—Ah, he is truly a pretender indeed!' cried I: and the old

lady never forgave me. Now to me Lavinia appears a mere pretender also, and Stainforth my old lady; and with equal carelessness have I spoken my sentiments of *his* idol; and if he should never forgive me, dear aunt, what would become of me!"

As she said this, she looked up at madame Stainforth with her eyes filled with tears, and saw hers fixed on something behind her, while she, smiling, exclaimed, "Answer for yourself, Augustus:—Has Sophia mortally offended you?"

The truth was, Stainforth had, unobserved, returned into the room, and had heard all that passed; and being convinced that Sophia, who awaited his answer with trembling impatience, had spoken only what appeared to her the truth respecting the change in Lavinia, he felt no sensation but of kindness and admiration towards her and what was of more consequence to Sophia's peace, had she been conscious of

it, her two personifications of Lavinia's present appearance had had their effect; and, spite of his boasted constancy, Stainforth felt her once glowing image replaced in his fancy by a faded miniature. Suddenly, while he was endeavouring to picture her to his eager gaze in all her pristine charms, the image instantaneously vanished, like the shapes in a magic lantern; and this colourless miniature-portrait was substituted for the blooming Lavinia; while present in reality to his view was a lovely, animated, warm-hearted girl, in all the bloom and untamed vivacity of early youth. It is not therefore to be wondered at that Stainforth soon began to leave off returning to his studies after dinner: but Sophia had still the mortification of observing that Stainforth appeared at breakfast in complete and unbecoming deshabelle. During breakfast-time one day Sophia remarked with great gravity, that she had

now learnt to understand completely, and deeply pity, the state of a deposed monarch.

“ And why have you only *now* learnt to feel for a deposed monarch?” cried Stainforth.

“ Because it is only now that I feel I am one myself.”

“ What mean you, Sophia?”

“ I mean that at D—— I was a queen, and had subjects who offered me their homage daily, and who smiled when I smiled, frowned when I frowned, and watched my looks as if on them hung their fortune: but here I am without a court, and without a subject; and my smile and my frown are equally unimportant.”

“ Do you think what you say, Sophia? But who were these subjects?”

“ Oh, persons of importance, and merit too:—A president, two counsellors, a baron, a colonel in the army, a French diplomat, and an English chargé d'affaires.”

“ And did you,” cried Stainforth very gravely, “ like any one of this army of lovers in particular ?”

“ Oh, yes !”

“ Indeed ! And—and, did you—I mean do you intend to favour any one of them ?”

“ Oh, yes !”

“ Sophia, are you in earnest ?” said Stainforth, taking her hand and looking anxiously in her face.

“ Why not ? You know, dear cousin, that you sent me to D—— on purpose to get a husband ; having first very civilly hinted that you wanted to get rid of me.”

“ I send you to D—— to get a husband !—I want to get rid of you !—I want to exclude the only sunshine of my existence !”

“ Well, Augustus, I am sure I thought you were resolved to shut the shutters, and keep out your poor little sun entirely : else, I am sure I should not have——”

“ Have what ?—engaged yourself ?”

“ No :—I should not have regretted so much my inability to make a decided choice.”

“ A *decided* choice ! But you have made a choice, you say ?—you *like* these men whom you mention ?”

“ Yes.”

“ But which of them do you prefer ?”

“ Oh, I like them all equally.”

“ But one you say you mean to favour ?”

“ No—I mean to favour them *all*.”

“ How !”

“ Yes—by *refusing* them all : for I should hate myself were I capable of giving my hand without my heart ; and my heart *rejects* them all equally.”

“ Dear, dear girl !” cried Stainforth, kissing her hand, “ then you do not mean to leave us ?”

“ No ;—not if I might but retain some shadow of royalty here.”

“ As how ?”

“ Why, I have been used to see men not presume to enter into my presence without being well shaved, well combed, and well dressed ; but you—the only man here, and consequently the only thing I can expect for a subject—you come into my presence as ill and negligently dressed as those odious Jacobins were when they entered into the presence of their imprisoned king.”

“ Well, well, I will be more punctilious ; but what shall I do ?”

“ First, you shall shave every day ; secondly, you shall wear clean linen every day, and tie your cravat like other people ; and lastly, you shall present me with a nosegay every morning at breakfast, and sometimes with a copy of verses.”

“ But I can't write verses ; and I scarcely know one flower from another, except that pretty little flower which is called ‘ Forget-me-not ;’ and that I should not have known, perhaps, if I had not

so often seen it enamelled and painted on the shirt-pins or bracelets of parted or parting lovers.”

“No matter; I do not require you to work impossibilities, and be as great a botanist as S——h, that pleasant English traveller whom my aunt saw at D—— some years ago, and admired so much; but nosegays you must cull, and verses you must write.”

“Well; but show me some verses as models.”

“I will show you some verses, not written to me, but which, as they express a true passion, I should like to have inspired.”

“Indeed! what, whether you loved the writer of them or no?”

“O, but a lover like him ought to be loved, and must be loved;—as one of the greatest female writers in England, or indeed in any country, says, ‘Love must owe its origin to love!’

or, as one of the first of Englishmen says,

‘ Though beauty may dazzle, ’tis kindness that warms.

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth though their splendour
we praise ;

So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.’

For do you think, Augustus, that any woman in her senses would think of loving a man before she was assured that he loved her ? Can a woman do it ? and *ought* she to do it ?”

How Sophia’s heart beat while she awaited Stainforth’s answer.

“ Can she, ought she to do it ?—Most certainly,” replied Stainforth, “ if the object be a deserving one. I too will quote an English poet, who says,

‘ The chastest maid may own a well-placed flame :
Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.’

And if a man have talents, temper, and

virtues, I should honour the woman who placed her affections on him, even though not sure of being loved by him in return."

Sophia was so agitated while he said this, that Stainforth suspected she was conscious of loving some one who did not love her; and wholly unsuspecting that he was the object of her preference, he thought it must be the author of the verses which she had offered to show him; and turning very pale, he asked her if the bard whom she had just mentioned was deserving, by his qualities, of the regard which she seemed so willing to bestow on him. Sophia instantly understood his suspicions, and saw the change of countenance which they had produced; and in a tumult of joyful and grateful emotion she set Stainforth's heart at ease, by saying that she knew nothing of the gentleman in question, but through the medium of

that song. Then, giving it to Stainforth, he read as follows :—

SONG.

Yes,—though we've loved so long, so well,
Imperious duty bids us part ;
But though thy breast with anguish swell,
A pang more lasting tears my heart.

My grief is dumb—loquacious thine ;
The mournful hoard I sacred keep ;
Thou seekest crowds—alone I pine ;
Mine eyes are dry—but thine can weep.

Then sure, whate'er thy lips have vow'd,
A stronger sorrow sways my soul ;
For shallow streams run bright and loud,
Deep waters darkly silent roll.

“ Well,” said Stainforth, “ this song is not excellent enough to frighten me from entering the lists with the writer of it ; and I will endeavour (no difficult task) to eclipse the little merit it has ; and in the mean while you may expect from me a beard well shaved, a neckcloth well

tied, clean linen, and a nosegay every day."

He promised this, and he performed it. But to write verses to Sophia was a far more difficult task than he imagined. He began indeed;—but some lines he feared were too impassioned, others too cold; perhaps too, when he thought of Sophia, his heart was so full of emotion that his ideas were confused: however, he wrote two stanzas at last with great effort; and then having written them out in his very best hand, he the next minute threw them into the fire, from the dread that they would appear in her eyes contemptible, when compared to the song which she had admired. "No," said he to himself, "no,—I cannot bear to run the risk of incurring her contempt: and to attempt to write verses, and write bad ones, would certainly sink me in her estimation. No,—she may not admire, but she shall not despise me." Therefore he disobeyed Sophia's commands; and the

nosegays remained unaccompanied by verses. But Sophia, who perfectly understood the cause of his disobedience from the way in which he excused himself, was more gratified by it than she would have been by fifty songs written by him in her praise.

But the pleasing progress of hope in the bosom of Sophia, and of a second love in that of Stainforth, was suddenly and painfully suspended, by his having most unexpectedly an opportunity of gratifying a more pernicious and equally powerful passion,—that of revenge; that revenge too for which he had pined through many a joyless year. Instantly this one ever restless and voracious passion swallowed up every other. From the spy whom he had long set over the actions of Waldorf, he heard that he was completely ruined; that his whole fortune, and that of the baron, were spent; that he was deeply involved in debt; and that, the

baron's friend being dead, his interest with the government was over, and the place, Waldorf's only support, was taken from him, and would be given to the applicant most favoured by persons in power.

When Stainforth heard this narration of his enemy's distresses,—a narration, which, knowing Waldorf's extravagance, he had for years anxiously expected,—he fell on his knees, and fervently ejaculated, “My God, I thank thee! I shall not now die unrevenged: but the man who cruelly betrayed and disgraced me, the woman who heartlessly forsook and forgot me, shall learn at length to repent, and bemoan their cruelty!”

“You shock, you terrify me, Augustus!” cried Sophia: “Can you rejoice in these poor unfortunates' distresses?”

“I do, from my soul!”

“Then I could almost find in my heart to *hate* you, Augustus.”

“Your feeling is right and natural, Sophia, and so is mine; but I have no time to argue with you, I will away to D——; I will return to that city which I had resolved never to see more unless I visited it to take my vengeance on Waldorf:—The time is come, and I fly to my revenge!” Then running out of the room, he gave the necessary orders, and in a few hours his carriage was at the door.

“For mercy’s sake, let us accompany him!” cried Sophia to her aunt. “Let us not leave him to the unsoothed, unmitigated indulgence of his passions.” And madame Stainforth approving her proposition, Augustus consented to it, and they all three set off for D——.

Stainforth went out as soon as they arrived at his long-deserted house; and Sophia awaited his return in a degree of trembling anxious impatience, which was rendered more painful by the *sang froid* which madame Stainforth preserved

on the occasion. But Stainforth did not return till midnight, and, then retired to his room without seeing them ; so her impatient curiosity remained unsatisfied. The next morning he went out before breakfast, and remained out all day ; and Sophia was almost ill with anxiety and vexation. But the succeeding day her curiosity was only too fully gratified ; for Stainforth returned to dinner, and, throwing himself into his mother's arms, he rapturously exclaimed, " My revenge will now be complete !—Waldorf is soliciting to be restored to his place, and several others are applying for it ; but *I*, who have a claim on the government unurged as yet, *I* will apply for it myself, sure to carry it off from Waldorf and any competitor. Nay, more ;—I have bought up all his debts, and he has now no creditor but myself ; therefore he is completely in my power, and my triumph is consummated."

As he said this he turned to look at

Sophia, and saw her nearly fainting on the sofa. He instantly ran to her assistance; but she repulsed him vehemently: "Away!" she cried; "I renounce you! I hate you! I despise you!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—or rather I will endeavour from this moment to do so; cruel, malignant, revengeful man! But I will go this moment to poor madame Waldorf; I will tell her what you are about to do, and I will bring her hither, convinced that when you see her you will no longer have power to keep your odious intentions."

"You are mistaken:—I have seen her, and have still kept them. In disguise I watched her, her husband, her father, and her children, last night as they walked on foot to take possession of their miserable habitation in the suburbs: and oh, how changed was the appearance of them all! But Lavinia! oh, my Sophia! she is no more to be compared to you, now!—no, nor do

I believe that she ever was worthy of the slightest comparison in beauty to you !”

“ Wretch !” replied Sophia, (shocked to feel her eyes sparkle in spite of herself) “ think not to flatter me into approving your odious measures. But did you not feel tortures at seeing their distress ?”

“ No,—from the bottom of my soul I enjoyed it !”

“ I can endure the sight of you no longer !” exclaimed Sophia, sobbing violently : “ but I will go this instant to the poor Lavinia ;—I hate myself now for what I said against her. Yes,—I will go to her, and offer her all the little aid I can bestow ; and, if she requires it, never love you again.” So saying, she left the room, and immediately procured a guide to the habitation of the humbled Waldorfs.

In the mean while Stainforth was not idle, and his endeavours were crowned with such success, that the place was given to him as soon as he asked it ; nay,

more—a fine commodious house, very handsomely fitted up, which was then vacant, and for sale, was thought by Stainforth a proper and necessary appendage to the high post which he had obtained ; and the government agreed to purchase it immediately, and let it always in future go along with the appointment, which Stainforth was to keep at pleasure, or dispose of according to his own judgement. When Sophia, almost broken-hearted, returned from her charitable visit, she found Stainforth in the highest spirits, for he had gained his point ; and, after binding Sophia by a solemn promise not to reveal to the Waldorfs what he was going to say, he told her Waldorf's place was his, and that the house which the government had granted him to live in while he held it, he was going to take possession of immediately.

“ Hear me, Stainforth,” replied Sophia, every nerve within her trembling ;

“ I have lately thought that I was not indifferent to you.”

“ Indifferent ! I love you so fondly, that I consider this as the happiest time of my life ; for I think I am not indifferent to you ; and with my revenge and my love both gratified, I—”

“ Hold, sir ! if you gratify the one, never, never shall you gratify the other. The moment of my weakness is past ;—I have loved you, sir, even when I despaired of ever being beloved again.”

“ Is it possible ?” cried Stainforth, dropping on one knee, and seizing her hand in a transport of joy and surprise.

“ Yes,” continued Sophia, “ I loved you ere I knew what love was ; but though I thought my love was hopeless, I did not blush for my passion, because the virtues of the object seemed such as to make it a virtue in me to love him. And I too felt and thought like you, that, ‘ Not loving first, but loving wrong,

is shame. But now—now that I see your heart is so unfeeling, your nature so malignant, that you can trample on the fallen, and revenge yourself on an enemy on whom Fortune has already revenged you, by decking yourself in his spoils, and making yourself his only creditor, in order to make him lie at your mercy, and enable you perhaps to drag him from his wife and family to jail—I renounce you for ever; and I shall hate and despise myself, if henceforward I feel for you any thing but aversion.” She then left the room, shut herself into her own apartment; and refusing the next day even to see her aunt, because she did not seem to enter into her feelings, she spent the chief of her time during the two succeeding days with Lavinia and her family.

At length Stainforth took possession of his new habitation; and Sophia, but for the absolute command of her aunt, who was as yet her guardian, would not have

deigned to accompany them thither; while her pale cheek and languid eye sufficiently indicated the struggles of her soul.

The next morning Stainforth informed Sophia that he hoped she would do him the favour to stay and receive some friends of his, whom he had sent for and expected every moment.

“What friends?”

“The Waldorfs.”

“Monster!” cried she, “have you then sent for them to insult them?”

“I have sent for them to reproach them.”

“And I have loved this man!” cried Sophia, clasping her hands in agony. “But they will not come, I am sure they will not.”

“Yes, they will;—I desired my employers to keep my nomination secret for a few days; therefore they do not know the name of Waldorf’s successor, and

they are only sent for to come hither on business of importance."

"And do you think I will stay to witness their humiliation, and your ungenerous, pagan triumph?"

"Miss Manstein," said her aunt gravely, "less violence would be more becoming a young woman; and for the present, however you may hereafter wish to separate yourself from us, it is my pleasure that you restrain your feelings, and stay where you are."

Sophia then seated herself in perturbed silence, and soon after she heard the baron Sternheim and monsieur and madame Waldorf announced; while Stainforth, his lip quivering with passion, and his whole frame trembling with strong emotion, leaned against the mantle-piece to keep himself from falling. On seeing him, the astonished visitors started, and would have retreated; but Stainforth desired them to enter and sit down: "It is *my house*,"

said he, "therefore I have a right to ask you to be seated."

"Your house!" cried Waldorf, starting, "are you then my successor? You my creditor too? for I find you have made yourself my sole creditor; therefore I am every way at your mercy, and you triumph over me! Well, sir, are the bailiffs ready? for I suppose I am to be hurried to prison."

Here Lavinia shrieked, and, throwing herself into Sophia's arms, conjured her to intercede for her; while the baron, in a mournful but manly tone, conjured Stainforth to recollect that *he* had not injured him.

"Not injured me! Was it no injury not only to receive instantly my resignation of your daughter's hand without making any candid allowance for the error of a young and impassioned man, but to bestow her immediately on the perfidious friend to whom my disgrace

was owing? But what say *you*, sir? perhaps *you* never injured me?"

"O yes," cried Waldorf, "and my heart has ever since reproached me."

"And so it ought, for I trusted you as I would have done an angel from heaven; and in return for my confidence you inflicted on me misery and disgrace. I have pined through many a long and joyless year, but now the moment of revenge is come. Baron Sternheim, when I saw you last, I was at your feet, a humbled and self-convicted wretch, a detected, trembling liar; and, guilty as my once dearest friend appeared to me, I felt myself even inferior to him; and loathing the sight of every one, because I was ashamed to look my fellow-citizens in the face, I flew to hide my disgrace in the solitude of the country, resolved that I would never return to my native city, and never behold your face or that of Wal-

dorf and Lavinia again, till I could do it with the dignity of virtue, and of a man restored to his own approbation. During my retirement you have probably heard my name——”

“Yes,” cried the baron, “we have heard it blessed and honoured.”

“Yes,” added Waldorf; “and so highly have I always thought of you, that if any one had told me you would have thus panted for revenge on me, would thus have laboured to obtain it; and would also have sent for me to insult me with your triumph, and see you enjoying the distinction once my own; I would have told them they were base calumniators, and that I knew you had a soul above such meanness.”

“And so would I,” exclaimed Lavinia.

“I thank you both,” cried Stainforth, his lip quivering and his voice faltering as he spoke. “But believe me that this is the only completely happy moment

which I have known for years. True, I have sent for you to witness my triumph; true, I have sent for you to complete the revenge for which I have panted for years: but it is to witness my triumph, not over you, but over myself; to see me complete not the revenge of a mean, malignant enemy, but that of a virtuous man, and of a sincere christian! Waldorf, the place you held, and this house now become an appendage to it, are mine, to keep or bestow according as my judgement and feelings dictate; and I bestow them on you;—nay, I solicited them, in order to *secure* them yours: and when I thus hold out my arms to you, and claim you once more as the friend of my heart, will you reproach me for making myself your only creditor?"

To paint the various emotions that actuated every one present, is an impossible task. Waldorf precipitated himself into

his friend's embrace, almost fainting from complicated feelings ; while Sophia leaned on his shoulder, and with difficulty exclaimed, " How could you terrify and distress me so cruelly ! "

Madame Stainforth's feelings were the most gentle, for she had been all along in the secret. Lavinia sobbed out her joy in Waldorf's arms ; and the baron, tears trickling down his venerable cheek, wrung Stainforth's hand, unable to say a word ; while Stainforth, returning the pressure of his hand, exclaimed, " Now, baron, I can look you in the face again. "

" Now, Stainforth, that I am able to speak, " cried Waldorf, " let me inform you of a circumstance of which, while expecting to feel the effects of your resentment, I was too proud to inform you. The baron and myself never disclosed to any one the cause which broke off your marriage with Lavinia, and we guarded your honour from the slightest taint, as

carefully as we should have guarded our own."

Stainforth was affected, greatly affected; and he saw, by this generous attention of Waldorf and the baron, all his causes for uneasiness removed at once.

"But, dear dear Augustus," cried Sophia, "why did you keep me in ignorance of your intentions? why expose me to the horror and agony of doubting for a moment the excellence of your heart?"

"The agony which you experienced," replied madame Stainforth gravely, "was a just punishment on you for having dared to suppose Stainforth even for a moment capable of malignant revenge."

"Blame her not," exclaimed Stainforth, "all has been as I wished. I was not sorry, my dear Sophia, to have an opportunity of proving the rectitude of your principles, and the reality of your love of what is right and just; and happy

indeed must that lover be, who has been able to prove beyond the power of doubt that the object of his affection, however fondly she may be attached to him, is still more attached to generosity and virtue.”

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



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