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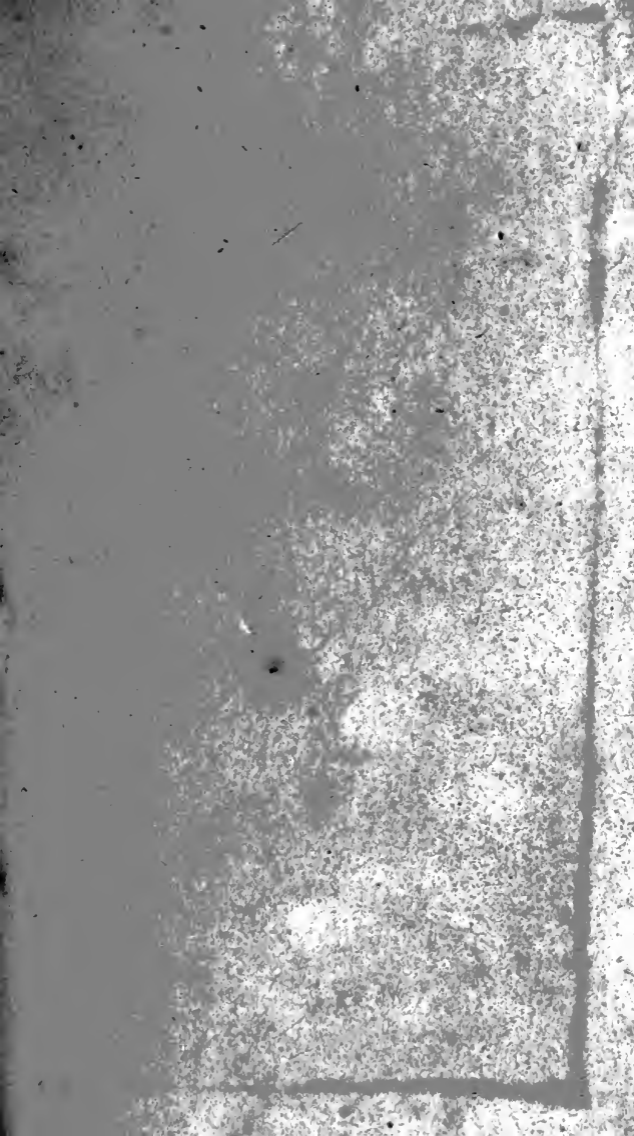
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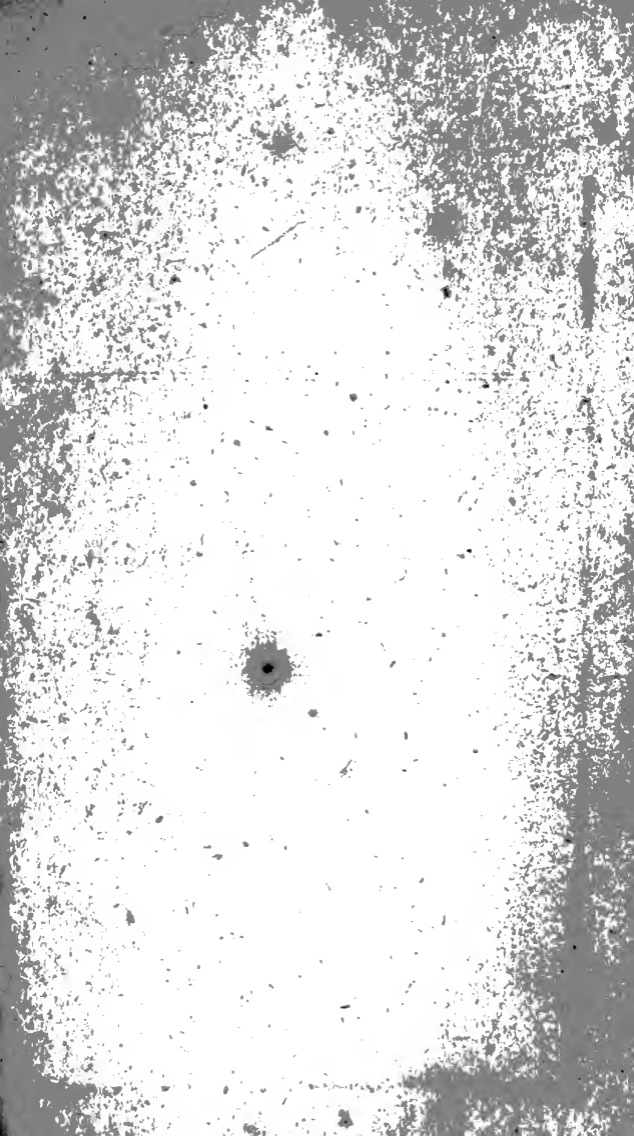
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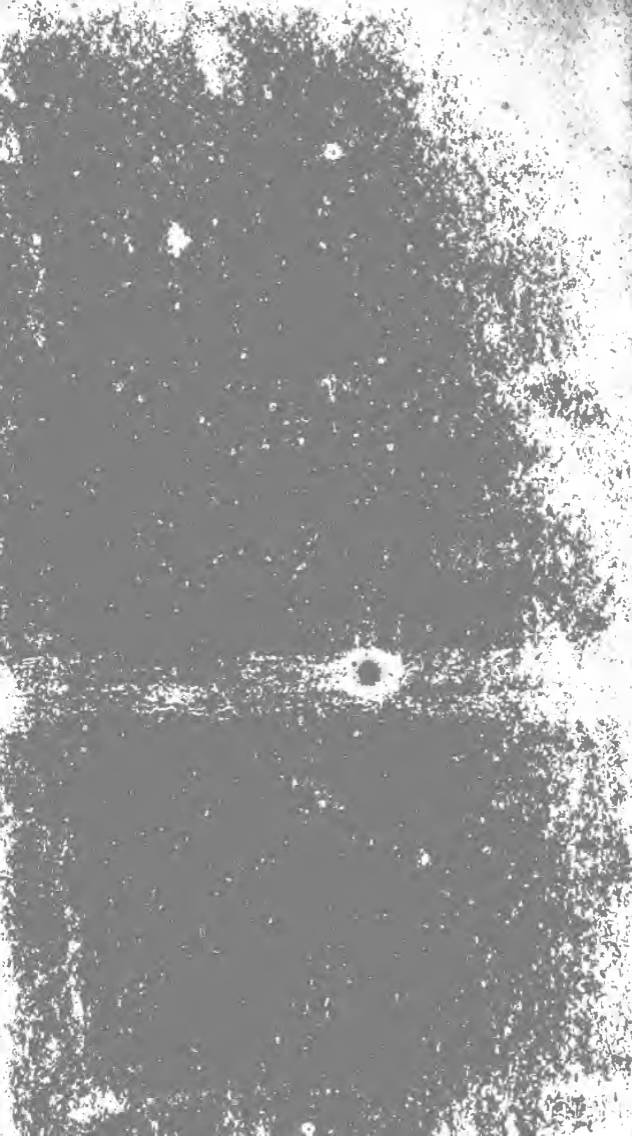
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TEMPER,
OR
DOMESTIC SCENES:
A TALE.

TEMPER,

OR

DOMESTIC SCENES:

A TALE,

IN THREE VOLUMES,

BY MRS. OPIE.

“A horse not broken becometh headstrong, and a child left to himself will be wilful.”

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1812.

THE

AMERICAN

REPOSITORY

OF

THE

ARTS

AND

MANUFACTURES

OF

THE

UNITED

STATES

OF

AMERICA

823

Op 3te

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v.3

TEMPER,

OR

DOMESTIC SCENES.

A TALE.

I AM well convinced that no two persons can receive exactly the same impressions from any one object, or scene, but that, however like the impressions might be in the aggregate, they would be different in detail; therefore there would be something of variety, and consequently of interest, in the account given by each passenger in the same boat of his voyage even from Dover to Calais. Still I shall not fatigue my readers with a relation of what my heroine and her com-

panions saw, thought, or felt, during their passage to France, or on their landing on the Calais Pier. But no sooner were they arrived at their hotel, namely, that kept by Grandsire, the one formerly the residence of the Duchess of Kingston, than Mrs. Castlemain became alarmingly ill, and Emma and Mr. Egerton endured an increased degree of anxiety on her account, from their very natural want of confidence in a foreign medical attendant: but luckily for them, Mr. Egerton learnt on the second day of her illness, that an English physician in the suite of an English nobleman had just landed.

Immediately, though a stranger to both gentlemen, he waited on them at their inn, to request the physician's attendance on the invalid,—a request instantly granted; and he had the satisfaction of hearing that three or four days of rest, with the aid of medicine, would remove
every

every unfavourable symptom, and enable them, without any fear of a relapse, to proceed on their journey. Accordingly, after having passed a week at Calais, they set off in their own open brouche drawn by four horses, with the footman and the lady's maid on the dicky.

The ladies, who had never been out of England, were surprised, as well they might, at seeing the horses fastened together and to the carriage by ropes; and as one never values health sufficiently till one is attacked by sickness, so our travellers, for the first time in their lives, felt the value and the elegance of an English equipage.

“ Yet, as far as it can affect national happiness, of what consequence is it,” said Mr. Egerton, “ whether the harness and the other accoutrements be of leather or rope,—if the French be as well contented with the one as the other?”

“ No, ” replied Emma ; “ nor does it signify that the boasted view from the Calais ramparts commands in reality nothing but a miserable barren flat, and the uninteresting meanderings of the treeless road into Flanders, if all the inhabitants, as no doubt they do, like that good old gentleman in the steeple-crowned hat, can point it out to strangers with, “ Mais voyez donc ! quelle vue superbe ! Mais, mon Dieu ! c’est magnifique ! ”

Nothing either of event or of interest worth narrating happened on the road till they approached Chantilly ; when the increasing beauty of the country, the distant view of the Palace and its celebrated stables, awakened their as yet dormant feelings into life.

“ Alas ! ” said Mr. Egerton, “ I saw that fine building in its splendour ! However, I will see it in its *décadence*, were it only to impress on my mind still more
and

and more forcibly the frail tenure of earthly greatness."

But as Chantilly has been frequently described by travellers, and is likely to call forth the same feelings in every one, I shall pass by in silence our travellers' visit to the Palace and the environs, and content myself with giving the following lines, written no doubt in the days of its magnificence, which Mr. Egerton desired Emma to copy and preserve, as one of the instances in which the double meaning of a word is the same in both languages.

The following lines are written either on a wall or window of an inn at Chantilly :

“Beaux lieux, où de plaisirs Condé fixa la source,
A ne vous point quitter l'on feroit son bonheur,
Si vous n'étiez à notre bourse
Plus CHERS encore qu' à notre cœur*.”

* Fair scenes, where Condé fix'd the source of
pleasure,
One's happiness would consist in never leaving
you,

If

When they were about twenty miles from Paris they were passed by a curricle and four driven by a gentleman, another gentleman sitting beside him. The one who drove looked earnestly at Emma as he passed, and turned back several times to repeat his gaze (evidently one of admiration) till they were out of sight; and when they had proceeded about two miles further they saw the same equipage standing in the road, having evidently been just overturned, while the gentlemen belonging to it and the servants were employed in arranging whatever had been discomposed by the accident. The truth was, that the gentleman who drove had been so absorbed in admiration of Emma, that he had been unconscious of the horses' increasing speed till it was too late

If you were not to our purse
Still *dearer* than you are to our heart.

to stop them, and in trying to turn them short on one side, the vehicle had upset. The gentlemen, however, were both unhurt; and the poor youth who had thus been put in peril of his life by the power of beauty, was resolved to repay himself by another look at the beauty that had endangered him, and he still found something to do to the carriage long after his companion had assured him every thing was properly adjusted.

“I hope, gentlemen,” said Mr. Egerton in very good French, “that you have sustained no injury?” To which the gentleman who drove, with a bow and a blush, and a look at Emma, answered, “No,” in the same language.

“At least, not such an injury as the gentleman apprehends,” observed his companion in English, (concluding Mr. Egerton was a Frenchman,) and laughing archly as he spoke. While Mr. Egerton, who found
by

by this speech, which he properly understood, that the gentlemen were English, smiled involuntarily ; but not choosing to expose Emma any longer to an intensity of admiring observation, which though respectful evidently distressed her and displeased Mrs. Castlemain, he with a bow, and an expression of pleasure at their safety, desired the postillions to proceed. But the curricule again overtook and passed them, and its driver had another opportunity of looking at Emma, while he made a distant bow of recognition to the party.

At length, our travellers were approaching Paris ; and if Chantilly had awakened strong emotion in their hearts, what must they have felt on entering that great city, that Paris, whose decrees had for years influenced three quarters of the globe, and whose inhabitants had by turns excited the pity, the horror, the detes-

detestation, and some few the admiration, of the world !

“ I saw the church of St. Denys in its pride,” said Mr. Egerton as they entered that fauxbourg, “ when the royal and the mighty dead slept undisturbed within its walls, and rapacious avarice had not thence removed the costly offerings of piety and superstition ! ”

“ But is there nothing worth seeing there still ? ” asked Emma.

“ No ; I am told not,” replied he. “ However, some pious hands have conveyed to a place of safety many of the statues, the mausoleums, and perhaps the bones of those who here were ‘ quietly inurned,’ and I expect to feel great interest and pleasure in beholding the former once more in, I trust, their last home ; together with many other things of the same description, gathered from distant provinces, and

all arranged under one point of view at Paris."

"Aye, but how much," observed Mrs. Castlemain, "must they not lose of their interest by being no longer seen in the spot where they were first placed!"

"True, madam, much of local and associated interest; still they have an interest appertaining to themselves, of which no change of situation can deprive them. Architectural beauty and propriety, and powers of sculpture, must exist to charm and instruct, whether in the church of St. Denys or in the Petits Augustins at Paris; and I shall certainly not scorn the pleasure of looking at them where they now are, because I have once seen them to better advantage. On that principle we might despise the gratification of seeing the Apollo of Belvidere, because Paris is not Florence, where he was originally

ginally situated, and, as I hear, in a better point of view. But to go from inanimate to animated beauty, What did you think, ladies, of the young Jehu who passed us just now?"

"I think," said Mrs. Castlemain, "that he is almost the handsomest man I ever saw; I wonder who he is. But what say you, Emma?"

"That he is certainly very handsome."

"Well, I dare say," replied Mr. Egerton, "we shall see him again; and in the mean while I shall fancy him somebody of great consequence."

They were now entering Paris, and Mr. Egerton was amused by the surprise which Emma expressed at seeing melons piled up against the walls, and lying one on the other in baskets in large heaps, like turnips in Covent-garden market.

"Well," exclaimed Emma: "What a superiority over England this circumstance

stance proves them to possess ! Melons, a luxury only served up in our country at the tables of the rich, are here, you see, a mere common fruit like apples with us."

"Yes," replied Mr. Egerton laughing ; "and perhaps you may find out occasionally that carpets and clean floors, which are every-day necessities with us, are luxuries here."

They took up their abode at the Hôtel des Etrangers, Rue de la Concorde, the best and widest street in Paris, and particularly interesting from its being so near not only the finest objects in the city, but the scenes most pregnant with impressive associations. At one end of it was the place where the perpetual guillotine stood ; at the other was the church of La Madelain, where so many victims of revolutionary fury were buried ; and the stones of that street, now so peaceable and so smiling, had lately reverberated
from

from the heavy steps of a ferocious multitude, and, almost without a metaphor, had been dyed with rivers of blood.

The next day, for Mrs. Castlemain was too tired to venture out the evening of their arrival, was impatiently hailed by Emma; and as soon as she saw Mr. Egerton, "To the Louvre!" cried Emma; "I cannot rest till I have seen the Gallery." And Mr. Egerton, breaking from the mournful reverie into which he had fallen, led the way thither. It lay across the Place de la Concorde, and through the gardens and palace of the Thuilleries. But while Emma and Mrs. Castlemain, struck with the uncommon beauty and grandeur of the surrounding objects, stopped on the above-mentioned Place to gaze with delight around them, Mr. Egerton, with an exclamation of horror, darted down the passage which led into the gardens, and awaited them at the entrance.

"My

“ My dear sir, what impelled you to leave us in that abrupt manner ? ” cried Emma : “ Why were you in such a hurry to quit the sweetest spot of the kind that my eyes ever beheld ? ”

“ Because a friend, a venerable abbé whom I dearly loved, was butchered on that spot : because, Emma, the guillotine was erected in the midst of that smiling plain ! ”

“ Is it possible ? ” exclaimed his auditors.

“ I fear,” added Emma, “ that I shall never think it beautiful again.” Yet the next moment she wished to go back again to see the very spot where the guillotine stood ; but the Palace of the Thuilleries now caught her eye, and by calling forth other feelings urged her forward on her way.

Emma could not help stopping in the hall of the Palace, as certain recollections came across her mind ; and going up to
a sol-

a soldier on guard there, she said in French, "And was it on those stairs that the poor Swiss were massacred?" The soldier, colouring deeply, replied, "Mais oui, mademoiselle:" while Mr. Egerton seizing Emma's arm, all the terrors of the revolutionary government recurring to his mind, hurried into the Place du Carrousel, saying, "For the future be more guarded. Why could you not have said killed, instead of massacred?"

"Because my pity got the better of every other consideration."

"But had your pity been so powerful in those days, when there was neither pity nor justice, that small mistake of yours might have sent us all three to the guillotine."

But all unpleasant remembrances of the past, or fears for the future, were absorbed in delight when they entered the
saloon

saloon of the Louvre, and beheld in one room the scattered glories of the first painters whom the world ever saw. Yet great as was the pleasure which this first room afforded them, where the pictures were not only fine, but seen in a fine light, amongst which the St. Peter Martyr of Titian shone conspicuous, their sensations on entering the long gallery adjoining were of a still higher nature. There was a vastness, a magnificence in the idea of the whole space before them being crowded with chef d'œuvres of art, that filled and elevated the mind in a manner too vast for utterance; and choked with the emotions that overwhelmed them, they paused at the entrance as if too much overawed to proceed. But recovering themselves they slowly walked up the room, unable at first to fix on any one picture as an object of admiration; and they went to the
top

top of the Gallery and back again without stopping before any one in particular. At length, however, Mr. Egerton was fixed by the St. Jerome of Dominico, Mrs. Castlemain was gazing on the Three Crosses by Rubens, and Emma was contemplating with admiring interest the Deluge by Poussin, when it was loudly rumoured that the First Consul was going in state to the Conservative Senate, and would very soon be on the Place du Carrousel.

“That I could but see him and the procession!” exclaimed Emma, eager to forsake a picture for a reality; and running up to Mr. Egerton, “Could we not see him from these windows?” she added, running to the window near her; when one of the guardians of the Gallery hearing her name Bonaparte, and suspecting her wishes from the expression of her countenance, told her if she would follow him he would lead her to a window where
she

she could see the sight to the greatest advantage : and immediately Emma, followed by Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton, eagerly kept up with the rapid pace of her guide. He led them to the very extremity of the Gallery, which joined the Palace of the Thuilleries, and introduced them into an unfurnished apartment, full of lumber and of unframed pictures, where they found sitting in the window two French ladies and a gentleman engaged in earnest conversation. The women immediately, with French politeness, made room for the stranger ladies, and the gentleman also rose to offer his seat to Mr. Egerton ; and when he turned round, our travellers, though with less delight pictured in their countenances than beamed on his at the meeting, recognised in him the driver of the curricule who had been so endangered by looking at Emma.

“ Coun-

“Countryman and countrywomen of mine, I presume!” said the young man; “and indeed I earnestly hope so for the honour of England,” he added, looking at Emma; while Mr. Egerton smiling replied in the affirmative, and hoped he had experienced no ill effects from his accident.

They were now all, except the young stranger who insisted on Mr. Egerton’s taking his seat, most commodiously placed for beholding the whole sight from the windows; but one of the ladies assuring them that it would be some time before the First Consul entered his carriage, she earnestly requested the gentleman, whom she called “mon cher Balfour,” to go on with the subject of their dispute. “But, perhaps,” said she to our travellers, “as it is connected with a story of a countryman of yours, it may be interesting to you to hear it: so suppose you tell the whole

whole story over again, Balfour.” And Balfour, declaring he was never tired of telling a story so much to the honour of any one as he thought it to be, smiling archly at the lady who spoke, said, with the English ladies’ permission he would relate what had occasioned a disagreement between him and the French ladies present.

“ Amongst my countrymen here,” said he, “ are several English and Irish officers; amongst the latter of whom is a man of brutal manners, who used very improper language to a young lieutenant, a great favourite with the ladies present.”

“ O mon Dieu, oui!” exclaimed one of them: “ Il est fait à peindre *; c’est grand dommage qu’il soit poltron!”

* “ He is so handsome, it is a great pity he should be a coward!”

“ But

“But is he so?”

“That is the point in dispute between us,” returned his animated historian. “From you, ladies, and you, sir,” he added, bowing to Mr. Egerton, “I hope a milder verdict. But to proceed: The young lieutenant replied with temper, yet proper severity, and the consequence was a challenge from the other, which to the astonishment of his brother officers he refused to accept; and he even declared, on their telling him that they expected him to fight, that duelling was against his principles, and fight he would not.”

“How I honour him!” cried Mrs. Castlemain.

“But the consequence, sir?” eagerly demanded Emma.

“The officers, who had a sincere regard for him, earnestly entreated him to behave as officers on such occasions were
 expected

expected to behave, telling him that they did not think his reasons sufficient as a military man for declining to fight."

"But," replied he, "before I became a soldier, I was a man, a son, and a responsible being; and, as all these, I deem myself forbidden to fight a duel. As a man, and a member of society, I think it right to bear my testimony against a custom worthy only of savage nations; as a son, I think it my duty not to risk a life which is of the greatest consequence to a fond and widowed parent; and as a responsible being, I dare not, in express defiance of the will of my Creator, attack in cold blood the life of a fellow creature."

"Well said!" cried Mr. Egerton.

"Ah!" cried one of the ladies, sarcastically looking at Mr. Egerton's coat, "apparemment Monsieur est prêtre *!"

* "Probably the gentleman is a clergyman."

But,

But, without answering her, he begged to know of the stranger whether he was present at this conference.

“I was,” he replied; “and perhaps, being hasty and rash in my judgements, I should not have judged more candidly than the officers, had the lieutenant been an every-day-looking man; but his look, his voice, his air, his manner are so full of truth and manliness, as at once to carry conviction to the heart that cowardice is unknown to him; and I could swear that, in his refusal to fight, principle, and principle alone, was his motive of action.”

“Ah! le pauvre, petit crédule*!” exclaimed one of the ladies affectedly.

“I believe we are as credulous as you, sir,” said Emma with a smile that well repaid him for his candour, “but again

* “Ah! poor, credulous being!”

I ask

I ask what was the result to this interesting being."

"Sorry am I to say," he replied, "that the officers of the lieutenant's own regiment, amongst whom was his colonel, who is, I believe, jealous of him, told him he must either fight, or they must abjure his society, and insist on his leaving their regiment when they returned to England. He still however persisted in his refusal, and met the threatened consequences with the manly firmness which might be expected from him."

"Poor young man!" said Emma.

"Poor! Rich rather," cried Mrs. Castlemain, "rich in the best of all fortitude, that of being able to act up to his principles, unawed by the fear of shame!"

"True, madam," said Mr. Egerton; "and believe me, I honour you, sir," addressing Balfour, "for daring to defend
this

this young hero (hero in my sense of the word) against these fair accusers."

"But where is this gentleman, sir?" said Emma.

"I am told that he is gone into Poitou, madam."

"What led him thither?"

"Kindness and pity. An emigrant friend of his in London is so anxious concerning his father,—who is or was living in that part of France, and whom he has not heard of for some time,—that he got his address, and is gone in search of him."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Castlemain to the ladies, "that you think our opinion on this subject very outré."

"O! pour cela non," one of them replied; "but I wish cet exquis St. Aubyn had not entertained the same."

"St. Aubyn!" exclaimed Mrs. Castlemain. "Wh at St. Aubyn?" pronoun-

cing the name in English, and addressing herself to Balfour.

“A Mr. Henry St. Aubyn,” he replied, “who has but lately entered the army, to oblige his uncle, a Mr. Mr. Har—Har—”

“Hargrave, perhaps.”

“The same.”

“’Tis he! ’tis he himself then!” exclaimed Mr. Egerton, “our own St. Aubyn!”—while Emma leant forward and looked out of the window to hide her emotion—“Just what I should have expected from him! consistent! manly, pious!”

“Do you then know him, sir?” asked Balfour, glancing a look of suspicion towards Emma; when at this moment, luckily for her, “*Le voilà! le voilà!*” exclaimed both ladies at once, till, before he could be distinguished, the First Consul was in his carriage, and the procession began.

But

But neither the different corps of Mamelucs, their sabres glittering in the sun, nor the eight bays harnessed to the Consul's carriage, nor the splendid consular guard bringing up the rear, could draw Emma's attention from the narration which she had just heard! St. Aubyn in France! St. Aubyn disgraced, though more deserving of honour than before! St. Aubyn gone on a mission of benevolence into a remote part of the country! St. Aubyn lost to her, probably for ever; though why, alas! she knew not:—but at least he was not with Mrs. Felton, and on that idea she could dwell, and dwell with pleasure. Mr. Egerton, meanwhile, was informing Balfour of his long intimacy with St. Aubyn, and lamenting that some circumstances which he did not think necessary to mention had interrupted their intercourse for the last two years: and Balfour immediately

suspected that this circumstance was either unrequited love for Emma on the part of St. Aubyn, or parental disapprobation perhaps of a mutual attachment between the parties; and he felt his latter suspicions confirmed by his having observed the anxious look of inquiring affection which Mrs. Castlemain turned on Emma when St. Aubyn's name was mentioned, and her evident emotion.

Soon after, the sight being over, Emma rose, wishing to return to the Gallery; and as she did so, she gave the defender of St. Aubyn so kind and fascinating a smile, that he earnestly hoped St. Aubyn had never been her favoured lover; and he was eagerly anticipating a hope that Mr. Egerton, whose name and that of the ladies he had yet to learn, would express a wish of being better known to him, when he was summoned out of the Gallery to speak to a messenger from his
father;

father; and before he returned, Emma having complained of indisposition, and Mrs. Castlemain of fatigue, Mr. Egerton had called a fiacre, and they had returned to their hotel. Mr. Egerton however, more fortunate than he had been, had learnt his name and rank from a gentleman in the Gallery, and found that he was the honourable George Frederic Balfour, only son of lord Clonawley, an Irish viscount then at Bareges for the recovery of his health:—he also learnt that the son had some thousands a year, independent of his father, left him by his grandfather. The whole of this information gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Castlemain, who saw Balfour's evident admiration of Emma, and wished for nothing more than to see her addressed by a man worthy to obtain her, in order to give her a chance of forgetting the ever-admirable and still too dear St. Aubyn; while she rejoiced to find that her

her

her illness, by delaying their arrival at Paris, had prevented their meeting St. Aubyn there.

Perhaps Mr. Egerton ought to have wished as she did relative to this new acquaintance,—but he could not ; the idea of seeing Emma the wife of any other man than his beloved pupil was agony to him ; and though he was much prejudiced in favour of Balfour because he did justice to St. Aubyn, the prospect of his becoming the avowed admirer of Emma almost called forth, even in his subdued feelings, a sensation of aversion towards him, and he was inclined to retard an acquaintance which he clearly saw that he could not prevent. Accordingly, when, on finding that a lady to whom they had brought letters was gone to the valley of Montmorenci, a favourite spot some miles from Paris, Emma proposed that they should go thither in pursuit of her, he eagerly acceded to the proposal, and to
Mont-

Montmorenci they went, leaving Paris as yet unseen, in compliance with the wishes of the restless, because secretly unhappy, Emma.

In the castle of Montmorenci then resided two or three families, who had separate apartments, but met at dinner at a common table.

As soon as they arrived they made themselves known to the lady for whom they had letters ; but finding her an insipid, uninteresting woman, they would not have remained in the valley for the sake of her society, had not the ease and cheerfulness of the way of living there, and its vicinity to interesting objects, induced them to stay and take apartments for a fortnight ; especially as Mrs. Castlemain fancied herself much better for the air.

The second day after their arrival, Emma was seated at dinner between two miss Balfours, who, with a little sister
and

and a governess, were awaiting their father from Bareges and their brother from Paris. Emma immediately concluded that this brother was the young man whom she had seen at the Louvre ; and she took occasion to say to miss Balfour,

“ I believe I saw your brother, Mr. Balfour, two days ago at the Louvre Gallery.”

“ Oh, very likely. - Frederic is an extremely handsome young man, very tall, and rather thin.”

“ Yes ; that describes him.”

“ Oh ! dear Mary Ann,” cried miss Harriet Balfour, “ I dare say miss Castlemain is the young lady whom my brother mentions in his letter in such raptures, and whom he is seeking all over Paris ! ”

“ Very likely,” said miss Balfour turning to look at Emma with a critical stare, which ended in a look of disappointment ;
after

knowing every thing, are very distinct things; and I suspect that if I were Mr. Balfour's sister I should choose ribbands for myself."

"No, you would not," said Harriet; "for you would love Frederic so much that you would have a pleasure in doing every thing he bids you."

"That," cried Emma taking her hand with kindness, "is the best proof of your brother's worth that has been given yet, and shows that he has merit beyond all the connoisseurship in the world."

"Poor Frederic!" exclaimed miss Balfour, "there is he roaming about Paris to find a bird that is safe in his own nest at Montmorenci! I declare I must write and tell him you are here." But this Emma positively forbade: and that evening, weary of his fruitless search, Balfour arrived.

Unconscious that the beautiful girl he

so much wished to see was observing him from the windows, Balfour, as soon as he saw his sisters, began to show off to them in his usual consequential way : and giving one his gloves to carry, another his hat and whip, and leaning on a third, he lounged into a room next to that where Emma was sitting with the door open, and threw himself on the sofa.

“ I am dying with heat and thirst ! ” cried he. “ Do, Harriet, come and fan me ; and you, Mary Ann, fetch me the shaddock which I desired might be saved for me. ”

“ I'll get it directly, ” she replied. “ Fanny was feverish last night and wanted to have it, but I would not let her lest you should want it. ”

Emma, who overheard all that passed, expected Balfour would regret that the poor feverish child had not been gratified. But she was mistaken : he declared that
he

he would not for the world have lost the luxury of eating it then. The shaddock was brought; and one sister having pulled off the young despot's boots, another his coat, and exchanged it for a loose chintz gown, and the third having rubbed his head dry, then sprinkled it with eau de Cologne, he cut the shaddock and was preparing to devour it, when one of his sisters, looking up in his face archly, said,

“Pray, brother, have you found the beauty you were in search of?”

“Pshaw! do not mention that subject, for I can't bear it.—No, I have not found her, though I have searched all Paris; and I suspect she was suddenly translated from the Louvre to her kindred skies, angel as she is, as soon as I was called away that morning!”

On hearing this, Emma, who had promised the sisters to come in and surprise
Balfour,

Balfour, was rendered incapable by delicacy of fulfilling her promise, and she endeavoured to escape into another apartment: but they, being on the watch, ran after and prevented her. Then, almost dragging her up to their brother, they presented her to him as miss Castlemain; while Balfour, blushing with delight not unmixed with confusion, lost in a moment the important airs which he had assumed with his family, and like a timid youth stammered out something about surprise, pleasure, and so forth, setting down his untasted shaddock while he spoke.

“Do not let me disturb you,” cried Emma; “pray eat your fruit.”

“Impossible!” replied he, “unless you partake with me.”

“I don’t know that I should like it, as I never tasted shaddock.”

“No!”

“No!” cried the little feverish girl,
“it is so good!”

Emma smiled, and ate a piece; while Balfour, seeing that she liked it, insisted on her eating the whole.

“In Jamaica,” said the little Fanny,
“every body has a whole shaddock, me
and all.”

“But as that is not the case here,” replied Emma, touched by the poor child’s diseased wish for the forbidden fruit, and willing to give the spoiled child (as she considered Balfour) a lesson, “I shall insist on sharing this fruit equally amongst us all; for participation makes pleasure sweeter.”

“But my sisters,” cried Balfour,
“know what shaddock is.”

“And they do not like it, I presume, as you were going to eat all this yourself!”

“Indeed we do,” cried the girls,
“but”

“Then

“Then eat this to oblige me,” said Emma. “But you, dear Fanny, whose lips look so parched and feverish, shall have the largest piece:” which Fanny ate with great eagerness, wishing that she was again in Jamaica, that she might have a whole shaddock to her own share.

All this time Balfour, who saw he was lessened in Emma’s eyes by the circumstance of the fruit, was silent from mortification; and Emma became silent also. She was shocked at the little girl’s greedy and selfish wish for solitary pleasure, and could not help attributing it to the bad example of her brother, whose habits, as she saw, being those of selfish gratification in trifles, had taught her to value unparticipated enjoyments. “No doubt,” thought Emma, “Balfour has had a bad education!” and fancying that he had been chiefly brought up in the West Indies, she began to consider him as an unfortunate young man, spoiled by
having

having been placed in unfavourable circumstances, especially as he had been for some years in possession of an independent fortune. While these things were passing in her mind, she was roused from her reverie by little Fanny's whispering in her ear,

“Brother must love you very much to offer you all his shaddock!”

“Nonsense!” cried Emma blushing very deeply; and the sisters declaring miss Castlemain looked warm, proposed taking a walk,—to which Balfour, forgetting his fatigue, gladly assented. Immediately the obsequious sisters ran to fetch his coat and shoes, and get his white hat.

“I think,” said Emma, “you should have brought some of your slaves over to wait on you.”

“I have none: but my father would have brought over some of his,” replied Balfour gravely, “had there been any chance

chance of their being properly obedient in England ; but there, you know, as soon as they land they are free."

"And would they were so all the world over!" cried Emma warmly, "or rather, would that the detestable traffic in slaves was every where put an end to!"

"We will talk together coolly on that subject one day," replied Balfour gently, contrary to his usual custom when any one expressed opinions differing from his own, "and I have no doubt but I shall make a convert of you."

"Never," exclaimed Emma indignantly, "but I hope to be more successful in my endeavours to convert you." And immediately, with all the sanguine expectations of a young and virtuous mind, Emma, presuming on the influence which she saw she was going to acquire over Balfour, beheld visions of freed negroes, and schemes of benevolent utility,

utility, float before her fancy ; which determined her, romantically eager as she was to do good, to encourage rather than repress his growing attachment.

Mr. Egerton meanwhile, little thinking that the intimacy which he was willing Emma should go to Montmorenci to retard, had been hastened by that very plan, was at Paris on business ; and Mrs. Castlemain, seeing at the end of a fortnight that Emma was pleased with her new companions, and that Balfour improved every day upon acquaintance, joyfully consented to the entreaties of the Balfours that they would stay another fortnight. And when Mr. Egerton returned, he saw with pain, that another fortnight spent together under the same roof would in all probability mature Balfour's passion into a serious attachment ; and though it could not eradicate Emma's love for St. Aubyn, it would at least weaken
his

his power, and very likely induce so strong a feeling of gratitude and esteem in her heart towards Balfour, as to make her willing to listen to his addresses with a view to accept them in future.

And he was right in his conjectures. Before the end of the month Balfour made proposals of marriage to Mrs. Castlemain for Emma, which she decidedly approved, provided his father approved them also; and Emma, though she positively refused to give a decided consent, on the plea of the shortness of their acquaintance, yet allowed Balfour to continue his addresses, and do all in his power to overcome her dislike to marry. But, in spite of the shortness of their acquaintance, his character was already known to her; and when she contrasted the disrespect with which he spoke of his weakly indulgent parent, with the filial piety of St. Aubyn,—and his violent despotic temper, with the
mild

mild forbearance of the latter,—her heart died within her, and she felt it would be equally impossible to forget St. Aubyn and marry Balfour. Still however new hopes and new views on the subject presented themselves occasionally to her mind; hopes and views too much perhaps the result of vanity and self-confidence. But Emma was only nineteen, and was, from motives dear to the heart of every delicately feeling woman, anxious to get rid if possible of an attachment which she felt derogatory to her *delicacy* and her *pride*.

“Balfour,” thought Emma, “has great faults; but then he is conscious of them, and he owns them to me with tears in his eyes, declaring at the same time that if I would but become his mistress, the result of the errors of his education will be removed!” And she also remembered that he looked so handsome, and so humble, when he said this, that Emma
 could

could not help wishing to lend her aid towards making so charming a being perfect; especially one whose self-importance, great as it was, was surrendered at the feet of her beauty. And then she reasoned thus: "St. Aubyn's character is perfect already, according to Mr. Egerton; to him therefore I could be of no use, and to him the defects of my character, were it possible we could ever be united, would be painfully apparent: whereas, by becoming the wife of Balfour, I should improve and exalt perhaps the character of a being capable of great actions, and be besides not only beloved by him, but looked up to by him as one of the first of women."

Emma forgot at that moment how often she had brought it as an argument for loving St. Aubyn, that his wife would have in him a friend to whom she could look up for instruction and improvement, while she learnt to correct the errors of her own
judgement

judgement by the calm experience of his. But, unknown to herself, it was wounded pride and pique against St. Aubyn that urged her to marry a man she did not love; and Mr. Egerton, almost convinced that he must give up the darling wish of his heart, resolved for Emma's sake to study the character of Balfour, and endeavour to ameliorate it to the best of his powers. He found the young man more docile than he expected, and even willing to give up opinions, after having long and manfully defended them, on conviction of their fallacy. "This young man," said he to Emma, "has a heart, but it has never been taught to feel; he has a head, but it has never been taught to reason. However, I believe I shall like him in spite of his faults, and that his greatest defect in my eyes is not being——"

"What?" asked Emma eagerly.

"Not being St. Aubyn;" and Emma

under-

understanding him, blushed, sighed, and turned away.

The month being now expired, they returned to Paris; while Balfour, having heard Emma express great admiration of filial piety, had the resolution to accompany his two elder sisters on the road towards Bareges, whence lord Clonawley was proceeding by slow journeys to Paris. Accordingly Emma and Mrs. Castlemain, attended only by Mr. Egerton, prepared to explore all the scenes and beauties of that city. The day after they returned thither, the First Consul was to review the troops, and to have a grand levee afterwards. Accordingly our travellers procured tickets of admission to enable them, when the review was over, to get into one of the passage rooms in order to see the company pass to be presented.

The review being ended, they went from the ground floor of the Palace,
whence

whence they had beheld it, into an upper apartment, and were commodiously seated there, when an English gentleman entered into conversation with them, and said, that he was not come thither to see the review, or the company pass, they being sights familiar to him—but that he was curious to see an English officer go by, to whom the First Consul was going to present an elegant sword as a reward for his personal bravery.

“And shall we see him pass?” said Emma.

“Certainly, or I should not be here,” he replied. “But in the mean while suppose I tell you, ladies, the story of this young man’s noble daring.” On which Mrs. Castlemain begged him to begin the narration immediately, and he proceeded thus :

“It seems that during the troubles in La Vendée, many robbers by profession, calling

calling themselves royalists, took possession of places of concealment in the woods and caverns there, and used to murder or otherwise ill-treat the passengers ; and as yet the government has not been able to hunt them all from their hiding places. The young officer in question was travelling by himself one evening in this unhappy part of France, when he heard the cries of women ; and spurring his horse up to the spot from whence the cries proceeded, he saw two women and their two servants in the power of some of the Vendean banditti, one of whom was holding a pistol to the head of one of the ladies, while another ruffian was carrying the other off in his arms. Our young hero did not stop a moment to deliberate ; with the butt end of his whip he knocked down the ruffian who was standing over the lady, and, seizing

his pistols, attacked the wretches who were plundering the carriage and the servants ; the latter of whom being thus reinforced struggled with the plunderers, while their champion shot dead the man who was carrying off the lady, but who, leaving her, was coming forward to attack him. Then, though severely wounded, he, assisted by the servants, succeeded in mastering the banditti ; and being reinforced by some peasants whom the noise called to the spot, they were all secured and carried to prison ; while the rescued ladies overwhelmed our gallant countryman with their praises and their blessings.

“ They were on their way to Paris ; but as their preserver bled profusely, they insisted on going back with him to their chateau, and his weakness obliged him to comply with the proposal.

“ The ladies are the widow and daughter

ter of an early friend and favourite comrade of the First Consul, who, on hearing from the lady's letter to madame Bonaparte of the gallantry of their champion, insisted on their bringing him with them to Paris, that he might see and publicly thank one who had so materially served friends so dear to him. But these public thanks, and this elegant sword, are not the only good things, I find, which are likely to be the portion of our countryman; for the young lady has a large fortune and is very handsome, and it is supposed that herself and her wealth will both be bestowed on one who has so well deserved her."

"But his name, his name, sir?" demanded Emma.

"I have heard it, but I have forgotten it."

Then, while her companions thanked the gentleman for the interesting narration

he had given them, Emma fell into a reverie.

At length the levee began, and a French gentleman said to their communicative companion, that he was sure, when the gallant Englishman drew near, the heart of the little girl opposite would beat violently, for it was she whom he saved from the ruffians; “and I have seen her have recourse to her salts several times to keep her from fainting.” On hearing this they all followed the direction of the gentleman’s eyes, and saw a pretty interesting girl with blonde hair, who was fanning herself with great violence, and seeming oppressed by the notice which she excited. But their attention was soon called to a more interesting object.

“Le voilà qui vient ce brave Anglois!” cried the Frenchman, the friend of their companion: when pale from recent loss of blood, his left arm in a sling, and dressed

dressed in full uniform, they beheld St. Aubyn.

“There!” said Mr. Egerton, and it was all he could say: while Emma, pale and trembling, caught hold of Mrs. Castlemain’s hand, who, full of emotion herself, retained it in her grasp; while St. Aubyn, looking neither to the right nor to the left, went forward to the presence chamber.

On the opposite side Mr. Egerton saw the French ladies who had accused St. Aubyn of being *tant soit peu poltron*; and having caught their eye, he made them a bow of very sarcastic meaning, which they perfectly understood, and by their gestures made him comprehend their penitence, and their admiration.

Emma meanwhile spoke not a word; but Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Castlemain, while the French and English gentlemen were admiring the beauty and grandeur
of

of St. Aubyn's face and person, assured them that they had once known him intimately, and that his mind and heart were not inferior to his personal graces.

In an hour some of the gentlemen who had been presented began to return, and amongst the rest St. Aubyn,—but not pale and languid as when he had passed them before; his cheek was flushed with pleasure, and his eyes were beaming with animation, while in his hand he held the promised sword of honour. Nor was he unattended. Those officers who had desired him to leave their regiment were crowding round him, offering him any apology that his offended pride might require; and Mr. Egerton, who approached them unseen, heard him answer, “I require no apology: you, according to the rules of military etiquette, did your duty, and I did mine; but there is one justice, sir,” said he, addressing his
colonel,

colonel, "which I shall require of you in due time."

While this was passing, Emma and Mrs. Castlemain heard a gentleman repeat the First Consul's address to St. Aubyn, which was such as could not fail to be gratifying to his pride.

Was all this likely to assist the endeavours of our heroine to drive him from her heart? Ah! no. And Emma felt, in all its bitterness, the cruelty of her situation. While he was thus congratulated, and pressed, and gazed upon, St. Aubyn's eyes met those of the young lady and her mother for whom he had fought and conquered; and with a look of delighted eagerness he made his way up to them, and, kissing a hand of each, pressed the young lady's hand to his bosom without speaking, while the poor girl's head sunk on her mother's shoulder.

"We shall meet in the evening, I trust,

trust, dear St. Aubyn," said the mother, who saw that St. Aubyn's presence overcame her daughter, whose nerves had been greatly injured by the fright which she had received; and St. Aubyn, taking the hint, withdrew: while Emma, who had witnessed this scene, felt the anguish of the preceding moments comparatively trifling.

In the door-way, in order to intercept St. Aubyn on his passage, stood Mr. Egerton. St. Aubyn, on seeing him, started, and turned pale; but he held out his hand to him with affectionate pleasure; and while Mr. Egerton, speechless with strong emotion, could only press the hand he held, his eyes filled with involuntary tears.

"I did not expect," said he at length, "to see you here, my dear sir." Then looking round, as if he wished, yet dreaded, to see some one, his eyes rested
on

on Mrs. Castlemain and Emma;—and all the animation of his countenance fled. Mrs. Castlemain kissed her hand to him with a look which powerfully expressed the affectionate interest which she took in all that had passed; Emma tried to smile also; but her lip quivered with emotion, and she knew that her bow was cold and devoid of grace; while St. Aubyn, instead of making his way up to them, bowed in a hurried manner in return, and taking Mr. Egerton's arm left the room with him.

“We have heard all your adventures here, Henry,” said Mr. Egerton, (who, alive only to the pleasure of seeing his beloved pupil, and witnessing his successes, could not feel any resentment towards him for his long estrangement from his society,) “and you are really quite a hero of romance:—but what is

the justice you mean to require of your colonel?"

"Why, you know my uncle"

"Yes, only too well."

"And you know, perhaps, that he has always declared he would never forgive a relation of his who ever accepted a challenge?"

"Yes."

"Well then, when I on principle refused one since my arrival here, I wrote him word of it, telling him that, though I should have done just the same if he had not been in existence, it gave me great pleasure to reflect that my conduct in this instance was conformable to his opinions, and would procure for me his approbation."

"And what was his answer?"

"That he did not believe principle had any thing to do with my refusal to fight,
and

and that he thought the officers quite right in wishing to get rid of such a chicken-hearted fellow."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mr. Egerton: "here is another proof of the obliquities of Temper. But what will he say when you write him word of your chivalric exploits?"

"I shall *not* write to him on the subject; but I shall desire my colonel to do it, and let him know that his 'chicken-hearted nephew' is no longer considered by the regiment as a disgrace to them; and this is the service I told him I should require."

At this moment St. Aubyn was told that he was wanted at the hotel of madame Coulanges (one of the ladies whom he had saved).

"But we shall meet again, I hope?" said Mr. Egerton impatiently.

"Not for some time, I doubt," replied

plied St. Aubyn confusedly, “for I expect a summons to England. My poor mother is very unwell, and unless to-morrow’s post brings me a better account, I shall set off immediately:—so farewell! all happiness attend you and your friends till we meet again!”

He then disappeared, and Mr. Egerton returned to the ladies.

Mr. Egerton’s countenance bore evident marks of vexation and disappointment; and in reply to Mrs. Castlemain’s “Well,—what says St. Aubyn?” he almost pettishly repeated his conversation. But Emma, who had accurately observed the change in St. Aubyn’s countenance when his eyes met hers, was so conscious that the sight of her occasioned him to experience very strong emotion, emotion which neither hatred nor indifference could cause, that her heart felt considerably lightened of its load; and though she

thought

thought it might be true that St. Aubyn was going to marry mademoiselle Coulanges, she fancied, she was sure, that he was not positively in love with her. Still she was unhappy, and could not help comparing Balfour and St. Aubyn so long and so often, that the former seemed to lose every moment the little ground which he had gained in her heart, and she began to dread his return to Paris.

That evening she at first refused to go to any public place, lest she should see St. Aubyn and mademoiselle Coulanges; but her delicacy being wounded at the idea that it was necessary for her to avoid St. Aubyn, she consented to the plan proposed, and neither at the Opera nor at Frescati did she behold him; while, had admiration been her passion, the admiring gaze which greeted her whitherso-

ever

ever she went, and the name of la belle Anglaise which on every side met her ear, would have gratified her feelings to the utmost, and healed perhaps the wounds of secret and ill-requited love. But admiration, though pleasing to Emma, was only dear to her from those she loved, and the greatest satisfaction she derived from it, was the look of pleasure and exultation which the notice she excited called forth in the expressive faces of Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton. That evening when they returned from Frescati, and Emma had left them, Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton began to discuss St. Aubyn's singular conduct, but still attributed it to some caprice of Mr. Hargrave, whose obliquities of temper they could not help recalling.

“It is very plain, by Mr. Hargrave's vulgar violence,” said Mrs. Castlemain,

“that

“that he is a low-bred man, and was not born a gentleman.” (Mr. Egerton on hearing this smiled significantly.)

“Why do you smile, Mr. Egerton?” added she.

“Because, madam, I am convinced that the conduct of the low and the high-born, when under the dominion of temper, is commonly the same; and that temper is the greatest of all levellers, the greatest of all equalizers; and that the peer and the peasant are, when under the influence of passion, equally removed from having any right to the name of gentleman.”

“Indeed, Mr. Egerton,” replied Mrs. Castlemain, “I cannot agree with you: consider the force of habit, that the language of a gentleman being habitually genteeler than that of the peasant, even his angry expressions must partake of this induced difference.”

“But

“ But do you consider, my dear madam, that we are talking of a feeling powerful enough to overturn even the most powerful thing, itself excepted, namely, habit? It is a notorious fact, that even ladies delicately and carefully brought up, when in a state of derangement, use such language and such oaths as are only to be heard amongst the lowest of the sex; and what is passion but a temporary derangement, a maniac unrestrained by the usual decorums of life, and only to be kept in bounds, like other maniacs, by the operations of fear?”

“ This is a mortifying and I hope an exaggerated picture, Mr. Egerton.”

“ No, madam, would it were! Still it is not temper, as exhibited in the shape of violent passion, that has the most pernicious influence on human conduct and happiness. It is temper under the shape of cool deliberate spite, and secret rancour,

cour, that is most to be guarded against.

‘ It is the taunting word whose meaning kills ;’

the speech intended to mortify one’s self-love, or wound our tenderest affections ; it is temper under this garb that is most hateful and most pernicious : when inflicting a series of petty injuries with a mild and smiling face, then is temper the most hideous and disgusting. The violence of passion, when over, often subsides into affectionate repentance, and is easily disarmed of its offensive power. But nothing ever disarms the other sort of temper. In domestic life it is to one’s mind, what a horse-hair shirt is to the body, and, like the spikes of Pascal’s iron girdle, whenever one moves it lacerates and tears one to pieces.”

The next morning the same principle which forced her to the Opera and Frescati

cati

cati led Emma to the Louvre Gallery, though at the risk of meeting St. Aubyn.

Mr. Egerton had gone to the Louvre Gallery very early that morning, in order to gaze on some of his favourite pictures alone and undisturbed. Not that he pretended to be a great connoisseur in painting, and fancied, because he had during a short residence in Flanders and Italy seen fine pictures, that he must understand them; his judgement taught him a more correct idea of his own powers, and he felt that a person by looking at Greek manuscripts might as well suppose himself capable of understanding Greek, as pretend to set up for a correct judge of painting from having gazed on pictures without some previous knowledge of the rules of art. But he had a correct eye and a poetical fancy, and on such paintings as interested his feelings he
delighted

delighted to dwell,—while, by comparing the style of one master with another, he endeavoured to form an idea of the different merits of each. He was thus employed in that precious depository of the best works of the best masters,—and particularly precious to artists, because they can in the same room compare in a consecutive series the French school with the Flemish, and the Florentine with the Venetian,—when he saw a man pass him in a Highland dress.

“Another countryman arrived, I see!” said he to himself: “but why is he so clad?” Then supposing it might be some officer of one of the gallant Highland regiments, who had particularly distinguished themselves during the war, he followed him from a motive of respect and curiosity, and also probably from that warming of the heart which one feels
when

when in a foreign land towards any native of our own beloved isles.

This sensation, however, was somewhat damped in Mr. Egerton, when he recognised in the stranger, on his turning round, no greater person than Varley. Still operated upon possibly by that feeling which makes one willing, when meeting countrymen abroad, to consider strangers as acquaintance, and mere acquaintance as friends, Mr. Egerton welcomed Varley most cordially to Paris; though, considering the personal vanity of the young man, he had his suspicions that Varley had assumed this very singular dress for an Englishman and a clerk in the War-office, from an idea of its being becoming and likely to attract notice to his really graceful form.

“ Well, Mr. Varley, what brings you hither?” said Mr. Egerton.

“ A tru-

“ A truant disposition, good my lord,”
was the reply.

“ Have you brought letters with you ?
have you any acquaintance here ? ”

“ No,” replied Varley, sighing, “ I am
‘ Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow ! ’ ”

“ Unfriended,” returned Mr. Egerton,
“ you shall not be if I can serve
you ; and I will do all in my power to
make your residence here agreeable to
you.”

“ I rest much bounden to you,” re-
plied Varley, concluding that his charm
of manner and conversation had interested
Mr. Egerton in his favour. But he was
mistaken.

Varley owed the benevolent wish
which that gentleman felt to serve him,
not only in trifles but essentials, to his
having witnessed what Varley was ashamed
of, namely, the laudable œconomy
that

that had made him travel on the outside of the coach ; and the anxious affection of his poor dowdy-looking mother. Even the dirty pocket handkerchief which she had employed in a vain endeavour to wipe him clean, had had a pleasant effect on Mr. Egerton's feelings, as a proof of maternal tenderness ; and when he recollected that Varley had some talent, and was, he had been informed, industrious, and a good and dutiful son, he could not help wishing to employ some of his large income in ameliorating the condition of these poor people, could he do so in such a manner as to stimulate, not check, the industry he so much approved. For never did the Christmas gift of a piece of money burn a child's pocket, as the phrase is, more certainly than did Mr. Egerton's purse burn his since his accession of wealth ; and as he had no personal expenses, he had so much money
to

to give away, that it was quite a piece of good fortune for him to discover objects on whom to exercise his benevolence. His fixing on Varley, therefore, (for one of his protégés,) was more perhaps an act of necessity than of choice. He saw the young man's foibles, and was not a little disposed to resent his daring to cast a look of love on Mrs. Castlemain, little suspecting how far his conceit had led him; but he thought that a judicious friend might correct those follies, and convert him into an useful if not an ornamental member of society.

“ Yes,” said he mentally, “ I will be that friend.” Then, as the Gallery began to fill, he took Varley's arm, and, saying he wished to have some conversation with him, led him into a solitary part of the gardens of the Thuilleries. He then told Varley how much he had approved the manner in which he travelled,—a manner so
 contrary

contrary to the habits which he had attributed to him; he also expressed the interest which his affectionate mother had excited in him; and while Varley listened with amazement to hear that what he thought must have degraded had exalted him in Mr. Egerton's opinion, he added, that he wished to prove himself his friend, and must begin by telling him, that if he wished to be introduced into gentlemen's society, he must dress like a gentleman, and leave off every thing outré in his appearance, especially the dress he then wore,—begging to know what could induce him to assume it.

Varley, who did not want shrewdness, immediately saw that he could turn this circumstance, which originated in the motive Mr. Egerton had suspected, to good account: therefore, with downcast eyes, and affected reluctance, he answered,

“ My

“ ‘ My poverty, but not my will consented,’

when my poor mother proposed to make up for me a plaid, which was a present to her from her native country, into the dress you see :—this, made at home to save expenses, and another by a smart London tailor, are all the wardrobe of one

‘ Who would buy more, but that his hand wants means.’ ”

Varley had formed a right judgement of the probable effect of this avowal on the man to whom it was addressed ; and it deepened the interest which Mr. Egerton felt for the mother and the son.

“ My dear sir,” said Mr. Egerton with an air of great respect, and a blush of deep confusion, “ I shall not believe that you pardon the great liberty I have taken in speaking to you with such

freedom, if you will not confer on me the obligation that it is in your power to confer, namely, to accept this," sliding a purse into his hand ; " for, having presumed to find fault with your dress, it is only just that I should furnish you with the means of procuring another ;" —while Varley only bowed and spoke his thanks in half-sentences, then put his handkerchief to his face to hide not his tearful, but his *dry* eyes.

" Mr. Varley," said Mr. Egerton, " you must dine with me. Can you come to-day ? My ladies dine out, and I shall be happy to see you."

Varley, still more delighted at attention so unexpected, gratefully promised to wait on him ; then telling Mr. Egerton he would go to his hotel immediately, and lay aside a dress so displeasing to his benefactor, he took his leave ;

and,

and, as soon as he was out of sight, eagerly examined the contents of the purse which he had received. Its amount was as much beyond his expectations as it was his deserts; and while he felt some few stings of conscience for having written a certain spiteful paragraph, those feelings were soon forgotten in anxiety lest his delinquency should come to light, and cause him to forfeit the favour of that benevolent but credulous being, as he thought him, whose purse was thus generously opened to his suspected wants.

The real truth which Varley concealed from Mr. Egerton was, that he, in imitation of the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, intended to walk through some part of France, hoping by the charm of his flute, and his dancing, to obtain food and lodging amongst the peasantry, and perhaps gain admittance into some chateaux

on the road ; and he thought his Highland dress would have not only a becoming but *pastoral effect*, and give him still more the air of a *héros de roman*. But the plea of poverty would, he was sure, do more with Mr. Egerton than that of picturesque effect, and certainly his scheme succeeded beyond his utmost expectations.

Mr. Egerton, out of respect to Mrs. Castlemain, would not invite Varley to dinner when she was at home ; for, though he had no suspicion what good grounds she had for disliking that ridiculous boy, he felt that he had no right to ask him to a table where she presided, though with her conviction of his insanity her terror of him had vanished. Nor when he told her that he had invited a friend to dine with him, did he inform her who that friend was. But if, after some hours conversation with Varley, he
should

should appear to him deserving his notice, he resolved to endeavour to interest the excellent heart and benevolent nature of Mrs. Castlemain in his favour; and he had no doubt but that she would conquer her present dislike to Varley the forward coxcomb, in compassionate consideration for Varley the ingenious, industrious son of a poor, affectionate, and widowed mother.

At the appointed hour Mrs. Castlemain and Emma went out, and Varley arrived; and Mr. Egerton, under the unconscious influence of an eager desire to find an object for his benevolence to exercise itself upon, found Varley intelligent and interesting beyond his expectations, and was resolved in a day or two to arrange with the young man some scheme for serving him essentially.

During the course of the afternoon, Mr. Egerton, seeing a flute stick out of
Varley's

Varley's pocket, asked him to play to him; and he had not long complied before he was convinced that the flute he had heard in the park at Roselands was Varley's. He did not, however, think proper to notice this discovery,—to the great joy of his guest, who did not wish to have any allusions made to the transactions at Roselands.

“You are really a very fine performer on that instrument,” said Mr. Egerton when he had ended: “can you play on any other?”

“Yes, sir, on the tenor and the violin.”

“You must be quite an acquisition, then, to a private concert; and as I am going to join my companions tonight at a musical party, I will take you with me, if you have no better engagement.”

And the gratified Varley had the satisfaction of hearing that he was about to

be

be introduced into one of the best circles in Paris !

When they arrived, Mr. Egerton presented Varley as a young friend of his, who had great musical talents ; while Mrs. Castlemain, seeing Varley before her, was ready to exclaim with the poor man in the story—"Vat! Monsieur Thomson come again!" and she saw with surprise, not unmixed with resentment, that Varley was introduced by Mr. Egerton ; and she drew herself up, intending to receive both the introducer and the introduced with an air of haughty coldness. But Varley did not come within reach of her disdain ; for he soon took his place amongst the performers, and played the solo flute parts in a quintetto so well as to delight every one. Nor was he less successful on the tenor in a quartetto ; and before the end of the evening, an English nobleman present was so charmed with
his

his performance, that he invited him to a concert at his house the next week; and Varley thus saw an entrance into that sort of society which he most coveted, opened to him without any difficulty.

Emma, meanwhile, was lost in amazement at seeing Varley introduced by Mr. Egerton, who, purposely to enjoy her looks of wonder and curiosity, kept at a distance both from her and Mrs. Castlemain; nor till they returned home would he say any thing on the subject. He then told Mrs. Castlemain his wish to serve Varley, and the interest he felt for him and his mother, and his hope that she would have the goodness to pardon the too open display of his admiration of her, which had, he believed, offended her delicacy at the K—— ball; assuring her that he would answer for Varley's conduct and manners being in future all she could desire. To this speech Mrs.
Castlemain,

Castlemain, conscious that she had much more to pardon in Varley than his conduct at the K—— ball, did not vouchsafe an answer; but with an air of offended dignity she retired to her own apartment, leaving Emma to hear and approve Mr. Egerton's intended patronage of Varley, and to promise to assist him in removing her grandmother's prejudice against him.

As soon as Mrs. Castlemain reached her own apartment, dismissing her maid, she began to walk up and down it in violent agitation, debating with herself how she ought, consistent with her dignity, to proceed. She well knew that, if she were to tell Mr. Egerton how Varley had haunted and persecuted her at Roselands, he would resent his presumption so much as not to countenance him perhaps at all: but benevolence, and a sort of self-defence, *both* forbade her to make this confession. She felt that even to Mr. Egerton and

Emma she could not bear to exhibit herself as an old Daphne flying before a youthful Apollo, and screaming and fainting at seeing a young man suddenly appearing before her, having jumped a ditch full of water in order to get at her. Then her mistake about the petition, and the verses on her beauty! Oh! it was impossible to disclose all this, because, though there was nothing derogatory to her in all this from Varley insane, it assumed the appearance of insult from Varley proved to be in his senses. What then could she do? and was it quite certain that Varley was as culpable as he appeared to be? Did not she, seeing through the prejudiced medium of conviction of his insanity, give a false colouring to actions in themselves excusable? When his face first alarmed her peeping through the branch of a tree, might he not be merely surveying the pretty walks
in

in the wood? When he jumped down and ran after her, might he not be actuated really by the wish of informing her a mad bull was near? Might not his presuming to show her his verses be excused by the very natural wish, in a man like him, to obtain the patronage and notice of a woman of her rank in life? And might not the flute-playing in the park be justified by the same motive? while the jumping the ditch could be excused by the honest wish of returning her purse as soon as he had an opportunity. The call at Roselands was to Mr. Egerton, and the request to see her was satisfactorily accounted for by the value of the book which he was to leave. In short, Mrs. Castlemain's generous wish not to stand in the way of the welfare of an indigent but endowed young man, conquered even the suggestions of offended pride; and when she saw Mr. Egerton again, she
assured

assured him that *she* would throw no obstacles in the way of Varley's success with him. Accordingly, Varley was received at her table, and he, by his very judicious behaviour, a behaviour that spoke admiration, only kept in bounds by proper respect, soon made Mrs. Castlemain as much his friend as Mr. Egerton : and for his introduction to many pleasant parties, and the enjoyment of many pleasant evenings, Varley was indebted to our benevolent travellers.

It was on the very morning of Mr. Egerton's rencontre with Varley that another acquaintance was added to their list. I have before said that Emma had forced herself to go to the Louvre Gallery, though fearful of meeting there St. Aubyn and mademoiselle Coulanges ; but neither he nor that young lady was to be seen, though there were Scotch, Irish, and English, in abundance. Amongst
the

the English was a new comer, a widow of some rank, who, attended by a humble companion, and dressed à la Parisienne, was displaying her own lovely figure to great advantage, while admiring the plump person of Titian's mistress. This lady, catching a glimpse of Emma as, with her arms pensively folded in a long white veil, she walked along the Gallery unconscious of the gaze of general admiration which followed her, was so struck with her beauty that she turned quite round to look at her, and with national pride exclaimed, "That must be *English* beauty!" And then, having eagerly inquired who she was, she smiled with great meaning, and unattended followed Emma out of the saloon and down the stairs. Before she could overtake her Emma had reached the Statue Gallery, and she did not come up with her till she had entered the "Hall of illustrious Men," and was
gazing

gazing on the statue of Phocion. As Emma turned away from it, she passed her hand affectionately over his chin, smiling and shaking her head as she did so ; when, looking up, she saw peeping from under a long black veil the brilliant dark eyes of the above-mentioned lady archly fixed upon her.

“ What you said just now,” cried the lady, “ was very true.”

“ And what did I say, madam ? ” replied Emma surprised at the familiarity of the speaker : “ I do not remember that I spoke at all ! ”

“ No ; but you shook your head ; and according to our friend Bayes, that is the same thing, you know.”

“ And what did my shake say ? ”

“ Oh ! it meant, (for you looked at Phocion,) ‘ Excellent, honest old fellow ! these modern republicans are, alas, very little like you ! ’ ”

“ I de-

“ I declare I will not stay near you a moment longer,—you are a conjuror, or something worse ; for it is true that I thought nearly what you said.”

“ Not so, *ma belle* ; we must not part so soon : by virtue of the art which you attribute to me, I also know that you are miss Castlemain, commonly called here ‘ *la belle Anglaise* ;’ and out of pity to you, who have no devil to consult, I give you this (presenting her card) to tell you who I am.”

On reading the card, Emma almost started as well as blushed, for it was, she found, Mrs. Felton who addressed her : but as she had now a new object of jealousy in mademoiselle Coulanges, she felt more kindly towards Mrs. Felton than she had done when she left England ; and recovering herself she said, she should be happy to be better known to her.

Mrs. Felton, having made her a formal
curtsey

curtsey and received one in return, twisted her arm in Emma's, and exclaimed, "There,—now let us forget that we have not been acquainted these seven years." And Emma suffered herself to be led by Mrs. Felton back into the Gallery.

"So," cried Mrs. Felton, "it is full mall, I see! Come, my sweet old new friend, call up a look, and let us make

'Parisian nymphs with envy die,
Their shepherds with despair;'

for

'The Hotspur and the Douglas both conjoin'd
Are confident against the world in arms.' "

And saying this, she began to strut theatrically up the room.

"But let our arms be directed against the French, not the English world," replied Emma smiling; "for, or my eyes much deceive me, there are none but British in view."

"I believe you are very right," returned Mrs. Felton; "for so much do we
abound

abound here, that, on a gentleman's asking who a man was at Frescati last night, he said on hearing the reply, 'Thank ye, sir. Now then I shall not return to England without having seen *one* Frenchman.'—But, my dear, is not that Mrs. Castlemain approaching? Pray present me." And Emma did so. But that lady, to whom Mrs. Felton's character was known, and who thought her granddaughter might have made a more desirable acquaintance, assumed an air so proud and distant, that even the *woman of the world* felt awed by it.

But at this moment Mr. Egerton joined them; and when Emma presented him to Mrs. Felton, he made his bow with a look of so much satisfaction, and entered into conversation so courteously with the fair widow, that Mrs. Castlemain, conjecturing Mr. Egerton could not by his manner disapprove the acquaintance, and
having

having implicit reliance on his judgement, relaxed in her repulsive hauteur, and condescended to be agreeable.

Mr. Egerton, though he certainly did not entirely approve of Mrs. Felton's character, was bribed into approbation of her present acquaintance with Emma, by seeing that the contagion of her vivacity had called back to her faded lip the smile so long a stranger to it ; and if Mrs. Felton's varied talents and the charm of her conversation could divert Emma's mind from dwelling on depressing images, he thought it was the duty of both Mrs. Castlemain and himself to encourage the association, especially as Mr. Egerton believed no guilt either of act or intention stained the conduct of Mrs. Felton, and that his pupil's morals and reputation would neither of them be injured by her. With these feelings he accosted Mrs. Felton, and his favourable intentions

intentions towards her were increased by her introduction.

Mrs. Felton possessed a great deal of what is called *manner*, a charm difficult to define, but certain to captivate. Mr. Egerton told Mrs. Felton, with an apology for alluding to the husband whom she had lost, that he had known Mr. Felton at College, and had so highly esteemed him, that he had cherished some spite against the irresistible charms which had made him give up being a fellow in order to become a husband; and Mrs. Felton in reply said,

“Is it possible that you, sir, can be the Mr. Egerton whom my husband knew and admired at College? I should have expected to have seen a much much older man.”

Thus, each offering a very innocent homage to the self-love of the other, (for it was not founded on falsehood, as Mrs.

Felton

Felton was very handsome, and Mr. Eger-
ton very young-looking, for his years,) they were disposed to regard each other with complacency; for, whether Mr. Eger-
ton's vanity was pleased or not by the im-
plied compliment, his moral sense was satisfied, as he highly valued that sort of good breeding, typical of benevolence if not benevolence itself, which wishes to put every one in good humour, and call forth the good feelings only of those with whom we associate;—a habit of wishing and acting, which, when it does not militate against sincerity, in his opinion very nearly bordered on a virtue: while, on the contrary, he classed amongst the vicious those members of society, who, from coarseness of feeling, and a want of benevolence, (perhaps I should say of humanity,) are in the constant habit of wounding the self-love even of their best friends, by vulgar jokes on the defects of their
persons,

persons, their dress, nay, sometimes on their professions, their trades, or their poverty.—And when not in good humour, or when careless of pleasing, Mrs. Felton was as much given to speak daggers as any one:—but this he had as yet to find out.

But where was miss Spenlove all this time? Miss Spenlove was miss Spenlove no longer. A gouty decrepit old admiral of seventy, who wanted a nurse, and had no objection to her 9 or 10,000*l.*, paid his addresses to her, and was immediately accepted,—to the great mortification and agony of Mrs. Felton; not that she envied miss Spenlove her gouty husband, but, alas! this gentleman was the son of a *peer*, aye, and the son of a viscount too. Therefore, as Mrs. Felton's husband was only the son of a baron, miss Spenlove, alias the honourable Mrs. Fitz-Walter, had precedence of the honourable

able

able Mrs. Felton; and it was amusing enough to see the ill-concealed triumph of one lady, and the mortified pride of the other. One day the servant at a small party handed the tea first to Mrs. Fitz-Walter, when Mrs. Felton was sitting by her; on which the former lady obligingly observed, ‘It shocks me, dear creature, to take precedence of *you*,—but, you know, I *must* selon les règles;’ and Mrs. Felton uttered a ‘*ridiculous!*’ in a tone sufficiently expressive of her pique at the necessity her amiable friend was under. But Mrs. Felton was consoled for the pain she felt at seeing a sort of dependent raised in rank above her, by the consciousness that she paid very dear for her elevation, as the old admiral was said to use his gouty stick for more purposes than *one*, though its dimensions were larger than those allowed of by legal authority for the infliction of conjugal discipline;

and

and no one could offend Mrs. Felton more than by asserting that poor Mrs. Fitz-Walter was *not* the most wretched of women.

When they separated, Mrs. Castlemain assured Mrs. Felton that they should have the honour to call on her next day. Accordingly they did so ; and Emma would have felt quite at ease with her new and fascinating companion, but for the terror she experienced lest Mrs. Felton should talk to her of St. Aubyn. But of this there was no fear ; for Mrs. Felton, who was in reality more in love with him than she had ever been with any man in her life, was extremely jealous of his attachment to Emma, and was as much averse to talking of him to her as Emma could to hear her do so ; at least while such conversation could not assist in furthering the design nearest her heart.

I will

I will here explain why St. Aubyn had renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Felton, and had been seen escorting her to places of public amusement in London. Soon after Mrs. Felton's return to London, two pieces of intelligence reached her: the one was, that all hope of her ever marrying Wanford was rendered vain by his marriage with pretty miss Travers: the other was, that Mr. Egerton, having become possessor of a large fortune, intended to adopt Henry St. Aubyn as his son, and settle on him immediately an independent property. This last information, which unhappily could not, as we have seen, be realized, made St. Aubyn appear as desirable a match in fortune, as he was before from merit; and Mrs. Felton began to repent her folly in giving up her chance of winning *him*, for the vain hope of captivating a man considerably
his

his inferior in charms and agreeableness ; and she immediately concerted a plan to

‘ Lure this tassel gentle back again ! ’

And a plausible one soon offered. St. Aubyn was much interested in the fate of a young man, who, having been brought up in affluence, was reduced to the extreme of poverty ; and as this young man was in London trying to procure some employment, St. Aubyn mentioned him to Mrs. Felton, in the hope that she had interest and might exert it in his favour. Mrs. Felton promised that she would so do ; but she would never have remembered her promise again, had it not held forth a prospect of enabling her to please St. Aubyn, and induce him to renew his acquaintance with her when he visited London. For this purpose she wrote to him for the address of his protégé ; and having received it, she not only was of

great pecuniary relief to the poor youth and his distressed family, but she procured him by her exertions a place of increasing profit in a mercantile house.

When St. Aubyn, therefore, entered into the dragoon guards at the desire of his uncle, his first visit was indeed to the Orwells, but his second to Mrs. Felton; and more charmed with her than ever from her generosity to his friend, he allowed her to carry him about with her, a seeming captive in the chains of her attractions. But love and jealousy are quick-sighted, and though Mrs. Felton might deceive others, she did not deceive herself: she soon discovered that, whatever might be the cause of St. Aubyn's cessation of intercourse with the family at the White Cottage, his heart still sighed for the subject of his early muse; and that though to *Emma* at eighteen he had *not written at all*, to that Emma every faculty of

of his soul was devoted. But would it be so, if he was convinced that she loved and was likely to marry another? This query had occurred to her at Paris, and she resolved to proceed accordingly.

The new friends were now frequently in parties together;—sometimes to Meudon, sometimes to Versailles; and not only were they at concerts and balls given by the English visiting at Paris or residing there, but at some elegant fêtes given by a noble Russian family at a chateau about twelve miles from the metropolis. Mrs. Felton, meanwhile, gained so much on Mr. Egerton's good opinion, that she began to think, if she could not secure St. Aubyn, it would be no bad speculation for her to turn her artillery on *him*. And certain it is that, by way of preparation in case she was reduced to make such an attack, she continued on her guard in his presence, and did not give

way to those airs and flippancies which, having been told that they became her, and were allowable in a woman of rank and fashion, the exuberance of her spirits sometimes prompted her to indulge in.

Mr. Egerton had seen her to great advantage in his opinion, namely, at her own table. It was one of his maxims, that it was easy for any woman to behave with graceful propriety at the table of another, where she has nothing to do; but the test of an habitual gentlewoman was seeing her at the head of her own:—and here it must be owned that Mrs. Felton always appeared in an attractive point of view.

They had met at a dinner given by Mrs. Felton two pleasant French families, and an English and an Irish family. But Emma's enjoyment of the conversation was damped by the terror she felt lest she should hear

St.

St. Aubyn named, and his late exploit expatiated upon. But though Emma was unfortunately ignorant of it, this was perhaps the only table in Paris, that day, where the circumstance was not likely to be alluded to; for the Irish gentleman present was the very officer whose challenge St. Aubyn refused, and the English one was the very lieutenant-colonel who sided with him in all he did. It was very certain therefore that Mrs. Felton would not name St. Aubyn, and she had given her French friends a hint to be as guarded.

The dinner itself was in the best style of French cookery; and Mrs. Felton's politeness had led her to learn all the difficult nomenclature of French dishes, and the meat of which they were composed, lest the appetite of her guests should be damped, as English appetites are so apt to be, by the terror of being betrayed into eating,
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in masquerade, something which in its ordinary dress is peculiarly repugnant.

This attention in their fair hostess was not thrown away on Mr. Egerton, who was an accurate observer of manners. "Well," said he as they returned home, "Mrs. Felton has gone through with honour to herself, in my opinion, one of the tests by which I try the understanding of a woman, and that is by her conduct at her own table."

"I never saw any one acquit herself better," replied Mrs. Castlemain, "and she is as well-bred as if she had been born to the rank of life in which good fortune has placed her."

"How attentive she was to her guests!" observed Emma.

"Yes," said Mr. Egerton, "and how well she preserved the medium between being troublesomely pressing, or painfully negligent in asking her guests to eat! In short,

short, she never forgot that she was the mistress of the feast, and was not stuck up there to do nothing. I hate to see the master and mistress of a house sitting at the head of the table with their hands and arms crossed before them as useless as a carving-knife and fork before a fricassee, or serving only like their plateau to fill up a space."

"Yes, but, unhappily," observed Emma, "though just as useful, not so ornamental as that self-same plateau, which is generally the prettiest thing in sight."

"I think," said Mrs. Castlemain, "that the master and mistress of a house should consider their guests as so many fire-works, and themselves as the *match* to be applied to them in order to make them explode for the general amusement."

"Aye, but there are some guests," observed Emma, "that, like phosphoric matches, blaze of themselves, requiring

no

no external application; and I should like best to surround my table with them, as much the least troublesome as well as the most pleasant."

"And there are some guests," said Mr. Egerton, "who, if they are to be likened to fire-works at all, it must be to fire-works damaged by rain, and therefore incapable of going off let the match be applied ever so often. Some persons seem to think that they come to your table only to eat and drink, and not to contribute their share of conversation for the amusement of the company."

"Miss Castlemain," added he, "I hope you observed that Mrs. Felton condescended to know the name and quality of every dish. I have sometimes been amused, I confess, at the ludicrous distress of an unhappy John Bull eater, when he has been vainly exploring some made dish in his vicinity, and, after not daring to venture on the
desperate

desperate step of eating ‘a dish without a name,’ has modestly inquired of the lady of the house what that tempting viand was; and then being informed that she knew nothing of the matter, I have seen the poor tantalized man apply to another dish, with equal doubt and equal curiosity, and receive the same answer to his question again; while, with all due deference, miss Emma Castlemain, to your talents and latinity, I could not help thinking, a woman could know nothing of more daily utility than what her table was composed of. For, after all, society is kept together, and our good feelings called forth, not by any *great* services that we can any of us do or receive, but by *little* services and attentions; attentions which show our friends when present, that we have thought of them when *absent*, and have felt interested in doing all in our power to gratify even their palates; for, after all,

such are the artificial wants that society creates, I never yet met with any one to whom dinner was positively a matter of no consequence. Therefore, miss Castlemain, when you have a table of your own, I expect that you will never answer my question of what such a dish is, ‘that indeed you don’t know,’ unless you mean by that to inform me you are rich enough to keep a housekeeper,—a fact that I should never have thought of doubting: and I do assure you that Mrs. Felton’s conduct, at table today, was to me a much stronger proof of the soundness of her understanding, than if she had shown me a moral essay of her own writing, or descanted eloquently on a moral duty.”

“Sir,” replied Emma, “you may rely upon it, that the coroner, if called upon to sit on one of my visitors, shall never have to bring in his verdict, ‘Died of eating an anonymous dish!’ It should seem,” add-

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ed she, "that Mrs. Felton had modelled her conduct at her own table according to the wise son of Sirach's directions, who bids the master of a feast take diligent care for his guests, and so sit down. 'Then,' adds he, 'when thou hast done thy office, take thy place, and make thyself merry with them.'"

"This seems to imply," observed Mr. Egerton, "that the givers of the feasts should stand, and wait behind their guests, that probably being the custom of those days. But the advice to take diligent care for one's guests, that is, to be attentive in helping them, and providing for them, is a rule applicable to all ages of the world, and worthy of the illuminated pages from whence your quotation is taken."

"Your observation, Mr. Egerton," said Mrs. Castlemain, "on Mrs. Felton, reminds me of a story which poor lady
Bellenden,

Bellenden, my mother, used to tell. Lady Bellenden was, you must know, what is called a notable woman, and piqued herself on a knowledge of household duties. My father and mother were dining one day at the house of what are called here '*les nouveaux riches*, or *new rich*;' persons who from a narrow income, and its usual paucity even of comforts, had been enabled to keep a carriage, two men in livery, and a housekeeper; and the gentleman had been knighted for carrying up an address. The lady in this case was a very silly woman, and her weak head was nearly turned by the great change in her situation. The dinner was good and expensive, and consisted of many made dishes. As usual, some timid or some luxurious eater asked the lady occasionally what such a dish was. 'I am sure I don't know, you must ask my housekeeper,' was the reply with a smile,

as

as if she had said a good thing. As this answer was amusing enough, another person, out of a malicious love of fun, and then another, asked the same question, and the same answer was given. At length, the master of the house ventured to ask what was coming at the bottom of the table, when the fish was removed. 'How can you be so ridiculous, sir James,' replied the lady indignantly, 'as to ask me such a question? That is just like you! You know, since we have been rich enough to keep a housekeeper, I never trouble my head about those matters.' 'Suppose then, madam,' said a very sarcastic old gentleman, who was intimate in the family, and from whom they expected a legacy, 'suppose we have the housekeeper up; for she seems to have much more useful information than her lady.' The lady looked silly, but had not capacity enough to understand the full force

force of the speech, and profit by it; for she again made the same reply to the same question; and soon after, while she was talking to the person next her, a gentleman asked her if she would not like a piece of mince pie; and concluding it was the same tiresome question, she angrily answered, ‘ I am sure I don’t know, you must ask my housekeeper.’ This produced a general and most violent laugh; while the old gentleman observed, that as he did not approve of taking any body’s name in vain, he moved that the housekeeper so often named should be brought in to answer for herself.”

“ I thank ye, madam, for your story,” said Mr. Egerton; “ and in future, when I hear a lady say, ‘ I am sure I do not know what that dish is,’ I shall translate her words into ‘ You troublesome person, ask my housekeeper.’ ”

“ But

“ But silly as this lady was,” observed Emma, “ in her reply to her guests, she was still more offensive to me in that to her husband. There is nothing I dislike more than to hear a woman speak disrespectfully to the being whom she has sworn to honour.”

“ The same wise man from whom you have already quoted,” replied Mr. Egerton, says, ‘ A woman that honoureth her husband shall be judged wise of all.’ And Richardson, in his *Clarissa*, a book which many years hence I wish you to read, gives a fine monition to wives. When his hero Lovelace calls at a glover’s shop, and desires to see the master of it, the wife replies that he is up stairs, and calls him down by the name of ‘ John!’ on which Lovelace calls him also, and by the same familiar appellation of John. This gives great offence to the woman, and she reproaches him for taking such a liberty

liberty with her husband; to which he replies, ‘Woman, learn to treat your husband with respect yourself, so shall you teach others to respect him.’ ”

“Admirably said,” replied Mrs. Castlemain, “and the poor lady in my story might have profited by the hint. There is nothing so offensive, certainly, as the bickering of husbands and wives in company, especially in those conspicuous situations, the top and bottom of their own tables. I have sometimes seen *such* looks travel backwards and forwards!”

“Aye, so have I,” returned Mr. Egerton; “looks sent like a shuttlecock backwards and forwards from the one to the other.”

“But,” observed Emma, “it was like a shuttlecock then, could such a thing be, with the quills not the feathers uppermost, and those of the porcupine kind.”

“True,” said Mr. Egerton; “and I
am

am of opinion that conjugal quarrels, like conjugal endearments, should never take place before company; and that those parents who quarrel with each other, and correct their children, before even their intimate friends, are positive nuisances in society."

"This from you, Mr. Egerton!" replied Mrs. Castlemain laughing. "I thought you were so fond of having children corrected, that you would have no opportunity omitted; but, like King Arthur in Tom Thumb, you would bid the schoolmasters

'Whip all the little boys' at any time."

"Not so, madam," answered Mr. Egerton smiling: "but if the alternative was, that they must be corrected in my presence, or not corrected at all, I should certainly say, Whip away, and make no stranger of me." But let me quote

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in defence of that wise man King Arthur and myself, no less authority than that of the wise man in whose writings I am happy to see you, Emma, so conversant : ‘ He that loveth his son causeth him often to feel the rod, that he may have joy of him in the end.’ Again, ‘ He that chastizeth his son shall have joy of him, and shall rejoice of him amongst his acquaintance.’ ‘ A horse not broken becometh headstrong, and a child left to himself will be wilful.’ ”

“ Aye, aye, all this is very wise, I know,” said Mrs. Castlemain, and ‘ Spare the rod, and spoil the child,’ is a well-known proverb ; but there is also another proverb, Mr. Egerton, about bachelors’ wives, and so forth.”

“ True, madam, and a very sensible proverb it is ; for it means that people are very apt, overlooking the difficulties of those tasks which they have not been called

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ed upon to perform, to arrogate to themselves a power of acting better and more wisely in a difficult situation than their neighbours and friends. But in this case the proverb does not apply to me ; for I am fully aware of the difficulties of bringing up children properly ; and though I am well convinced that the parents who have resolution to correct their offspring, love them more truly than those whose fine feelings, forsooth, forbid them to do it, I can make allowances for the obstacles thrown in the way of such corrections by a selfishness looking so very like the virtue of parental tenderness. But all I pretend to say is, that the conduct towards children which I admire, though rare perhaps, is very possible. Though not so fortunate as to be a parent myself, my mother was a parent ; and I am well convinced, that whatever of good there is in my temper or disposition I owe to her
judicious

judicious corrections in the early stages of my childhood. I have also known many mothers, (for on mothers chiefly depends the conduct which forms the temper of the child,) whom I have surveyed with affection and veneration, while the firm and salutary frown of maternal severity could scarcely conceal the starting tear of maternal tenderness, as they inflicted, magnanimously inflicted, punishment on present error, from the consciousness that it was the means of preventing more serious guilt in future. Some such mothers I have still the happiness of knowing; the grave has hidden others from my view, and circumstances separated me from many; but lovely and venerable is the recollection of them to my mind! And when all my conduct towards you, dear madam, has showed, during Emma's childhood, that I thought you capable with a little exertion of being all that these
mothers

mothers were, I do not think I deserved to have a musty proverb thrown in my teeth as a sort of reproach, and I must say that it exhibited too much of pique and temper."

"Perhaps it did," replied Mrs. Castlemain, "and I sincerely ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness! O fie! the fault was too trifling to require such an apology. But I see by the light of your lamp that you are looking very arch, miss Castlemain. Pray why is this?"

"Nay, nothing; only that one has heard of a man's going to see that good-for-nothing person a house-breaker executed in just punishment of his offences, and taking the opportunity himself of picking a pocket."

"Well, Emma, and now for the application."

"Why, sir, you reproached my poor grand-

grandmother with quoting a proverb against you, in spite and ill temper, and in a manner at least as indicative of anger as hers was."

"True, child, true; and I beg pardon in my turn." Here the coach stopped at the door of the hotel.

When Emma had retired for the night, Mrs. Castlemain told Mr. Egerton, that she wished to speak to him. "You said just now, sir, that some years hence you would wish Emma to read *Clarissa*, and I doubt not but your reasons for wishing her to defer reading it so long are very good ones. But, I must tell you, that madame de Lamoignon reproached me the other day, because Emma at nineteen had not yet read that book,—a book which, she assured me, most French mothers think it right, as one of the first sources of moral instruction, to put into the hands of their daughters at seventeen.

But

But I replied to her that I could see no necessity for this."

"No, madam, no more than to make a point of leading your pupil into a squalid and filthy cottage, the abode of dirt and poverty, in order to teach her the necessity of keeping her hair clean. Can the death-bed of a Sinclair, and the horrible fate of a Clarissa, be necessary to teach a young woman to hate vice, love virtue, and detest a villain? And as this otherwise admirable work contains very improper descriptions, and scenes of infamy with which it must sully a young woman's mind to be acquainted, I must think that putting this book in the hands of a girl, by way of improving her morals, is like giving a person a wound in order to bestow on them a plaister. Still, I consider the Clarissa of Richardson as a national boast; and so far from objecting to the formal manners of his Harlowe

lowe family, I think one might as well object to the dresses of Vandyke, and Lely and Kneller's portraits, because they are not according to the present fashion. The manners of the Harlowes are the manners of that time of day, and I cannot therefore wish to spare them an atom of their stateliness."

"I agree with all you have said," replied Mrs. Castlemain, "and am happy to find my opinions sanctioned by yours."

The next day, Mrs. Felton was to accompany them to the Petits Augustins. It was agreed that they should meet in the Louvre Gallery, and walk thence to Mrs. Castlemain's hotel, where they were to proceed in that lady's carriage. Their walk from the Louvre lay, as I have before said, across the Place de la Concorde; and as the day was fine, the sunbeams beautifully illuminated the splendid
objects

objects which that scene exhibits. Our travellers, standing near the scaffolding then erected on the spot where the guillotine stood, and where once stood the equestrian statue of Louis Quinze, paused awhile to gaze upon the grand assemblage of objects. Behind them were the palace and gardens of the Thuilleries; on the right, the magnificent pile of building called Le Garde Meuble, divided by the widest street in Paris, the Rue de la Concorde, terminated by the numerous columns of La Madelaine. On the left were the river, and the Palais Bourbon, with the distant dome of the Invalides; and in front the Elysian Fields, with the grand vista leading to the hill beyond.

“Were all Paris like this spot,” cried Mr. Egerton, “the world surely could not parallel it as a city.”

“But it is not,” replied Mrs. Felton;

“and lovely as is this scene, I must forget the horrors transacted in it before I can relish its beauty as it deserves. Alas! this is a spot which the world cannot parallel for other reasons than its loveliness.”

“True,” said Mr. Egerton, the thought of his murdered friend painfully recurring to him. “And what a brief but eventful chronicle is the place in which we now are! In that palace lived and reigned Louis XVI. On the very spot on which we now stand, he was beheaded; in that church he lies buried; and all these striking memorials meet the eye as it were at once!”

“Aye,” observed Emma, “in that church his remains, his unhonoured remains indeed, lie buried.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Felton, “amidst the bones of those humbler individuals
who

who were crushed to death amongst the crowds assembled to witness the rejoicings which took place on his nuptials."

"True, madam," returned Mr. Egerton, "and I never feel more disgust at the operations of Temper, (here he smiled significantly at Emma,) that universal agent in all human actions, and that soul of party spirit, than when they lead men to assume as it were the terrors of the Almighty, and presume to point the arrows of retributive justice. Often have I heard the circumstance of the poor king's being buried with the victims of his bridal day, mentioned as an awful and signal instance of retribution; than which, nothing could be further from the truth, as no one can be properly said to suffer for a crime he never committed. Had the unhappy Louis ordered these persons so buried to be crushed to death, or had he by an act of sovereign

power caused them to be put in a situation of which death was the unavoidable consequence, then might this circumstance be held up as a sign of retributive justice. But he was only an accessory to this dreadful fact, by having been, as a bridegroom, the cause of the festivity which called together those wretched people who perished in the gratification of their curiosity. This is one amongst many of those cruel deductions and observations which the virulence of party spirit makes, and partisans adopt as true without giving themselves the trouble of asking their own understandings whether it be really the truth or not : and this spirit caused Louis to be buried in that spot, as an expiatory offering to the manes of those unfortunate people !”

“ As exhibiting an awful picture of human passions in uncontrolled action,” said Mrs. Castlemain, “ the history of
the

the French revolution is an instructive volume to read, though every page be written in characters of blood."

"Alas!" replied Mr. Egerton, "in such characters must the history of *every* revolution be written; for private dislikes and personal resentments are commonly amongst the most powerful motives of the promoters of revolutions, and Temper reigns triumphant under the specious name of Public Spirit!"

"Conversations like these, and the sight of a scene like this," said Mrs. Felton, "are no bad preparation for what we are going to survey,—the tombs of those illustrious dead on whom the mean vengeance of Temper did indeed, under the mask of patriotism, vent itself with even Vandal barbarity."

At this moment Mrs. Castlemain's carriage appeared in sight, and the coachman came forward to meet them; while

Emma

Emma sily whispering Mr. Egerton, said, "So, sir, you could not forbear mounting your hobby-horse just now. But I suspect, by Mrs. Felton's looking so grave when you began to talk about Temper, and your system concerning it, that your hobby gave her a kick or two. However, we shall soon find out if that was the case."

The Museum of Ancient Monuments which our travellers were now visiting is in the Rue des Petits Augustins, and in the former monastery of that name. There are now deposited the tombs and monuments of the metropolis, as well as of other parts of France, which, saved from the destruction of Jacobin fury, are here historically and chronologically arranged. With judicious accuracy, the chamber* containing the works of the 12th century is decorated with the architectural ornaments peculiar to that age; and the same excellent

* *Sal e* is the French word.

plan is adopted in ornamenting the other chambers, containing in succession the monuments of the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries; while the garden, dignified by the pompous name of Elysium, contains forty statues, besides several tombs and urns raising their marble heads amidst pine trees, cypresses, and poplars. Here rest entombed the ashes of Abelard and Eloisa; here the illustrious remains of Descartes, Moliere, Lafontaine, and Boileau, and those of many other great men, who are immortal in the pages of French history, and were judged worthy of having their names and actions recorded on monumental marble.

The interest which our travellers and Mrs. Felton expected to feel in these scenes, so calculated to call forth a variety of recollections and emotions, did not fall short of their expectations; and they gazed with gratified attention on the
sculptured

sculptured features of many a one whose valour, whose weaknesses, whose virtues, or whose genius, had been made known to them by the pages of history. The monument of cardinal Richelieu was already known to them by engravings; and there were others, amongst which was that erected by Le Brun to the memory of his mother, sculptured from a design of his own, of which they were happy to be enabled to perpetuate the recollection by similar means. When they entered the chamber of the 16th century, in which one of the most striking things is the monument of Diana de Poitiers, duchess of Valentinois, they saw a gentleman looking at this tomb with great attention, and contemplating the features of the once captivating beauty, whose kneeling figure was worthy of admiration; and when he turned round they recognised Varley, whom Emma
imme-

immediately presented to Mrs. Felton, Mr. Egerton being too much engaged in consulting the book he held in his hand to do this kind office for his protégé. It was Lencir's "Description Historique et Chronologique des Monumens de Sculpture réunis au Musée des Monumens Français."

"I am amused," said Mr. Egerton smiling, "with this sentimental gentleman's account of this tomb, that of Diane de Poitiers."

"Who was she?" asked Emma.

"The mistress of Henry the Second, who was the husband of Catherine de Medecis."

"A mistress! and of a married man too! And yet there is a splendid monument erected to her memory!" exclaimed Emma.

"There spoke the uncorrupted feeling of a virtuous heart," replied Mr. Egerton.

"Yes,

“ Yes, Emma, it is even so ; but Diane de Poitiers, the lady of Anêt, whither she retired on the death of Henry, and where she died at an advanced age, might have a tomb erected to her, as this was within her own chapel, without any offence to good morals. And I, as an Englishman, cannot object to it, when the remains of one of our celebrated actresses, a woman notoriously the unmarried mother of children by different men, after lying in state in the Jerusalem chamber was interred in Westminster Abbey. But what strikes me, and *offends* me as contrary to decorum and good morals, is what this Frenchman *values* himself upon ; and that is, that the ‘ emails or enamels which he has introduced in the pedestal of her statue suit it exactly, since on one side is seen Francis the First and on the other Henry the Second at the feet of Diane, who is surrounded by love-ciphers, such

as

as ornamented all the monuments erected by Henry's orders.' Thus does he show himself vain of perpetuating the remembrance of an adulterous intercourse, as if it were the bright spot on the life of the departed sinner whom this breathing marble represents, instead of a stain on it, which it would be kinder to shroud in oblivion."

"But what does he say of this celebrated woman?" asked Mrs. Felton.

"Oh! he calls her 'illustre, aimable,' and so forth."

"And does he not regret that her talents and her graces were clouded over by her misconduct?" said Mrs. Castlemain.

"Oh, no."

"And does he say nothing of her age?" asked Mrs. Felton laughing.

"No; even when speaking of a dead beauty he is too gallant to talk of her age."

"Yet her age was one of the most remarkable parts of her history," returned

Mrs.

Mrs. Felton; “for she was more than forty when Henry the Second, who was then eighteen, fell in love with her!”

“Astonishing!” cried Emma.

“Not at all so to me,” observed Varley eagerly; “for, probably, as the poet says of Cleopatra,

‘Age could not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.’

For my part, *I* admire Henry’s taste, and do not wonder that, like a modern poet, he should have been apt to exclaim,

‘So lovely thou still art to me,
I had rather, my exquisite mother,
Repose in the sun-set of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another.’”

It would have been difficult to say whose cheeks were of the deeper crimson at this moment, Mrs. Castlemain’s or Varley’s. While Emma, who stood behind them with Mr. Egerton, could not help whispering to him, that for “*mother*” she supposed

supposed Varley meant they should read "*grandmother*." Mrs. Castlemain during this whisper said hastily, "What nonsense! A boy of eighteen in love with a woman of forty! He indeed has youth for the excuse of *his* folly, but there can be none for the lady's."

"Nay," cried Mr. Egerton, "he had a still better,—œconomy; for, in choosing so sage and reverend a companion, he could make her serve both for privy counsellor and mistress *too*; and perhaps the lady, from a spirit of patriotism, consented to further this saving plan."

"Well," said Mrs. Castlemain pettishly, "I think this monument has detained us long enough: let us pass on to more."

"I cannot regret our detention," replied Mrs. Felton, "as it has drawn forth so many various comments;" and conscious that she was herself turned thirty, she

she looked with an eye of great complacency on the very pretty young man whose obliging taste led him, as it seemed, to value women, like wine, the more, rather than the less, for their age.

Emma was too *young* to feel thus gratefully, and her grandmother too *old* in her own sober judgement: but Varley soon observed that, whatever was the cause, this handsome Mrs. Felton paid great attention to what he said; and when he afterwards found that she was “an honourable, a fashionable, and a rich widow,” he began to think that Mrs. Castlemain’s place in his heart might perhaps be filled up even in a more stylish manner.

At length they reached the Elysium, where Varley, on having the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa pointed out to him, began to recite, with great propriety of action and sweetness of tone,

“If ever fate some wandering lovers brings,”

and

and so on to the line of

“ Oh! may we never love as those have loved !”

“ Thank you, Mr. Varley,” said Mr. Egerton, “ given with good emphasis and discretion.”

“ I beg pardon for my little effusion,” replied Varley, “ but at sight of that tomb enthusiasm conquered every other feeling.”

“ Surely,” observed Mrs. Felton, “ the sight of the tomb of those renowned and unfortunate lovers, Abelard and Eloisa, may well excite and excuse enthusiasm.”

“ Why so ?” said Emma. “ For, after all, those unfortunate lovers were guilty ones also. When Mr. Egerton first read aloud to me the poem whence Mr. Varley quoted those fine lines, I was charmed by the beauty of the verse, and interested for the sorrow that it expressed. But when I found that it was the sorrow of unlawful love,

love, and not a virtuous wife separated by force from a virtuous and beloved husband, and that the writer was a woman not ashamed of her error, but glorying in it, and preferring the title of mistress to that of wife, while the poet had only given more power and notoriety to her own profligate prose by clothing it in the most seducing poetical language, I lost the deep interest I originally felt for the eloquent nun, and can, I confess to you, gaze on this tomb with as much indifference nearly as on that of the mistress of Henry the Second.”

“ I am far from sharing in this indifference,” said Mrs. Felton, “ though on principle I ought ; but the poem in question is so popular, that it is generally read long before one’s ideas of right and wrong are precisely defined to our own judgements, and one’s feelings are charmed without waiting for the leave of one’s principles.”

principles. But did Mr. Egerton, your grave preceptor," asked Mrs. Felton smiling, "really read that poem aloud to you?"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Egerton, "all that I could read with propriety; for it is very certain that this poem, which, as you justly observe, is in general request with all ages, is one that a man who respects your sex could not read aloud to any woman."

"And were you, miss Castlemain, contented with hearing it read?"

"Certainly; for surely what Mr. Egerton could not read *to me*, must be improper for me to read *to myself*."

"Her mind, I see," said Mrs. Felton, taking Mr. Egerton's arm, and leading him aside, "has all its original whiteness unsullied."

"It has been the endeavour of her most excellent parent and myself to keep
it

it so," he replied, delighted, as Mrs. Felton foresaw he would be, at this tribute to his mode of educating Emma; "and I flatter myself that the correct judgement which in my opinion she displayed in her comments on Eloisa, she exhibits on all moral subjects; and that you will never see my pupil allowing a veil of sentiment to give a false loveliness to the face of female frailty."

"But are we not all too severe to one single error of that kind in our sex?"

"I think not; for, as the end of punishment is not to punish crime, but to deter from its commission, the individual delinquent must, I fear, be always on principle sacrificed for the good of the whole. Besides, I am much of Dr. Johnson's opinion. 'Chastity,' says that excellent moralist, 'is the great principle which a woman is taught. When she has given up that principle, she has given up every
notion

notion of female honour and virtue, which are all included in chastity.' ”

“ But where,” said Mrs. Castlemain, “ is the tomb of Turenne ? I expected to have seen that.”

“ It has been removed from this place,” replied Mrs. Felton, “ and you will see it at the Invalides, where it stands by itself, harmonizing well, as the monument of a great hero, with the memorials of French valour which surround it. Striking is it also by its dignified simplicity, and worthy of the simple greatness of him whom it contains ; for it is of undecorated black marble, and its only inscription is the name of “ Turenne ” in gold letters.

“ And that says enough,” replied Mr. Egerton. “ I always liked the character of marshal Turenne ; and when I read the account of his death, and of its effect on all ranks, as given by madame de Sévigné in
her

her inimitable letter on the subject, I learnt to love him, and to envy France her hero."

"O that the tomb of madame de Sévigné were here!" cried Mrs. Castlemain. "Then indeed would my feelings be powerfully excited, and my judgement approve the utmost homage that they could pay!"

"True," said Mr. Egerton, "for she was an honour not only to her nation, but humanity. She was chaste in an age and at a court where to be unchaste was scarcely considered as a crime. Young, beautiful, and adored, she was faithful to a grossly unfaithful husband. The perfect wife became as perfect a mother, and at the early age of twenty-four she devoted herself exclusively to the children of her dear though unworthy husband; while in her maternal affection appeared a pure but decided passion as well as principle, as is exhibited by those admirable letters,
which,

which, though in some instances they are stained with passages not suited to the exemplary and matchless delicacy of Englishwomen, are models of wit, style, tenderness, and friendship. "I wish," continued Mr. Egerton, "that she had lived longer and happier; but it was no unfit end for this sweet and spotless lady to die the victim of maternal anxiety for the health of her daughter. And it is a comfort to me to think that she breathed her last at the house of that child for whom she had lived, and for whom she also died."

"Happy, enviable woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Castlemain with a faltering voice and a glistening eye; "for she died before her beloved daughter, and with the blessed consciousness of having fulfilled towards her every duty, and having displayed towards her the most unremitting tenderness and affection! Oh! how I envy her!"

Here

Here Mr. Egerton, alarmed at her strong emotion, gently pressing her arm, recalled her to more self-command.

“I feel equal enthusiasm with you,” said Mrs. Felton, “and wish much more strongly than you can do, that the monument of madame de Sévigné was preserved in this interesting museum.”

“Why so?” demanded Emma.

“Because I know the fate of that monument which was erected to her in the chapel of the castle of Grignan, her body being deposited in the vaults of the family*.

“During the reign of terror, the chateau with the church and family monuments were all laid in ruins; but when the destroyers came to the monument of this

* See Miss Plumtre's Narrative of a Three Years Residence in France, and also an edition of madame de Sévigné's Letters, published in 1801.

illustrious lady, on which was her effigy, a name so celebrated struck even them with a sacred awe, and the monument was left untouched."

"I thank you, I thank you heartily, madam, for this anecdote; it delights me to see such homage paid to the combination of exalted virtue with superior talent, even by barbarous ruffians like those."

"Aye, but the sequel, dear sir! So far, so good; but as avarice was of stronger influence over them, than enthusiastic reverence for virtue,—when they entered the vaults, and found that the body of this illustrious woman was incased in lead, they carried away the coffin, and left the body to the chance of what might befall it."

"Wretches!" cried Emma.

"Having been embalmed, it was found entire, and in a state of high preservation.

It

It was dressed in a long robe of silk, fastened round the waist with a silver girdle. The girdle was carried away, as well as the coffin, and the body was in time deprived of its silken garment, by persons coming and taking a piece of it as a precious relic. The body remained amongst the ruins, and is probably now restored to its original dust,—while neglect and the injuries of the weather have laid this respected monument in ruins with the rest.”

“O that the same pious hands which preserved these monuments had been busy at Grignan!” cried Emma.

“Would that the same *politic* hands had been busy there!” replied Mr. Egerton, “for I doubt their being actuated wholly by feelings properly called pious; and would that we possessed some of the silk that covered those sacred remains! For, however philosophy may laugh at such feelings,

feelings, and learn to consider the unconscious body as unworthy the respect of rational beings, when the soul has departed from it, I believe it salutary to the affections, that of the mouldering relics of those we loved, or honoured, we should continue to think as if they were still conscious, and to consider them as too sacred to be polluted by mortal touch; and coeval with this world itself be those feelings that make our departed friends revive in our own creative sensations! What is it that throws a charm over all that we are now contemplating, but a reverence for, and a sympathy with, those very feelings? Taught by our own experience of similar emotions, fancy portrays the sorrowing affections which gratified themselves by erecting these memorials to those whom they loved; and whether the monument be one raised by pri-

vate tenderness or national gratitude, it is by our power of entering into that enthusiasm, long since past away and forgotten, which prompted the tributary erection, that we learn to feel so strongly while gazing on the cold unconscious marble, and to claim a sort of tender kindred with the dead who sleep beneath.”

From the time of this visit to the Musée des Monumens, Varley became an invited guest of Mrs. Felton's, and he began to think that all the high-raised hopes of his vanity and ambition were likely to be gratified. I have before said that Varley danced admirably,—and so he must indeed have done to be admired as a dancer in the circles of Paris; and as a man's dancing only tolerably well is a proof that he must be of a respectable class in society, as his friends were rich enough to send him to a dancing-school, it is clear that

that the very superior style in which Varley danced, must have led the Parisian world to believe him a person to whom fortune had facilitated the means of having the first instruction ; and he was soon named the Chevalier Varley. Indeed his excellence in this art was a matter of surprise to Emma, who knew that he was poor, and understood that he was born of obscure parents ; and whatever his father might have been, she was very sure that his mother was a vulgar woman. While these thoughts were occurring to her, which as they rose she communicated to Mrs. Castlemain, who was with her at a ball near Paris, to which Mrs. Felton had brought Varley, she resolved as delicately as she could to interrogate Varley on the subject. And while he was handing her some ice, she said, “ There is no accomplishment, perhaps, Mr. Varley,

in which it is more advantageous to a young man, who is a stranger any where, to excel, than dancing; as a proficiency in that art, such a proficiency as yours I mean, indicates *une éducation très soignée*: You must have had the first masters, to dance as you do."

"I had indeed a most admirable master; my poor father spared no pains for my improvement," replied Varley sighing.

"So it seems; I know no one who does so much, so well. Your father must have been a great loss to you."

"He was indeed; for he never took a step but with a view to my future good; and had he lived, I should have certainly become rich by degrees."

"I am always sorry when the prospects of youth are thus suddenly blasted," said Emma kindly; "and I am very glad,

Mr.

Mr. Varley, that my admirable friend Mr. Egerton is interested in your welfare, and has both the wish and the means of promoting it."

Little did Emma suspect the double meaning of Varley's words. The truth was, that his father was a *dancing-master*, and died before Varley was old enough to take his business.

Little also did she suspect that Varley, incapable of appreciating the generosity that he could not feel, was inclined to attribute Mr. Egerton's wish to serve him to a consciousness that Emma loved him ; and that, finding she was bent on marrying him some day or other, he had resolved, by getting him forward in life, to make the match as little unequal as he could. But the end of his ill-deserved elevation was near at hand.

A Russian nobleman had invited all
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the French and British of rank and fashion, in and near Paris, to a dress ball at his chateau about twelve miles from the metropolis; and Emma had leave to bring any one she liked. Varley, though he had accomplishments, had neither rank nor fashion, and was therefore not invited: but he pined to be at this splendid fête, at which, though no one was to be admitted in a *mask*, every one was to wear a masquerade dress or a fancy dress.

“I wish, dear sir,” said the kind-hearted Emma to Mr. Egerton, “you would go with us, and take Varley.”

“I go, in a masquerade or a fancy dress, to a ball, child!”

“Why not? You would look so well as a Druid!”

“Fie, fie! consider my profession. But perhaps you think that a clergyman is not
more

more bound to abide by certain restraints than another man; and that he may play high, attend cock-fights and boxing-matches, and go a-masquerading?"

"No, indeed I do not. On the contrary, I think that the man whose profession it is to teach self-denial to others should first set an example of it himself, and should never be addicted to such amusements as must lead him occasionally to association with dissolute and bad people. But that would not be the case here, and a Druid is a very venerable character."

"My dear child, no man of my age and profession can assume any character without a total surrender of *his own*. I wish Varley to go to this fête, but I can't introduce him. However, you recollect that monsieur de Lamoignan and his son will go with you and Mrs. Castlemain as your protectors: therefore there can be

no

no impropriety in Varley's being of the party."

Accordingly the delighted Varley was told that Mrs. Castlemain would, on such a day, send her carriage for him, and take him to this splendid fête, Mr. Egerton having informed him that he must go in a fancy dress.

"What say you, Mr. Varley," said he, "to going as a Highlander? What an opportunity would the Highland dress give you of showing off your Scotch steps, and playing Scotch tunes on your flute! and the dress is ready provided."

Varley, conscious the dress was becoming, and that it would give him an opportunity of great display, acceded to the proposal. "But," said he, "I will go as the *Young Norval*, and *sport Douglas*. Afterwards I can join the dance, and play on the flute." And Varley could
neither

neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking how his constellation of talents would charm and astonish every one at the ball.

But in the meanwhile Mr. Orwell, feeling great resentment against the unknown asperser of Agatha's fame, resolved to find out if he could the author of the paragraph. Accordingly he seized an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the proprietor of the newspaper in which it appeared, and did so just as sir Charles Maynard, being returned from his tour, had gone to the office, and insisted that the writer of the paragraph against him should be given up, or he would proceed against the editor. But finding that the writer, whose name they told him was Varley, was dismissed for having written this libel, and that the proprietor was not in the least to blame, he contented himself with the insertion of another paragraph, apologizing for the false state-

ment in the first; while the proprietor could not help inveighing bitterly against Varley by name, and did so before Mr. Orwell, who soon discovered that the Varley whom Emma mentioned as a protégé of Mr. Egerton's, was the same Varley that had written the slanderous paragraph; and obtaining the original in Varley's own hand, he sent it over to Paris, to let Mr. Egerton see that he was fostering in his bosom the serpent that had wounded Mrs. Castlemain and her family, and might wound them again.

The day, the long desired and expected day of the Russian nobleman's ball and fête was at length arrived; and Varley, dressed in his Highland habiliments, to which he had added a shield and spear, in order to represent the young and gallant Douglas, was admiring himself and practising attitudes and steps before a whole-length glass. Sometimes he laughed,
ed,

ed, to admire the effect of his white teeth; sometimes he added a shade of black to his eyebrows; sometimes he laid on a deeper tint of rouge; and then finished his interesting survey of his own person by making an *entrechat*, to the great diversion of his opposite neighbours, who supposed it was “*un fou Ecossais*” and stood at the window to watch him.

“The poor Emma Castlemain, how she will look and love tonight!” thought Varley; “but I shall make her horribly jealous of the divine and honourable Lucy Felton!” At this moment, while he was expecting the carriage that was to convey him to the scene of his triumph, instead of that anxiously expected carriage he received the following note from Mr. Egerton, inclosing the paragraph in the paper in *his own hand-writing*. “Mr. Egerton is very much concerned at being forced to inform Mr. Varley that he does

not consider the writer of anonymous libels as fit to be introduced to the house of a gentleman, or admitted to the society of one.—He therefore declines all further acquaintance with Mr. Varley.”

I will not attempt to describe Varley's agonies at receiving this overthrow of all his splendid expectations, amongst which the shame of detection, not the penitence of guilt, was predominant. The consequence was, that he the next morning put his plan in execution, and set off to walk through part of France in his Highland dress with his flute in his pocket.

After a fortnight's absence, Balfour, unable to endure a longer absence from Emma, left his father two days journey from Paris, and returned thither to see her for a day or two. He brought with him his father's unqualified approbation of his choice, and consent to his marriage, in a letter to Mrs. Castlemain, she having
written

written to lord Clonawley by his son, to explain who Emma was, and the particular circumstances of her situation. This letter, and what passed between him and lord Clonawley, Balfour with great joy and animation communicated to Mrs. Castlemain alone. But when he entered the room where Emma was, and eagerly advanced to seize her hand and press it to his lips, she shrunk from his touch with such evident coldness, and seemed so little glad to see him again, that Balfour, stung to the soul at her behaviour, gave way to all the violence of his temper; which provoked such severe sarcasms from Emma, who could not help secretly drawing comparisons between him and St. Aubyn, that Balfour left the house in an agony of resentment and despair, and almost resolved in his own mind to give up for ever the prosecution

prosecution of a suit to which he met with so ungrateful a return.

As soon as he was gone, Emma severely reproached herself for her cruelty and ingratitude, and almost felt disposed to despise herself for behaving so unkindly towards a man who really loved her, and had with manly openness avowed his love, from the powerful and degrading influence, as she considered it to be, of one who, having gained her affections, had never offered her his own, but had left her for ever, as it appeared, in a manner at once offensive and incomprehensible. But Balfour did not return any more that evening: therefore he missed the opportunity of taking advantage of the whispers of her remorse.—Nor did he come the next morning at his usual hour; for, being still too angry to see Emma with composure, he joined a party of young

young men to the Louvre Gallery, who flattered his vanity by begging him to tell them what pictures were most worth looking at; and while he was talking loud, and showing off with all the conceit of a connoisseur, Emma and Mrs. Felton, arm in arm, entered the Gallery. Balfour affected not to see Emma; but, being glad to display his real or supposed knowledge before her, he went on haranguing on the art of painting, and the beauty of particular pictures. As they came up the stairs, at the bottom of which some gentleman had left him who had accompanied them in a walk in the Thuilleries, Emma had been rallying Mrs. Felton on the provoking sarcastic severity with which she had treated their harmless beaux, asking her whether all women of ton resembled her.

“ Oh! by no means,” replied Mrs. Felton

Felton. "I assure you I am unique, no servile copy I, but a daring original."

"Daring indeed," said Emma archly, "and who shall presume to follow such a leader?"

"No woman under the rank of an honourable, or without a certain reputation for talent, should attempt it, certainly," replied Mrs. Felton, piqued at Emma's meaning smile, and thrown off her guard so much as to give way to her natural love of mortifying the pride of others: "No, my dear child, no; as you are not a person of rank in society, what would only be thought whim and spirit in me would be called rudeness in you:—not that I flatter myself so far as to suppose you are likely to copy me, far from it!"

"Indeed," cried Emma laughing, "I should not presume so far; and to prevent
vent

vent any foolish girls from attempting a task of so much danger, I think it would be a proper measure in the King to grant you a patent, running thus: ‘ We grant to the honourable Lucy Felton the sole use and benefit of certain airs and graces of her own inventing, for such a term of years; when the said Lucy Felton having made her fortune and left off business, the said airs and graces shall become the property of any lady whose rank entitles her to become a purchaser, and who thinks them worth the trouble of acquiring.’”

“ So,” said Mrs. Felton colouring with resentment, and secretly resolved that she would not be long unrevenged; “ you can be severe, I see, and I am not sure now that my caution was unnecessary.— But what have we here? Who is that gauky youth talking in that oracular tone of voice? Oh! I see now :—It is a young
man

man whom I saw at Frescati:—lord Clonawley's son." She did not add, though she had certainly not forgotten that the said gawky youth had eternally offended her at Frescati, because, when pressed by a gentleman to be presented to Mrs. Felton, she had overheard him reply, "No, I like neither her face, her form, her dress, her expression, nor her manner;" a severity of criticism which few women, and certainly not a Mrs. Felton, could be expected to pardon.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Felton to Emma, "that youth is mighty disagreeable?—Yet, do you know, I hear a very pretty girl is in love with him, and is going to marry him!" Then, before the blushing Emma could reply, Mrs. Felton was standing near Balfour and listening to him with profound attention; while the vain youth went on with redoubled

doubled eloquence. Mrs. Felton then, with a half curtesy to Balfour, begged leave to profit by his remarks, and asked him some questions relative to the names of certain pictures and their subjects; which Balfour, flattered by the appeal, gave most elaborately.

“But what were you saying to these gentlemen,” said she, “concerning the ignorance of artists in general?”

“I was lamenting,” replied he, “that modern artists take so little trouble to excel. A painter should be every thing. He should be an anatomist, that he may be able to draw accurately: he should be a sculptor, that he may know how to put flesh properly on the parts when drawn:—he should be a botanist, that he may know how to paint plants with such accuracy that every botanist might swear to the class of every separate flower: he should
be

be an architect, that he may know how to exhibit buildings properly."

"And," interrupted Mrs. Felton with great gravity, "he should be a tailor, that he may know how to fit coat, waistcoat, and breeches, properly to the body." This speech occasioned a laugh which disconcerted Balfour; "and," added she, "after all these *should bes*, he should have the years of Methuselah to enable him to complete so elaborate a course of study:" then being tired of his harangue, and wishing to give him his coup de grace, she made him another dopp, and, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, said that he was one instance amongst many of the politeness of the French nation, which for the convenience of English travellers had provided them with a showman of their own country.

"A showman!" cried Balfour turning
ing

ing pale, "Do you take me for a show-man, madam? The lady with you, by informing you better, might have spared me this insult."

"This lady does not know you, I believe, sir," she replied, "and how can you call my very natural mistake an insult? for who could suppose that a man would take so much trouble, unless he was employed and paid for it?"

"Miss Castlemain," cried Balfour, "surely, in consideration of the intimacy that subsists between us, you might have prevented me from experiencing the mortification of this moment!"

"Intimacy!" exclaimed Mrs. Felton. "Sir, she disclaimed all knowledge of you."

"How can you say so?" cried Emma. "You know, before I could answer, you accosted"

"Aye, very true; so I did;—but
prayer,

pray, Mr. Gaw—Gawky, forgive”

“My name is not Gawky, madam,” replied Balfour colouring.

“No! wrong again, I protest:—Why, my dear, I am sure you told me the gentleman’s name was Gawky.”

“Mrs. Felton,” replied Emma indignantly, “I beg you will not attribute to me speeches which can become no woman ‘under the rank of an *honourable*,’ and of ‘*some reputation in the world for talent* ;’ but remember that what is ‘*only whim and spirit*’ in you, would be ‘*rudeness*’ in me; and Mr. Balfour knows, that to raise a laugh at the expense of another is contrary both to my habits and my inclination.”—There she stopped, and the grave rebuke,

“Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible.”

Mrs. Felton angrily bit her lip, and felt that Emma’s retort had a little damped

damped the triumphant revenge which she had taken on Balfour for his speech concerning her at Frescati, and on Emma for her well-deserved sarcasms;—while Emma held out her hand affectionately to Balfour. But he, too angry to accept it and be just, indignantly left the room.

“So then, I suspect,” cried Mrs. Felton taking her arm, and making her walk up and down the Gallery, “I suspect you are the pretty girl who is going to marry that handsome savage; for handsome he is, and most uncommonly so; and when you have tamed him a little he may be worth knowing. So no wonder you answered me so spitefully:—but is it really to be?”

“Possibly,” replied Emma sighing deeply, “some time or other.”

“But bless me! how dismal you look! Is that the effect of the sweet prospect of
marrying

marrying the man of your heart? for I conclude he is the man of your heart; else, young, beautiful, and rich, as you are, I cannot see why you should marry him."

"Nor I neither," pettishly answered Emma.

"And really, to do him justice," coolly returned Mrs. Felton, "he has a great command of words, and is very handsome as I said before;—not," added she, thinking the time was come for her to strike the stroke she meditated, "not that I think him as handsome as another Englishman, who I am sorry to say is not now in Paris, a dear friend of mine, who has lately made a great noise here, and is quite the hero of the day. I conclude you know whom I mean." And so confused was Emma at this address, that nothing but her habitual reverence for truth could have prevented her replying,

"No;

“No; I know not to whom you allude.” But the rising falsehood was instantaneously checked, while in a faltering voice she said, “I conclude you mean Mr. St. Aubyn.”

“To be sure I do,” answered Mrs. Felton. “Oh! now I recollect, by the by, that St. Aubyn is or was an old friend of yours. Yes, yes, I recollect you are the little girl to whom he once addressed some pretty lines, entitled ‘To Emma, aged twelve, on her birth-day.’”

“Did Mr. St. Aubyn show you those verses?” said Emma blushing.

“O, yes! and when I said ‘I should like to see how you will write to Emma aged eighteen,’ he made me an answer which, to use a French phrase, m’intrigua beaucoup.”

“What was it?” demanded Emma in a voice faint from emotion.

“Why, he said, ‘To Emma aged eigh-

teen I shall probably not write at all.' But I believe," she added with affected carelessness, "I quite mistook his meaning, and he has not, I fancy, written to you at all since you were eighteen."

"No, ma'am, he has not," replied Emma almost in a tone of vexation.

"That's a pity, for he writes charmingly. Indeed, now I recollect, he has not seen much of you for the last two years. It is a pity he is not in Paris. If he were, I would ask him to meet you at my hotel one day. But he is gone to see a poor sick man, the father of an emigrant whom he knows in London, who on his way hither was taken ill, and is at a village twenty miles off; for St. Aubyn is, you know, a good creature. Poor fellow! he expects to be summoned to England to see his mother; but he has promised me to come back, unless she is in danger, in order to see me across the water.

water. He came over with me; but when I went round by Flanders, he chose to come on to Paris, in a fit of jealousy forsooth, because I took some notice of a German baron who was of my party."

All this was said with an air so natural that it deceived Emma exactly as the speaker meant it should: however, struggling with her feelings, she replied, "But what will mademoiselle Coulanges say to Mr. St. Aubyn's attendance on you?"

"Oh! you have heard that idle report, have you?—But I assure you there is no truth in it, none. At least, I know from undoubted authority, that when the lady's friends hinted to him that if he offered he would certainly be accepted, he honestly confessed that his affections were fixed elsewhere.—Bless me! what is the matter with you?" cried Mrs. Felton at this

moment: "I fear you are going to faint; let me lead you to a seat."

"Thank you," said Emma sitting down, "I feel a giddiness in my head."

"Well, thank heaven! the complaint is not in your heart." And Emma, roused to exertion by this speech, which she did not attribute to chance, regained her composure, and with a proud feeling of insulted delicacy looked her tormentor in the face.

"I beg your pardon," said Emma: "my illness interrupted you: you were saying something about mademoiselle Coulanges and Mr. St. Aubyn,—then it is not to be a match?"

"A match! O dear, no!—how could you believe it?"

"Why not? She is very young, very pretty, and very rich."

"Aye, but a woman may be all these,
and

and yet not be able to attach permanently such a man as St. Aubyn." And Emma felt that this truth as it *seemed* was aimed at *her*.

"Yet St. Aubyn can *love*," resumed Mrs. Felton; "I could show you some lines of his addressed to a friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?" repeated Emma, scarce knowing what she said.

"Yes. By the by, I believe I have them about me." So saying, she took a pocket-book out of her *ridicule*, and taking out some MS. verses presented them to Emma, observing, "You know his hand."

"Perfectly," answered Emma, and opened the paper. The verses were those which St. Aubyn wrote out from memory for Mrs. Felton to show Wanford, when he had owned that he had lost the copy she gave him, and which were in reality written to her by a Mr. Trevor!

But

But Emma, too guileless herself to suspect guile in another, saw it was really St. Aubyn's hand-writing, and implicitly believed that he had addressed them to Mrs. Felton. When therefore she read

“ Then be it so, and let us part,
 Since love like mine has fail'd to move thee,”

a mist came over her eyes ; and unable to go on, she told Mrs. Felton she would, with her leave, keep them to read at her leisure.

“ By all means,” replied Mrs. Felton. “ The poor soul was very dismal when he wrote them ; but those hours of gloom are over, and I trust that happier days are in store for him. I have a miniature of St. Aubyn at home,” she added, “ which I will show you some day or other.”

Emma now, affecting great gaiety, talked very fast, and laughed very loud, though she said nothing at all laughable ;
 and

and seeing Mr. Egerton, she challenged him to walk three times round the Thuilleries gardens before dinner; while Mrs. Felton, thinking she had said all that was necessary to convince Emma that St. Aubyn was attached to herself, bade her farewell till the next day; convinced that, though Emma secretly preferred St. Aubyn to Balfour, pride would in all probability induce her to make an effort to overcome her passion, and thereby render certain an union which at present was only probable; "and then," thought Mrs. Felton, "St. Aubyn may perhaps be mine!"

It required all Mr. Egerton's speed to keep up in any degree with Emma during their walk. The restlessness of her mind imparted itself to her movements; and as she dreaded rest, since rest would bring leisure to think, it was not till Mr. Egerton pleaded excessive fatigue that he could prevail

prevail on her to turn her steps towards the hotel. At dinner, Emma's total want of appetite alarmed her affectionate companions.

"Do, Emma, eat some of this dish," said Mrs. Castlemain; "I ordered it on purpose for you."

"You are very good," replied Emma, "but you know I am not dainty."

"No, my dear girl; but your appetite has lately been so indifferent, that I wished to tempt it to the best of my power."

"You are ever kind and indulgent," said Emma, a tear filling her eye, "and I will try to eat."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Castlemain. "I ordered most of these things for Emma and Mr. Balfour—and Emma can't eat, and Mr. Balfour did not come."

"Did you ask, did you expect him to dinner?" said Emma eagerly.

"Yes,

“ Yes, to be sure I did ; but just now he sent a note of excuse.”

“ I am sorry, very sorry for it,” returned Emma. “ Then I fear he is seriously offended with me, though without adequate cause. Would he were here ! For never since I have known him did I feel so affectionately, so warmly towards him as I do at this moment.”

“ I am prodigiously glad to hear that,” cried Mrs. Castlemain ; while Mr. Egerton, who had been observing Emma in perturbed silence, sighed, but spoke not. At length, Emma, complaining of a bad head-ach, said she would go and lie down awhile, and hastily retired to her apartment.

As soon as the servants were withdrawn, Mr. Egerton said, “ This ought not to be, madam. It is evident to me that Emma has some terrible weight on her mind ; and with your approbation I

should like to tempt her to a disclosure of it, provided you yourself will not undertake the task."

"I had rather not," replied Mrs. Castlemain; "but I wish you by all means to do so." And as soon as Emma re-appeared, it was settled that Mr. Egerton should request a private conversation with her.

Emma meanwhile lay down, but not to *rest*. Busy memory recalled every hour of her past intercourse with St. Aubyn, since his acquaintance with Mrs. Felton; and she now recollected that he must (unconsciously to himself, she admitted,) have even then imbibed sentiments for that lady, which justified the jealous suspicions she herself always *felt* relative to her; which sentiments being now, as she evidently saw, returned, had ripened into sincere, ardent, and *successful* love,—for was it possible

possible that a woman should have the picture of a man whom she did not expect to marry? Then her thoughts dwelt on poor mademoiselle Coulanges, who was also said to be attached to him. But could she have felt for St. Aubyn a real attachment in so short a time, unless he had given her reason to suppose he felt attachment towards *her*?—No:—and when she considered his conduct, towards herself and this young lady, she could not acquit him of being that most despicable character, a male coquet; for it was evident that Mrs. Felton was, and had ever been, the only real object of his affections. She then ventured to read the verses so falsely attributed to St. Aubyn; and having read them, she fell back on her pillow, in an agony of wounded pride and jealous love. But at length the soothing thought, that the extent of her weakness was known only to herself, and

and that St. Aubyn, if she married before him, would never suspect that her regard for him had exceeded the bounds of friendship, tranquillized her mind in a degree; and feeling more tenderly towards Balfour, in proportion as St. Aubyn decreased in her good opinion, she at length returned to the drawing-room tolerably composed. But her composure vanished, when on her entrance Mr. Egerton took her hand, and, begging to have some conversation with her in her dressing-room, led her thither in silence.

“Emma,” said Mr. Egerton, after a pause of great emotion, “I have hitherto forborne, from respect to the pride and delicacy of your sex, to endeavour to remove the veil which you have so properly drawn between the feelings of your heart and the curiosity of others. But both Mrs. Castlemain and myself are so alarmed and distressed, at witnessing
the

the present agitated state of your mind, that we conjure you, by all our past and present affection for you, to confide in that affection, and let us know what are the secret sorrows that oppress you! My dear child," added he, bursting into tears, "recollect that our peace of mind depends on you, and that we must be wretched while we see that you are so." Here emotion stopped him from proceeding; and Emma, every feeling of pride and reserve overcome by the claims of gratitude and affection, replied,

"Put to me, sir, any question that you please, and I will answer you."

"Well then," said Mr. Egerton, "are you not going to give your hand to one man, while your heart is wholly in possession of another?"

"Had you put that question to me, sir, yesterday," replied Emma, "I must, I fear,

fear, have answered *Yes*—but today I feel myself justified in answering *No*.”

“ Indeed! can a few hours have obliterated an image so long and so deeply impressed on your heart? Are you well assured that you are not under the influence of jealousy?” Emma paused for a moment, and then, without further comment, related to Mr. Egerton the progress of her attachment to St. Aubyn; her idea that it was mutual; her jealousy of Mrs. Felton after his return from his tour; her endeavours, on principle, to return the love of Balfour; the prospect she now had of succeeding in those endeavours; and finally, the whole of what had passed between her and Mrs. Felton relative to St. Aubyn.

“ Amazing!” cried Mr. Egerton. “ Is it possible that St. Aubyn can be in love with her, after having known you? Answer

swer me, Emma: Did his evident emotion when he saw you in the Palace appear to you a proof of indifference and aversion, or of still struggling but concealed love?"

"Of the latter. But I am now convinced that emotion proceeded from a remorseful consciousness that he had barely endeavoured to gain my affections, without any real intention of offering me his in return."

"Impossible!" warmly replied Mr. Egerton, "my life upon his honour!"

"At least you will own," answered Emma rather indignantly, "that his avoiding me, and attending Mrs. Felton, with those verses and the picture, are very suspicious circumstances; besides his having refused the hand of mademoiselle Coulanges, on the plea of a prior attachment."

"Nay, that proves nothing. You as
well

well as Mrs. Felton may be the object of that attachment."

"Well, sir," resumed Emma proudly: "but suppose that I am the object of St. Aubyn's concealed affection, concealed through dire and invincible necessity, what would you have me do? Would you have me wait humbly and patiently till he thinks fit to come and say, 'Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croker?' and would you then have me make him a curtsy, and say, 'Yes, if you please to accept me, kind sir!' No! forbid it every feeling of woman's pride and woman's delicacy!"

"But is it therefore necessary that you should marry a man you do not love?"

"There is no danger of that. It will very soon be in Balfour's power, I am convinced, to convert my present feelings towards him into positive tenderness. Besides, I have ever considered a woman
who

who has so much meanness, and such a want of self-respect, as to pine in love for a man who has either never loved or has forsaken her, to be in the next degree of vice to a woman who has forfeited her honour; and I am well convinced that I shall be able to act up to this principle completely, as soon as, by a marriage with a man who adores me, the barrier of wedded duty will be raised between me and Mr. St. Aubyn."

"But suppose Balfour, from the obsequious lover, becomes the tyrant husband?"

"He will not do so; for he is conscious of his own infirmities of temper; and I am sure the influence over him which I possess, and which my not loving him as much as he loves me will allow me to increase, as I shall not be thrown off my guard by ungovernable tenderness, will enable me to keep his temper in sub-
jection,

jection, especially as I am tolerably sure of my own now."

"Indeed," said Mr. Egerton doubtfully, "your temper is a *corrected* temper; and were you to be united to a man of such a disposition as is possessed by one that I could name, I have no doubt of your continuing to exercise proper self-command; but, when exposed to the contagion of a violent temper, I doubt the force of bad example will awaken dormant tendencies, and that you will too late repent the rashness which led you to marry a man in hopes of improving him. Yet one question more he added, Have you disclosed to Mr. Balfour your attachment to St. Aubyn?"

"Not directly; but I have told him of our long intimacy and friendship, and of my sorrow at his sudden and apparently unmotivated estrangement from me. But I will summon resolution to tell him
more,

more, and even to own that I had unsolicited bestowed my affections. For, though a delicate woman must feel agonies at owning so degrading a truth, an ingenuous woman feels still more from concealing it."

"I do not doubt it," replied Mr. Eger-ton: "still the task of disclosing such a truth is a difficult one, and one from which a common mind would shrink for ever. But I expect more from an uncommon mind like yours, and principles and practice usually so pure and upright. It is your duty to be as explicit with Balfour as you have been with me. Your future happiness depends on it; for on mutual ingenuousness must all con-nubial happiness be built."

"I agree with you," replied Emma faintly, "and I will tell Balfour all di-rectly; feeling at this moment, as I have often done before, great self-upbraiding
at

at having so long delayed to tell the degrading tale."

"Not so, Emma. Loving a St. Aubyn is no degradation; and though he never in words solicited your love, I am witness that he did so every day by his attentions."

"Then how, sir, can you excuse or account for his present conduct?"

"That I cannot do; but I still believe that time will, and satisfactorily. However, I see that you will and must marry Balfour, provided his self-love, which is I think as strong as his love, strong as that may be, is proof against knowing that you *have loved*, if you do not *still* love, another. If, when he knows that, he still perseveres in his suit, I shall feel him raised considerably in my estimation, and shall with less fear commit to him the guardianship of your happiness."

"At every risk, however," replied
Emma,

Emma, "I will tell him the whole truth; and then, come what come may, I shall have done my duty, and shall not have to add to the sorrows I now experience, the aggravated misery of self-condemnation."

"Spoken like yourself, my dear child," replied Mr. Egerton; while with the lofty mien and open countenance of conscious integrity, Emma, on being told that Mr. Balfour was below, desired him to be shown into her dressing-room. He entered with an expression of joy on his countenance, which surprised Emma. It was occasioned by Mrs. Castlemain having, in the joy of her heart, informed him of Emma's affectionate feelings towards him, and her hope that their union was now not only probable, but certain. Soon after, Mr. Egerton retired; and Emma, putting an immediate stop to Balfour's expressions of penitence and love, begged that he would listen to her in uninterrupted silence.

I shall

I shall not detail what Balfour's feelings were during her confession, nor his expression of those feelings. Suffice that, when she had ended, Emma said, "And now, dear Balfour! I leave you to think over alone, uninfluenced by my presence, all that I have been saying; and if, after a night's calm deliberation, you still feel inclined to intrust your happiness in my hands, come to me tomorrow morning, and I pledge myself most solemnly to tender you this hand, as a pledge of grateful, faithful, and principled affection." So saying she ran out of the room, and Balfour saw her no more that night,—a night to Emma, as well as himself, of anxious perturbation. The next morning by eight o'clock he was at the hotel, and Emma soon after joined him.

"I come," said Balfour as soon as he saw her, "to claim this promised hand, as I am sure that my devoted affection will at length procure to me a full return, and

to

to you with ardent and confiding love I willingly intrust my happiness."

"Take it! it is yours!" said Emma, blushing and sighing as she spoke; and Balfour, seeing Mrs. Castlemain enter the room, led Emma up to her, and begged her blessing on them.

"This is as I hoped," she cried, mixing tears with her blessings. And Mr. Egerton, on hearing what had passed, endeavoured to pronounce his congratulations as steadily as Mrs. Castlemain: but he could not do it; and it was a relief to him to hear that Balfour was forced to set off immediately to his father, who was taken very ill on the road.

Before he departed, he candidly told Emma that he did not approve her having much intercourse with Mrs. Felton. "And I think," said he, "you yourself cannot desire it now. For, if she is to be the wife of St. Aubyn, it will be impossible for you to talk with her on her prospects, without

without betraying the deep interest you once felt in him yourself: and if she be his mistress, she is an improper acquaintance for you."

"His mistress!" cried Emma: "such a suspicion never entered my mind."

"Very likely; but I dare say it may be a very just one, notwithstanding."

"At any rate," replied Emma, "I do not wish to see much of Mrs. Felton. Besides, I am not a little inclined to resent her rudeness to you."

This speech delighted Balfour, and he asked her how she would avoid Mrs. Felton.

"I will tell you how," said Emma. "Your sister Fanny is very unwell at Montmorenci, and has sent to request me to visit her. Tomorrow morning I have promised to accompany two friends from K——, just arrived, to the Petits Augustins; but before the evening I will set off for Montmorenci, and

and stay there as long as my grandmother will spare me." And Balfour, satisfied with this arrangement, bade her adieu, to return to his father, with more tranquillity of mind than usual. Emma too, considering her fate as fixed, exerted herself to preserve the appearance of content, as one means towards procuring the reality, and she set off to the Petits Augustins, with her friends, with a quiet heart and a calm countenance. A visit to the tombs was indeed congenial with her feelings; and what so likely to speak peace to each rebellious passion, and soberize the vanity of human wishes and expectations, as the contemplation of those mementos of mortality, and the lowly beds of kings and queens of heroes, and of legislators, who, having been the sport of their own passions and the passions of others, there, heedless of their enmity while living, sleep beside

each other in the cold forgiveness of the grave, reminding long suffering and patient affliction, that at last her miseries, like theirs, will find a resting-place and an oblivion.

“When I look upon the tombs of the great,” says Addison, “every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.”

Emma, in pensive silence, listened to the remarks of her companions, as they passed from the monuments of one age to those of another, till at last they entered the Elysium, and the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa was pointed out to them by their guide. As they approached,

proached, they saw a man, evidently absorbed in a deep reverie, leaning his head on his hands against this interesting monument. The gentleman who accompanied Emma, on seeing him, said to her in a low voice,

“O'er the cold marble shall they join their heads,

And drink the falling tear each other sheds.”

But this poor gentleman can only drink his own. What a pity that his love is not with him, to realize the fancy of the poet!”

Emma was about to reply, when, the gentleman raising his head, she could discern his profile sufficiently to see that she beheld St. Aubyn ! and overpowered, bewildered, and surprised, she became heedless of her steps, and fell over a piece of marble that lay across the path.

St. Aubyn turning round, and seeing the accident, ran to her assistance as eagerly

as her friends, and felt full as much emotion as she did when he recognised in the pale and trembling being whom he supported, and whom pain and emotion both made ready to faint, that Emma, whose probable marriage and attachment to another, having just been communicated to him by Mrs. Felton, had made him wander forth he scarcely knew whither, till, finding himself near the Petits Augustins, he had entered the garden, and almost unconsciously had drawn near the tomb of the unhappy lovers.

“I hope you are not much hurt,” cried he in a tone of tenderness, with which Emma’s ear and her heart also were but too well acquainted ; while Emma, recovering herself a little, replied that the pain was only momentary, and that she was already better, withdrawing herself as she spoke from his supporting arm, and venturing to lift her eyes to his : but
they

they shrunk immediately from the tender expression of his glance, and she felt relieved; when, sighing deeply, St. Aubyn bowing coldly round, wished them good morning, and suddenly disappeared.

“Is it possible,” said Emma mentally, “that a man happy and successful in his love should be found almost in tears reclining against that monument? Is it possible, either, that the lover of Mrs. Felton could look at me with such an expression in his eyes?” And Emma certainly felt much happier than when she came to the Musée.

“Well,” said her female companion, “I am afraid that uncommonly handsome young man is more hurt than you were, miss Castlemain; for I never saw such a look of love as he gave you! Did you ever see him before?”

“O dear, yes,” replied Emma in visible confusion: “it was Mr. St. Aubyn.”

byn." And her companions, seeing her distress, forbore to press her further on the subject; while Emma, as they returned, forced herself to talk with unceasing volubility.

Mr. Egerton meanwhile had shut himself up in his own room, to reflect on the important decisions that had taken place on that and the preceding day; and in spite of his high reverence for Emma's principles, and his respect for the apparent motives that actuated her to accept Frederic Balfour, he was convinced that, unknown to herself, Temper was at the bottom of her decision. He was of opinion, that what is called pride, in man and woman, both by themselves and others, is often nothing but temper in one of its various modifications, denominated *pique*, or *wounded self-love*. And he felt assured that, had not Emma's pride and jealousy been roused by the communications

munications of Mrs. Felton, she would have taken more time to deliberate, before she gave an irrevocable promise to bestow her hand on a man towards whom she well knew that she had not a sentiment resembling what she felt for St. Aubyn, and had long learnt to denominate love. Nor, indeed, did Mr. Egerton see in Balfour's attachment for her, the symptoms of a real affection. Her beauty had charmed him at first sight, and he found his taste justified by the admiration of all who beheld her; and as he was never accustomed to know an unsatisfied wish, he resolved to make himself the envy of others, by obtaining this valuable prize. But her coldness threw obstacles in his way; and obstacles to a temper such as his was, only induced him to persevere the more. His self-love indeed was very near getting the better of all other considerations, when he heard that Emma loved another; but it was counteracted by the wish he
felt

felt to triumph over St. Aubyn, who he believed loved Emma in spite of the representations of an artful woman, such as he considered Mrs. Felton to be, for he had become jealous of St. Aubyn's fame; who was now not only called the English hero, but 'le bel Anglois,' a title exclusively Balfour's till St. Aubyn reappeared at Paris.

"No, no," said he mentally, "he shall not triumph over me in every way, and I will marry the woman whom he loves, and have the felicity of forcing her to love me in return."

Accordingly he persevered, and Emma promised to be his. Meanwhile, though Mr. Egerton could not read Balfour's heart, he was so unhappy as to suspect that love alone was not the motive that overcame the influence of his pride, and induced him to forget so soon that Emma had loved, and probably still loved, another.

He

He was still indulging these sad thoughts, when Emma and her companions returned. They found Mrs. Felton with Mrs. Castlemain, to whom the latter had communicated the news that Emma had accepted Balfour; and that lady could not help suspecting that her communications had been instrumental in influencing her determination.

Mrs. Felton expressed great surprise and sorrow at the idea of Emma's departure for so many days, then begged to see her alone; when, taking a case from her pocket, she said she had brought St. Aubyn's picture to show her. Emma, provoked at her indelicate forwardness in displaying this picture, and also in her heart a little distrustful of her truth, since the rencontre with St. Aubyn, was irritated into self-command, and, looking at the picture with great calmness, replied,

“It is like, that is to say, it is like

what he now is, rather than what he was, for I never saw a man more altered ; and I am sure he does not look like a happy and successful lover."

Mrs. Felton blushed at this observation ; and hastily said, " Pray when did you see him ? "

" Just now," she replied : and Mrs. Felton turned pale ; while Emma with great composure added, " We found him reclining on the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, and he evidently had been in tears."

" O, yes ! - O, yes ! " in a hurried manner answered Mrs. Felton, " he is very uneasy about his mother, and thinks of setting off directly for England ; that is all, I assure you, that afflicts him." And Emma, with a sarcastic smile, which she meant Mrs. Felton to perceive, as she turned from her, in silence led the way back to the drawing-room.

The

The truth was, that Mrs. St. Aubyn was better, not worse. Still her son, unable to bear to be in Paris during the time of Emma's marriage, set off for England as soon as he left the Petits Augustins; and perhaps, like Emma herself, he was in his heart cheered and consoled by the meeting of that morning, and the emotion that he had witnessed.

As soon as Mrs. Felton and her friends from K—— had taken leave, Emma set off in Mrs. Castlemain's carriage for Montmorenci, and alone; for the only woman servant that they had brought with them was wanted to attend on her grandmother, who had had at least the wisdom to teach both Agatha and Emma habits of independence, habits which rendered the poverty of the former more bearable than it would otherwise have been, and guarded the other against many inconveniencies and difficulties to which those

those women are exposed who have been accustomed to depend entirely on servants for the duties of the toilette. Yes, Emma and Agatha, though heiresses, could really dress and undress themselves!

“I shall see you I hope during my visit, sir,” said Emma to Mr. Egerton as she got into the carriage, and proceeded on her journey,—little conscious what trials and what dangers awaited her at Montmorenci.

But to return to St. Aubyn.—It was lucky for him that he set off for England when he did, as by that means he avoided receiving a letter, desiring him, if he wished to see his mother alive, to return immediately: therefore, being already on the road when this letter reached Paris, he was spared the agony of travelling, an agony insupportable to an affectionate heart, in terror lest he should arrive too late. As it was, though he expected to find

find his mother ill, he did not expect to find her dying; and when he reached Keswick he found that, so far from the account given in the letter which never reached him being the literal truth, Mrs. St. Aubyn was likely to live some weeks longer, though all hope of her recovery must prove to be vain.

After having shown Mrs. St. Aubyn in the degraded light of a detected criminal, I could not venture to obtrude her on the notice of my readers again, till I could exhibit her in that sad and fearful state in which one is disposed to pardon the most guilty their offences, because they can offend no more, and may soon be within the reach of that judgement more terrible than any punishment which human justice can inflict.

When he arrived, the surgeon who attended Mrs. St. Aubyn, seeing him drive up, met him at the door in order to prepare him for the change which had taken place

place in her during his absence. The wish of serving an interesting emigrant family, whom some peculiar circumstances of distress had thrown in St. Aubyn's way, as much as a desire of seeing France, had induced him to go abroad; an excursion in which his uncle, being by chance in a good humour when he requested his leave to undertake it, enabled him to indulge himself in a manner worthy of his expectations in life; while his poor mother taught herself even to rejoice in his absence by the thought of the pretty things he would bring her from Paris. St. Aubyn, therefore, could not accuse himself with justice of having violated any duty by his foreign tour. Still, when he saw his certainly, though slowly, declining parent, his agony was so great as to make him bitterly reproach himself for having left her so long. In the first place, indeed, he had left her, to fulfil a military duty; but if
 he

he had not gone to France, he thought his attentive care and tenderness might have prevented her being guilty of the imprudence which brought on her complaint, as during his leave of absence he should have returned to the Vale House, and been with her at the time when her love of youthful dress had made her go to a sort of fête champêtre on the lake, which was extended into the evening, too lightly clothed to bear the chill of the autumnal wind, especially as at that very moment she was oppressed with a severe cold.

When St. Aubyn saw her first on his return, she was sitting up in an easy chair, breathing with difficulty, and one meagre cheek pale as death itself, while the other was glowing with the bright red of fever. Her son, scarcely able to control his emotion, sprung towards her, and, reclining her drooping head against his bosom, wept over her in silence.

“Aye,

“Aye, my dear Henry,” she faintly articulated, “you little knew how ill I was, or I am sure you would have come sooner; but I am now getting well very fast; so don’t distress yourself, for you know the sight of you will do me quite as much good as medicine.—Well, but I hope you have brought me some pretty gowns and trinkets from Paris. I have been quite reckoning upon them, I do assure you.” And St. Aubyn, glad for an excuse to leave the room and give vent to his feelings, went in search of the expected presents. They consisted of fans, gold pins, broaches, &c., and two pieces of sarsnet for gowns.

The poor invalid was delighted with all she saw, and eagerly looked forward to the time when she should excite the envy and admiration of the town and country by wearing her Paris finery; while St. Aubyn, unable to bear this language

guage of hope, which he well knew was the result of mortal disease, was again and again obliged to leave the room, in order to conceal the emotion which he felt. One of the pieces of sarsnet was dark, and his mother told him it was too old and grave for her; but the other, being what was called a French white, suited her taste exactly, as she pronounced it to be very becoming to the complexion.

That evening, while his mother by the aid of anodynes procured a little sleep, St. Aubyn visited Mr. Hargrave, who received him very graciously, nay, with a degree of involuntary respect; for the colonel had written to him a detail of his nephew's bravery, and the praises bestowed on him by the First Consul; and though his jealousy of his nephew was considerably increased by the means, his pride in him increased in proportion, and
spite

spite of himself he felt that he was in the presence of a superior.

St. Aubyn told him that he earnestly desired he would allow him to resign his commission, as, if he had not an insuperable objection to remain amongst men who had been so willing to disgrace and discard him, he could not bear to be under the necessity of leaving his mother, as his attentions and care, if they could not prolong her life, might at least smooth her way to death.

“ Pshaw ! ” cried Mr. Hargrave, to whom the idea of his sister’s death was as insupportable as to her son from different motives, “ the old girl will recover again, never fear : however, resign and welcome if you choose. But harkye ! don’t come hither any more with that ugly long face, for your mother is in no more danger than I am, unless that ghostly visage of yours
should

should frighten her into convulsions, by reminding her too powerfully of her latter end." And St. Aubyn, not feeling himself able to endure this sort of coarse banter so uncongenial to his feelings, took an early farewell of his uncle and returned to Keswick, where he was resolved in future to pass every day and every night,— a determination very disagreeable to Mr. Hargrave; but as he was a little in awe of what other people might say, he did not venture to forbid St. Aubyn's performance of the duties of a son.

If Mr. Hargrave had been possessed of supernatural power, his sister would have borne about " a charmed life," and her existence would have been at least as long as his own. Not for any great affection that he bore her, but because with her life, he knew, all his power over St. Aubyn must end, as he, for her dear sake alone, had endured in patient silence the
goad-

goadings of his tyranny, and even sacrificed on the altar of filial piety the best and dearest wishes of his pure and deeply-feeling heart.

I will now explain the reasons of his mysterious conduct towards the family at the White Cottage. I have before said, that Mr. Hargrave in his heart never liked either Mrs. Castlemain or Mr. Eger-ton, for many cogent reasons. In the first place, they were of ancient families, and he was apt to hate any one who possessed an advantage which must be for ever unenjoyed by himself:—in the next place, he knew that they preferred his nephew to himself,—another unpardonable fault; and finally, he had never forgiven what he considered as the triumph of that conceited girl, Emma Castle-main, over those splenetic effusions of his malignant disposition, of which, though he had not power to overcome them, he had

sense

sense enough to be conscious and ashamed. Still he knew not how, respected and respectable as Mrs. Castlemain was, to refuse what he saw would probably be proposed to him, namely, an union between his nephew and Emma, as he foresaw that every one of his acquaintance would blame him for such a refusal, and his detestable temper be more commented upon and abused than ever. But the guilt of his sister, and the disclosure which followed, put it in his power to prevent such an offer being made, and to cause his innocent nephew to appear at least as much in fault as himself in dropping the acquaintance of the family at the White Cottage. While his pride was irritated to madness by Mr. Egerton's proposal of emancipating St. Aubyn from his tyranny by maintaining both the son and the mother, the soothing consciousness came over his mind, that the reputation of his unhappy
sister

sister was now in his power, and by that means his noble-minded nephew also.

The day after that fatal business of the bank-note, he called his nephew into his study, and told him that he saw very clearly his devoted attachment to miss Castlemain; but as he never would consent to his union with her, he peremptorily forbade him to think of her more, or even to continue his acquaintance with any one of those three disagreeables, as he chose to call them: while St. Aubyn, who had learnt from him the preceding evening Mr. Egerton's offer in his favour, and who thought he might at least accept from that gentleman's bounty the means of procuring a livelihood for himself, though he shrunk from the idea of incurring a pecuniary obligation without the prospect of returning it, coolly assured his uncle, that he could not and would not resign those hopes and that society
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which alone gave a value to existence ; but accepting Mr. Egerton's offer for his mother till by his aid he could, by labouring in a profession, be rich enough to maintain her himself, he should, though reluctantly, resign his claims to his uncle's favour and support, if they could be retained only at the expense of sacrificing his dearest affections and friendships.

“ Then this is your decision, is it ? ” asked Mr. Hargrave with the smile of a dæmon.

“ It is.”

“ Then hear me, sir,” he replied. “ I will this instant take the most dreadful and solemn oath that ever passed the lips of man, that if you persist in refusing to give up, gradually indeed, but finally, and without assigning any reason, all intercourse with those accursed people who have seduced your affections from me to fix them on themselves, I will
proclaim

proclaim to the whole town of Keswick and to its neighbourhood, that the mother who is the beloved object of your filial, nay, I might say, your paternal, care, that mother bequeathed to you and your protecting love by your father on his death-bed, is an unprincipled wretch, and a detected thief. Her reputation, sir, shall be blasted wherever her person is known, till even the sentimentalists at the White Cottage shrink from her with aversion, and she pines away under the agonies of wounded vanity and pride, till she sinks into the shelter of the grave!"

St. Aubyn, on hearing this dreadful threat, which he well knew that Mr. Hargrave was capable of executing, sunk on a chair horror-struck, and almost heart-broken: and it was some minutes before he was composed enough even to think; and when he was, misery seemed to encompass him, till that filial piety, which in him was a principle as much as a feeling,

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ing, held out to him consolation for the sorrows to which it doomed him; and convinced that in time, at least, every sacrifice to duty is rewarded, he faintly assured his uncle that his wishes should be obeyed, and he would gradually, but ultimately, break off all intercourse with the family at the White Cottage.

“But I must have your oath, sir!” cried Mr. Hargrave. And St. Aubyn, firmly grasping and devoutly kissing that book, whence his courage to devote himself was derived, took the oath required, and a few hours after wrote the letter which alarmed and distressed Mr. Egerton.

But spite of his oath, he felt that even the fear of betraying himself would make him do so involuntarily if he continued to see or converse at all even with Mr. Egerton; and rigidly indeed did this most exemplary son fulfil the painful duty that his cruel relation imposed.

Now, however, the moment was come when the grave indeed was opening to shelter his mother from every evil that a tyrant could inflict, and free his noble victim from the chains that had galled him so long ; but yet not, alas ! time enough to restore to him those hopes which once he had delighted to indulge.

Mr. Hargrave, averse to believe the unwelcome truth, that the hour of St. Aubyn's deliverance approached, persisted to think his sister was in no danger ; and as he had never condescended to visit her, he could not be convinced of her situation by ocular demonstration.

But three days after St. Aubyn's return, and while he was watching in silent sorrow over that fading parent, who little suspected that she was the unworthy cause of his separation from the friends whom he loved best, he was informed that his uncle was in the next room and desired
to

to see him : and St. Aubyn, wondering at this unusual visit, waited on him in the adjoining apartment.

Mr. Hargrave met him with smiles unusually gracious; and after asking how the old girl was, more from habit than feeling, (for he did not wait to hear the answer,) he told St. Aubyn that he came to speak to him on important business, and to put him in the way of making his fortune with very little trouble, and that of the most agreeable kind.

St. Aubyn, shocked at his levity at a moment so serious, only bowed his head as awaiting an explanation. It came too soon; for Mr. Hargrave called to propose to him a marriage with a young lady, the heiress of a very rich tradesman, who had seen him, and admired him prodigiously, and whose father was very desirous of the connexion. “For my
L 2 part,”

part," added Mr. Hargrave, "it suits me exactly; for the girl's father is a man of yesterday like myself; and therefore can't be also throwing his rotten old ancestors in my face, like her majesty of Castlemain. So hark ye, my boy! I desire you will, as soon as your mother gets better, set off for town, and fall a-courting with all your might."

"Never, never, sir," replied St. Aubyn. "To your will I resigned every hope of earthly happiness, except what arose from the consciousness of duty fulfilled; but never will I marry at the bidding of any created being, though utter ruin of every worldly prospect were the instant result of my determination."

"Do not provoke me, sir!" replied Mr. Hargrave, "remember, remember, who is in my power."

"I do remember," solemnly replied
St.

St. Aubyn; "but at the same time I know that you dare not use that power against her."

"Dare not? It is false. If you refuse to obey me, before I return home, I will blast your mother's fame for ever!"

"No, sir, no," again resumed St. Aubyn, "I defy you to be so base and so brutal! Sir, I will not allow you to calumniate yourself thus. You are not the cruel and wicked man that you represent yourself to be. You have a heart capable of human feelings and human sympathies; and once more I *defy* you, at a moment like this, to utter aught against my dying mother, and your dying sister! Look there, sir!" he added, throwing open the door of his mother's chamber.

Mrs. St. Aubyn was sitting up in the bed, and looking at herself in a pocket-glass. On seeing her brother, an expression

pression of joy escaped her, and she eagerly begged him to come in. - At first he did not, for he could not obey her. With her face fallen away, even to the slender dimensions of sickly infancy, her teeth frightfully white from the transparency incident to disease, her eyes radiant from fever, and her cheeks glowing with the unwholesome bloom of consumption, while her oppressed breathing betrayed the nature and the danger of her illness,—Mr. Hargrave beheld that Henrietta whose beauty had once been his pride, whose weakness had made her his dependent, and whose days he was conscious of having imbittered by the terrible inflictions of his oppressive temper.

“Why do you not come to my bedside?” repeated Mrs. St. Aubyn, while Mr. Hargrave stood gazing on her in silence, the big tear swelling in his eye, and his voice choked by strong emotion.

tion. At length he drew near, and, grasping her meagre and burning hand, just articulated, "I did not think you had been so ill," and burst into tears.

"No; I thought you did not, or you would have come to see me," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, who always esteemed a visit from her rich brother as a great favour. "But I am getting well fast now,—only see what a fine colour I have got! all my own too, I assure you—not rouge—you don't like rouge, you know. And Henry has brought me such beautiful gowns! and such pretty things! The first time I come to dine with you, brother, I shall put some of them on."

Mr. Hargrave, overcome by surprise and a variety of emotions, vainly endeavoured to answer her. At last, he grasped her hand convulsively, kissed that cheek now becoming as wan as it was
red

red before, then, without looking at St. Aubyn, left the room and the house.

“ Well, did you ever see the like ? ” cried Mrs. St. Aubyn as soon as he was gone. “ But that is so like my brother ! When I was very ill, he never came near me, as if he did not care a farthing for me ; and now that I am so much better, he comes to see me, and cries as if I was dying ! ”

St. Aubyn could not answer her, but he felt certain in his own mind that his mother's reputation would remain *unhurt*.

The next day Mr. Hargrave sent a confidential servant to offer St. Aubyn any sum of money that he wanted to defray the expenses of illness, and begging that he would send for a physician from London, if he thought any thing could save her. St. Aubyn was affected even
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to tears, at this proof of remorseful affection; but returned for answer, that the physician in the neighbourhood, on whose judgement he could rely, had assured him that all hope was over. The surgeon, meanwhile, who was brother to the rector of the parish, had thought it right to hint to Mrs. St. Aubyn, that she had better settle her affairs; and ventured to ask her, if he should request his brother to read prayers to her. On hearing this, her surprise and her anger were beyond description.

“What, sir, are you ignorant enough to think me dying,” she exclaimed, “and cruel enough to tell me so? No, sir, I am not dying; and when I want you and your brother, I will send for you. Till then I desire you not to come near my house.” This scene, when related to St. Aubyn, gave him increased pain; and he told the surgeon that those religious

rites, which, when desired, were soothing and salutary to the conscious sufferer, would be only irritating and alarming to a being who persisted in the belief that her danger was over, and whose mind was therefore not in a state to profit by the visit he recommended.

Another month Mrs. St. Aubyn struggled with her disorder; but at the end of that period she sunk unconsciously into the sleep of death, breathing her last on the bosom of him, whom, in the pride of her heart, she had proclaimed to be "the best of sons."

Though her death freed St. Aubyn from a thralldom that was become insupportable, he felt with bitterness. He felt too as if he were alone in the world; as if he had lost the only being that really loved him, and whose interests were the same as his own. Besides, as we are all, I am convinced, more attached by the sense of the
benefits

benefits we confer, than of those which we receive, St. Aubyn felt himself bound to his mother the more, from the consciousness of the sacrifices which he had made for her sake. He had not seen his uncle since his visit to desire him to marry; he now wrote to him to tell him all was over, and to say that he wished his mother to be buried by his father in the family vault at St. Aubyn, if he could gain leave to do so from its present possessor, that estate having passed again to a new owner.

Mr. Hargrave did not write an answer; but he sent his confidential servant again to say, that Mr. St. Aubyn was welcome to bury his mother how and where he pleased, and to draw on him for any sum that he desired. The servant at the same time informed him that his uncle was on the point of marriage with a young lady, who, with her mother, was then staying at the Vale House; but that, out of com-
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pliment to his sister's memory, he meant to delay the ceremony a month.

It was indeed true that Mr. Hargrave, finding that St. Aubyn would now be no longer the slave of his will, resolved to marry, hoping to have a child of his own, in order to disinherit and punish his nephew.

But St. Aubyn felt more surprise than mortification at the news, and instantly prepared to fulfil the mournful task that awaited him; and having obtained leave from a Mr. Browne, the agent of the gentleman to whom St. Aubyn now belonged, and who was at that time abroad, to let his mother be interred in the family vault, he set off for that place, which, though only twelve miles off, he had not seen since the death of his father, to perform the last duties to the parent whom he had lost.

St. Aubyn was too conversant with the virtue of self-command to disturb the sacred

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cred solemnity by any bursts of grief, and in calm and silent melancholy he witnessed the last rites, and listened to the affecting service : but when it was over, he desired to be shown into the vault, and suffered to remain there a short time alone. Then he gave vent to the long-smothered agony of his soul, and then he gratified its affectionate triumph also ; then too he reaped the reward of his patient and self-denying virtue, for he threw himself on the coffin of his father ; and as he did so his heart throbbed with the proud consciousness that he had punctually fulfilled the promise given to that dying father, and, to save the mother then confided to his care, had not hesitated a moment to sacrifice himself. St. Aubyn had followed the dictates of a blind impulse, and had for the bravery that he displayed been honoured with the title of hero, and the praises of a hero. But his claims to that name were founded on a
better

better right ; he was a hero in domestic life ; in the rugged field of self-denial he had fought the most difficult of all fights, he had warred against temper and his own conflicting interests and passions, he had struggled for, and had obtained, that greatest of *all-victories*, a conquest over *himself*.

When St. Aubyn had taken his last look at all that now remained of his parents, he asked permission to see once more the well-remembered house ; and on entering it he found that the servant who took care of it, had with officious civility provided refreshments for him and the surgeon who accompanied him. But St. Aubyn could not eat ; and outstepping his guide, he passed with eager and breathless emotion from one room to another, till he entered an apartment decorated with family pictures, amongst which, the first that met his eye was a fine whole-length of his mother, with him, a child,
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on her lap. St. Aubyn looked at it, shuddered, and turned away ; but recovering himself, he turned round again, and gazed on its companion, a whole-length picture of his father, the eyes of which, as they looked directly forward, seemed to meet the glistening eyes and affectionate glance of his son. St. Aubyn continued to gaze on this picture, and with a self-approving feeling that almost recompensed him for all his sorrows, " Thank God, I can bear to look him in the face!" he exclaimed aloud : then bursting into tears, he hurried through the other rooms, and hastened to the garden to visit the best-remembered walks.

" It was here," thought he, " that I bounded along with all the vivacity of childhood ; and there, I remember, I used to sit while I learnt my first lessons."

The sound of the village clock had a peculiarity in it which he had not forgotten ; and as it struck, it seemed to his ear
like

like the voice of a long separated friend. But at last the painful present proved superior to the pleasant associations and remembrances of past times; and not daring to trust himself in the manor-house again, he beckoned his companion, jumped into the mourning coach, and bade, as he believed, an eternal adieu to the scenes of his childhood, and the last home of his beloved parents.

They were not above six miles on their return to Keswick, when the coachman was desired to stop, and a horseman rode up to the window. It was one of Mr. Hargrave's servants, who came to desire St. Aubyn to gallop with all possible expedition to the Vale House, as his uncle, just as he had taken the pen in his hand to sign the marriage articles, was seized with a paralytic stroke, and his life was despaired of, though his senses were returned; that, when asked whether his nephew should be sent for, his countenance

nance expressed pleasure, and with a nod of approbation he tried to say "Yes—Henry;" and the servant came off immediately. St. Aubyn instantly mounted the servant's horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

He found his uncle quite sensible, but nearly speechless; and St. Aubyn, whose heart was rendered more than usually susceptible, sobbed audibly as he leaned over the pillow of the invalid, who appeared evidently gratified by the emotion he expressed; and pressing his hand with that which was unstricken with disease, he said with difficulty, "Good—Henry—kind" and he seemed uneasy whenever St. Aubyn left the bedside.

Nor was this chamber of death at all cheered by those quiet yet touching attentions which sickness usually insures; and St. Aubyn could not help contrasting it with the sick chamber of his mother.

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He had found Mrs. St. Aubyn, whose manners had always been kind and unoffending, surrounded by all the little comforts which her sick state required. Her servant and her nurse were tender and attentive, her neighbours and friends assiduous, and profuse in their offers of service; and all that could be done to save and assist her, had been done even before he arrived. But no such anxiety, no such actively kind feelings had been called forth in Mr. Hargrave's family and acquaintance by his sudden and mortal illness.

The violence and obliquities of his temper had alienated all hearts from him; and as it was soon ascertained that his recovery was impossible, his servants and dependents, no longer actuated either by fear or hope, administered to his wants with apathy and neglect; and, like the beasts in the fable, trampled on the lion when dead, whom living they dreaded to encounter.

encounter. While Mrs. Beaumont, the lady who was going to sacrifice her daughter to Mr. Hargrave, believing that he had made a will in favour of the latter, did not wish to have his life preserved, and therefore gave no orders to that purpose; and the servants, who loved St. Aubyn as much as they disliked their master, felt their indifference towards him increased by their resentment at his having resolved to marry, in order to injure the interest of his nephew.

But as soon as St. Aubyn arrived the scene changed; the first tears which he shed over the restless bed of the invalid, softened their hearts towards him also; and when he ordered the same physician to be sent for who had attended his mother, blaming at the same time their remissness in not having sent for him immediately, his orders were obeyed with the most exemplary alacrity

ty, and all that attendance could do for the sufferer was instantly put in action.

Mr. Hargrave appeared evidently disturbed and angry when Mrs. Beaumont, the mother of his intended wife, came into the room ; and when with officious civility she offered to shift his pillow, or give him any medicine, he waved her from him with a sort of horror, and would take nothing from any hand but that of his nephew. Here again was a triumph for St. Aubyn ! His years of patient forbearance, and the fulfilment of painful duties, had won for him even the affection of this strange, wayward, and misanthropical relation ; and at that awful moment when ourselves and others appear to us as they really are, St. Aubyn's virtues rose in full remembrance before Mr. Hargrave, and he coveted and enjoyed to receive from him those affectionate aids and attentions, which forcibly spoke

spoke that all his unkindness was forgotten, and his cruelties forgiven.

The next day he grew evidently weaker and weaker, and seemed in great pain because he could not articulate what he wished to say; but towards evening he grasped St. Aubyn's hand repeatedly, and indistinctly uttered, "You—all—love—you—give—all—yours." In a day or two after it was St. Aubyn's mournful task to close the eyes of his last surviving relation.

St. Aubyn, now accompanied by the medical attendants and the confidential servant, made a strict search for a will; for though what his uncle seemed struggling to say implied that there was no will, and he consequently would inherit every thing, yet he could not believe that, in his anger for his disobedience, Mr. Hargrave had not willed away his fortune from him. But he was mistaken. No will could be found. Therefore, after writing to
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the Cumberland and London bankers to inquire whether they had a will in their custody, and receiving an answer in the negative, St. Aubyn was convinced that his uncle meant him to be his sole heir, and he proceeded accordingly.

Poor St. Aubyn! How often, while reflecting on the immense possessions which now were his, did he recollect Mr. Eger-ton's expression, as he grieved by the cold corse of Clara Ainslie! "It comes too late!" said he in the bitterness of his heart, when he found that the long-ex-pected living was his; and the same ex-pression often hovered on the lip of St. Aubyn, for the same consciousness throbbed powerfully at his heart.

As Mrs. Beaumont had not offered to leave the house, and St. Aubyn, out of respect to his uncle's memory, wished to show her and her daughter every possible civility, he suffered them to continue his
 guests,

guests, and three days before the funeral was to take place he requested an interview with the ladies.

Mrs. Beaumont was a vulgar, unfeeling, tyrannical, avaricious, rapacious woman, and she had forced her mild and timid daughter to sacrifice herself for riches to an old and unamiable man ; knowing too, as she did so, that her daughter was engaged to another whom she loved with the tenderest affection. Nothing could exceed Mrs. Beaumont's anger and disappointment when she heard that no will could be found ; and she did not scruple to hint that wills had been known to be spirited away ; for she knew that Mr. Hargrave's chief motive for marrying was pique against his nephew ; and she flattered herself that, when every thing was fixed for his marriage with her niece, whom he met with during his last journey to London at the house of his broker, he
would

would have made a will immediately in her favour. This idea had made her contented with the very paltry settlement of five hundred per annum, which this rich man offered her daughter, being much too wise not to make it his young wife's interest to behave well to him, that his will might remedy the scantiness of the settlement. But Mrs. Beaumont was apt to flatter herself, and her disappointments were of course frequent and violent.

When St. Aubyn waited on her, she was still so angry that he expected she would every minute declare that it was a scandalous shame his uncle should have presumed to die before he married her daughter; and she certainly did say she had never met with such usage before in her life. But seeing St. Aubyn looking at her daughter with admiring eyes, she changed her tone; and wisely considering that the nephew would make a much better

ter son-in-law than the uncle, she took care to let St. Aubyn know that a marriage with Mr. Hargrave was much against miss Beaumont's will ; for, like all young women, she would have preferred a *young* man. Then followed a detail of all her daughter's qualifications to render the marriage state happy ; and when it was ended, she had the pleasure of seeing St. Aubyn take her blushing and distressed child by the hand, and request a private conversation with her in another room, whither he conducted her. But while the delighted Mrs. Beaumont was saying to herself, "Aye ; I am the woman to manage, after all ; let me alone ; I am always sure of my market ;" St. Aubyn, with many apologies for the liberty he was taking, requested to know whether it was really against her will that the engagement with his uncle was entered into ? And the poor girl with many tears assured

him that she would much rather have died than been the wife of Mr. Hargrave.

“ May I now venture to ask if there was any man whom you preferred ? ” And her silence, her downcast eye, and blushing cheek evidently told that there was.

“ Your silence answers my question sufficiently,” replied St. Aubyn ; “ and I can only excuse to you my freedom in asking you the question, by telling you my reasons for it. Had death delayed his summons to my poor uncle only a short time, you would have been enabled by independence to resist in future any attempt of your no doubt fond but mistaken parent to force you into a hated, and, in my mind, unprincipled marriage ; and marriages of such a nature are so abhorrent to my feelings, that I will always do all in my power to prevent them. Therefore, for my own sake,
my

my dear miss Beaumont, I beg you to accept from me a deed of settlement of two hundred a year on you for life." He could not go on ; for the poor girl, overcome with his generosity, interrupted him with such clamorous expressions of feeling, that it was doubtful whether he must not have summoned her mother to her assistance. St. Aubyn had heard from his uncle's physician a very high character of this poor girl ; and wishing to free her from the tyranny of her mother, of whom report spoke ill, he resolved to give her what he could not possibly miss from his income, in order to insure her the independence which she deserved. He felt also still more inclined to serve her, when he learnt that she was in love ; and suspected that poverty might be the cause that that love was hopeless. As soon, therefore, as she recovered her composure, he asked her if her lover (politely
M 2 saying

saying that he concluded she was beloved in return) would have any objection to take orders; and the artless girl, thrown off her guard, replied; "Sir, Mr. Alton has been in orders some time."

"Alton!" cried St. Aubyn; "Alton! Was he of Trinity College, Cambridge?"

"He was, sir; and I have often heard him mention your kindness to him."

This information delighted St. Aubyn, for he found the lover of miss Beaumont was that very Alton whom he used to defend against the vulgar, low-life banter of Popkison and his friends. St. Aubyn, then informed her that he had long esteemed her lover, and that he now liked him still better for the choice that he had made; assuring her at the same time, that when the incumbent on a living in his gift was dead, (and he was at the point of death,) he would bestow the living on Mr. Alton.

"And

“And now,” added he, while miss Beaumont could only weep her thanks, do you wish that I should tell Mrs. Beaumont all that has passed?” And as she gladly acceded to this considerate offer, he led her back into the room where they had left her mother.

Mrs. Beaumont was quite amazed to behold her daughter in tears, and reproved her for her folly in spoiling her pretty eyes. But when St. Aubyn told her that he had taken the liberty to request miss Beaumont's acceptance of two hundred pounds a year for life, she thought it proper to squeeze a few tears into her eyes too, and to thank him for his generosity, which, in her heart, she could scarcely help suspecting was owing to a qualm of conscience for having suppressed a will. St. Aubyn then, instead of hinting, as she hoped he would do, his wish to cultivate her acquaintance, in order to forward

ward

ward his intended suit to her daughter, began to plead the cause of Mr. Alton; which threw Mrs. Beaumont into a most violent passion, and she declared, she wondered at her daughter's want of spirit, for that with two hundred pounds a year in her pocket, "who knew but that she might marry well!"

"But, madam, how do you know," replied St. Aubyn, "that I shall give your daughter this potent two hundred a year, if she does not marry this identical Mr. Alton, my friend, to whom I destine a very fine living, now on the point of being vacated?"

"O ho!" cried Mrs. Beaumont: "Your friend! Mr. Alton is your friend, is he, sir? Oh! that alters the case entirely, and I shall be happy to call my daughter Mrs. Alton as soon as she chooses."

To be brief: St. Aubyn, having made
a short

a short will, but according to the dictates of justice, affection and benevolence, wisely considering that things of such importance should never be delayed a day, and having in that will settled the two hundred pounds a year on the future Mrs. Alton, set off for France, buoyed up only too often by the idea that perhaps something had occurred to break off the engagement between Emma and Balfour, and thereby preparing for himself all the *bitterness of disappointment*.

But while he is on his way to Paris, let us return to our heroine. She had passed a quiet fortnight at Montmorenci, during which time she had been visited by Mrs. Castlemain, Mr. Egerton, and Mrs. Felton, who had, she observed, an air of great anxiety, and was very desirous of knowing how soon her marriage was to take place; when, just as she was preparing to return to Paris, Fanny Balfour

four

four, and her governess also, became alarmingly ill, and so did the other inhabitants of the chateau; and in three days time it was known beyond dispute, that the disorder was that terrible scourge the scarlet fever. Emma, who was busily employed in nursing Fanny, was excessively distressed on hearing what her complaint was, because she well knew the anxiety of mind that Mrs. Castlemain and Mr. Egerton would feel at knowing that she was exposed to such danger, especially as her grandmother had a decided horror and fear of infection, which her good sense could scarcely keep in any bounds. But hoping that neither they, nor Balfour, would learn the true state of the case; she wrote to them to say, that Fanny Balfour was too unwell for her to think of leaving her yet, and to wish that they would delay their next visit till she was better. In the meanwhile, she took
upon

upon herself the office of chief nurse both night and day.

It was nine days before Fanny was declared entirely out of danger; and the disorder left her so weak, that she still required attentive nursing. But in the meanwhile the public papers had not been so discreet as Emma; and her affectionate friends and her impetuous lover had both read in the newspaper that an infectious fever had broken out in the chateau de Montmorenci! Mrs. Castlemain, though she had received a letter from Emma only the day before, expressing herself to be in perfect health, could scarcely retain her senses at the idea of the danger she was in; and affection getting the better of all personal fear, she insisted on going to Montmorenci immediately. But Mr. Egerton, fancying that in the present state of her feelings she would be almost sure to catch the disorder,

der, if she breathed the infectious air, insisted on being allowed to go alone to fetch back Emma to Paris; and to this proposal Mrs. Castlemain reluctantly agreed.

As soon as Emma saw what was published, she expected a summons to Paris, and was consequently on the watch for the arrival of her grandmother's carriage. As soon, therefore, as she saw it approaching, she ran down stairs to prevent its coming near the door, and also to forbid whoever was in it to alight. Mr. Egerton, though charmed to see her so well, was quite agitated at beholding her, and conjured her to let him convey her immediately to Paris.

“I feel as I ought,” replied Emma, “the kindness which dictates this request; but I am not the less resolved to refuse compliance with it.”

“To refuse!”

“Yes. Would you have me so base
and

and so selfish as to leave my friend here at a time when she wants my assistance; and, in order to procure very problematical safety to myself, (for perhaps I should carry the seeds of the disorder away with me,) run the risk of spreading infection, and of infecting both you and my grandmother, and all the inhabitants of our hotel? No, my dear sir, thanks to you, far from me has ever been, and ever shall be such sordid selfishness.—I am at my post, and never will I desert it.” While Mr. Egerton, though agonized at her probable danger, forbore to combat what his principles told him was just, and with a heavy heart returned again to Paris.

I will not attempt to describe the anxiety which he and Mrs. Castlemain experienced while the disorder lasted; and during six successive weeks, it kept breaking out in different persons; consequently, Emma was obliged to remain
where

where she was, lest she should, by removing, carry infection along with her.

During that period, Balfour had come over twice, and the first time he had with difficulty been prevented entering the house, and insisting on helping Emma to nurse his sister ; but meeting him at the gates, she had, at length, succeeded in bringing him to reason, and had even prevailed on him to let three weeks pass before he came again.

His father, meanwhile, had come through Paris, and was gone to a lodging at Versailles, the air there being thought better for him than that of the metropolis; but he had been too ill to see any one on his way, and he still remained very much indisposed, though better, he believed, for the change of air.

When Emma had been at Montmorenci about a fortnight, an East Indian family took apartments in the Castle ; and
in

in about three weeks after, an elderly mulatto woman, their servant, whom illness had detained at Paris, joined them there when the fever was at its height.

At this time, so many both of servants and their masters and mistresses were ill of the disorder, that they had not nurses and attendants sufficient; and it was difficult to prevail on any new ones to come, so great was the panic occasioned by the disease. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that when the poor mulatto became in her turn attacked with this terrible disorder, she could receive proper attendance while persons of more consequence and more use than herself, required it equally.

Dr. M—, a very skilful English physician, was regular in his attendance at the chateau, and Emma gave her friend nothing without his advice and approbation.

One morning, recollecting that she had forgotten to ask him a question of some importance, she lay wait for him on the landing-place which communicated with the mulatto's room, and as she stood there she overheard the following conversation in French :—

“ Then you think this poor Indian is so bad that she must die ? ”

“ I think,” said Dr. M——, “ poor creature, that she must die, because she cannot, I find, have attendance sufficient to save her. If you could get some good nurse who can be depended upon to sit up with her tonight, which is the crisis of the fever, and can get medicine and wine down in large quantities, she might live; but I cannot sit up myself, as I must perform that duty by a patient at Paris : Therefore, I fear, the poor woman stands a bad chance for her life.”

Emma now heard the voice of the mulatto,

latto, who, in the hoarse impeded utterance of disease, said in broken English,

“ Ah! I must die, for nobody cares for, and comes near, poor Lola ! ”

Dr. M—— hearing this, kindly spoke words of encouragement to her; then turned away in some emotion, being conscious how fallacious were the hopes he gave.

Emma met him as he left the room, and drew from him a statement of the mulatto's case, like what she had overheard: but she found that though she had the fever worse than any one, the constant care of one night alone might give a favourable turn to the disorder. She then asked the question she wanted relative to Fanny Balfour; and finding that she was so well that she did not want her attendance, she went to bed, though it was noon, and soon fell into a sound and refreshing sleep.

It

It was evening before she awoke, and she found that Dr. M——, anxious about some of his patients, was come to visit them again. Emma immediately arose, hastily dressed herself in a long white bedgown, and, fastening up her fine hair under a close morning cap, stole out of her room, and, unseen took a seat by the bedside of the mulatto; being resolved to sit up herself with the poor neglected Lola.

Dr. M—— started with surprise when he saw Emma, who, with firmness not to be overcome, assured him, that as he believed attention might save the poor woman's life, and she was able and willing to afford that attention, she should consider herself as accessory to the death of a fellow-creature if she did not do all in her power to save her; "and," added she, "as I have already adjusted her pillow for her, and given her some
drink,

drink, I conclude that I have incurred sufficient danger to make it a matter of no moment whether I remain here or not."

Dr. M——, rendered silent by respect for feelings so virtuous and benevolent, ceased to make any further objections; and having given Emma his directions in writing, she hung them up against the chimney piece along with her watch, that she might implicitly obey the instructions she received: and he took his leave, having promised to account for her absence to Fanny Balfour and her governess.

"Who are you?" said the mulatto, looking earnestly at Emma as she offered her a medicine at a stated time.

"I am your nurse," she replied, and you must do as I bid you."

"You! Oh! what a pretty nurse!" Then, without much difficulty, she swallowed

lowed the medicine, though not before Emma, wisely concluding that she would be more likely to obey her if she knew she was a lady, and not a servant, told her she was a lady of fortune who liked mulattos, and therefore came to nurse her. But during the greater part of the night her delirium ran so high, that Emma could not without difficulty get down the necessary quantity of wine and physic. In the middle of the night, Emma finding sleep only too likely to overpower her, and that reading increased her drowsiness, was at first at a loss what expedient to fix upon in order to keep herself awake; at length she resolved to go in search of her brush, and rouse herself by brushing her hair. Like her poor mother's, her hair was of a rich auburn, thick, waving, and glossy; and whenever she let it loose over her shoulders,

ers, as Agatha often wore hers, her likeness to her mother became unusually striking.

She was busily employed in the above-mentioned office, when she heard the mulatto talking very loud ; and fearful lest she should attempt to get out of bed, as she had once done before, she threw down her brush and ran to the bed-side, where she saw the poor woman sitting up in the bed in the height of delirious agitation ; but as soon as the mulatto looked on her, she gave a loud and fearful shriek, and hid her head under the bed-clothes, ever and anon lifting up her head, and saying, “ Go, go ! Pray don’t kill me ! Go, go ! take her away, take her away ! ”

The noise brought one of the nurses from the next chamber into the room ; and Emma, while this woman staid by the bed, twisted her hair under her cap again ; and
feeling

feeling chilly as morning began to dawn, she threw a red shawl round her, and, dismissing the nurse, resumed her station.

“Is she gone? Is she gone?” whispered the mulatto looking fearfully round: and Emma asked her whom she meant.

“Oh! I know! but I will not tell:—a terrible lady!” Then, examining Emma’s face and dress minutely, she said, “No, it was all a dream; and I am easy.”

By the time she expected to see Dr. M—— Emma had, with unwearied perseverance, forced the poor creature to take all the medicine and all the wine that he had ordered; and when he came, she had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing him declare that the pulse was fallen from 140 to 120, and that she had, to the best of his belief, saved the mulatto’s life.

“And now,” said he, “go, and do all you can to save your own more valuable life:—go and lie down, that, if you persist,

persist, as I see you will do, in watching half another night, you may be prepared to encounter the fatigue. And Emma, with a light heart and a self-approving conscience, obeyed him.

In another week or ten days the fever seemed to have done its worst, and no fresh person was seized with its symptoms; while, whether she had had the disease in her infancy, or from whatever cause, Emma herself as yet remained in perfect health.

But to return to St. Aubyn.—As soon as he reached Paris, he set off for the hotel of Mrs. Castlemain, and, I believe, never recollected that Mrs. Felton was in being. His intimacy with that lady was owing to her having art enough to draw from him the secret of his love, and cunning enough to indulge him in talking of it; by which means he preferred her society to that of any one; while she flattered herself

herself that it was very common for the confidante of a passion to become in time the object of it. It was true that he refused, in a fit of jealousy, to accompany her into Flanders, but not jealousy of *her*. The truth was, that he had heard sir Charles Maynard had followed Emma from K——, and was her declared lover in London; and when Mrs. Felton, finding sir Charles a passenger in their boat, pressed him to join them on their Flemish tour, he owned to Mrs. Felton, that the society of a man who might one day or other succeed with Emma was so insupportable, that he should proceed directly to Paris. As love for Mrs. Felton, therefore, had nothing to do with the motives that led him to associate with that lady, it is not to be wondered at that he should go to the Rue de la Concorde rather than to the Rue Vivienne. But on his way thither he met an English acquaintance,

ance, who was that odious being, a male gossip, and one of those idlers and loungers who will, if they meet you, insist on bestowing their tediousness upon you.

“Which way are you going, St. Aubyn?” cried this man.

“To the Rue de la Concorde.”

“Oh! well, I don’t care if I go that way too.”

Then seizing St. Aubyn’s arm, he began to tell him all the French and English gossip he had heard since he had been gone.

“So,” said he, “I suppose you know the match between Balfour and miss Castlemain is entirely off?”

“Off!” cried St. Aubyn breathless with emotion.

“Oh! yes, quite. Egad, death was very near getting the lady, for she has been at Montmorenci all the time the
bad

bad fever has been raging there. However, she has escaped, and is coming soon to Paris, I believe.”

St. Aubyn waited to hear no more; but rushing hastily from his astonished companion, he returned to his hotel to write a letter to Emma at Montmorenci. The letter, though almost incoherent from emotion, told her that every obstacle to his explanation of whatever had appeared ambiguous and capricious in his conduct towards his friends at the White Cottage was now removed, and there was not a secret of his heart, that, if allowed to see her, he would not reveal to one who always was, and ever would be, the sole unrivalled object of a passion ardent and eternal, even while it was entirely hopeless; but that now, as he understood, she was again *free*, he flattered himself that she would allow him to endeavour to win her affections from his now discarded

carded rival. This letter he put in the post, directed to the Chateau de Montmorenci, and with a beating heart he went to the Hotel des Etrangers, and inquired for Mr. Egerton.

He found him and Mrs. Castlemain together, and amazed beyond expression at his appearance and his emotion ; for he could not speak ; but seizing Mrs. Castlemain's hands he pressed them to his lips and burst into tears.

“ I conclude from your dress what has happened,” said Mrs. Castlemain kindly.

“ No, not all,” replied St. Aubyn. “ I have lost both my mother and my uncle ;” and Mrs. Castlemain thought in her heart he was a very fortunate person. He then begged to see Mr. Egerton alone, who immediately withdrew with him.

St. Aubyn then, as succinctly as possible, explained to him the reasons of his

conduct; while Mr. Egerton interrupted him,

“I thought so,—I knew your reasons when explained would redound to your honour. But, O that ever Emma should have been so rash and inconsiderate!”

“Rash! what do you mean?” cried St. Aubyn turning very pale.

“That Emma is irrevocably engaged to Balfour!”

“And I was told,” faltered out St. Aubyn, “that that affair was entirely at an end, or I certainly should not have written to her at Montmorenci!”

“And have you done so?”

“Yes, just before I came hither.”

“Poor, lost Emma!” exclaimed Mr. Egerton wringing his hands; “how she will lament her hard fate! for I know but too well that her heart is still fondly yours!” Mr. Egerton, when he had uttered these words, earnestly wished he could have

have recalled them ; but he could scarcely repent of them when he saw the joy they had given St. Aubyn, and heard him say, that he hoped Emma would feel the impropriety and dishonour of marrying Balfour, if in her heart she preferred him.

“ There is one chance for you,” said Mr. Egerton, after a pause ; “ I know that she will, on every principle of honour and justice, show your letter to Balfour, whom she will see tomorrow, and tell him whatever feelings that letter has revived in her bosom ; and on his decision, in consequence, depends your fate.”

St. Aubyn, then, too much agitated to pursue the subject further, tried to divert his attention by describing all that had passed since he saw him at the Palace. But he declined seeing Mrs. Castlemain again, as she was, Mr. Egerton said, very fond of Emma's marriage with Balfour, and

would be greatly distressed at the struggle which she would foresee in Emma's mind between love and honour. St. Aubyn, therefore, returned to his own hotel, and endeavoured to fortify his mind against the dreaded morrow.

Emma meanwhile, as she was preparing her mind to consider her union with Balfour as at no very distant period, (lord Clonawley having expressed a wish to see his son married and settled before his death, an event which his increasing infirmities made only too likely to occur,) received St. Aubyn's letter. With perturbation not to be described, she gazed on the well known characters, and, having perused the contents, sat for some moments in a state of seeming stupefaction. But uppermost of all her feelings seemed the joy of knowing she was so tenderly beloved; for every jealous thought
vanished

vanished before the assurance of that word never pledged to a falsehood ; and though St. Aubyn did not allege a single fact in his own justification, he was already, to the well-motived confidence of Emma, completely justified. But though the first moments were moments of pleasure, the succeeding ones were those of agony and despair.

At length she resolved, as Mr. Egerton had said she would do, to show Balfour the letter, and own to him all the feelings it had called forth.

After a night of restless anguish she arose, and was told that Mr. Balfour awaited her in the parlour. As soon as she appeared he ran to her, alarmed at her discoloured cheeks and swelled eyelids ; and she answered him by putting St. Aubyn's letter in his hand.

“ Well, madam,” replied he when he had

had read it, "what is this given to me for? Surely you cannot yet hesitate between Mr. St. Aubyn and me?"

"I wish you to decide," faintly returned Emma; "for I own to you, that this surety of his fidelity and entire innocence has revived in their full force my former feelings in his favour."

"Shame on you then!" replied Balfour with fiercest indignation. "Where is your surety for this gentleman's innocence and fidelity? Does he even condescend to name a single proof of this vaunted innocence? But you, forsooth, merciful and credulous being, are no sooner informed that he is tired of his Mrs. Felton, (his convenient mistress,) and wishes to return to you, but you, condescending creature, are ready at his beck to receive him again into favour, forgetful of the sacred claims of one who never loved any other woman than your-
self,

self, and whose honour and tenderness you have never had any reason to doubt."

What could Emma oppose to arguments so plausible as these? Not that she knew St. Aubyn's word was as sacred as the oath of others; for he would be justified in answering that she only spoke from the partiality of a fond woman; and she could not but feel, that, all the circumstances considered, her ready acquiescence with the wishes of St. Aubyn (which could only be the result of her discarding for ever the faithful lover before her, who told her he was convinced the pretence of her being free was only made as an excuse for his temerity in addressing her,) would be a degradation which pride and delicacy most powerfully forbade; and after a long long struggle with her feelings, she told Balfour, whose deportment was more that of a maniac than of a rational

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tional being, that she hesitated no longer, but was willing to attend him to the altar as soon as they returned to England.

“When, then, shall we return to England?” said Balfour, his eyes sparkling with delight at this triumph over St. Aubyn.

“In four days time, if my friends can get passports so soon, and are willing to go,” replied Emma. And Balfour left her immediately to expedite the means of their departure.

As soon as Balfour was gone, she wrote to Mr. Egerton, feeling that duty now forbade her to address St. Aubyn. She begged him to tell the latter that her engagement with Balfour had never been broken off, and that a very short time would make her his wife. More, every good feeling forbade her to say; except, that she wished the companion of her childhood and her youth as happy as he deserved

deserved to be, and greater welfare she could not wish him.

In another letter to Mr. Egerton under the same cover, meant for his eye alone, she was more communicative. She told him all that had passed between her and Balfour, and her determination and wishes in consequence; but owning that she believed all St. Aubyn's declarations; and that, convinced too late that her first choice had been wise, and her second rash, she must request that in future the name of St. Aubyn should never be mentioned before her, nor the reasons of his conduct explained, as she was resolved to avoid every chance of having emotions excited which must militate against her duty to a fond and confiding husband. Mr. Egerton obeyed her wishes, and read the whole of her letter to St. Aubyn, (I mean that designed for his perusal,) except that part which mentioned that a very short

time would make her the wife of Balfour. That overwhelming intelligence he had not the heart to communicate to him.

Mr. Egerton's sufferings were certainly next in degree to those of St. Aubyn; and even Mrs. Castlemain herself, who, by the death of Mr. Hargrave and Mrs. St. Aubyn, saw her sole objections to him as a husband for Emma entirely removed, felt the sincerest pity for his distress, and almost wished Emma had never met Balfour.

Soon after Emma had written her letter to Mr. Egerton, she retired to her room to dress; but feeling her head considerably oppressed by the anxiety and watchfulness of the preceding night, she resolved to walk in the garden, in hopes that the air might revive her; and, throwing on a long white wrapping-gown, she put her intention in execution. As the wind was high, and she walked rapidly
backwards.

backwards and forwards, the comb that fastened up her hair soon fell to the ground, loosened by the wind and the exercise, and her long tresses floated on her shoulders. At this moment she looked up at one of the windows, and saw at it the woman of colour; on which she was about to bow to her with a smile of congratulation on her being well enough to get up; when the smile was checked by a violent scream from Lola, who seemed, on seeing her, to shriek and fall back in the arms of her nurse. Emma immediately ran up stairs to inquire what had agitated her. She found the mulatto full of emotion, which increased still more on her entrance into the chamber, and she overheard her say, "But is that indeed the blessed angel who saved my life? Tell me, answer me," cried she, fixing her wild eyes on Emma, "Who are you? What's your name?"

"My

“ My name is Emma Castlemain,” she replied.

“ But your mother’s name, your mother’s name !”

“ My mother’s name was Agatha Torrington.”

“ ’Tis she, ’tis she,” cried the mulatto, clasping her hands and falling on her knees : “ and I did not see your mother in a dream, but you awake. O blessed angel ! you saved my life, while I did all I could to injure you, and your poor mother !”

Emma, at first, thought she was again uttering the rhapsodies of a disturbed brain ; but, on reflection, she was convinced that she beheld the *woman of colour* who had been employed by her father to deceive both her mother and her grandmother ; and, as she gazed on her with this consciousness, she almost shrunk from the being whose success in deceiving

Mrs.

Mrs. Castlemain had been productive of such pernicious consequences to her much-injured parent. But when she recollected that the poor penitent, agitated, and ignorant wretch before her had only obeyed the will of her master, and that the crime, therefore, had been chiefly that of her father, she felt all her resentment vanish; and when Lola earnestly entreated her forgiveness, she granted it with as much solemn earnestness as it had been implored. But it was not from any compunction for the mischievous falsehoods she had uttered, that Lola's conscience was haunted by the image of Agatha, and wounded by the certainty of the misery she had occasioned. Had the result of her obedience to her employer been what she expected, and that Danvers, on casting off Agatha, had resumed his connexion with her, or not taken another wife or mistress, she would never
have

have thought of Agatha, or the probable result of her falsehoods, again. But Danvers, as soon as she had answered his purpose, paid her a small sum of money, and insisted on her returning to India by the next ship, as servant to a family to which he recommended her; and she also at the same time discovered, that Danvers was on the point of marriage with a lady, but one whose name and address she could not learn; else, it is most likely, she would have informed her, in revenge, that he had a wife living. But to India she was forced to return, unrevenged, and haunted by feelings of painful and compunctious pity for the victim of Danvers's cruelty; who, as his first wife had been, was endeared to her by the conviction that she, like herself, had been deserted by him when his passion was extinguished. Vainly did she then wish that she had not obeyed Danvers, and endeavoured

voured to learn whither Agatha had fled ; and often very often had her dreams been haunted by the image of Agatha, as with wild eyes, pale cheek, dishevelled hair, and almost terrifying violence of mien and gesture, she had addressd Danvers on that fatal day, when, leading his little boy, she had followed him into her presence. It was no wonder, therefore, that in her delirium she should mistake Emma for Agatha, when with hair falling loosely on her neck she had approached her bed-side ; nor that on beholding Emma in the garden, dressed in every respect as Agatha was when she had seen her, she should experience emotion and surprise sufficient to occasion the scream which had led Emma to her apartment: Emma, indeed, had scarcely seen her since the night that she had watched by her bed-side, as the mulatto had been in a state of mental derangement almost ever since her

her

her fever had left her ; and it was therefore now for the first time that Lola had a perfect view of her “ pretty nurse,” and that “ blessed angel,” as she always called her, who had, she was told, been the preserver of her life.

“ But where is the poor lady, your mother ? ” cried Lola.

“ Dead.”

“ Dead ! Did she die from the sorrow I helped to occasion her ? ”

“ No, she lived many years after ; but on this very painful subject I must beg not to be questioned.”

“ And that poor lady, her mother, is she dead too ? ”

“ No ; she is now at Paris.”

“ Then perhaps I may see her, and ask her pardon also,” said the mulatto with great eagerness.

“ Perhaps you may,” returned Emma, starting from a reverie ; for it had occurred:

curred to her, that the singular coincidence that had thus made her acquainted with a being who had been one of the agents of Agatha's destiny, might lead her to some knowledge of her father's fate and connexions, and perhaps clear away the stain upon the honour of her mother; for Emma had never believed in the report of his death. Still terror, lest she should hear her father was living, and too infamous for her not to shrink with horror from being acknowledged and claimed as his daughter, made her hesitate for a while to put the necessary questions; and before she had resolution to do it, the mulatto, overcome by the violent emotions which she had experienced, became again deranged, and was for some days too ill to be seen or spoken to.

In a short time the passports were obtained, and Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Castlemain left Paris, in the carriage of the latter,

latter, Emma having preferred meeting them on the road, to joining them at Paris, owing perhaps to a fear of seeing St. Aubyn by chance. Accordingly, attended by Fanny Balfour, who had obtained leave to accompany her to England, while her governess joined her sisters at Versailles, Emma set off with Balfour in a landaulet and four, and Mrs. Castlemain had once more the happiness of pressing Emma to her bosom, endeared to her by a long separation, and by the danger which she had dared and surmounted.

The mulatto was so ill and so delirious when Emma left Montmorenci, that she could not bid her farewell; but she left a kind message for her, and a considerable present, as a proof of her entire forgiveness of her conduct towards her poor mother.

But now, in full view, and approaching nearer and nearer every day, was that
trial,

trial, whose magnitude Emma was not conscious of before, and from which, now she was conscious of it, she shrunk with agony and dismay, wondering, as she did so, that she could have been blind so long to the true state of her motives and her feelings, and have disdained to profit by the calmer reason of that admirable friend, who had vainly but conscientiously held up the mirror to her heart. She saw herself on the point of marriage with a man, whose addresses, whatever were his charms and his talents, she was now conscious that she should never have admitted, had she not been influenced, however unconsciously to herself, by the suggestions of wounded self-love, wounded pride, irritated jealousy, and female pique; in short, by all those pernicious impulses to action, which, however called, are all to be resolved into one master feeling denominated Temper.

But

But it was too late to retract, even though she felt her health impaired by the corrosion of her mind, especially as when, on her asking Balfour how he could think of persisting in his design to marry her now she was become a sickly, pale, nervous being, he tenderly replied, because her sufferings endeared her the more to him, and that no one could prove to her so good and affectionate a nurse, as the husband who doted on her with the truest and best principled affection!

“Well then,” replied Emma faintly smiling, “I will no longer hesitate to name the day for our union.” And it was fixed for the day after this conversation took place. On which Balfour wrote to his father, informing him of the near approach of his happiness, he having some time before caused articles to be drawn up preparatory to a regular marriage

riage settlement; and Mr. Egerton wrote to St. Aubyn, informing him, as he promised to do, that the day was really *fixed*, but sparing him the unnecessary pang of knowing that before he received the letter the ceremony would be over.

When Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Castlemain left Paris, St. Aubyn, knowing the cause of their return to England was the intended marriage, too wretched to remain stationary, mounted his horse, and rode towards the south of France, for no other purpose but to ride away from himself, if he could; and conscious occasionally of no pleasure but what resulted from the power his wealth gave him of relieving the distress which occasionally met his view on the road. He had, however, *one* source of enjoyment which he could impart to no one, but over which he brooded in solitude, like a miser over his treasure. And that was the assurance

ance which had escaped Mr. Egerton, that Emma loved him! In vain did St. Aubyn say to himself, that if she loved him, she could not be happy with another man. Imperious love got the better of generosity; and when he dwelt on this idea, he felt that his misery diminished. But, as I before observed, this source of pleasure, honour and delicacy both, forbade him to impart to any one; therefore he avoided Mrs. Felton, with whom he formerly used to find relief in talking of his love, as he was happier alone than he could be in communicating to her his feelings, now he could divulge only half of them; and withstanding all that lady's almost frantic solicitations to an interview, he convinced her at length, that her hopes of succeeding Emma in his heart, were at present, at least, even more groundless than ever.

At length St. Aubyn, being impatient

to

to hear some news from England, returned to Paris, and received Mr. Egerton's letter! Well indeed may the true lover be said

“To hope, though hope were lost.”

St. Aubyn, till he received that letter, had unconsciously flattered himself that something might happen to prevent the marriage; but now that the day was fixed, and that, though Mr. Egerton did not say so, by the time that he received that letter the ceremony might perhaps be over, he felt, from the anguish of his disappointment, the extent of the hope he had indulged, and he traversed Paris from one end to the other, too full of restless anguish to remain in his own apartment, experiencing the acutest of all misery, save that which springs from the agonies of remorse. So keen were his pangs that they seemed to change for
awhile

awhile his mild and compassionate nature, giving him feelings of petulance and hardness of heart, to him before unknown, and making creation itself appear "nothing but a pestilential congregation of vapours."

After long and almost unconscious wanderings, St. Aubyn found himself at midnight in the gardens of the Thuilleries; but as the sound of its trickling waters was painful to his feelings, he left the gardens, and turned his steps towards the Place de la Concorde. The night was stormy and starless; and at another time the quick emotions and busy fancy of St. Aubyn would have led him no unmoved wanderer over that scene of recent horrors and of guilt. The murdered great, the murdered good, would at another time have passed in rapid succession before his almost startled memory, and the oblivious dust would
again

again have seemed reeking, and red with the blood of the innocent, and the unfortunate,

Absorbed either in misery or happiness must they be who can pass over the place where the guillotine stood, in the solemn silence of night, without a thrill of horror which probably no other spot in the creation can call forth. St. Aubyn was indeed absorbed in misery, and he forgot his youth, his talents, his possessions; and the wish to sink unnoticed into a quiet grave was the only one that his sick soul delighted to indulge.

Being unable to retire to his hotel, as rest did not await him there, he turned his steps from the Place de la Concorde to the neighbouring Champs Elysées, and was just hailing the congenial gloom of its tall trees, when he heard a quick footstep behind him, whose solitary tread alone

broke the deep stillness of night. St. Aubyn instinctively turned to face the danger, if any danger was nigh; and a feeble voice, in very imperfect French, exclaimed, "Charity, sir; for God's sake give me some relief." St. Aubyn, with all the savageness of grief, replied, that he had no money; and angrily bade the man begone. But he had scarcely indulged this sudden effusion of temper, so unlike his usual habits, before he bitterly repented of it, and was just going, in the words of Esdras, to exclaim, "Sufferer, what aileth thee, and why art thou disquieted?" when the poor man faltered out in English, "O God, what will become of me, and all of us!"

"Ha! A countryman too!" cried St. Aubyn. "My poor fellow, tell me what you want, and what I can do for you:" and that love of life, which anguish had

had for a while suspended, returned immediately with the consciousness of being able to do good, and the inclination to put that ability in practice.

As soon as tears would allow the poor youth to speak, he told St. Aubyn that he, his mother and sisters were starving, and his father in a high delirium; while for want of money he could procure his unhappy parent neither food, medicine, nor advice.

“Well, well, I will remedy all these miseries,” cried the revived St. Aubyn; and seeing some lights still glimmering in the Hameau de Chantilly*, he led the way thither, desiring the young man to follow.

It was as he expected. The company

* A sort of Vauxhall in the Champs Elysées.

who had assembled there had nearly all departed, and the owners of the house were very glad to dispose of what remained of their provision. The woman at the bar seeing the greedy eye with which the youth regarded a dish of ham that stood by, desired him to take a piece, and St. Aubyn authorized him to eat all there was. He devoured the whole in an instant in a manner so ravenous as to call a tear into the eye of St. Aubyn, (who read in this a sad proof of the truth of his story,) and make the French woman exclaim, “*Mon Dieu! que ce pauvre enfant a faim*!*”

As soon as the poor youth had in a degree satisfied his hunger, and drunk two full goblets of the *vin du pays*, St.

* “My God! how hungry the poor child is!”

Aubyn

Aubyn desired to be furnished with a small basket, into which he put cold fowls and wine : then paying for all the different articles whatever the lady's conscience allowed her to ask, he desired the now elated young man to take the basket on his arm, and to show him the way to his father's habitation. It was in the Rue Boulois, the very centre of Paris ; and in a miserable garret, up three pair of stairs, St. Aubyn beheld a woman and three girls attempting, but with great difficulty, to confine down in his bed a man in all the violence of delirium.

“ Joy, joy ! ” cried the youth as he entered ; “ I have brought you food, wine, and an angel ! ” Then setting down and opening the basket, the hungry and eager group leaving the invalid, and too ravenous to wait, began to tear in pieces the relief that was set before them. The mother, however, had more self-command,

mand, and began to bless and thank St. Aubyn in the fulness of a grateful heart; while he put several questions to her relative to the state of her husband, and, writing a note to his servant, directed the son to carry it immediately to his hotel, and bring the man back with him.

St. Aubyn was now obliged to assist in confining the invalid, who was continually addressing some invisible object: "Ah, rascal!" he exclaimed; "so you pretended not to know me, did you? But I knew you, though you are grown so old, and so ugly, and are become a great man; and I will be revenged! I'll 'peach! So look to it! Here it is, here it is!" So saying, he took an old dirty pocket-book from under his pillow, and with a grin of maniacal defiance hugged it, and hid it in his bosom.

This language, and this action, were repeated so often, that St. Aubyn at last asked

asked what the pocket-book contained; but the wife assured him she did not know, and that it never was out of her husband's possession.

“What does he mean, think you, by 'peaching?’” said he.

“I do not know,” replied the woman; “I am sure I wish I had never seen his face, for I suspect he has done something that lies very heavy on his conscience.”

“Woman,” said St. Aubyn sternly, “it is not for you to judge your husband. And whatever crime he may have committed, he is now a severe sufferer, and by you, at least, ought only to be considered as such.”

Here the unhappy wretch began to rave again; and the eagerly-attentive St. Aubyn fancied he heard him utter names familiar to his ear. Again he spoke, again St. Aubyn listened; and at length was sure that he was not deceived; while
breathless

breathless with agitated expectation he hung upon the words of the unconscious speaker.

“ Yes, yes,” cried he, “ I know you well, miss Torrington! Agatha Torrington! Ha, ha, ha! I was revenged, but don't say I crazed you; I did not do it. And that fool Jones! But that rascal to refuse me money, and pretend not to know it! In black and white, you rascal, I have it, I have it, I have it!” Then, again was the book hugged and hidden; and St. Aubyn blessed the hour which led him to that spot; for, having heard every particular of Agatha's history, he had no doubt but he beheld that Cammell, who had been bribed by Danvers to destroy the registry of his marriage. But had he really destroyed it? St. Aubyn suspected not; and that the pocket-book contained it, Cammell having preserved it probably in order to extort money from Danvers wherever

ever he should meet him. It seemed, then, that Danvers was *not* dead, and that Cammell met him, recently met him. Where then, and under what name, was the father of Emma to be found? And before St. Aubyn lost sight of Cammell, he was resolved to ascertain this fact; while sweet to his soul was the certainty that he should be able essentially to serve the woman he adored.

“Who are these people that he is talking of?” asked St. Aubyn.

“I am sure I don't know,” said the woman sulkily: “but for this last month he has done nothing but talk of some man who refused to give him money the other day, and against whom he has sworn to be revenged; while often he has started from his sleep, talking of one Agatha Torrington.”

“Pray, what is your name?” said St. Aubyn. The woman hesitated, and an-

swered, in some confusion, that their name was Williams.

“No, it is not,” replied St. Aubyn, looking at her steadily. “Your name, I am convinced, is Cammell.”

“Who speaks to me?” cried the invalid. “Who wants Cammell?” And the wife, assured that all further concealment was vain, dropped the food she was conveying to her mouth, and in a tone of terror exclaimed, “I see, sir, you know all about us; but pray, pray, sir, be merciful!”

“Did you,” asked St. Aubyn, “ever hear your husband talk of having torn from a book the registry of a marriage?”

“Never, when in his senses; but very likely you will hear him talk of a marriage register in one of his raving fits.”

“Have you,” said St. Aubyn, who saw the poor wretch sink back exhausted on his pillow, “have you any objection to my opening that pocket-book? for

I have

I have heard enough to induce me to set a guard on your husband, in order to bring him to justice for an act of a most wicked nature, by which he has greatly injured some of the dearest friends I have." The terrified woman, falling on her knees, begged he would do as he thought proper; and St. Aubyn, getting possession of the pocket-book, had the inexpressible delight to draw forth from it, doubled in many folds, and each fold ready to fall in pieces, the registry of the marriage of George Danvers and Agatha Torrington; with the date and every thing perfect. There would now, then, he was well convinced, be no longer any difficulty in publicly proving Agatha to be the lawful wife of Danvers, as Mr. Egerton had in his custody the letter from Jamaica, to prove the day and hour when the first wife died: therefore the date of the marriage register would show, beyond dispute, the truth

truth of what Agatha had always asserted, that when Danvers led her to the altar his wife had been dead three weeks!

“ Thus then,” thought St. Aubyn, “ have I been the instrument to clear the fame of Mrs. Danvers from even a shadow of suspicion; and to prove that much-injured woman worthy to be the daughter of Mrs. Castlemain, and the mother of Emma!” For St. Aubyn felt, as every virtuous and unsophisticated Englishman must feel, that a stain on the chastity of its females is a blot on the proudest escutcheon of the proudest family, which not even the splendour of royal descent and royal alliances can ever obliterate.

By this time the youth had returned with St. Aubyn’s servant, whom he instantly dispatched with a note describing Cammell’s disorder to Dr. M——, he himself resolving not to leave the house till he had learnt where Emma’s father was to be found.

In

In a short time Dr. M—— arrived ; and having given his patient a composing medicine, he soon sunk into a profound sleep, from which Dr. M—— assured St. Aubyn that he would probably recover in a sane mind. But it was nine the next morning before Cammell awoke. However, when he did wake, St. Aubyn's tedious watchfulness was well repaid ; for he appeared quite calm and sensible, though most alarmingly weak. He seemed excessively terrified at seeing a stranger, and turned pale as death on missing his pocket-book.

“ Compose yourself,” said St. Aubyn mildly, “ and look on me as your friend.”

He then told him why he came, what discoveries he had made, and, finally, that the torn leaf was in his possession ; while the poor abject wretch humbly begged for mercy at his hands.

“ I am not able to grant it,” said St. Aubyn,

Aubyn ; “ but I think, that as you were in this affair only the agent of a greater villain still, one whom I hope to make as penitent as yourself, I trust that you have nothing to fear : but you must make all the reparation in your power, by telling me where I can find Mr. Danvers.”

“ Mr. Danvers ! ” cried Cammell. “ There never was such a person. To be sure, his christian names were George Danvers ; but his surname was BALFOUR, and he has been many years lord CLONAWLEY ! ”

At this dreadful intelligence, St. Aubyn was for a moment speechless with horror. “ Mysterious Providence ! ” he at length exclaimed. “ But perhaps it is not yet too late, and I may prevent what it is too dreadful to think on ! Lord Clonawley the father of Emma, and of ” Then, learning from the astonished Cammell that lord Clonawley was at Versailles,

sailles, he told his servant not to lose sight of Cammell, but remain where he was till he saw him again. He then ran to his hotel, ordered a horse to be saddled, and set off full speed for Versailles.

“ And who knows,” said St. Aubyn to himself, “ but that the present lord Clonawley may not be the man in question?”

Lord Clonawley’s mind was little prepared for the dreadful trial which awaited him. Though he had often inflicted misery he had never experienced it, except when he lost the mother of his daughters, a wife whom he had tenderly loved.

When St. Aubyn arrived at Versailles, he desired to be shown to lord Clonawley’s lodgings; while the hope he had indulged when he began his journey vanished entirely now the moment of explanation was at hand.

Having sent in to inquire for lord Clonawley, the servant returned, saying, his lord begged to see him instantly; for, on being
told

told that a stranger in great agitation desired to see him, he feared something had happened to his son, and therefore resolved to admit him immediately.

“ I beg pardon, my lord, for this intrusion,” cried St. Aubyn on entering, “ but may I beg to know where Mr. Balfour now is? ”

“ Sir! ” replied lord Clonawley, much relieved in mind on hearing this question, “ my son is in England, and at this moment,” parental affection lighting up his face as he spoke, “ and at this moment, sir, he is one of the happiest of men; ” (here St. Aubyn’s heart misgave him :) “ for, by a letter just received from him, he informs me that he was the next day to be united to the woman of his affections.”

St. Aubyn, on hearing this overwhelming intelligence, reeled to a chair, and hid his face with his hands.

“ What is the matter, sir? ” exclaimed lord Clonawley, little anticipating the wretchedness

wretchedness he was about to experience. "You seem so agitated and distressed, that I pity you, sir."

"Unhappy man! reserve your pity for yourself," cried St. Aubyn raising his head, "since, wretched as I am, your fate is far more terrible than mine."

"This is strange mysterious language, sir; and from a stranger too," replied lord Clonawley, alarmed yet irritated.

"Answer me, my lord," returned St. Aubyn: "had you not a child, a daughter, by Agatha Torrington?"

"By what right, sir, do you ask that question?"

"Question me not, but answer me, my lord! Your fate hangs upon your answer; and I conjure you, by all your hopes of pardon for your crimes, to answer me truly."

And lord Clonawley, awed and influenced, in spite of his haughtiness, by the air and words of St. Aubyn, replied,

"I had

“I had a daughter by Agatha Torrington, but not born in wedlock.”

St. Aubyn's indignant eye momentarily reproved the despicable falsehood; but its fire was as instantly quenched in tears of anguish as he uttered, “Lord Clonawley, terrible is the retribution that has overtaken you! for your DAUGHTER, by Agatha Torrington, is, in all probability, at this moment, the wife of your SON!”

“Who are you,” demanded the wretched man, terrified and averse to be convinced, “that dare to come hither to distract me with impossibilities? My son's wife is the daughter of Mrs. Castlemain.”

“The grand-daughter, my lord, bequeathed to her on her deathbed by the unfortunate Agatha. Mrs. Torrington's name became Castlemain on her second marriage; and as you had deprived your child of her rightful name, her grandmother gave her hers.”

Lord

Lord Clonawley, on hearing this, could doubt no longer, but sat the tearless image of hopeless woe, not being so fortunate as to lose, in happy forgetfulness, the sense of suffering.

“But perhaps it is not too late,” suddenly cried St. Aubyn, struggling against despondence.

“Perhaps not,” answered lord Clonawley reviving: “the marriage has once been delayed by the illness of,—of the lady.”

“Enough!” cried St. Aubyn. “At all events I set off for England as soon as ever I can get a passport. But let me first inform you, sir, that I have *here* (showing it as he spoke) the registry of your *marriage* with miss Torrington, and that CAMMELL is in my custody.”

Lord Clonawley gazed at him with added horror and amazement, but spoke not; and St. Aubyn continued:—

“Therefore, before I go, I expect that
you,

you, in a letter to Mr. Balfour, which I shall deliver into his own hands, acknowledge Agatha Torrington to have been your lawful wife, and Emma to be your legitimate daughter.”

Thus lord Clonawley at once beheld himself not only detected in all his guilt, but fully punished for it: and convinced that unconditional compliance was his only resource, he wrote the letter required, received St. Aubyn's address in London,—and in a moment after St. Aubyn set off for Paris.

It was lucky, perhaps, for his intellects, that his passport was expedited as it was, and that in a much less time than could have been expected he was on his road towards England; having previously witnessed the last moments of Cammell, and received his dying confession.

When he reached Boulogne he found a packet ready to sail; but just as he was going on board the wind completely changed,

changed, and he was forced to return to his hotel. But motion being better for him than rest, and Calais at no great distance he again took horses, and reached Calais in a few hours.

The wind, however, still continuing contrary, he resolved not to go to bed, as to rest was impossible, but to walk up and down the pier till a favourable breeze came up. It did so about day-break, and at length St. Aubyn hailed the fast approaching shores of England.

But to return to lord Clonawley, who, after St. Aubyn was gone, feeling himself unable to remain sole depository of his sad secret, summoned his daughters into his room, and went through the painful and mortifying task of owning to them his past guilt, and informing them of its terrible results. At present he had not the heart to tell them that they were born of a marriage which he had contracted during the existence of his second

cond wife, and that therefore Emma was his only legitimate daughter.

Three days after St. Aubyn was on the road to England, the mulatto, being restored to health and sanity, inquired why Emma had left Montmorenci so suddenly : and on being informed that she was gone to England to be married, she fervently prayed that the blessed angel, as she always called her, might have a husband as good as she was. She then asked the name of her husband ; and being informed that he was the honourable George Frederic Balfour, only son of lord Clonawley, she uttered a scream of horror, and, jumping out of bed, insisted on setting off for England directly. The bystanders concluded she was again delirious, and did not alter their opinion when she added, that she must go to prevent incest, as Balfour and miss Castlemain were brother and sister. But the nurse, who had witnessed her recognition of
Emma,

Emma, was of a different opinion, and so were they all, when the mulatto becoming more calm, produced *proof* of the truth of what she asserted. However, they convinced her that it was too late to prevent the union; but, as lord Clonawley was at Versailles, it was judged right by the mulatto's mistress, that she should go over and inform him of her discovery.

Accordingly, one day, while lord Clonawley, in all the horrors of remorse and despair, was pacing with feeble yet agitated steps his solitary apartment, the mulatto, in spite of the servants, forced open the door, and tottered into his presence.

He knew her instantly; though time in the one, and time and vice in the other, had impaired in both that beauty of person, which in both had been the means of misery and guilt: and as lord Clonawley

ley

ley raised this self-condemned accomplice from the ground, addressing her by the kind appellation of "Is it you, my poor Lola?" he turned away his head, and gave way to a violent burst of anguish and remorse.

Lola was immediately convinced, by this kind greeting, so different from the one which she expected to receive, that lord Clonawley already knew what she came to inform him of; for nothing but misery and horrors great as these, were, she thought, likely to have so softened the destroyer of Agatha.

"I see, I see," said Lola, "that you know all I came to say; and that *blessed angel* is indeed the wife of her brother!"

"No; God forbid!" cried lord Clonawley, "there is yet a ray of hope,—and"

"Indeed!" cried Lola; then falling on her knees in transport, she blessed
 God

God for having saved from destruction the dear preserver of her life!

“Whom do you mean?” asked lord Clonawley impatiently, “by the blessed angel, and the preserver of your life? Do you mean my daughter, my poor injured Emma?”

“I do,” replied Lola. Then, with all the eager animation of gratitude, and the eloquent exaggeration of her race, she detailed to lord Clonawley his daughter’s beauty, and her active virtue; her generous nature, and her compassionate forgiveness: while the feeling of parental pride, which would, under other circumstances, have led the agitated parent to exclaim, “And this is my child!” was checked in lord Clonawley by a consciousness too agonizing for expression. At the same time, as the slave of selfish passions can only be made to feel deeply through the certainty of incurred privations, his regret

for his guilty conduct towards Agatha and her child, was rendered doubly acute by the idea, that if that child was capable of volunteering, and incurring a dangerous and a painful duty from the mere benevolent wish of saving the life of a distressed and *unknown fellow-creature*, what would she not have done for a sick, a helpless, and a long-suffering *parent* ! And as he thought this, most painfully did he contrast his deserted and disowned daughter with his owned and cherished children. Bitterly did he remember how often Harriet and Mary Ann, though good and affectionate girls, had left him to the care of hired nurses, on pretence of being worn out by one night of watchfulness ; and bitterly did he regret that the self-denying and benevolent being, who had so kindly watched by the bedside of an infected menial, was one whose tender offices he should have had a right to

to claim, had he not been deaf to every demand of affection, of justice, and of honour. And amply, injured and unfortunate Agatha, did thy child's virtues revenge thee on the vices of its unnatural father.

“ Oh, Lola!” cried lord Clonawley, “ think what I endure at the idea that this angel, as you call her, has probably been brought up to hate me, and will never deign to see or to forgive me!”

“ You don't know her,” cried Lola eagerly: “ she forgave me, I tell you, and I doubt not but she will forgive you. Write to her, I say,—write to her.” And lord Clonawley, in all the anguish of a contrite spirit, did write to Emma, and felt his mind relieved by the effort.

At this moment he received St. Aubyn's letter announcing his being landed at Dover; and both he and the mulatto felt a little comforted by the news.

But when lord Clonawley had dispatched his letter, he resolved to follow it as soon as he could in person, not only because he was unable to bear the suspense he must undergo till he could hear from St. Aubyn again, but because he flattered himself, that if his letter produced any effect on Emma's heart, he might, by being ready on the spot, induce her to see him, and pronounce his pardon in person. He immediately, therefore, got all things in readiness for his journey, and was soon on his road to England.

But to return to St. Aubyn, who, on reaching Rochester, happened unfortunately, while waiting for horses, to take up a paper, by which he received a terrible confirmation that every hope of arriving in time was vain ; for he read in that paper as follows :

“ Yesterday was married by special license at St. George's, Hanover-square,
the

the honourable G. F. Balfour, to Emma, grand-daughter of the honourable Mrs. Castlemain."

He read, and fell senseless on the ground. But as soon as he recovered, he endeavoured to give himself courage to proceed, by the reflection that such paragraphs were often false, and only anticipations; and in a degree revived by this nearly frantic hope, he had courage to pursue his journey. When he reached London, he drove instantly to Balfour's lodgings; and almost too much agitated to be intelligible, he asked for Mr. Balfour.

"My master, sir," replied the servant with a look of great and complacent meaning, "is gone to church."

"To church!" said St. Aubyn.

"Yes, sir, to be married; he has been gone about twenty minutes to St. George's, Hanover-Square."

I will not attempt to describe St. Aubyn's

byn's feelings at hearing this, while agitated nature vented and relieved itself in a passionate flood of tears. He did not then come too late! and he passed from absolute despair to hope.

"Drive to St. George's church," cried St. Aubyn. But as the motion of the post-chaise was not rapid enough for him, he opened the door, jumped out, and in a few minutes was at the church door.

"I *must* come in," he exclaimed to the man who opposed his entrance, "I come to Mr. Balfour, from his father lord Clonawley. And stop me at your peril!"

On hearing this, the man dared to oppose him no longer, and he walked up the middle aisle. The minister who was officiating had just got to the words, "If any of you know cause or impediment why these two persons are not to be joined together in holy matrimony, ye
are

are now to declare it ;” when St. Aubyn appeared in sight, loudly exclaiming, “ I do”—and advanced to the altar.

At sight of him the same apprehension was felt by all who knew him ; namely, that St. Aubyn, distracted by the loss of Emma, was come thither in a fit of phrensy ; but this idea vanished, when the latter, premising that he came thither deputed by lord Clonawley to forbid the marriage, presented his father’s letter to Balfour, desiring him to read it immediately.

Then, while Balfour, pale and trembling, perused the unwelcome contents, St. Aubyn, as much agitated as himself, turned to Mrs. Castlemain.

“ It has been my blessed lot, dear madam,” said he, “ to be the instrument to save those I most love from destruction ! and in addition I am enabled to assure you that the fact of your daughter’s marriage is established beyond a doubt :

here

here is the registry of that marriage, (presenting it to her,) and here the dying confession of Cammell himself, and” here his voice and strength began to fail “ lord Clonawley owns your beloved Emma to be his legitimate daughter, by ——.” Here, exhausted by several successive nights devoid of rest, and passed in misery and fatigue, he sunk into the arms of the person who stood near him, and was conveyed in a swoon into the vestry. Meanwhile his words had excited in his auditors, Balfour excepted, surprise the most unbounded and feelings the most varied. To Balfour, his father’s letter had already told the same ; but Balfour’s feelings had, unlike those of Mr. Egerton, Mrs. Castlemain, and Emma, nothing of pleasure mixed with agony, except that of joy and thankfulness at being prevented the commission of a crime; he
even

even sometimes doubted the fact of Emma's being his sister ; which however his previous knowledge of her history, and now the testimony of Mr. Egerton, confirmed too strongly for him to doubt any longer ; and unable to bear the various emotions that assailed him, he attempted to leave the church alone. But this Mr. Egerton would not suffer ; and accompanying him to his hotel, he did not leave him till he was composed, and his sister Fanny was come to bear him company. Mrs. Castlemain and Emma during this time were anxiously awaiting the recovery of St. Aubyn ; while Emma, though at a loss to guess how St. Aubyn had been the means of saving her from an incestuous marriage, felt happy at owing her preservation to him ; and both ladies mingled, with pious thankfulness to Heaven, blessings on their earthly friend and preserver.

It was therefore with almost overwhelming agony they found, on St. Aubyn's recovering from his fainting fit, that his eyes were wild, and his language incoherent; and that, not knowing any one about him, he raved of not getting to England in time; and was evidently so ill, that Mrs. Castlemain conveyed him to her own lodgings, and desired a physician to be sent for immediately. It was some days before St. Aubyn was conscious of his happiness in being nursed by Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Castlemain with even parental tenderness; while Emma, unseen, hovered near the bed that contained the being endeared to her heart by every tie that can bind one fellow-creature to another.

At length, St. Aubyn's danger was over, and he once more recognised the friends who worn with anxiety hung over his restless pillow. Emma's happiness

ness amounted almost to agony ; and she wondered what was become of those internal *intimations* of approaching *dissolution* which she had contemplated with such calm complacence, just before she fixed the day to be married to Balfour. The marriage day had been fixed as for the morrow, when Balfour wrote to his father ; but Emma's health had yielded at length completely to uneasiness of mind ; and on the morning fixed for the wedding, she was declared to be suffering under that painful disorder, a low and nervous fever.

When she recovered, however, she persisted in marrying Balfour ; for she felt a conviction, perhaps *dear* to her mind, that she should not long survive her union, and she thought it her duty to let Balfour call her his before she died, as his persevering tenderness still desired to obtain this privilege. Weak, faded,
and,

and, in her own opinion, dying, she was therefore conveyed to church, and was about to pronounce the most sacred of all vows, when she was so happily prevented, and by a circumstance which in a few hours restored her love, and even her hope of life: and in a few days, that is, as soon as St. Aubyn was declared out of danger, her delighted friends saw colour restored to her cheek, and spirit to her eye.

As soon as St. Aubyn was sufficiently recovered to bear conversation, Mrs. Castlemain, who had hung over his sick bed with even a mother's tenderness, and bathed his unconscious face with many a tear of affectionate alarm, could no longer restrain her expressions of gratitude to him, for the signal services he had been enabled to render her, and those most dear to her; and she listened with painful interest to his explanation of the circumstances

cumstances which led to it. When he had ended his narration, she exclaimed, "There is one way, Henry, and only one, in which I can ever hope to reward you; and it shall not be my fault, if all the happiness that it is in my power to bestow, is not yours, whenever decorum warrants it." So saying, she left the room, and returned with Emma; then joining their hands, she said with great emotion,

"There, Henry, plead your own cause, and believe me that to witness your union with that object of my fondest care, will give me the highest happiness which an anxious parent can experience; for to whom can a parent confide the welfare of her child with such confidence of securing it, as to a man whose whole life has been an exemplary series of duties fulfilled?"

It cannot be supposed that Henry
pleaded:

pleaded his cause in vain; and day after day glided by unheeded, while mutual and satisfactory explanations took place between the lovers. Still, as Emma had been so recently on the point of marriage with another, it was thought only proper that a year should elapse before she became the bride of St. Aubyn. When St. Aubyn was well enough to go out in the carriage, his first airing was to Kensington.

Emma had taken the earliest opportunity after her return to England, to call on the Orwells, and introduce Balfour to them as her future husband. Mr. Egerton, and she herself, had informed them by letter of her approaching marriage; but as it was not a subject on which either of them was fond of dilating, the good old couple had not heard enough of the intended bridegroom, to satisfy either their affections or their curiosity; and

and they were particularly anxious to know whether Balfour was that handsome, benevolent-looking young man, who had called on them, and would not tell his name.

Accordingly they were delighted to see Mrs. Castlemain's carriage stop at their door, and Mr. Orwell eagerly ran out to receive his welcome visitors; while Mrs. Orwell, seeing from the window that the gentleman on whose arm Emma leaned was tall and blooming, readily believed what she wished, and concluded that Balfour was the identical unknown, who had so much charmed both her and her husband. Hastening therefore to the door, she eagerly exclaimed, "Well! this is just what I" but there she paused, for Balfour turned his face towards her, and with a look of disappointment she made him a cold curtsey; while Emma, conscious of what the old lady

lady

lady was about to say, and understanding the change in her countenance, hastily passed her, and, complaining of fatigue, leaned her head for a moment on the side of the sofa.

This visit to the Orwells was short, for Balfour was impatient to be gone; but it was long enough to convince Mrs. Orwell that Emma was not in love with the man whom she was going to marry, and with great bitterness did she inveigh against Mrs. Castlemain's cruelty in sacrificing her grand-daughter, for the sake of a title; while Mr. Orwell, though he angrily reprov'd his wife for what might be unjust suspicions, could not help entertaining similar ones himself, and he reluctantly owned that Emma looked alarmingly ill.

But now feelings of a very different nature awaited them. Emma had previously informed them that she was coming
to.

to introduce to them her friend Mr. St. Aubyn, to whom they all owed so much.

Impatiently therefore was this visit expected; and when in the pale, languid, but happy-looking invalid, whom Mrs. Castlemain and Emma fondly supported, and whose looks they affectionately watched, the Orwells recognised their unknown visitor, they exchanged looks of triumph and delight, and Mrs. Orwell could not help exclaiming, "Aye, this is just what I wished to see, and I am not disappointed *now*."

When their guests departed after a long and satisfactory visit, Mr. Orwell, as he re-entered the house, exclaimed, rubbing his hands as he always did when he was particularly gratified, "Well, old woman, I hope you are pleased *now*; and that our dear young lady is enough in love, and looks happy enough to satisfy even you."

One morning, St. Aubyn received a letter, forwarded to him from Ibbetson's Hotel, the address which he had given to lord Clonawley. It was from that unhappy man, and contained the unexpected intelligence that he was arrived at a hotel in Albemarle-street, and begged to see St. Aubyn immediately; but adding, that having driven to his son's lodgings, as soon as he reached town, where Balfour's grateful anxiety made him remain till St. Aubyn was declared out of danger, he had had the happiness to find he was not married, and that that dreadful punishment for his offences was remitted. I shall observe here, that the already *improved* lord Clonawley had made one of his daughters transmit this good news immediately to the *poor anxious Lola*.

St. Aubyn had only been abroad once since his illness. It was, therefore, on that account, and on many others, thought

thought proper that Mr. Egerton should go to him ; and with a heart full of undescribable emotion, he prepared himself for an interview with the destroyer of Agatha, and the father of her deserted child.

It was late in the evening before Mr. Egerton returned ; and never had either St. Aubyn, or Emma, or Mrs. Castlemain, beheld him so deeply affected as he now was. For he had been endeavouring to awake a sinner to repentance ; he had been listening to the painful narration of a life of profligacy. The profligate too was the father of the child of his adoption and his love !

“ However,” thought Mr. Egerton, “ his son, luckily for him, was never long enough with his father to be corrupted by his example ; and the future lord Clonawley will, I trust, be an honour instead of a disgrace to his family !”

But

But even for lord Clonawley, Mr. Egerton, who, like all good men, was indulgent to the faults of others, could make considerable excuses.

His father, a man of family, but of small fortune, married his mistress, a woman taken from the dregs of the people; but he kept his marriage a secret many years, and brought up his son, though born in wedlock, in the obscurity and humble education usually attendant on illegitimate children. The young man, therefore, instead of associating with his father's, lived with his mother's relations; instead of passing his time with gentlemen, was the companion of men whose manners were as vulgar as their morals were depraved. When he was eighteen, his father, having owned his marriage, gave him a private tutor, and at twenty sent him to College; but he had not one feeling or principle of a gentleman,

on which to found the conduct of one, though his discernment, and his talents of imitation, soon taught him the necessity and the power of acquiring a gentleman's manners.

Shortly after his leaving the University, he was summoned to join his father in India, where he married, and remained a few years. And soon after, by the death of three persons, who were even in the prime of life, Mr. Balfour senior saw four lives only between him and the title of Clonawley, and at the time of his father's and mother's death, which was at the period of his rupture with Agatha, there was only one life between Balfour and the succession. The fortune therefore which Agatha was heiress to, held out too remote a temptation to him to influence his conduct towards her, as a greater fortune would soon in all likelihood be in his grasp; and as he was most passionately

ately

ately in love with another woman, he was resolved to spare no villany to obtain possession of her. When he saw Agatha at the race ball, he had dropped his surname, and was known by his christian name alone, in order to avoid a prosecution, with which he was threatened, for having seduced a farmer's daughter, in which guilt Cammell had assisted him; and while he was supposed on the continent, he was on a visit to one of his profligate friends, captain Bertie, who was in his secret, and kept it most sacredly. The name of Danvers he thought it advisable to retain, even when the idea of a prosecution was dropt; but after he had married his third wife, he owned his real name, telling her and her weak father, as they were sailing to Jamaica, where the latter had large plantations, that as he was next heir to a title, he concealed his name that he might be sure his
daughter

daughter did not marry him for the sake of his rank ; and soon after he became lord Clonawley. His son meanwhile was left in England, under the care of a tutor of rigid morals, though not fitted to form the temper and correct the selfish habits which Balfour had contracted in childhood. Still, however, the outline was good, and only the filling up defective ; and Balfour certainly had none of his father's vices.

Mr. Egerton found from lord Clonawley's discourse, that he had tenderly loved his third wife, whose sweetness of temper had won on his affection ; but that Agatha, instead of soothing, had always irritated him ; and by the reproaches of her wounded pride, and her dictatorial, contemptuous manner, had changed all the passionate fondness which her person and her talents had first excited in him, into fear and aversion. Such were the bitter fruits to Agatha of an uncorrected temper.

Still,

Still, never without painful remorse had lord Clonawley remembered Agatha; and terror lest he should hear that some harm had happened to her and her child in consequence of his desertion, had always prevented him from making any inquiries concerning them, in order to ascertain whether the mother of Agatha, in consequence of his letter, had received her and the little Emma to her favour and protection.

Bitterly now did lord Clonawley lament the turpitude of his conduct towards her; and he listened to the narration of her despair, her poverty, her industry, her sufferings, and her death, with agonies that completely revenged her on her betrayer.

“But you tell me she forgave me,” he repeated, “forgave, and prayed for me!” And from that idea alone he derived consolation; but he had reparation to
make

make to the living; and there again his punishment was severe; for he saw himself forced to punish the children whom he knew and loved, for the guilt he alone had perpetrated, by depriving them of their rank and name in society; and to own publicly as his only lawful daughter, a child whom he never saw, and who had probably been brought up to detest him.

Mr. Egerton left him however calmed and composed, and Balfour with him, who, thinking he had better quit London, and not see Emma till he could behold her without emotion, determined to set off on a tour the next day. Balfour had been violent in his anger towards his erring parent, forgetting that lord Clonawley had something to forgive his son.

Balfour, knowing how particular his father was with respect to family and con-

nexions, was well convinced that, if he informed him Emma's claim to legitimate birth was equivocal, he would do all in his power to prevent the marriage. Actuated therefore by the impulse of that unyielding temper, which could not endure the slightest opposition, he suppressed Mrs. Castlemain's letter explaining her relationship to Emma, and suffered lord Clonawley to remain in the belief that she was Mrs. Castlemain's daughter. Nor till Balfour confessed what he had done to Mr. Egerton, could the latter imagine why the discovery had not taken place as soon as lord Clonawley received that letter. Thus the disingenuousness of Balfour, like all conduct of that nature, was very near being the cause of irreparable misery; and thus was Mrs. Castlemain convinced how judiciously Mr. Egerton thought and spoke, when he opposed Emma's being called Castlemain instead of Danvers;

Danvers; adding, "that he never knew any good the result of deception, and praying that from this deception no material mischief might ensue."

"Emma," said Mr. Egerton, "I have promised for you, that you will see your father."

"I am sorry for it, sir," replied Emma proudly, "for never can I bear to behold the destroyer of my mother!"

"That mother," solemnly replied Mr. Egerton, "delayed to forgive her offending parent till death made it impossible for her to see that parent, and pronounce the forgiveness which she then earnestly wished to bestow. Take warning by her mournful example, and remember that it is not for a child to take upon itself to punish even a guilty parent!" Here Emma in great emotion precipitately left the room; but after a long struggle with herself she returned, and, going up to Mr.

Egerton, assured him that whenever lord Clonawley was willing to admit her, she would be willing to visit him; and the satisfaction which her lover and her friend expressed, amply repaid her for the conquest she had gained over her resentments.

Mr. Egerton immediately wrote to lord Clonawley, desiring him to fix a day for seeing his daughter; but that very evening he was seized with a mortal malady. Agitation of mind brought on a return of a bleeding at the lungs, to which he had long been subject, and it was soon decided that all aid was vain. Just before this news reached Emma, she received lord Clonawley's letter, which by some strange chance had not yet reached her.

Mr. Egerton, having sent an express for Balfour, who had left town two days preceding, came to inform Emma of her
father's

father's situation, and she instantly exclaimed,

“ Oh! how glad I am that before I received his letter, and heard of his danger, I had consented to see him!”

“ I come also to tell you,” added Mr. Egerton, “ that he cannot die in peace without beholding you, and asking your pardon in person for the wrongs he did you.” And Emma, though pale and trembling with emotion, eagerly begged to be immediately conducted to him.

“ No, my dear child,” replied Mr. Egerton, “ I will not conduct you to him, but I will follow soon. You shall go, supported and encouraged by the presence of that man, who was an example of filial piety himself, and who will have a pride and pleasure in seeing you fulfil the painful duty which filial piety now imposes on you.”

“ I have informed lord Clonawley of St.
Aubyn's

Aubyn's claims and pretensions, which he warmly admits and approves; and he wishes to pronounce his dying blessing on your union."

This intelligence softened Emma's heart still more towards her dying parent; and with more emotion and less reluctance she set off for Albemarle-street, and was led by St. Aubyn to the presence of lord Clonawley.

As soon as he beheld her, he exclaimed, "'Tis she! my injured wife herself seems to stand before me!" Then hiding his face in his hands, he sobbed audibly and convulsively.

From the generous and feeling nature of Emma, every trace of resentment vanished as she beheld the self-judged object before her, and no feeling but of pity remained. Lord Clonawley at length becoming able to bear to look at her, raised his eyes imploringly to hers, and extended

tended towards her his damp and meagre hand.

“Will you, can you forgive me, my child?” he faintly exclaimed.

“From my very soul!” cried Emma, throwing herself beside him.

“Thanks! thanks!” he replied in a hurried manner, “her very voice too! and in the same sweet mournful tone as when I heard it last.”

Emma now raised herself, and sat on the side of the bed, holding her father's hand in hers, while her sisters leaned over him on the other side, vainly trying to engage a little of his attention; but that attention was now so completely riveted on Emma, that he saw not St. Aubyn, whom he had wished so much to see, nor Mr. Egerton, who now entered the room, and for whom he had repeatedly inquired.

The

The delirium of death was indeed fast approaching; and mistaking Emma for her mother, lord Clonawley eagerly and repeatedly addressed her by the name of Agatha, and begged her to forgive her guilty husband all his trespasses against her.

“Pray for me, Agatha, pray for me, my beloved wife,” he wildly cried; and Emma willing to indulge a delusion that might give him comfort, fell on her knees, and raising one hand to Heaven, while he grasped the other in his cold convulsive grasp,

“Merciful Author of my existence,” she exclaimed, “forgive this penitent sufferer as freely as I forgive him!”

The eyes of the dying man beamed with momentary brightness, as she spoke; then, turning to the last on her, they soon after closed for ever.

Mr. Egerton immediately desired St.
Aubyn

Aubyn to lead Emma away, while he remained with the poor orphans, in whose sullen grief he evidently beheld no heart-yearnings, but the contrary, towards their new found sister, and therefore thought it best for the present to remove her from their sight.

Fanny, whose spirits were too weak to bear the scene that awaited Emma, had remained with Mrs. Castlemain, whom lord Clonawley had, luckily for her, not wished to see; and when Emma returned, the poor girl, who loved her tenderly, flew to her arms with every sentiment of tenderness towards her that Emma could desire; and they together wept, though with different feelings, the parent whom they had lost.

Lord Clonawley made a will the day before he died, in which he left only 2000*l.* each to his daughters, Mary Ann, Harriet, and Fanny; his estates of course

coming to his son; and to *Emma*, designated expressly by the name of Emma Balfour, his sole legitimate daughter by Agatha Torrington his lawful wife, the sum of 10,000*l.*

“Did you talk to my father *much* of me?” said Emma as soon as she recovered the violent emotion which she felt, on hearing the contents of the will.

“I did,” he replied, “and spoke of you as I thought.”

“I suspected as much,” said Emma, bursting into tears, and hastening to her own room, where with a trembling hand she penned the following letter :

“My dear sisters,

“Our lost father, by willing to me so disproportionate a share of his fortune, relieved his conscience from a painful burthen. Now then let me relieve mine, and prove myself worthy of the reliance
which,

which, I evidently see, lord Clonawley placed on my justice and my affection. I insist on sharing equally with you the large fortune he has bequeathed to me, and I conjure you to accept the offer as a proof of the affectionate regard of

“ Your new found sister,

“ EMMA BALFOUR.”

For this offer, which Balfour allowed them to accept, his sisters employed him to express to Emma their grateful acknowledgements, promising to visit her at the White Cottage on their return from Ireland, whither they were going, with their brother, to follow the corpse of their father.

Mrs. Castlemain and Emma then set off for the White Cottage, and Mr. Egerton and St. Aubyn soon followed them to Cumberland.

On

On their road thither, as St. Aubyn was talking over his affairs, and telling Mr. Egerton what settlements he meant to make on Emma, the latter said,

“As I find, Henry, that you are now a much richer man than I am, I shall trouble you to pay me the little debt you owe me.

“A debt! My dear sir, I was not conscious that I ever owed you one.”

“Very likely,” replied the other, “nevertheless you do owe me a trifle.”

“Name the sum, that I may repay it,” cried St. Aubyn taking out his purse.

“Pho, not a hundred purses could contain your debt to me:—you owe me *only* the little sum of 70,000/!” and while St. Aubyn, dumb with amazement, did not attempt to speak, Mr. Egerton proceeded to inform him, that hearing the St. Aubyn estate was again to
be

be disposed of, he had purchased it for that money, meaning to restore it, either during his life or at his death, to its original inheritor.

Next to the possession of Emma, there was nothing so near to the heart of St. Aubyn as the recovery of his paternal estate; though he had never flattered himself with being able to effect it. His delight and his gratitude, therefore, were in proportion to this desire.

“Best of friends!” he exclaimed.

“Nonsense!” replied Mr. Egerton; “not the *best* of friends, but a *friend*; one who has not only the inclination but the power to prove his friendship by his actions. You had not money enough to buy St. Aubyn, and I had; and I am very sure that, had you been me and I you, you would have done the same.”

“Well,” said St. Aubyn, “I have only to hope that you will always consider
St.

St. Aubyn as your own residence, and make Emma and me happy by accepting apartments there."

"No," replied Mr. Egerton, "I will never be more than your guest, and my little cottage shall still be my *all* of mansion."

At length the time fixed on for the union of St. Aubyn and Emma arrived; and Balfour, now lord Clonawley, accompanied his sisters, when they came to witness it; and having convinced himself that he mistook the instinctive regard of a brother for the impulse of passion, he felt no emotions but those of proper affection for the betrothed bride of St. Aubyn; and now he no longer looked upon him as a rival, his heart, which was really virtuous, and formed to love virtue, did ample justice to the merits of his new relation.

"Every wish of my heart is so completely

pletely filled," said St. Aubyn to Mr. Egerton some months after his marriage, that I wish, and so does Emma, to pass life between St. Aubyn and the Vale House, and never, except for a few weeks at a time, encounter the busy scenes of the metropolis."

"I should approve your decision," replied Mr. Egerton, "if you had neither talents, virtues, nor energy enough to fit you for some public situation of life; but when I consider what you are, and the usefulness that you are capable of, I must condemn, as inexcusable selfishness, those wishes which would lead you to bury yourself in retirement. I well know that the duties of a country gentleman are many, and that you can do much good by fulfilling those duties; but as the senate is the place where an upright and independent man can render the greatest service to his country at large, it is the wish

wish of my heart, approved most warmly by my judgement, that you should divide your time between the metropolis and your estates, and exert in the House of Commons those powers of mind, and that rectitude of feeling and principle, which in a country life could only be exercised in duties comparatively of slender importance."

St. Aubyn, whose life had hitherto been spent in a surrender of his own wishes to those of others, was now naturally enough inclined to live, during his succeeding years, for his own good alone, and that of those whom he loved best.

But at length Mr. Egerton's reasoning, and Mrs. Castlemain's ambition, urged him to accept a seat in parliament; and Emma's first child was born in the metropolis.

Varley, meanwhile, returned from his wanderings, and had embarked for England

land in the same boat with Mrs. Felton, who remained in France long after our travellers, and left it just after she had heard of the discovery of Emma's birth from Mrs. Fitzwalter ; who had a pleasure in adding that St. Aubyn, to whom that discovery was owing, was supposed to be the betrothed lover of Emma. It was with great joy, therefore, that, when she recognised Varley, and asked why he had so suddenly displeased his friends, and left Paris, he told her he could not account for their behaviour, except in a way to call his modesty in question : insinuating, very adroitly, that Emma, the pure and precise Emma, had made him such advances as had alarmed the prudence of Mr. Egerton, and the jealousy of Balfour. And though Mrs. Felton did not in her heart believe the tale, she was delighted to act as if she did, and to give hints of the sort when she arrived in England, where Varley

ley became a constant guest at her parties ; and some confidential few he amused by mimicking Mrs. Castlemain's dignity, Mr. Egerton's long speeches, and Emma's girlish vivacity, which, to those who did not know them, appeared admirable likenesses. But it was at length suggested to Mrs. Felton, by a male friend, that the youth who thus made free with the reputation of his former acquaintance, miss Castlemain, might be as free with his present one, Mrs. Felton ; and hearing, from undoubted authority, that he had boasted of favours from her which he never received, and also called her when speaking of her, his lovely Lucy, she indignantly forbade him her house ; and as the lady at whose house Emma first saw him in town was now reconciled to her, and once more become her intimate friend, she also ceased to invite him to her conversation parties
out

out of respect to Mrs. Felton. Thus Varley was restored to his original obscurity, and absence from those fashionable circles in which it was his first ambition to shine. But Mr. Egerton, just in his wrath, did not suffer the industrious and indigent mother to suffer for the faults of her son, and he sent her occasionally very handsome presents from an unknown hand.

But to return to St. Aubyn:

However averse he might originally have been to a residence of many months at a time in the metropolis, he could not help feeling his pride and tenderness amply gratified while there, by the flattering attention and admiration which his beautiful and accomplished wife excited; for it was such as could not have called forth one angry or unpleasant feeling in the most jealous of husbands or most delicate of men, and was equally a tribute to the charms of her mind and
person,

person, and the propriety of her conduct and her manners. Well, and justly indeed, was it said of Emma, that though any one might have fallen in love with her before marriage, no one would have thought of doing so after it:—the highest eulogium that can be passed on a young and beautiful woman.

While the delighted St. Aubyn seemed to follow his graceful wife, wherever she moved, with eyes of approving fondness, Mrs. Fitzwalter had great satisfaction in observing to her dear friend, Mrs. Felton, with whom the St. Aubyns were on civil though distant terms,

“ Was there ever such a doting husband as Mr. St. Aubyn? I am sure he is not conscious there is another woman in the world besides his wife! and, indeed, I do not think there is another woman in it worthy of such a man!” and Mrs. Felton by exclaiming,

“ Ridi-

“Ridiculous! absurd!” her only answer on these occasions, sufficiently betrayed, that she felt all the mortification which her kind friend meant to inflict.

Mrs. Castlemain, though much distressed at a separation from Emma, had wisdom and self-denial enough to refuse to accompany her to London. For, as she felt the most certain conviction that Emma was worthy of implicit confidence, she thought it but right that she should mix in London society without any other guard than her husband, and her own prudence.

Mr. Egerton, too, now he had reaped the reward of his own paternal care of her, in seeing her the wife of St. Aubyn, felt that it was no longer necessary for him to forgo his own tastes and pursuits. And having no surviving relations, or even friends, who required his society or assistance, he resolved to pass in studious retirement,

retirement, and in benevolent exertions for the instruction and benefit of the poor in the neighbourhood of the White Cottage, those hours hitherto passed in superintending and accompanying his beloved pupil. But though he and Mrs. Castlemain had persisted to remain behind in the still shades of Cumberland, it was always with affectionate and almost painful impatience that they awaited the hour that should restore to them their best treasures. And when they beheld their carriages and servants winding down the opposite mountain, the tear of ill-restrained delight glistened in the eye of both.

“ See,” said Emma to Mr. Egerton, when she returned from the metropolis the second time after her residence there ; “ see, my dear sir, (giving her little boy into his arms,) I have brought you another pupil ; and I trust that, by dint of my own watchful care, your precepts, and
his

his father's example, he will be in temper and disposition all that he ought to be."

"You are too modest," replied Mr. Egerton as he kissed the babe, and returned it to its mother: "you omit to mention the probable usefulness of your own example, as well as watchfulness."

"Mine!" exclaimed Emma; "mine! Surely you forget to what a violent, head-strong creature you are talking."

"Pardon me," returned he; "I do remember you were once what you describe; but I also remember how readily you undertook the difficult task of conquering your temper, and how admirably you succeeded in it. Sweetness of temper is often, as I have before observed, the result of a happy conformation, and perfect health, and is no more a virtue in its possessor than beauty of person. But when a sense of duty leads the self-judged slave of an unhappy temper

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per to conquer that irritability, then is good temper exalted into a virtue; and this virtue I have seen so often exhibited by you, that I shall, if I live to see your child old enough to understand my advice, have no scruple in holding up his mother, as well as his father, as a model to be imitated."

"The author of that interesting poem *The Triumphs of Temper*," observed Mrs. Castlemain, "is of your opinion, Mr. Egerton, with regard to the importance of good temper, for he says:

'Virtue's an ingot of Peruvian gold;
Sense, the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold;
But Temper's image must their use create,
And give these precious metals sterling weight.'"

"I thank you, madam," replied Mr. Egerton, "for reminding me of my coincidence in opinion with the author of that poem; but I should wonder if any
one,

one, who thinks at all, were to deny the truth of this sentiment. There is no situation in life in which fine temper is not of use. In affliction it disposes the sufferer to dwell more on the blessings it still retains, than on those which it has lost, and thereby prepares the mind for the influence of pious resignation. In sickness it induces patience and quiet endurance, lest complaint should wound the feelings of affectionate attendants; while it disposes those affectionate attendants themselves to bear with the often provoking and ungrateful petulance of disease; for though religion and principle may in time clear away every obstacle to their desirable ends, the way to them is made easy and quick at once if Temper be the guide."

"But surely," said St. Aubyn, who entered the room at this moment, "it is not enough to consider what temper

can enable us to do: one should reflect how many things without its assistance one cannot do. Without command of temper no one can be sure of always speaking truth; for many persons, of both sexes, utter, while under the dominion of passion, what they are glad to disown and to explain away when their passion is over."

"True," observed Emma laughing, "as for instance, in the Commons house of parliament, when one honourable member gets up and begs to know whether the honourable gentleman on the other side of the house meant really, by such and such words, what such and such words really mean; on which the honourable gentleman appealed to, assures the honourable appellant, that by such and such words he did not mean what such and such words really mean, (to translate these things into the language of truth,)

truth,) on which the honourable appellant professes himself entirely satisfied that *black is not black, but white.*"

"Fye, Emma, fye!" replied St. Aubyn laughing, "this is more severe than true; for, after all, these explanations are understood to be only modes of speech."

"So, so," cried Mr. Egerton, "I see you have acquired an esprit de corps, Henry, already, and do not like to have your respectable body attacked even by a jeke."

"I have surely a right, sir," returned St. Aubyn, "to insist on Emma's extending her remark to the Lords, and owning that respectable body to be as liable as our own to these façons de parler, which she chooses to call falsehoods."

"Oh! by all means," answered Emma, "and I dare say similar scenes occur among them as frequently as amongst you; for no doubt there is nothing so like

a commoner in a passion as a lord in one ; and I beg leave to add to the list of what one cannot do without command of temper, that one cannot be always *well-bred* without such self-command ; for both gentlemen and gentlewomen when angry, say and do what for the time being makes them neither the one nor the other.”

“ I am inclined to think also,” resumed St. Aubyn, “ that one cannot *love* perfectly without temper. We often hear that there is nothing so like *hatred* as *love* ; and that lovers have a great delight in tormenting each other. Now, though I admit that love, and lovers as we see them every day, exemplify the truth of these observations, still I am convinced, that were the cultivation of good temper as universal as it ought to be, these fine definitions of love, and these descriptions of lovers, would be known no more. The truth is, that our habits of temper
and

and feeling are formed in childhood, and long before the passion of love can be felt: consequently, however powerful love may be, temper being still more so, it gives its *own* obliquity to the *tender* passion as it is called. And when love resembles hate, and lovers take delight in tormenting each other, such horrors are to be explained thus: that, in the first instance, temper has more sway over the individual so erring than real affection; and in the second, that the lover who torments and tyrannizes over his mistress, or the mistress who torments and tyrannizes over her lover, would, if they could and dared, torment and tyrannize over the rest of their species; and that they take this liberty chiefly with one alone, because they believe that, as the tormented being loves them, they can give way to their temper with impunity."

"Well, Mr. St. Aubyn," replied Emma, "you are sure of my assent to

this doctrine ; for, as I can safely declare that you never yet thought proper to torture me in order to convince me of your love,—if I did not believe in its truth, I must doubt the sincerity of your affection, and that would be rather disagreeable.”

“ I agree entirely, and without such an inducement,” said Mr. Egerton, “ in all that Henry has advanced.”

“ But who can be always on their guard ?” cried Mrs. Castlemain. “ Occasional irritability of nerves, secret anxiety, may sometimes overset the finest temper.”

“ True,” replied St. Aubyn ; “ and after all, we must denominate as fine tempered, not those who are never out of humour, for where are they to be found ? but those who are most rarely thrown off their guard.”

“ I think,” said Emma, “ that Temper, like other great potentates, has her levies
and

and her gala days. I know, sir, (addressing Mr. Egerton,) that you consider a revolution as a time when Temper is seated on her throne of state, with all her ugly ministers around her. And what think you, sir, of a contested election? That surely is one of her gala times; but then she wears ribbons, and goes about with flags and music, and looks so pretty, and so animated, and so like something very charming, that we forget what her real nature is."

"I am glad," returned Mr. Egerton, "to find that you are so conscious of the influence of Temper at elections, Mrs. St. Aubyn, as this knowledge will enable you, should your husband ever be opposed, to keep a guard over *your* temper; for those only are safe from falling who are conscious of their danger."

"And that danger lies more in trifles than great events," returned Emma. "I
have

have often heard the trials of Serena blamed as being too trivial ; but I have considered the critics, on this occasion, as no attentive observers of human nature and life ; for it is very certain that trifles irritate the temper more than things of importance ; and that great trials call for that higher order of exertion and virtue known by the name of fortitude and resignation. But the man or woman who can support loss of relations and fortune with dignified calmness, might very likely give way to impatience and angry fretfulness at the carelessness of a servant, a peevish contradiction from a relation, or a spiteful remark from a companion."

" True," replied Mr. Egerton ; " and I feel very happy in the consciousness that you are thus deeply impressed with the importance of a well-governed temper, as this impression will constantly influence you in the management of your children.

To

To borrow the words of a great man,

‘ ’Tis not in mortals to command success:’ ”

But you'll do more, my Emma, you'll deserve it. Events over which we have no power often cloud the prospects of us all, and change our joy to sorrow. But parents, in giving their children good habits, bestow on them the best chance of virtuous prosperity ; and good habits are gifts which it is chiefly in a mother's power to bestow, and what her offspring are capable of being benefited by, even in the earliest stages of childhood, since that is the time to begin the formation of the Temper ; for, considering *happiness* as the goal in view, VIRTUE and TALENT are two Arabian coursers, which, however fleet and powerful, would never reach the desired and destined point unless managed and guided by the hand of Temper.”

THE END.

ERRATA IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

- Page 17, line 19, *for affection read affliction.*
— 18, — 14, *for wide read gay.*
— 48, — 17, *for calmness read callousness.*
— 85, — 8, *for reverse read severe.*
— 95, — 18, *for childless read childish.*
— 128, — 11, *for between Keswick and Ambleside
read within two miles of Keswick.*
— 227, — 15, *for and then read the next moment.*
— 253, — 3, *for unruly read unsatisfied.*
— 253, — 4, *for operates on read infects.*
— 253, — 20, *for this read his.*
— 257, — 2, *for wander read wonder.*
— 260, — 9, *for haunt read taunt.*
— 290, — 6, *for could read would.*
-

ERRATA IN THE SECOND VOLUME.

- Page 12, line 3, *for and read nor.*
— 45, — 16, *for soft read clear.*
— 51, — 12, *for necessary read unnecessary.*
— 58, — 12, *for Mrs. read Mr.*
— 70, — 10, *for to have read for.*
— 212, — 2, *for then read thus.*
— 215, — 6, *for their read these.*
— 234, — 9, *for seen read conversed with.*
— 258, — 4, *for felt read remembered.*
— 272, — 20, *for usual hour read custom.*
— 275, — 1, *for the read her.*
— 297, — 11, *for observed read added.*
-

ERRATA IN THE THIRD VOLUME.

- Page 8, line 1, *for properly read perfectly.*
— 17, — 22, *for where read whence.*
— 26, — 19, *for till read but.*
— 119, — 7, *for hair read person.*
— 120, — 17, *for where read whence.*
— 139, — 14, *for him read them.*
— 164, — 2, *for properly read correctly.*
— 183, — 8, *for barely read basely.*

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