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THE
MASK OF FASHION,
A PLAIN TALE;

IN TWO VOLUME S.

VOL. I.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.

THE
MASK OF FASHION;
A PLAIN TALE;

WITH,

ANECDOTES FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Volti sciolto, pensieri stretti. Chesterfield.

VOL. I.

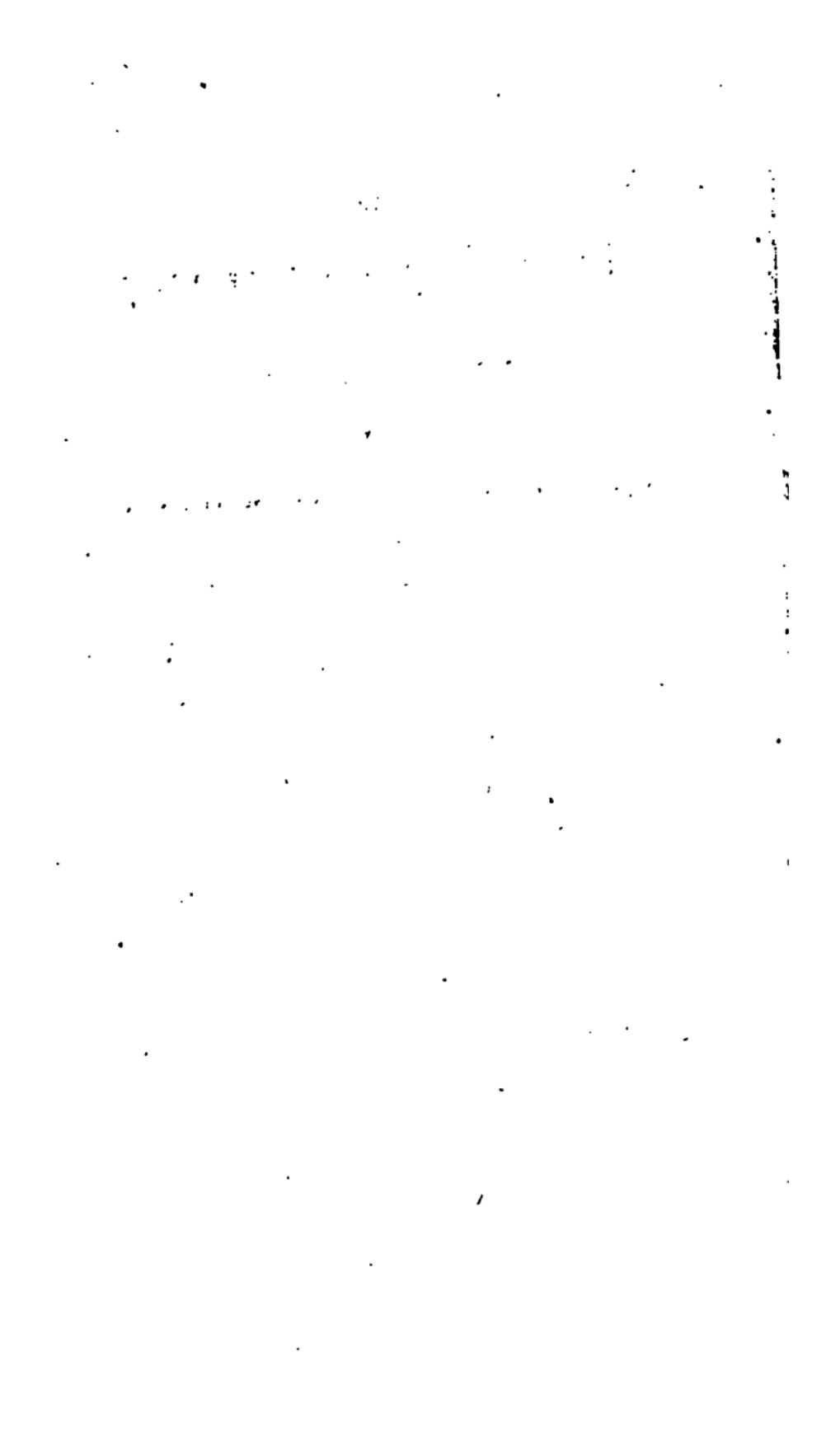


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1807.

249. S. 259.



DEDICATION.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS,

&c. &c. &c.

Madam,

*It is the usurped privilege of
an Author to soar on high for patronage ;
and, although mine is, peculiarly, an
Eagle's flight, I am inspired to hope your
Grace will condescendingly perceive, that
humble admiration more thanmingles with
presumption.*

Benevolence—Your Grace—is, naturally a mild, unobtrusive, virtue; but when illustrious Rank gives splendor to its blushing emanations, the brightened ray becomes, at once, dazzling and instructive.

Such is the effect of your Grace's domestic habits!

With this impression, I am ambitious to interest your Grace in favor of an exalted female, moulded in the fair form of your own retiring virtues: The dispensations of Providence have, indeed, sheltered your Grace from all, save the sympathies of affliction; yet an admiring world will proudly anticipate, that your Grace's dignified

DEDICATION.

*example would emulate the heroine of my
tale, under every pressure of calamity.*

With perfect deference,

I have the honor to be,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

London,

November, 1806.



PREFACE.

“ It will not do,”—said my friend, entering the room, and returning my MS. with a smile.—“ Your Hero “ is not moral.”

“ Bravo,”—I replied,—“ a hypo-
“ crite and moral ! what a two-
“ headed monster you wish me to
“ describe. Still, I contend, the
“ work is *strictly* moral.”

“ Rather say the outline is admirable ; but the colouring too high.”

“ I disclaim all subterfuge—however, to admit your latter position, is merely to avow myself an humble imitator of a great master in the English school. The tints you censure, are, like those of Sir Joshua Carmine, *imposing*, not *permanent.*”

“ Dangerous distinction ! Are you aware how pernicious this kind of reading is to youth ; and, how much it will behove parents to condemn your book ?”

“ I am aware how *dangerous*, and
“ how *fashionable*, it has been to
“ admire the character of a Mrs.
“ Haller—but I do not represent fe-
“ male errors as an amiable weakness.
“ It is true—I give to temptation all
“ the allurements calculated to awaken
“ the senses, and to lull the reason—
“ The charm, however, is transient—
“ it fades even to the impassioned
“ fancy of sixteen—the warmth of
“ imagination chills, when vice drops
“ the borrowed mask of fascination :
“ and, the agonies of repentance
“ silence the emotions of sympathy.”

“ You are a casuist I perceive.—

“ Still, I think such reasoning offensive to the morals of the Age.”

“ Good God!—shall the Age, then,
“ dare to act, yet shrink before the
“ mirror that reflects its degener-
“ racy? I attack a favorite maxim
“ —one, held up to the imitation of
“ every finished Gentleman, under
“ the baneful sanction of high autho-
“ rity. I shew its subtle operation
“ on a mind, great in calamity, and
“ superior to the refinements of
“ temptation. I mark its unlimited
“ ascendancy over the generous feel-
“ ings of innate Worth and Honour.
“ I display its insidious advances,

“ and ultimate subversion of undis-
“ sembled Innocence—In short—I
“ prove, that there are moments,
“ when the purest motives yield to
“ the magic influence of dissimula-
“ tion: and, as example is more im-
“ pressive than precept, I personify
“ the developement of this specious
“ system, as a beacon to reflect the
“ fatal quicksand.—These are my
“ claims to patronage.”

“ But are you sure, the mind, *at*
“ *Sixteen*, will always appreciate
“ your moral.”

“ Minds that are too imbecil to re-

“ **sist the illusion of imaginary scenes,**
“ **have still less capacity to contend**
“ **with the real temptations of life :**
“ **Hence, the necessity of guarding**
“ **their feelings against the frailties**
“ **of human nature, and the glit-**
“ **tering subterfuges by which such**
“ **frailties are made subservient to**
“ **the grossest crimes.** The momen-
“ **tary triumph past—I reverse the**
“ **medal—and exhibit horrors inse-**
“ **parable from guilt ; conscious, that**
“ **the lesson will be indelible on every**
“ **youthful heart, not naturally de-**
“ **praved, when the stricken victim**
“ **falls—like Lucifer—never to rise**
“ **again !”**

This was answered by a doubtful
shake of the head—

“ Psha,”— continued I,—“ You
“ are an unwilling convert—I will
“ appeal to the public, and print our
“ conversation by way of preface.—
“ The criticism shall precede the
“ work.”

“ You cannot be serious—what,
“ with my name ?”

“ Certainly not—nor my own
‘ either— who would take me for
“ a philosopher ?”

He bade me adieu;—and I have
kept my word.

Gentle Readers !

Be not dismayed with the captious arguments urged by an independent man of fashion, against a poor author ; but condescend to judge for yourselves.

Follow—and I will lead you into scenes, that I have visited in person during a life, variously passed in the vicissitudes of splendour and affliction. At one moment, with a hope to claim the tear from virtuous Sensibility—at another, a smile from Innocence and Gaiety. The titled Fop,

who prostitutes his talents, shall be reproved, and the sterling attributes of polished society venerated. Virtue shall appear in all its native loveliness, and Vice in its appropriate deformity. The man of worth, though pennyless, shall find a bold defender—and the splendid hypocrite shall endure galling stripes at the hour of retribution.

If the bill of fare displease ye—
throw it down.



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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 44, l. 19, for, the marriage of *Canaan*, read of *Cana.*
P. 183, l. 28, for, though *under Forty*, read, *though in appear-*
ance under Thirty.

VOL. II.

P. 185, l. 13, for, *Pbaroab Table*, read *Fare Table.*



ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 44, l. 13, for, the marriage of *Canaan*, read of *Cana*.
P. 183, l. 23, for, though *under Forty*, read, *thoug~~b~~ in appear-
ance under Thirty*.

VOL. II.

P. 135, l. 13, for, *Pbaroab Table*, read *Fare Table*.

that day been driven, by an execution, from their elegant mansion in Portman-square.

A certain air of melancholy was visible in the countenances of this little party; yet so tempered with piety, that affliction seemed divested of its keenest pangs.

“ Well, my dear Mary,” said Mr. Manly, affectionately addressing his wife—
“ do you not think it possible to find content within this humble dwelling? The change will, at least, raise our minds to a contemplation of our entire dependence on the Almighty, and teach us submission to his divine will:— A lesson, my love, too often neglected in the enjoyment of plenty; which, so far from giving us a grateful remembrance of the blessings we partake, lull us into a

“ shameful forgetfulness of HIM, from
“ whom, alone, these blessings flow.

“ Adversity, my dear, is the touchstone
“ of the heart, and fortitude in support-
“ ing it, the sure test of an uncorrupted
“ mind,—it is a sentiment founded on
“ religion: it does not blunt our sensi-
“ bility—it merely directs its operation;
“ it instructs us to bear the dispensations
“ of providence without repining: it calls
“ forth our noblest exertions in the hour
“ of trial: and tends to convince us, that
“ the burthen imposed is not beyond our
“ strength.

“ In the morning of life, all appears
“ joyous; Man sets out gaily, unconscious
“ of the vicissitudes of this world; and
“ looks eagerly forward to the fulfilment
“ of his happiness, in the completion

“ of those plans he supposes essential to
“ it.

“ At noon, unforeseen accidents blight
“ his visionary prospects ; at night, he is
“ called upon by experience, to estimate,
“ with candour, the frail enjoyments of
“ humanity, and he pronounces the verdict
“ of VANITY on all sublunary expecta-
“ tions.”

At the conclusion of this consolatory appeal to the heart and understanding of Mrs. Manly—she arose, and throwing her arms about her husband's neck, declared, that the only happiness she could know, would arise from a conviction of his perfect resignation ; while Laura, whose fine blue eyes glistened with the tear of sensibility, circled her beloved parents with a fond embrace, and cordially joined in the affectionate assurances of her amiable mother.

Mr. Manly was the second son of a wealthy family in the north of England—but, an accident proving fatal to his elder brother, at the age of nineteen, he became the heir apparent of his father's large possessions.

About four years after this event, the old gentleman died, leaving his only son landed property to the amount of £25,000 per annum; subject merely to the payment of £10,000, to each of his three sisters on the day of marriage.

With an elegant person, and thus distinguished by fortune, Mr. Manly found no obstacle to his wishes, in soliciting the hand of Miss Douglass; a young Lady of small fortune, but of superior worth.

On his marriage, Mr. Manly removed to town; where his establishment was suit-

ed to the splendor of his income ; still he devoted himself, as much as the claims of the world would permit, to the society of his own family.

One son, named Edward after his Grand-father, (then a major in the army serving abroad), Laura, now in her eighteenth year, and Mary, who died an infant, were the fruit of this marriage.

In the bosom of domestic felicity this happy pair, loving and beloved, passed twenty years of uninterrupted harmony and bliss.

At this period a very extraordinary event involved them in a law-suit ; which, after a variety of hopes and fears, ended in their ruin.

By a decree in chancery they were, in

one moment, deprived not only of their estates, but their funded property : even Mrs. Manly's jointure, excepting £3,000 which had been her marriage portion, was included in the wreck. It also involved the fortunes of Mr. Manly's sisters ; his current cash, however, being vested with a banker at the west end of the town, that little remnant of his former affluence was considered safe.

But the law is *prolific*—the banker was enticed into the city on a false pretence, and the moment he had passed Temple-bar an attachment was served on his person, which stopped all further payments on Mr. Manly's account.

Nor was this all ;—on the day following this cruel blow, an execution was put into the house at Portman-Square, by Mr. Snake, his own attorney—a man who had risen

under his influence—for a bill of costs amounting to nearly £4,000.

For some days this virtuous family was bowed down by the pressure of misfortune; till, consoled by the endearing tenderness of each other, sorrow began, imperceptibly, to steal away; when the relentless hand of power again assailed them; and Mr. Manly was arrested by his merciless creditor, for the balance of his claim, unliquidated by the sale of their effects.

He was as usual taken to a spunging-house, where he remained till the approaching term made it necessary he should move, by Habeas, to the Fleet.

This was the moment of trial. Mr. Manly, in himself, was superior to that weakness, which yields a degenerate submission to the severities of calamity—his

hopes were founded on a never-failing consolation, which gave new dignity to his character; but when the coach was announced to conduct him to a PRISON, Mrs. Manly, who had repeatedly, but in vain, urged him to give up her little fortune, overcome by contending feelings, threw herself on her knees before her husband, entreating him, in all the agony of despair, to yield to her wishes:

A tear, warm from the heart, now dimmed the eye of Mr. Manly—a painful pressure clung about his bosom—a suffocation stopped his utterance.

At length, falling on his knees by the side of his wife, he fondly clasped her to his breast, and the stream of tenderness, finding a passage down his cheek, relieved the oppressive tumult of his feel-

ings—then, raising his swimming eyes to Heaven, he devoutly exclaimed,

“ Oh, father of all goodness! look down with mercy on the sufferings of this exalted woman—endue her with power to obey thy will; and, in thy good time, reward her virtues!

“ Now,” turning, “ press me no more, my best love—fate has already shewn you a sad reverse of fortune; but the little that remains will still preserve you from want, and procure, hereafter, a settlement for our dear Laura.—As to my boy, he is a soldier!—Let him carve his own fortune. Rise, my love, I am prepared to meet whatever may await me, if *you* do not rob me of that firmness which is become my sole possession.”

Mrs. Manly, awed by the manner, and instructed by the example, of her husband, endeavoured to compose herself ; so that, when he took leave, the adieu was less painful than might have been expected.

The forms of office detained Mr. Manly and his keeper at the Judge's chambers till past 8 o'clock, when they drove to the Fleet.

Here a new ceremony awaited the prisoner ; who, while he thought himself alone, was sitting for his picture. At length, the deputy-warden made his appearance, and having, obligingly enough, conversed with him a few minutes, directed one of the turnkeys to procure the gentleman a room for the night.

With some difficulty accommodation was obtained in a two-bedded room, and Mr

Manly followed the turnkey to his new lodging.

The night wore all the dismal properties of November—the rain poured—the wind howled—a raw, comfortless cold, chilled the frame of Mr. Manly as he crossed the court-yard.

Conducted by a stone stair-case, they alighted in a long, low-vaulted gallery, having a glimmering lamp depending from the centre arch, whose feeble flame contributed to heighten the horror of the surrounding gloom. Their footsteps echoed as they passed along the stone pavement; wet with damps increased by a moisture, dripping from the unplastered walls, in green and yellow streams.

Mr. Manly, as it were, mechanically shrank from this appalling scene; but on

entering a room of the same construction with the gallery, he found a comfortable fire ;—a small table stood opposite, on a square piece of carpeting, which, with four chairs, and two decent-looking turn-up beds, completed the furniture.

The stranger welcomed Mr. Manly with a friendly offer of his services ; and the keeper having received a small present for his trouble, wished them a good night. The master of the room then locked the door to prevent impertinent curiosity ; and, addressing his companion, said,

“ This, Sir, is a miserable scene to encounter ; but in a day or two you will be more at ease. I remember well, although it is five years ago, the impression made by my first arrival here ; but you will do well to keep up your spirits : the prison is conducted on a liberal plan,

“ and good accommodation may be had—
“ not, indeed, from the warden, who makes
“ no distinction—but from prisoners whose
“ long confinement has left them no
“ means of support, but that which may
“ arise from letting out their rooms. The
“ price, however, of this privilege, is
“ limited by the bye laws;—still few gen-
“ tlemen, who enter these walls with full
“ purses, scruple to enrich, by yielding
“ to a little extortion, an old prisoner
“ pining with want.”

“ May I ask,” replied Mr. Manly,
“ what are the leading regulations of the
“ place, and by what means I may procure
“ a room to myself.”

“ I will satisfy you with pleasure, Sir ;—
“ the first step to be taken, is the payment
“ of your fees, which will entitle you to
“ be chummed on a room.”

"A college term," said Mr. Manly,
smiling;—"but pray proceed."

"This chummage, however, is often of
little or no accommodation, to a gentle-
man having a family, or wishing to be
alone; but, if you will suffer me, good
Sir, to direct you, I will engage you a
room in the upper gallery, which is
floored, and more comfortable in every
respect than this; that you may keep
to yourself at a trifling expense.

"This is the least precarious way of
settling yourself, but requires a know-
ledge of the place to effect. In course
of seniority you will become proprietor
of a room; but the oldest, as well as
the youngest prisoner, is alike subject
to the chummage, which takes place in
rotation throughout the house, without
regard to persons."

“ Are there no allowances for the poor?” said Mr. Manly; “ and how do such contrive as are unable to pay these fees ?”

“ One wing of the house, Sir, is called the Poor side ; the inmates of which, by turns, take their day at the begging grate that opens on the market. This is often a very productive resource ; besides which, there are charitable persons who make presents to the prison, at Christmas, of coals, meat, bread, &c. and these donations are applied exclusively to the Poor-side. In addition to this, every pauper, after a certain process, may compel his creditor to pay him 3s. 6d. per week, and on failure of such payment, regularly every Monday, the debt is discharged for ever.

“ Of those who do not, or cannot, pay their fees, a very fair advantage is

" taken by the gentleman next to be
" chummed ; who, by advancing such fees,
" secures the absence of his chum seven
" weeks from his room ; the new-corner is
" privileged accordingly, and usually ac-
" cepts a weekly stipend, after the expi-
" ration of the allotted term, to lodge
" himself elsewhere.

" There are, besides, racket grounds,
" and skittle allies, from whence prisoners
" holding them derive a comfortable live-
" lihood. When a vacancy happens, the
" new member is elected by a majority of
" votes, regularly polled by an officer of
" the house ; this ceremony is often pro-
" ductive of as much jockeyship as a county
" election.

" For general accommodation, here are
" shops of every description, licensed by
" the warden ; an excellent tap ; and a

“ public kitchen, where you may get your
“ dinner dressed at a moderate expense.

“ The use of spirits is prohibited here ;
“ but sold notwithstanding in great quan-
“ tities. The retailer's rooms are called
“ *whistling shops*—meaning, that instead
“ of asking for spirits you are to-whistle,
“ which is perfectly explanatory.

“ But the lower order are by no means
“ the poorest class in this house. They
“ associate together in parties ; and he
“ who has money to-day treats his com-
“ rades ; by whom he is treated in return
“ to-morrow ; for these sort of people are
“ humanely visited by their friends, who
“ contribute much to their comfort, in
“ small but frequent presents. The situ-
“ ation most to be deplored, is that of a
“ decayed Gentleman, left to perish here
“ by an unfeeling world, who once perhaps

" idolized him—Now his relations with—" hold their assistance, humanely considering it a duty to let him *bite upon the bridle* ;—his friends are too fashion- able to remember him; so, that when his purse fails, he is compelled to live like a moth, upon his clothes ; and when they fail, he becomes a miserable object of excessive wretchedness.

" No opinion, my good Sir," continued the communicative stranger, " can be more falsely grounded, than that which supposes a prison calculated to reform either the follies or the degeneracy of the age. It sometimes happens, that a strong mind, although it may have been estranged from the direct road of prudence, will still, under every appalling misery, cling to those principles of virtue in which it has been educated : but more frequently have I had occasion to witness the

“ fatal operation of Want—It gradually
“ familiarizes the objects to progressive
“ improprieties—and delicacy once re-
“ moved—the poignancy of reflection
“ embitters their lives.—They fly to the
“ bottle—and the Gentleman, who has
“ been brought up with every tenderness
“ and accomplishment, sinks into the de-
“ graded character of a proverbial gin-
“ drinker. When, at length, an act of
“ Insolvency, or other casualty, relieves
“ him from his miseries here, it is merely
“ to transplant him in still greater else-
“ where.”

“ Good God!” exclaimed Mr. Manly,
shuddering—“ what an affecting picture
“ you have drawn,—from your own expe-
“ rience too. I trust, however, such de-
“ generacy is rare.”

“ My long residence here, Sir, has

“made me a philosopher: I view things
“as they are, and judge them without
“prejudice. To those accustomed to af-
“fluence, it may appear strange, that any
“circumstance should be sufficiently pow-
“erful to degrade a Gentleman from the
“dignity he ought invariably to maintain ;
“but the reiterated appeals of hunger be-
“come irresistible; no man can say, with-
“out having experienced similar distresses,
“how he would act under them.—Human
“nature is frail—more prone to yield to
“error, than to resist it.—But come, Sir,
“this is dry talking, give me leave to
“offer you a glass of warm brandy and
“water.”

Mr. Manly, who saw a great deal of good sense in the observation of his host, unaffectedly accepted his proposal: and having chatted half an hour longer, they prepared to make their beds.

When Mr. Manly was leaving the sponging house, his wife put a small basket into his left hand ; and affectionately pressing the right between both hers, tenderly besought him to remember the sheets contained in the basket, when he was going to bed, and to be careful of his health *for her sake.*

The last three words were accompanied by a tone and gesture—so tender and expressive, that the sweet remembrance play'd about the heart of Mr. Manly as he unpacked the bundle ; and gave birth to the most exquisite emotions.

“ Yes ; best of women ! ” he mentally replied, “ *for thy dear sake,* I will calmly meet the sorrows of this world—smooth the pillow of affliction for thy repose— and cheer thee onward to immortal bliss.”

Having made this silent apostrophe, he prepared his bed, and both retired for the night.

Poor Mrs. Manly, who had painfully emulated the bright example of her husband, burst into tears the moment he was gone. Her reflections, as she walked homewards, did not at all tend to a restoration of her peace; and, when she reached her lodging, the penetrating glance of Laura's enquiring eye, dissolved her once more in a flood of tears.

The amiable attention, however, of her scarcely less-agitated daughter, gradually composed her, and they went to bed early—something more at ease.

Mr. Lustring, Mr. Manly's new acquaintance, was an uncertificated bankrupt. He had wisely reserved a provision against

the rainy day, his declining business had some time predicted. I say, *wisely*, because the man who pays away his last shilling, has a twofold contumely to buffet with in his difficulties ; *namely*, the *reputation* of dishonesty, and the *crime* of poverty : whereas, Mr. Lustring, although his want of a certificate tacitly argued a want of correctness in his affairs, by having a constant supply of money to pay for every thing he wanted, and by conducting himself with propriety and moderation in his expenses, was not only respected, but distinguished by the appellation of a worthy, inoffensive man. He had a heart also open to charity ; and from his abundance, unstentatiously shared with merit in distress. Mr. Manly's air, when he first entered the room, prepossessed Mr. Lustring so much in his favour, that he resolved to do him the best services in his power.—With this determination he went to sleep ; and Mr.

Manly having made some arrangements in his own mind, wrote to his wife and daughter, on the following morning, an account of his comparatively comfortable situation, and to press on them his earnest wishes, that they would refrain from visiting him, at least for some days.

To this painful privation, the ladies reluctantly submitted. Indeed Mrs. Manly had so accustomed herself to form no desire in opposition to her husband, that she considered what he had written an insuperable objection to the indulgence of her wishes.

Hitherto, the progress of the law had been so rapid, they had scarcely a moment to digest any plan for their future guidance—in one thing, however, they were agreed—to shield themselves from the condolement of unfeeling affluence, by closing all con-

nexion with their former intimates: but Mrs. Manly had a brother—the Revd. Mr. Douglass—to whom she was tenderly attached, and who had always returned her affection with equal warmth.

This gentleman was of small fortune; but Mrs. Manly was not without hopes that he might, either by his advice, or influence, be of service in the present distressing juncture; and the intimacy subsisting between him and her husband, seemed to sanction the application she now thought it prudent to make. There was a degree of duplicity in taking this step, without Mr. Manly's concurrence, which, at first, upbraided his wife—but the rectitude of her intentions appeased the sentiment, and she reconciled the act, satisfied it was at most a venial offense.

Mr. Lustring's room was on the eastern

side of the prison, overlooking the racket-ground, which continued some days too damp to bound the balls, and made a chasm in the existence of the "*Time Killers*" of the place, which they, *most rationally*, filled up at a whistling shop.

Meanwhile, Mr. Manly relied on his new friend for his future accommodation ; and it was agreed they should board together till that could be arranged.

A few mornings after, Mr. Manly was awakened by a reverberation of the balls from the wall, and the vociferous tones in which the markers called the game. Finding it impossible to sleep, he arose, and having dressed himself, went to the window, where all appeared active and zealous in pursuit of their sports.

After breakfast Mr. Lustring invited his

guest to return to the window, promising to explain to him the characters of the different players.

“ That lusty gentleman whom you see
“ so active, is the most independent of
“ our inhabitants. He keeps a regular
“ table, and excellent port: he is much
“ beloved by every one; and many is the
“ hungry belly filled by his benevo-
“ lence.

“ The person now about to serve the
“ ball, is a *soi disant* foreign nobleman;
“ he has been many years here, and likely
“ to remain many more.—Poor fellow! he
“ is inoffensive in himself, but having
“ married an adventurer on the continent,
“ who has shewn the people in this coun-
“ try a refinement in the art of swindling,
“ unknown before, he is implicated in
“ her guilt. The lady is at this moment

“ in Newgate, under a borrowed name,
 “ and said to possess such insinuating
 “ manners, that those even whom she
 “ has defrauded, become converts to her
 “ opinion, and forget their losses in the
 “ fascination of her smile.”

“ It is a very remarkable fact,” interrupted Mr. Manly, “ that no country
 “ has suffered more than this, from the art-
 “ ful subterfuges of designing villainy ;
 “ and yet the people continue such de-
 “ termined dupes to their own undoing,
 “ that fine words, and a hired equipage will,
 “ as if by magic, convey the goods from an
 “ honest tradesman’s shop to the ready-
 “ furnished residence of a colonel for the
 “ day, or a self-created woman of fa-
 “ shion.”

“ Strange infatuation, indeed Sir ; and
 “ one in which I have myself been a suf-

“ ferer ; but it is an evil that ~~can~~ cure
“ itself. Pray observe that youth, so
“ fantastically dressed, who has just begun
“ to play in the farther ground.”

“ I observe,” returned Mr. Manly,
“ that he is too great an admirer of every
“ awkward turn in his own person, to pay
“ any attention to the ~~game~~.”

“ And yet Sir, he considers himself a
“ fine gentleman—but he mistakes a ridi-
“ culous contortion of his limbs for grace ;
“ and a petulence in conversation for wit.
“ Notwithstanding, you would sometimes
“ suppose him not deficient in understand-
“ ing ; if almost every action of his life
“ did not contradict the opinion.

“ Young as he is, one third, at least,
“ of his life has been passed in prison.
“ His father died lately, leaving him.

" a handsome fortune ; but instead of
 " applying it to an arrangement of his
 " debts, he has purchased the rules—
 " taken elegant lodgings—keeps his cur-
 " ricle—and sits down every day to the
 " most expensive luxuries of the season.
 " In the morning, he condescends to
 " lounge in here, to work off, by exercise,
 " the fumes of yesterday's debauch, and
 " prepare himself for that which is to fol-
 " low at night. It is his amusement to ruin
 " the poor young girls, whose parents are
 " prisoners here, and his pride to publish
 " their shame."

" Insufferable coxcomb," exclaimed
 Mr. Manly indignantly ; " pray turn to ano-
 " ther subject—do tell me who is that
 " genteel young man with such a fright-
 " ful black beard ?"

" A gentleman, Sir, of singular opinions ;

“ he has been here only a few months ; but
“ has never suffered his beard to be cut in
“ all that time. Report says that he has
“ lived in the fashionable world, and that
“ his purse not keeping pace with his ex-
“ penses, he is sent hither to study Cock-
“ er’s arithmetic—as to the rest, his man-
“ ners are pleasing, and he lives retired and
“ very independently. But I would direct
“ your attention to that ugly little fellow
“ just come on the ground.

“ That man, Sir, has been known at
“ different times, by the name of every
“ letter in the alphabet, from Mr. A. B.
“ progressively, and interchangeably, to
“ Mr. Y. Z.—He is one of those pests to
“ society called “ Money Lenders,” and
“ said to be a very able financier; but
“ after having driven nine out of ten
“ of his friends to their ruin, he is now
“ verging towards his own.—Many an

"heir will curse him to the last hour of
"their being."

In this way the morning passed, and Mr. Manly had such new scenes opened to his contemplation, that, in pursuing them, he, fairly robbed sorrow, for the day, of its wonted acrimony.

An interval of nearly a fortnight had now elapsed, during which Mrs. Manly received a very affectionate letter from Mr. Douglass, lamenting the smallness of his income, and that the calls of his family had so far exceeded his means, as to oblige him to encumber the paternal estate with a mortgage. Still he assured his sister of his earnest wishes to serve her, and proposed coming to town immediately, in the hope of being able to effect a compromise with Mr. Snake. He concluded, by desiring his sister to confine the knowledge of his

intentions to herself, as a disappointment, when hope was once raised, produced accumulated bitterness.

Consoled by the feeble prospect opened by these promises, Mrs. Manly became more at ease, and longed ardently for the moment that was to re-unite her to her husband.

Shortly after an opportunity offered ; and Mr. Lustring having arranged every thing for the purpose, requested Mr. Manly, who had not hitherto left the room, to walk up stairs, and visit his future abode.

At their return, Mr. Lustring enquired if Mr. Manly had noticed a gentleman who was walking in the gallery, wrapped up in a large flannel gown, after the manner of a Capuchin : he replied he had, and that the picture excited his curiosity.

“ That,” continued Mr. Lustring, “is a
“ most eccentric character,—a young Mi-
“ santhrope—we know little of him, except
“ that he has lived much in the gay world,
“ and thrown his substance away among
“ the herd of reptiles, who eagerly crowd
“ round a well-served table. He is a gen-
“ tleman of good birth and polished edu-
“ cation; his family affluent, and his for-
“ mer friends numerous: yet he is visited
“ by no one save a very interesting female,
“ of that class denominated in the world
“ —abandoned.—But this lovely creature,
“ with all her imperfections on her head,
“ has virtues to shame the rigid prude, and
“ cast an odium on the apathy of the af-
“ fluent moralist;—her attention to him,
“ is unremitted; and is, indeed, the only
“ enjoyment he allows himself. Courted
“ by the invitations of the more indepen-
“ dent inhabitants of this house, he, not-
“ withstanding, rejects their obliging ef-

“ forts to withdraw him from se
“ and in the solitary pleasure of
“ his room free from a chum, he
“ himself of every other comfort.

“ He suffers want without comp
“ walks, for hours, as you hav
“ alone, either unconscious, or re
“ that any human being is near hi
“ when fatigue drives him home,
“ his crust in surly independence.”

Mr. Manly, interested by th
sketch, enquired how long the ge
had been a prisoner.

“ Nearly as long as myself, Sir
“ scended from his carriage at the
“ the spunging house, and at that
“ took leave of the world.”

Mr. Manly made no reply, bu

a wish, in his own mind, to attempt the acquaintance of this singular young man.

The next day he sent for a broker, and having with his assistance just given comfort to his apartment, he wrote to his wife, requesting her company to dinner on the morrow.

The rapture with which Mrs. Manly anticipated the meeting of the following day is indescribable.—She passed a sleepless night in chiding the tardy progress of time ; and when the hour at last arrived, she hastened, or rather flew, to her appointment.—She was delighted at finding every thing so much beyond her expectation ; and the day passed in a blissful intercourse unknown to common minds.—She took leave at night, with permission to return next day, and lead the trembling Laura to partake their happiness.

This lovely girl obeyed the pleasing summons with alacrity ; the entry into the prison, notwithstanding, gave a sudden shock to her feelings—she tottered up the stairs with some difficulty ; and, on entering the room, had just power to utter—Father !—and fell senseless on the floor.

Remedies were applied for her recovery ; but a paternal embrace had the superior charm to chase away her apprehensions ;—she became more assured—smiled at her weakness—and, at length, added her cheerful efforts, to those of her parents, to gild the melancholy scene.

The pleasures of this day made them all forgetful of the hour ; when they were awakened to a sense of their situation, by the hoarse echo of a voice bawling from below—“ *All out.* ”

The ladies were startled ; till Mr. Manly laughingly told them it was a signal for the departure of strangers, which took place every night at 10 o'clock. A coach was sent for, and they separated till the following Sunday.

The next morning was passed at home by Laura and her mother, who hourly expected Mr. Manly's release, from her brother's interference, and they were planning arrangements for their future guidance, when Martha came in to prepare for dinner.

This faithful creature had been Laura's nurse, and was now, from attachment, their only attendant ; she doated on her child, as she still called Laura, and well she might.

Laura, born to affluence—accustomed

to command—adorned with every accomplishment to grace her person, and every virtue to dignify her mind—at an age, too; when the truant heart of woman just begins to pant for conquest—without a sigh, gave up the giddy privileges of her splendid birth, and fancifully drew the outlines of a little farm, regulated by the cheerful Industry of their united labours.

This peaceful vision was again interrupted by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door.

Laura flew to the window—“ Bless me
“ Mamma—only conceive—it is my aunt
“ Bertie and Emily.”

The two elder of Mr. Manly's sisters were suitably married to country gentlemen, who lived almost wholly on their respective estates: but Mr. Manly's dis-

position and theirs not at all agreeing, little intercourse subsisted between their families, and that little was more regulated by ceremony than cordiality.

The youngest, being remarkable for her personal attractions, insensibly grew up in the indulgence of ambitious views, and rejected, with disdain, the humble offerings made in the country at the shrine of her beauty : and although this propensity naturally made her vain and giddy, still she possessed a feeling heart and virtuous principles.

On her brother's marriage she followed to town and became one of his family. Here she led half the youths in her chains, till seduced by the insinuating manners and *peculiar* elegance of a rake of fashion, she yielded her hand, in defiance of all remonstrance, to the glitter of a coronet, and

the anticipation of a Marquisate ; an event by no means improbable, as the heir apparent was then at Naples, wasting in a rapid decline.

Lord William Bertie, equally thoughtless with herself, made no opposition to the splendour of his Lady's equipage, or the magnificence of her entertainments ; while she eagerly entered into every scene of fashionable extravagance—was a rigid observer of the forms imposed by high life—punctilious in the extreme—and a perfect slave to her rank.

His Lordship's fortune descended to him in right of his mother ; whose settlement of £8000 per ann. devolved to the second son ;—her Ladyship's £10,000 was settled upon herself.

Little domestic happiness could be ex-

pected to result from such a union—My Lord passed his mornings at Tattersal's, or on the ride in Hyde-park—his nights at Boodles, or the Union—My Lady studied her glass all the forenoon—issued inconsiderate orders to her tradespeople—neglected the payment of her bills—and drowned reflection in the whirlpool of dissipation. She was, however, fondly attached to her brother and his family, and doated with extravagance on her only child Emily—now a celebrated toast.

The failure of her family law suit was such a shock to her feelings, that, for a time, it expelled every other idea, till recollecting how fatally it had involved her brother, she ordered her carriage to go in quest of him.

Her Ladyship was received at the head of the stairs by her sister and Laura.

Taking a hand of each, she gaily exclaimed, " indeed I am very happy to see
" you both ; but I have been so terrified—
" only conceive—on my driving to Port-
" man-square, two hideous fellows came to
" the carriage door, to inform me you had
" moved from thence upwards of a fort-
" night—I stared—enquiring where you
" were to be found."

" Taking your address, I drove away as
" fast as possible ; but the odious wretches
" had poured into my vis, such a stench of
" filthy——gin, I believe they call it——
" that I thought I must have fainted in de-
" fiance of my otto of roses."

" Your Ladyship is very good, and you
" do us infinite honor in this obliging en-
" quiry."

" Nay—Mary !—not so gravely either—

“ you know I love you and my brother
“ dearly ; notwithstanding your morality
“ has often put my levity to the blush,
“ and given me the pouts for a full half
“ hour together—come, now, do let us
“ make friends (taking her hand playfully)
“ I know you do not *hate* me.”

“ Indeed, my dear Lady William, you
“ possess a large portion of my regard;
“ but my spirits are not in tune at this
“ moment—the decree—”

“ Oh, my love, I shall expire this
“ moment if you mention it,” interrupted
Lady William, “ It has robbed me of all
“ my sweet pin-money—then my hall is so
“ crowded with importunate tradesmen from
“ morning to night—a set of people who
“ are so unconscionable, it is impossible to
“ satisfy them say what you will—and when
“ I tell my precious helpmate how I am

" besieged, he looks so frantic, you have
" no idea—it is quite terrible to see him;
" for you must know, he has been mon-
" strously in the dumps ever since that
" shocking affair, and the most I have
" been able to do, is to extract a mono-
" syllable from him, when I ask for
" money, and that is, a frightful—no—
" but where is my brother? this abomi-
" nable lodging is, I suppose, one of his
" romantic flights."

A sigh from Mrs. Manly corrected, in an instant, the flippancy of her rattling Ladyship, who now looked all anxiety and apprehension—beseeching her to relieve her fears.

Mrs. Manly began her little narrative of woe ; but when she was about to name the —PRISON—she burst into tears, and could not proceed.

Emily threw herself into her aunt's arms, and wept with her—then running to her mother,

“ Will you not, my own dear mamma,
“ let me bring my aunt the diamond neck-
“ lace and ear-rings grand-papa gave me
“ last winter.”

“ Yes, my sweet child, indeed you
“ shall—we will go home directly : you
“ must add my jewels to the gift, and I
“ hope between us, we may be able to
“ release your poor dear uncle.”

“ Oh, how I love my dear mamma,” replied Emily, kissing her—“ better if possible than ever—shall I order up the carriage, mamma ?”

“ Stop, my dear Emily,” said Mrs. Manly, “ we must be more calm—let me go

"on with the story," which she concluded with describing several visits she had received from her brother, who had kindly borrowed £500, and had every hope of prevailing with Mr. Snake to accept it in discharge of his balance.

"Well my love," replied Lady William; "if you can manage it, I will not attempt to deprive you of so much real pleasure; "but I must have no unnecessary delay— "Indeed, Mary, with all my volatility, I never could reconcile to myself an appearance with jewels on my person, while my worthy brother was shut up in a dungeon!"

This interesting visit produced an appointment for the following day, beyond which, Lady William insisted nothing should retard her plan; and they had just concluded every thing, when another knock announced Mr. Douglass.

Before either of the ladies could speak, he said,

"Be at ease, my sister, I have good news for you"—and having prepared them to see Mr. Manly in the morning,—he added, "I believe now, surprise will not kill you," and rising to open the door, Mr. Manly rushed into the embraces of his wife.

Mr. Douglass, who was the only one in the room, with a proper use of his senses, looked in silent rapture on this scene.—It was the happiest moment of his life, and he would gladly have purchased it with his whole fortune.

When the effusions of sudden joy had a little subsided, Lady William sent home her carriage—to return at eleven—all

thoughts of dinner were forgotten, and an early supper ordered.

In course of the evening, Lady William proposed that her niece should accompany her to Bath, whither she was going in a few days, more, in reality, to get rid of her *duns*, than in pursuit of pleasure.

Laura objected to leaving her parents, but Mr. Douglass and Mr. Manly both thought the change of scene would be proper, under present circumstances, and she might return when the family was settled.

When the party broke up, new tokens of joy were manifested by this re-united family; and Martha, as happy as the best of them, came into the room to wish her master joy, and testify her heartfelt satisfaction at the event.

For some days, Mr. Manly was busied in calling in his tradesmen's bills ; and the ladies, in preparing for the departure of Laura ; who, by the rapacity of Mr. Snake, was reduced almost to want a change of linen.

A very simple wardrobe was collected ; and after a fond adieu, on the appointed morning, she stepped into the travelling carriage with her aunt and Emily, which flew off with four posters, and was soon out of sight.

As this is the season when all the gay and idle flock to Bath in pursuit of pleasure, and as our lovely cousins are about to mingle with the giddy groups that crowd the levees of Bath's Rival *Kings* ; it may be expected I should describe them.

It is possible, that by simply saying they were lovely, I may adorn them with every

grace ; then each of my readers will view them after their own fancy, and they will be handsome in the eyes of all.

What is beauty ?

An indefinable charm—arbitrary in itself —various as the nations of the Globe—depending on the caprice of the objects who peruse it.

In one country, mothers carefully mould the heads of new-born infants into the shape of a sugar-loaf—In another, they as assiduously press them between two boards, till they become flat like a pancake.

With us a small ear is considered beautiful ; while others use every possible means to give extension to that member, till it

hangs like a dew-lap down their shoulders.

An European Belle eagerly resorts to the artificial aid of red and white to give delicacy to her complexion; while the Hottentot as carefully besmears her skin, with soot and oil, to vie in jetty blackness with a rival beauty.

A pleasant anecdote is related of a handsome young Englishman presenting himself at a village church in the Alps; where, from the peculiar qualities of the water, all the inhabitants are afflicted with large wens, by them called *Gother*s. The eyes of all turned towards the stranger, and it was unanimously admitted, that he would have been completely handsome *with a Gother*.

And these whimsical ideas of beauty are

more absurd among the civilized nations of Europe, than among the more remote and barbarous climes of Africa or America. There the Otaheitan will scarify his body, and the negro his face, after the fashion of centuries past; whereas, with us, the standard is so fluctuating, that the beauty of to-day, is liable to become the deformity of to-morrow.

I shall therefore represent them as they really were.

Emily, by a few months the elder, was of a finely-proportioned figure, and majestic form; her eyes dark, sprightly, penetrating; her nose aquiline; her features full of expression, not quite untinctured with hauteur.—As to her accomplishments—she danced well—played with talent—sang with taste,—and could repeat,—

with fluency, the names of every new literary bagatelle.

With these powers to captivate, she "came out" the preceding winter; and, as usual with every fine girl, had a train of sops for ever at her heels: but Emily had merely amused herself with their follies, and laughed at their affected pains;—no serious proposal had hitherto met her contemplation.

Laura, who was educated at home, had not, as yet, "been presented"—when she appeared, therefore, at the rooms; her sylph-like form excited an universal buzz of admiration.

Her height scarcely exceeded the middle stature—her person of the most delicate symmetry—her limbs beautifully moulded.

Light blue eyes—mild representatives of every feminine virtue—animated a countenance exquisitely fair. White even teeth, which a smiling dimple frequently discovered, contrasted with the rich carnation of her small full lips—while auburn ringlets lightly shadowed the tinted veins around her temples.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of her hand and arm; and, when she embraced her Harp—the obedient strings, in unison with vocal melody, and modest grace, breathed tones of sweetness irresistible.—To these attractions were added, the never-fading charms of a well-stored mind.

A young woman's entrée into the world is the critical moment of her life: It is usually expected with impatience, and hailed with rapture—unmindful that her future lot is marked by its uncertain influ-

ence on her mind, and all her happiness to come dependent on it.

While the party at Bath were employed in visiting ceremonials ; Mr. and Mrs. Manly were devising plans for their future establishment.—They had always been so strictly attentive to the payment of their trades-people ; that the whole of their outstanding debts scarcely amounted to £200. This sum, however, must be paid. It was, therefore, after a variety of opinions, resolved, that they should await the ratification of peace, almost hourly expected, when they might sell out of the stocks with more advantage, and in the mean time, remain where they were. They were fortunately rich enough not to be in immediate difficulties.

The next step proposed, was the repayment of the £500, advanced them by

Mr. Douglass ; which, with the bills due, would reduce their fortune to £2300. Of this, £2000 was to be vested in the hands of an opulent merchant at 5 per cent. interest, and the remainder held in their own possession, to stock a farm, and supply other contingencies.

Several letters passed to and from Bath ; but as their interest was chiefly confined to the parties, we shall not lay them before our readers.

Among the numerous fashionables who thronged the pump-room every morning, was the Honorable Augustus Mansel Dormer, a young gentleman of the most prepossessing appearance, and elegant person. His good moral character was a *passe partout*, admitted by the most rigid mothers ; and happy was the girl who could procure his arm for a morning's

lounge, or engage him for a partner at the rooms. His actual income was small, but his expectations considerable. He did not flatter with that presuming familiarity—so nearly allied to impertinence—which distinguishes our modern beaux. His address was manly—his smile bewitching—his manners polished in the extreme—his conversation pleasing and instructive.

He was a proficient in music, and consequently eagerly sought to bear a part at every private concert of *haut ton*: he was even admitted to the more select parties of young ladies in the morning; where his fine taste and brilliant execution, corrected, while they appeared to flatter, the performance of his fair associates; and so little self-consequence did he draw from these particular distinctions, that he was universally considered the most modest, as well as the most amiable, of men.

Emily was delighted with this phenomenon : and, as she really played with science, he took much pleasure in her society. The gentle Laura, too, would sometimes lend her aid, and their mornings, now, were mostly devoted to this enchanting amusement.

One day he chanced to call while Emily and her mother were engaged in their dressing room—and, on being introduced to the back drawing room, found Laura alone.

After the usual compliments of salutation ; Mr. Dormer, observing the piano open, said,

“ Will the lovely Miss Manly condescend to give me a lesson ? ”

“ I will play you a lesson,” she replied laughing, “ fy, Mr. Dormer ; such an-

"ther *equivoque* would effectually destroy
"your reputation for candour."

" To be so sweetly chidden, I could
" err all day—if it be an error to *feel* a
" proper value for Miss Manly's superior
" accomplishments."

" Nay—now I perceive you jest ; and as
" I have no talent at raillery, I throw my-
" self on your mercy—let me shew you,"—
turning to the music stand—" some new
" songs my cousin has just received from
" town."

He opened the book, and read,

Mark'd you her eyes of heavenly blue ?
Mark'd you her cheeks of roseate hue ?
Those eyes, in liquid circles, moving ;
That cheek abash'd at Man's approving ;
The one, love's arrows darting round ;
The other, blushing at the wound !

" I will play, Mr. Dormer," said Laura, taking her seat at the instrument, " if you " will sing !"

For a moment, Dormer gazed full in Laura's face with inconceivable tenderness of expression ; but suddenly correcting himself, his features resumed their usual placid tones, and an elegant bow expressed his obedience : but our heroine's astonishment was excessive, to find the words of the song supplied by the following impromptu.

The eyes I mark, with truth impart,
Each chaste emotion of the heart ;
The conscious cheeks I mark, disclose,
A feeling soul—and not the rose !
The bosom where these virtues reign,
Inflicts the wound, but spares the pain.

These words were adapted by Dormer, with such touching expression, that Laura felt her bosom beat with uncommon agitation : as he closed—an unconscious blush heightened the delicate bloom upon her cheek—she was confused, she knew not why—but when she would have complimented Dormer on his performance, she found it impossible, and was silent.

At this moment, Emily came tripping into the room, and her vivacity relieved her cousin's extraordinary embarrassment.

“ I am so glad to see you,” tapping his shoulder, “ you have no idea—come, do “ take up your base viol and help me with “ this perplexing overture from *Haydn*— “ it is a charming piece, but monstrously “ hard.”

With the skill of a master, he led through

all the difficult passages—complained of his own stupidity, when Emily once or twice played a false note, and gracefully recalling her attention to the mistaken bar, made her in love with *her* perfect execution.

Laura, who was not unobservant of this delicate refinement of good breeding, applauded the act with an involuntary sigh.

An indispensable engagement, on the part of the ladies, interrupted this amusement, and Mr. Dormer took leave, promising to return to their evening party.

“ Heigho,” cried Emily, “ I could
“ really, almost find it in my heart to be
“ in love with that charming fellow.—
“ *Qu'en pensez vous, ma chere Cousine?*—
“ Is he not a dear devil ?”

"Indeed, my love," replied Laura, "I
"should be very insensible not to admit
"merits so universally and deservedly ac-
"nowledged; and this, I presume I
"may do, without any of your raptures."

"Perhaps so—and yet I have heard
"that those who say least—*sometimes*—
"think most. Heyday—what a blush!
"—upon my word, Laura, I could al-
"most fancy you were over head and ears
"in love."

"How can you be so ridiculous, Emily;
"—would it not be very singular, if I,
"who have never been accustomed to
"fashionable levity, could bear to be so
"unmercifully rallied, without betraying
"some token of amazement?"

"Oh, you sentimental girls are all so
"sly—now I could flirt with this same

“ Dormer a whole season, and afterwards
“—discard him, with as little regret as an
“ old glove. These sort of male wretches
“ please, but do not touch me; whereas,
“ I would wager my best card purse, and all
“ its contents, if you and he were often
“ tête à tête together, we should hear of
“ your strolling every morning by the side
“ of the river—sighing in concert with
“ the soft murmurings of the stream—or,
“ arm in arm rambling in the shady grove—
“ which you would call elysium—carving
“ each other’s names upon the bark of every
“ tree—vowing constancy and truth—de-
“ precating fate—and swearing to live for
“ each other, world without end. Amen !”

“ If a rational woman,” said Laura,
gravely, “ were to bestow her hand, sanc-
“ tioned by her understanding, I do not
“ know an object more worthy such dis-
“ tinction than Mr. Dormer—but I

" should think the girl—who madly in-
" dulged a passion for him, in defiance of
" obstacles it became her duty to respect—
" altogether unworthy his affection.

" Prettily said—'pon honor—and if I
" can translate aright—Laura Manly,
" with the consent of papa and mamma,
" uncles and aunts, brother and cousins—
" not forgetting the long list of his Right
" Honorable connections—would feel no
" violent objection to become the Hon.
" Mrs. Doriner."

" I must leave you, Emily—your spirits
" are so much higher than mine, I am
" sure you find me dull company."

" Not for worlds, Laura!—I fear you
" are offended—excuse my unseasonable
" mirth—indeed I meant not, by *my*

" good humour to destroy *your's*—say you
“ forgive me for this foolish badinage ?”

“ Forgive you, my love ! most cheer-
“ fully—but I thought your remarks
“ sounded rather harshly.”

The footman came to say their chairs
were at the door, and Lady William wait-
ing in the parlour. Upon which, the re-
conciled cousins went down, lovingly,
together, and pursued the business of
the day.

When Laura found herself alone in the
chair, she began to ask questions of her
heart, which rather alarmed her. She
would have laughed away her fears ; but
an emotion, of which she then knew
not the name, increased her perturbation
till it became excessive.

We are compelled to yield to that, which we cannot successfully oppose ; and Laura did so, in this instance, with the less reluctance, as she depended on the strength and rectitude of her own mind, to protect her against any evil that might seem to threaten her repose.

A few evenings after this, was distinguished by a grand masked ball, given in St. James' Square by a lady of rank, remarkable for the splendour of her entertainments. All the world was to be there, and many parties came expressly from town to join the motley throng.

But notwithstanding the eagerness of a fashionable mob after this favourite amusement, it certainly is not calculated to shew off our national genius to advantage.

There are many essentials to constitute a masquerade, beyond the glitter of those gems which grace the beauties of a Sultana, or the correct standard of dress, which may distinguish each particular character assumed.

It requires much good humour to foil impertinence—ready wit to attack others, and a prompt repartee to defend ourselves—a happy *melange* of satire and good nature—a nice delineation of character—with a vivacity, spirit, and volubility, not constitutionally the property of an Englishman.

The company began to assemble between 11 and 12, and soon after the rooms were crowded.—“ What a squeeze !—how “ do ?—long at Bath ?—dying with a “ cold—what a sweet dress !—lost my “ *cecis beo* !—made by Lancastre—how “ divinely suffocating !—you look charm- “ ingly—call to-morrow—oh ! my train !—

"seen the Althorpes?—heard the news?—
"look at that Sultana—fine jewels, no
"grace"—and similar elegant effusions
"buzzed around.

In the mean time it became almost impossible to move, when a temporary room, prepared in the garden for dancing, was thrown open, and gave the company space to breathe in.

A new Arcadia was now presented to view.—The walls were lined with dark green lattice work, entwined with a profusion of flowers in the richest bloom; while a variety of lilacs and luxuriant shrubs were fancifully dispersed about the room, in charming groupes.

The cieling was festooned with wreaths of artificial roses, supported by flying cupids; which, with the blaze of light issuing from

a profusion of cut-glass chandeliers, gave an air of perfect enchantment to the scene.

To give brilliancy to the whole, no dominos were admitted; so that the *coup d'œil* was magnificent beyond description.

Here, strutted Falstaffs without wit—Conjurors without art—Princes without dignity—Harlequins without agility—Columbines without grace—Clowns without humour,—and a long et cætera of nonentities equally ridiculous

One group, however, should not pass unnoticed—It consisted of three beautiful females, most fancifully and characteristically clad as gipsies: they were accompanied by two men; the one, bearing the implements of cookery; the other, two poles and a basket with provisions.

Having erected their cross-sticks in a corner, and slung their kettle over an artificial blaze, they began the song of the "*gipsies fire*," which was given in a style of masterly correctness.—This was followed by others equally attractive, and the intervals filled up with fortune-telling.

There were female Quakers bewitchingly lovely—and Nuns temptingly beautiful.—Of the latter class were Lady William, who appeared as the abbess of St. Clair, with Emily and Laura—noviciates of the order—unmasked.

Our Heroine was surprised at the familiarity with which masks addressed each other.—Presently a Squire Groom, placing himself immediately before them, so as to impede their progress, raised his glass carelessly to his eye, and having taken a

critical survey of Emily, burst into the following rhapsody.

“ Famous filly, demme!—shews blood—
 “ handsome figure—fine forehead—stands
 “ well on her pasterns—good neck—like
 “ her head—wont go in a snaffle—wants
 “ the curb—glad to put her in training—
 “ had just such another last season—ran
 “ out of the course—knowing ones taken
 “ in—turned her out on the common,
 “ demme.”

“ Admirable mask!” exclaimed Emily archly, “ that *groom-like gentleman* knows
 “ the extent of his talents, as critically as
 “ he knows the length of his spurs—and
 “ finds them equally ornamental—in *po-*
 “ *lished society.*”

“ Told you so—knew she was a tar-
 “ tar—off in a canter, demme!”

Scarcely had they escaped from the impertinence of this *well-bred Gentleman*, when they were assailed from another quarter.

Two young Coxcombs, habited as hussars, in superb hessian uniforms, made a full stop as our party was about to pass them; while one, staring most impudently in Laura's face, said in a loud whisper,

“ There is flesh and blood in penitentials
“ for you.—Oh, that I were a friar!—a
“ lusty friar!—what charming confessions
“ she would make.”

“ Don't you know them, Charles?”
replied his companion; “ the tallest girl is
“ well enough—rather too much fire
“ in her eyes, to be sure—she looks

“ as if she would scratch before the honey-moon was over!”

“ The little blue-eyed Nun for my money,” answered the pert Mr. Charles.

“ Poh,” returned his friend, “ she, is a beggar in disguise.”

“ Prithee, doff thy lion’s skins, good Messieurs Asses,” retorted Emily, gaily; “ thy braying hath betrayed thee!”

“ I am certain,” said Laura, roused beyond her custom,—“ the *pretty creatures* would be more useful to a Sandman than a General.”

“ Right,” vociferated Squire Groom—“ crop their ears—tails are ready docked—do for a watering place, demme.”

“ Verily, my friends,” quoth Obadiah

Prim, "there is a proverb which saith,
"use every man after his desert, and who
"shall escape whipping?"

The embroidered heroes, no longer able to stand the brunt, lounged off, drawling one leg after the other, the ridicule of the surrounding circle.

The ladies, fatigued with the pressure of the crowd, and wishing to withdraw from further insult, retreated to a sofa; but they had scarcely taken their seats, when an elegant figure, in the habit of a Spanish peasant, approached with his guitar, and throwing himself at Laura's feet, after a skilful symphony, sang several tender canzonets accompanied by his instrument.

This charming serenade drew numbers about them; and perceiving they became

objects of particular observation, they rose to be gone; but the mask followed, repeating, in recitative,

" Thus Daphne, from Apollo's fond pursuit,
" With eager footsteps cleft the yielding air;
" The hapless lover press'd his love-strung lute,
" And magic strains impede the list'ning fair."

" Bravo—bravo—bravo!"—exclaimed a hundred voices. At that moment the peasant vanished through the crowd, and was heard no more.

Although these airs were sung in a *falso*, the sounds penetrated into the heart of Laura, who soon recognised the disguised minstrel—she now felt herself quite ill—but Dormer's well-timed retreat assisted to compose her;—the evening, however, had no longer any charms.

It was day-light when the ladies reached home, and as they had an engagement at two—a short distance from town—they consented to take strong coffee, and dress for the morning, without going to bed.

The residence of Lady William, was in the Upper Crescent, which is built with a terrace projecting to the lofty cliff, that overtops the Lower Crescent, and is undefended by any railing; though danger is some distance removed from the houses.

Their carriage was at the door, and Mr. Dormer, who had called, *en passant*, to enquire how they were after their raking, was preparing to hand them in—he had given his arm to Laura; but before she could gain her seat, a band of itinerant Savoyards suddenly struck up their medley.

The blood-horses, terrified at the noise

set off at full gallop, making towards the precipice.

Dormer, without one moment's pause, flew to their heads, and impeded their course, by seizing on the bridle, although he was unable, effectually, to arrest it.

Laura, happily, retained her presence of mind; and finding the door unlocked, and the step down, made a spring from the carriage, and escaped unhurt.

Dormer now felt himself dragged forward by the impetuosity of these high-mettled steeds, and perceiving Laura safe, released his hold—he could not, however, sustain the powerful shock ;—but falling, the near wheel of the carriage passed over his body.

The ladies shrieked, and Laura fainted

away ; while the horses madly pursued their own destruction : and the coachman had just time to leap from his box, before the carriage was hurled down the steep, and the horses killed on the spot.

As Laura revived, her eyes ran wildly around the room—at length, recollecting the danger in which she had seen her preserver, she eagerly enquired as to the result.

Her evident perturbation, was ascribed, naturally enough, to terror ; and Emily took pains to calm her apprehensions, assuring her Mr. Dormer was very slightly hurt—that a vein had been opened—and he had sustained no other injury, than a slight contusion on his shoulder—“ and “ that you know, Laura,” she added archly, “ is nothing in the school of Quixotism.”

Our heroine appeared satisfied ; but complained of being weak and agitated—she requested to retire, when she was left to very painful reflection, and found herself compelled to confess, mentally, that *gratitude* had made strange havoc in her bosom.—She felt her heart was no longer in her power ; but her secret was ; and judging flight to be the most prudent, if not the most agreeable, line of conduct to be pursued, resolved to write to her father and mother next day, requesting she might return home.

Haying made this arrangement, she found her bosom more at ease, and sleep soon after closed her eyelids, lulling her new-born cares into a temporary oblivion.

In the evening she awoke, much better ; but declined leaving her chamber ; and having arisen next morning, sometime be-

fore the family, she took out her writing desk, and completed the determination of the preceding day.

It was not, however, without some reluctance that she reflected upon the voluntary punishment she was about to inflict upon herself—the heart naturally recoils at the word “farewell” and her whole soul being tenderly attuned by the painful subject, her throbbing bosom dictated, while she penned, the following lines.

Those only who have fondly lov'd can tell
 The pain—the anguish—of the word FAREWELL.
 The subtile magic of that simple sound
 Touches the heart—and leaves a rankling wound.
 Oh, Sensibility ! thou gentle pow'r !
 Whom all obey ; and yet whom all adore:
 Say, by what unseen tye, what force, what art,
 At will, you move and overwhelm the heart ?
 Each finer sense that warms the lib'ral soul,
 Feels thy soft power—nor can that power controul.
 The tear that glistens in the maiden's eye,
 The unfeigned sorrow, and the untaught sigh,

These all confess thy power—these speak thy reign,
A silent anguish—tho' a soothing pain.

Ye frigid sons of apathy—far hence !
Who, dead to this, are dead to ev'ry sense ;
Who vaunt, unmanly, that the voice of love,
Or call of pity could your hearts ne'er move ;
Who dare deride the hapless mourner's woe,
And scoff at what your own breasts never know ;
Ye never felt the luxury so dear,
That mingle sigh with sigh, and tear with tear,
The soothing pleasure that it is to blend,
And make your own—the sorrows of a friend.

At breakfast, Laura begged her aunt would send to enquire after Mr. Dormer's health.—The footman returned to say, that he was confined to his bed by a slight fever.

Laura paled at this news—the cup almost fell from her trembling hand—she found herself quite ill—and all her philosophy was scarcely sufficient to enable her to keep her seat.

Our Heroine again sought the solitude of her chamber: and reclining her pensive head upon her lovely arm—sat—the emblem of mute, but expressive, melancholy, pondering on the woes of life.

The doors of lady William's house had been closed, since the accident, against every body; but the enquiries after the family were innumerable.

The evening was passed by Emily and her cousin, tête à tête; and the former, almost, assured in her own mind, that the picture she had drawn in the gaiety of her heart, was, *now*, too fatally realized, began to fancy she already perceived the canker worm of despondency blighting, with its baneful influence, the roses on her cousin's cheeks: she gave a heartfelt sigh to her sorrows—and wished, without alarming Laura's fears, to take a nearer peep into

the actual state of her heart—with this view—which had a better motive than curiosity for its source, she said,

“ I have been considering, my dear Laura, so tenderly alive as you are to all the keenest sensibilities of the heart, how you would have supported the reflection, had any accident, more fatal, been the consequence of Dormer’s gallantry.”

“ I feel, as it is,” replied our heroine, “but too much concern for the part that generous youth has taken.—Alas! my Emily, but for him, your poor Laura’s mangled corse would now have claimed a lodging in your house.—How is it possible to dwell on what I owe that amiable young man, and not freely offer him all the gratitude of which my nature is susceptible?”

“ Certainly, my love, it is merely justice;

"—but the effusions of sensibility are so
 "little regulated by reason, that I fear
 "its votaries can never glide smoothly
 "through the voyage of life.—Like a
 "light bark, bounding over the expanded
 "ocean, it is impressed by every gentle
 "gale that swells its trembling bosom.—
 "Its unresisting course veers with the
 "varying winds—a stranger to the haven
 "of a calm repose."

"Indeed, my Emily, it is a sweet, but
 "dangerous possession; and yet to its
 "influence, alone, are all the joys of life
 "attributable!"

"I thank God, however," answered
 Emily, "that I have always had the fa-
 "culty of laughing and crying at the same
 "moment; and yet my heart is no stranger
 "to the voice of humanity; although it does
 "not manifest its feelings with vehemence,

“ or drink too deep of anguish ; with you,
“ my Laura, it is different ; and I am
“ persuaded your *first sigh*, will mark the
“ remainder of your life.

“ I am too giddy to be seriously in
“ love---I have not sense enough ever to
“ partake the refinements of that sublime
“ passion ; and my want of reason, in this
“ particular, will save me from many an
“ heart ache.”

“ But my dear Emily, are we to quarrel
“ with Sensibility, because it exposes us
“ to trials ? Why are we gifted with intel-
“ lectual powers ? To what end do we
“ refine such powers by education, if not
“ to regulate our passions ? There is no
“ evil so poignant, as to be superior to the
“ controul of reason ; and love, said to be
“ the most imperious of our passions,
“ *may* be preserved within bounds by

" discretion, however violent its improper
" bias."

" We are young philosophers, Laura,
" and I hope neither is in *immediate* dan-
" ger of those trials, which we have just
" described."

The concluding sentence flushed the cheek of Laura with an ingenuous blush—her bosom undulated the envious 'kerchief which concealed its charms—and Emily no longer doubted.

The conversation now took a livelier turn; and Emily resolved to preserve the secret thus unconsciously betrayed—and ever to be silent on the subject, till her cousin chose to trust her with it; deeming it an unpardonable breach of faith to reveal the secret of a friend, under any circumstances.

As to poor Laura, the peaceful serenity of her bosom was flown for ever.—What a situation! to love! uncertain, even, if her passion was returned—and yet there were tell-tales which, at times, stole from the eyes of Dormer, and seemed to confirm a mutual passion.

To admire his person—to applaud his accomplishments—to venerate his worth—were duties imposed by gratitude; and she felt that the heart which would have ceased to beat without his interposition, must, henceforth, beat for him alone.—She began to tremble for his safety; till fancy drew so affecting a possibility of what might happen, that she gasped for breath.

Emily, extremely affected, took infinite pains to compose her cousin, and so far succeeded, that, at supper, Laura forced

a sort of cheerful smile upon her cheek, to hide the inward workings of her soul.

A few days after, brought two letters to Lady William ; we insert them.

Arlington-street.

While the horses are putting to, I sit down, in violent agitation, to inform you that a cursed run of bad luck has involved me in such pecuniary difficulties, that I have nothing left but a disgraceful flight.

My father is inexorable—I find it impossible to borrow another shilling on my estates.—On the contrary, I am threatened with a foreclosure of the mortgages already granted ; and then we are reduced to beggary.

I would have maintained my ground still, if I had merely to contend with the duns

of insolent shop-keepers, whose clamours were in truth bad enough—but I have contracted DEBTS OF HONOUR to a large amount, and those, you know, cannot be put off.

All retrospect is now useless—had you acted otherwise, I might have done so too—but the folly of one, has been echoed by the other; and never having been taught the charms of domestic society, I have flown abroad after dissipation, while you encouraged the expensive indulgence at home. Thus have we, mutually, contributed to our own ruin.

If ever we meet again, I hope it will be to find more happiness in each other.—If not—God bless you !

My poor Emily-----

*At her name, my brain maddens.—She
will live to curse the author of her Being-----.*

Racks—flames—consume me !

W. B.

Edgware-road.

My dear Lady William,

Peace, the result of fortitude and reflection, is once more become the cheerful inmate of my bosom : your sister and myself having quite forgotten our former affluence, and being animated by a mutual anxiety to make each other happy, cannot fail to be so in all situations.

We have taken a small place, in a cheap part of Devonshire, called Rosemary Farm ; it merely consists of a snug cottage, and a few acres to graze a couple of cows. Laura will be our dairy maid, and feed the poultry ; her mother and Martha will mind

the house, while I cultivate the garden, or join in the labours of the field.

Thus you see, my dear sister, with how little our actual wants are supplied; and that little often introduces content—which joys more to cheer the virtuous cottager, than to seek an asylum within the splendid circles of a court.

In a few days, we shall have concluded all our arrangements, and will take Louisa with us in our road through Bath.

Indeed, had I less reliance on the exemplary prudence of my child, so much beyond her years, I should have deemed it improper to expose her to the gaieties she has so largely partaken with you, immediately prior to the sudden change that will take place in her pursuits; but I can depend on her cheerful acquiescence to any privation virtue may make necessary.

Your sister and myself will have the happiness to embrace you soon.—Give our love to both our dear girls, and believe me invariably.

Your affectionate Brother,

ROBERT MANLY.

A letter from Mrs. Manly to Laura, came by the same post. Poor girl ! she wished to be happy in the prospects before her—a month ago she was so.—But love—almighty love ! —now triumphed in her bosom, and checked every other sensation.

We leave Lady William immersed in wretchedness—Laura to the secretly-consuming grief attendant on an hopeless passion.—And Emily to the tender offices of consolation.

Mr. Manly, shortly after we left him,

Her mind was too imbecil to meet the phantoms which assailed her ; she was deaf to all consolation ; resisting the amiable and united efforts of Elinily and Laura to inspire her with resignation.

On the arrival of her brother and sister however, she became more reasonable and, at length, urged by his affectionate persuasions, and confiding in his advice : she consented, for the present, to leave Bath, and retire to the family seat near Ashford, in Kent.

This plan being settled, Mr. Manly turned his thoughts to his own departure ; and Laura, now, with timid accents, and downcast eyes, related the adventure of the horses, not forgetting the consequences to Mr. Dormer.

Mr. Manly immediately arose, and hav-

ing obtained that gentleman's address, said he would hasten to thank the preserver of his child—" A man, such as you have described, my love, will not disdain the heartfelt offering of gratitude, although presented by a farmer in his plain drab coat."

The ladies all bore testimony to Mr. Dormer's worth.

When Mr. Manly reached the lodgings, he was informed Mr. Dormer was too ill to see company ; but on sending in his name, he was immediately requested to walk up stairs.

Mr. Dormer sat, or rather reclined, in an easy chair—pale, yet not very low. A violent contusion, attended with fever, were symptoms more of oppression than of danger.

He would have risen to receive Mr Manly, but the latter putting out his hand, positively forbade the ceremony.

Having taken his seat, Mr. Manly, in appropriate terms, expressed his thanks for the vast obligation he was under to him—assured him, that his child was the treasure he most valued—the charm that connected him with life—that he could not have survived her premature death.

Mr. Dormer, in reply, made light of the assistance it had been his peculiar good fortune to afford Miss Manly—laughed at the scratch he had received; and nobly concluded, by saying “A man’s powers are only given to him, in trust, for the protection of the weak and defenceless state of woman, and I would, willingly lose the last drop of my blood, in support of the sex.”

Mr. Manly leaving his card, and beginning to be made acquainted with Mr. Dorner's recovery, came away charmed with his young friend.

The morning after the next was appointed for the departure of the two families, whose routes were diametrically opposite. Emily and Laura were much affected at their separation; but promised to keep up a regular correspondence.

On the last night, as Laura was placing her taper on the dressing-table, she perceived a small elegant billet; which, on taking up, she found to be richly embossed, and addressed to herself.

She instantly broke the seal; but with her thumb still on the impression, she started—and would have given the world to make it whole again. It was true, she

might still decline reading it; but how would it be possible to convince the author that she had done so.—Oh! she would depend on her own innocence—then, something like curiosity, or a motive still more powerful, whispered, the thing was done and there could not be any harm in reading it—she hesitated,—blushed,—trembled,—looked at it—the address was written in beautifully small Italian character.

“ Dear me,” said Laura, laughing at this discovery—“ how ridiculous thus to torment myself—it is an adieu from some female friend, which the maid has left here for me”—and with this sanction, she hastily unfolded the letter, which contained these words :

“ If ever I had occasion to complain of fate, divine Laura, this is the moment!—do not fancy I am confined by a mere ex-

terior bruise—my wound is deeper—it bleeds within my heart—you leave me—and I am in despair."

"I do not know if I ought to wish you to prolong a life that will *now* be hateful to me — yes!— by one adieu — one little word—to sooth my agonies in this world, and cheer me onwards to the world to come.

"Guardian angels bless and protect you!"

"AUGUSTUS."

The emotion of Laura, on the perusal of these lines, was extreme ; she dwelt on every word, nay, every individual letter : then chiding the folly, began to argue with her self on her unguarded conduct.

"She would show the letter to her mother in the morning."

It was boldly said ; but the resolution failed almost as soon as made—her bosom was all in a glow—her heart fluttered violently—she was obliged to seek the support of a chair.

She remained some time motionless—meditating on the letter, still open in her hand ; then rising, exclaimed mentally,

“ Ungrateful Laura ! is it thus you would repay him for your life ?—have you a right to doubt his motives ?—alas, is he not ill ; surprised into this imprudence by the suddenness of your departure ; ill too, in your service—dying, perhaps, for having saved you ? he asks one ray of consolation ; is it too much for him ?—oh, no—but prudence, female delicacy—do they not oppose your pity ? yes—certainly—that is, in *ordinary* cases, but this is not of that number—I must write.”

After many efforts, either too warm or too cold ; she, at length, hit upon a happy medium.

" Under *any other* circumstances, I would not have permitted myself to read a letter clandestinely conveyed to me ; nor is it generous, in you, Sir, to *claim* more from me, than the esteem I freely offer you. This is the *first*, and must be the *last*, act of my duplicity : remorse will not fail to upbraid me severely ; but gratitude, towards you, inclines me to inflict that punishment. Adieu.

" L."

Laura, only *half* satisfied with herself, retired to bed ; but instead of going to sleep, took a retrospective view of the last few months ; from Laura, the heiress of a princely fortune ; to Laura, (as the unfeeling mask described her) the beggar ! the pang

of this worldly change, as it affected the luxuries of life, flitted past; but the more serious change that had taken place in her late tranquil bosom, clung with agony about her heart; and she passed a night of unceasing inquietude.

In the morning, however, she arose with apparent cheerfulness, and having sent her note by a chairman, joined the breakfast table.

After a melancholy farewell, the Manly's set out, in a post-chaise, for Rosemary Farm, and Lady William and Emily took their departure for town.

On their arrival in Arlington-street, her ladyship found all the servants had been dismissed, excepting the porter and one house-maid: the plate and other valuables were removed to their bankers, and Lord William, as she soon learnt, had drawn upon

that security for his expenses abroad. In a word—the plate was pawned.

Lady William could not bear to contemplate the desolation before her—she shuddered at the thoughts of burying herself in the country ; and to remain in town, the scorn and pity of her friends, was equally intolerable.

She resolved to pay the marquis a visit.

At first, the noble peer refused her the least assistance; he spoke in terms of bitterness and reprehension of her conduct, as well as his son's; declaring it to be his earnest wish, never to see *the fellow* again. In consideration, however, of her ladyship's destitute situation, he presented her with a check for £500; which he promised to repeat, annually, if she would go abroad, and live prudently.

Lady William, softened into tears by this unexpected turn of good fortune, avowed, with penitence, a detestation of her former life—assured his lordship of her reformation—was all gratitude for his goodness—and prayed him earnestly to forgive her—and protect her child.

The marquis won by this shew of penitence, embraced his daughter-in-law, and desired she would remove with Emily, to his house, till her departure.

On reaching home, the Manlys were much pleased with their farm. A very snug cottage, consisting of two small sitting-rooms, four bed chambers, kitchen, wash-house, brew-house, &c. a neat garden, with a small green-house; and, at the back of the building, a farm-yard, with a four-stall stable, a cart-shed, piggery, and poultry-yard. The dairy was detached; and

being more immediately the property of Laura, it soon became the prettiest thing possible.

This amiable family, as if by enchantment, assumed the different characters they were to play, and every thing seemed to prosper with them.

About two miles and a half from the farm, lived the curate and his family, on a sloping eminence, leading to the village church. A worthy man, whose sole support was £60 per annum; with a wife and seven children.

He came, as usual, to pay a visit to his new parishioners, which they promised to return the Sunday following.

The curate led his guests, with all his little family at their heels, over his ground;

Spring was advancing—and every thing
wore an air of neatness and order.

“ What a sweet bower, this must be in
“ Summer,” said Laura, turning into another walk.

“ That,” replied the curate with a sigh,
“ is Patty’s bower: it is almost venerated
“ in my family: she was a lovely maid, and
“ deserved a happier lot !”

“ Does any circumstance of particular
“ woe attach to her history ?” said Mr.
Manly.

“ You shall judge,” replied the curate,
“ pray sit down in the bower, while I relate
“ her story.”

“ It is now almost five years since my
“ predecessor died; I then served a neigh-

“ bouri^g parish—I knew him well—he
“ was an honour to humanity !”

“ Patty was his only child—if any thing
“ stepped in between his soul and hea-
“ ven—it was his daughter—he almost
“ loved her to idolatry ; but every body
“ loved her—so gentle—so unassuming—
“ yet so pretty—methinks I now see her
“ shade before me !”

“ Her education was much above that
“ of her companions ; for her father was
“ a fine scholar, and spared no pains to
“ improve her understanding ; yet she
“ was free, affable, and obliging with all
“ the village.

“ But perfect joys belong not to mor-
“ tality !

“ The Squire’s son came home from

“ College—had he been as good as he was
“ handsome—nobody could have com-
“ plained.

“ It was May day and all the villagers
“ were assembled on yonder plot, at the
“ bottom of the hill; dancing merrily to
“ the pipe and tabor.

“ The young Squire chancing to pass,
“ and hearing music, rode up to join the
“ joyous throng. He soon distinguished
“ Patty; who rose above her companions
“ in dignity and grace, as the stately pine
“ towers over the forest shrubs.

“ He asked her hand to dance—Patty
“ blushed, and gave it.—Every body was
“ pleased with the ease and elegance of her
“ performance—her pretty feet beat as
“ pat to the music as possible—they
“ would have been a noble pair!

"Patty and the young Squire danced
 "together all the evening—he was often
 "afterwards at the parsonage with his sis-
 "ter, and his modest carriage interested
 "my unhappy friend in his behalf.—He
 "became a favourite with the father—with
 "the daughter—he was more.

"Suddenly he disappeared altogether;
 "and, as we afterwards heard, was sent
 "abroad by his father.

"From that moment, poor Patty
 "drooped—her father's tenderest care
 "could not chase sorrow from her brow
 "—she sighed in secret—courted solitude
 "—and soon became the shade of the
 "pretty Patty.

"At length the funeral knell tolled from
 "the village church.

"Alas! sweet Patty!

“ I visited my friend on the melancholy
“ occasion, whom I found sitting by the
“ side of the coffin—not moaning or be-
“ wailing her fate; but with a vacant—in-
“ sensible—regard,to any thing around him.

“ As I approached, he pointed with his
“ fore-finger to the coffin—resumed his
“ situation—and continued silent.

“ ‘ It was the will of heaven, my dear
“ friend,’ said I.—‘ Our duty is to obey.’

“ He arose—placed his hand upon my
“ lips for a moment, and hurried out of
“ the room.

“ I saw him no more till the funeral,
“ which I had previously requested to per-
“ form ; but no—he would officiate himself.

“ Such, my good sir, is the mutability

" of human joys ! This spot, so lately the
" abode of Innocence and Mirth, was
" now become the seat of sorrow, soli-
" tude, and death.

" The village maidens all assembled
" on the green, dressed in their holiday
" clothes.—The youths the same—they
" stood in separate groups.

" Not a whisper could be heard—tears
" rolled down their honest cheeks—
" while pity and regret occupied every
" feature.—It was a scene to have moved
" a Stoic !

" As I approached, the villagers filed off
" on either side, making a line, through
" which I passed.—I did not speak a word
" —I could not—I looked upon the
" ground—they wept aloud.

" But this was nothing to what followed.

“ Entering the parlour, I beheld the
“ coffin, placed in the middle of the room
“ —the lid was off—my friend in his robe
“ knelt beside it—he held the pale inci-
“ nimate hand of Patty closed in his, while
“ his streaming eyes were fixed, intently
“ on her clay-cold corpse.

“ The pious mourner was advanced in
“ life; a few white locks scattered around
“ his temple, and gave new interest to the
“ languor of his emaciated countenance.

“ My whole soul was filled with rever-
“ ence and awe—I mingled tears with
“ his—but he did not notice me.

“ I made no attempt to interrupt his
“ sorrows—I could only venerate them.

“ At length arising, he exclaimed—
“ ‘ Farewell, my Patty! — thou solace of
“ mine age, farewell!

" 'But we shall meet in heaven,' he
" added—' let the ceremony proceed.'

" As the undertaker was about to screw
" the coffin down, I advanced to take my
" leave of the late blooming maid.

" My friend perceived me, and em-
" braced me.

" I knelt in my turn, kissed the languid
" hand of the lifeless Patty—a sweet serenity
" still marked her countenance—a compo-
" sure resembling a deep sleep.

" My feelings now became oppressive—I
" sobbed violently; when my friend seized
" me by the arm, and hurried me into the
" adjoining room.

" 'Be firm,' said he, 'nor let the mur-
" 'muring of discontent invade the sacred
" 'rite to be performed.'

“ He then left me, and preceded the
“ coffin to the green, where I—more com-
“ posed—rejoined him.

“ The coffin was black, covered with a
“ white satin pall : it was borne by six dam-
“ sels, dressed in white : as the procession
“ advanced, the maidens, joining two and
“ two, followed—the young men did the
“ same.”

“ Entering the church-yard, the lulled
“ winds appeared to sigh, as they passed
“ through the aged yews that stand be-
“ fore the porch ; and nature wore a gloom
“ adapted to the occasion.

“ During the ceremony, a calm and
“ pious resignation was apparent in the
“ features of my friend. As he pursued
“ the solemn service, enthusiasm beamed
“ from his renovated eyes—the tenderness
“ of the parent, would, however, at times,

" interrupt his voice ; but the duties of his
" sacred order—calmed the feelings of na-
" ture.

" At this impressive moment, the doors
" of the church were suddenly burst open ;
" and a youth rushed madly up the aisle,
" dragging an elderly person after him.

" It was the Squire and his son !

" ' Stand off, ye inhuman monsters the
" youth vehemently exclaimed, ' give me
" ' back my love—my gentle Patty—the
" ' only partner of my heart—his voice gra-
" ' dually softened.

" ' Oh, she is dead—cold—insensible to
" ' all my grief.

" Here he sank upon the coffin, in
speechless agony.

“ Half rising—after a solemn
“ and rolling his frantic eyes around
“ exclaimed, ‘ but she is murde
“ then starting up, he forced his f
“ approach the coffin.

‘ See here, wretched old man !
‘ thy work ! see where she bleeds,
‘ thy ruthless arm!—Oh, my desert
‘ we will still be united—never
‘ more to part.’

“ All this time the father co
“ bent over the coffin—wringing hi
“ and uttering piercing groans.

“ Another silence of some mom
“ sued, when the old gentleman, c
“ his scattered senses, feebly repea

“ ‘ Oh, my son ! curse not thy f
“ ‘ father !’

“ ‘Enough,’—replied the youth, and
“ vanished from the church.

“ The Squire was now conducted into
“ the air, and my friend, who had been
“ silent during the scene, concluded the
“ last sad offices to his darling child, and
“ we left the grave.

“ It afterwards appeared, that Henry,
“ the young squire, had been privately
“ married to Patty; and his sister, who
“ loved her very sincerely, was, alone, privy
“ to the ceremony. That he had been de-
“ coyed abroad by his father, and detained
“ there, under pain of being disinherited,
“ at the instigation of some meddling fool,
“ who told him of his son’s attachment,
“ and warned him of the consequences.

“ Henry’s sister did all in her power to
“ console Patty; but grief consumed her

“ delicate fraine, and the young lady trembling for her situation, wrote to apprise her brother of it, and to hasten his return, if he wished to save his unborn infant and its care-worn mother.

“ In the mean time, extreme debility produced a miscarriage, which terminated in Patty's death.

“ Henry arrived just in time to hear his beloved wife was to be buried that day—upon which—frantic with despair—he insisted on his father's company to the church.

“ Since that day, Henry has never been heard of—he has left his father the prey of remorse, as fruitless, as it is agonising.

“ As to my friend; affliction soon

" bowed down his reverend head to the
 " peaceful grave ; I succeeded him, and
 " this woodbine, which was the work of
 " Patty's hands, is carefully preserved by
 " me, and hallowed by my parishioners,
 " who regularly pay it a visit of ceremony
 " every May-day."

This affecting tale interested every body, but more particularly Laura, who drew a severe admonition from it, on the fatal effects attendant on a blind indulgence of our passions ; a crime usually heightened by disobedience, and a train of progressive evils, which must, eventually, meet their merited punishment—it was a lesson that came immediately home to her feelings, and she treasured it up in her heart's core.

The Manly family had now been near three months at the farm, happy in them-

selves, and prosperous in every thing around them—all, save our luckless heroine, who “ pined in thought ;” in vain she appealed to reason—reason applauded her choice : What, alas ! could Laura do ?

Oftentimes, she was upon the point of making a confession to her mother ; but foreseeing that such a confidence would only serve to disturb her borrowed repose, Laura thought she might better fulfil her duty by silence, and leave to all-healing time, the restoration of her peace.

With this determination, she did her utmost to appear cheerful before her parents —attended to her allotted labours with assiduity ; while her bosom fondly nourished the fatal remembrance of the too-accomplished Augustus.

She had etched his portrait from memory—faithful guardian of every dangerous

feature!—and with it, she would frequently converse, when otherwise alone.

It happened that she was so engaged one day, as she sat brooding over her sorrows on the border of a stream which turned the neighbouring mill— footsteps interrupted her reverie, and turning, she beheld a peasant, in his coarse white frock, walking pensively along the bank.

With an awkward bow, he saluted Laura, who, looking up as he pulled off his hat, beheld——Augustus!

Rising to be gone; Laura, in her haste and fright, stumbled against a tuft of grass, and fell to the ground. On her recovery, she found Augustus kneeling by her side; his arm supporting her.

“ Mr. Dormer,” exclaimed our heroine,

angrily, " Is it you, by whom I am
 " freely treated ?—unhand me, Sir !
 " Dormer—I insist-----"

" The lovely Laura never can con-
 " in vain : but why this anger be-
 " from her beauteous eyes ?—Is it a
 " to love in secret—to verge up-
 " spair ; yet never disturb your love
 " som with a single sigh ?"

" This disgnise, Mr. Dormer, is a
 " degrading to your character and
 " My father will always gladly recei-
 " preserver of his child.—It teache
 " however, how highly you value
 " teem ; and it is a hint I shall not
 " profit by—my father must know
 " interview."

" Hear me Laura ; then, act as
 " think fit."

" You take a cruel advantage, Sir, of
 " the debt I owe you ; but as I would
 " willingly think more favourably of you,
 " than I am authorized by this deception—
 " I am ready to attend."

" On my recovery at Bath ; which was
 " tedious in the extreme ; the workings
 " of an agonized mind opposing the re-es-
 " tablishment of my health, I went to
 " Buckinghamshire, and throwing myself at
 " my uncle's feet, avowed my love for the
 " most angelic of her sex, beseeching him
 " to make me happy by his consent to our
 " marriage.

" And pray Augustus," said he, sternly,
 " where is this angel ?—who her family ?—
 " what her fortune ?

" When I had replied to these various
 " questions, he arose abruptly, and has-

“ tening to the door, said, as he held the
“ lock in his hand,

“ Mark me, young gentleman ! if I
“ ever hear you name this romantic match
“ again, or know that you ever visit this ■
“ sentimental object of your visionary
“ love, I will not only revoke my will ;
“ but the £800 a-year you now enjoy
“ shall from that moment cease—you
“ know my determination, Sir, act as you
“ please.”

“ I wound your delicacy, my beloved
“ Laura, by the repetition of this unfeeling
“ speech; but it is necessary to my own
“ justification.

“ My brother has considerably outran
“ his Income—and could afford me no
“ material assistance ; unhappily I was
“ left dependant on this uncle, by my father,

“ and have been brought up and educated
 “ as his heir.

“ Thus, without a shilling—no pro-
 “ fession to resort to—how is it possible
 “ I could think of offering to entail pover-
 “ ty and disgrace on you, the object of
 “ my tenderest attachment. No!—Perish
 “ the selfish thought, and with it, every
 “ hope of joy, or happiness; to come.

“ To ask you of your father—destitute
 “ and portionless as I should be—could
 “ answer no good end—nor indeed do I
 “ believe, he would, on any terms, sanction
 “ our union, in opposition to my uncle; I
 “ have therefore, striven to combat with
 “ my affections; but the bright flame burns
 “ fiercer in my heart, as I resist;—in
 “ short—it consumes me.

“ Look on my features, Laura;—be-

" hold the languor on my cheek—read in
 " despondency in every trembling nerve—
 " tell me, that you still condemn me."

Laura hesitated—was confused—but silent.

He proceeded—" Unable longer to support the agonies of absence—resolve not to make you a partaker of my woes—I came down here, in disguise. Not, Laura, to steal upon your privacy—not to offend, by the declaration of a hopeless love—but, at an humble distance, to behold your peerless charms—to contemplate the spot inhabited by you—and, then, to nourish, in solitude, the passion that hourly destroys me.

" Chance has, at length, effected what stratagem never presumed to attempt—I was blessed in seeing you; but you

“ upbraiding frown has robbed the meeting
 “ of every consolation.

“ Farewell, obdurate Laura! I ~~shall~~ find
 “ a way to evade your unmerited re-
 “ proof—all I ask, is—be just to the *me-*
 “ *mory* of Augustus.”

He arose; but Laura, whose conflicting emotions, had, for some time, nearly overpowered her, now burst into tears, exclaiming,

“ Unfeeling Augustus, what would you
 “ have me do?”

“ Merciful heaven,” said Dormer, “ what
 “ do I see?—tears!—delicious tokens!—
 “ ah, how the pearly drops have gemmed
 “ your beauteous cheek—drops, emanating
 “ from the rich mine of sensibility—and

" by me, more valued than all the bauble
" of Potosi."

The weakness of our heroine thus betrayed, she became more in the power of her lover—the delicacy of his attention, was not, however, removed by this discovery all that love could urge, or passion please assailed the trembling maid; who, overcome by the rapidity of her feelings, confessed a fond and mutual return: and, sealed the bond of everlasting truth, at parting with a warm, but chaste, embrace.

Their meetings, now, were frequent—Laura feared no danger, confident in the integrity of her own unsullied mind, and secured from alarm, by the respectful, though vehement, passion of her lover.

At length, relying on the extent of his interest in Laura's heart; Dormer proposed a private marriage.

This effectually defeated his plans, and secured our heroine; who, indignant at the idea of an elopement, felt herself armed with all the native dignity of offended virtue, which triumphed over the meaner claims of love, and from that moment, she forbade Augustus her presence.

Nor tears—nor intreaty—nor the madness of despair—could shake the firmness of her purpose. He clung to her garments, as the shipwrecked mariner fastens on the projecting rock—but suspicions, injurious to her honour, once aroused in Laura's breast, she continued inflexible to her resolution.

We do not pretend to aver, that Laura yielded to the voice of discretion, without saying the repeated tribute of a heartfelt sigh to love forsaken; but we contend, that virtue, after many a struggle, van-

quished inclination ; and though her bosom was not restored to its wonted peace—still it partook the quiet of a deceitful calm.

Shortly after this *brûlée*, Laura received a packet from Paris ; it was opened in full assembly, and these the contents.

PARIS.

My dearest Laura,

Do not huff your Emily for having been so long silent : you will perceive by the ~~contents~~ of this packet, that I have not been unmindful of you. Simple letters breathe so much the air of form ; whereas you, my love, should look into the very heart of Emily, and read her every thought : I have, therefore, kept a sort of journal, in imitation of the lively Anna Home, and the *divine* Clarissa Harlowe.

But where, you will ask, is the wit—the vivacity—the archness—which distinguish the correspondence of that fascinating writer—Ah, Laura, *ta pauvre cousin* may cudgel her brain a long time to find any of them—but in vain.

Mine is a budget—oh, that is parliamentary—not however, a budget, that, like Pandora's box, scatters a variety of plagues among mankind—but an *innocent* collection of scraps, all jumbled together in a higgledy-piggledy sort of way, without date or order; the which, like a balloon once exploded, loses all its virtues at a single glance.

There's metaphor, Laura! match it, if you can!—but I shall never begin.

Well then—let me see—oh, I must take leave of grand-papa—a dismal ceremony,

truly!—but enlivened, by a very apropos present of two hundred guineas, I gave great gulp, and lo! my tears were dispersed.

To say the truth, it was a most cheerful evenement—I do not know what I should have done without it: I came from Bath wretchedly poor; and mamma is so stingy I must have stood staring like a country bumpkin at all the pretty things in the Palais Royale, till my mouth watered; and then have slank away monstrously out of humour, without even so much as touching any of them: but now—*grace à dieu*—can do like other people.

Oh, Laura, this same Palais Royale, the most divine thing in nature: figure yourself, an immense building in the shape of a parallelogram, inclosing a beautiful garden, tastefully laid out in gravel walk

and abounding with orange-trees ; which, when in bloom, give you an idea of a fairy land.

Walk under the piazzas at any hour of the day, and you cannot fail to be delighted ; but at night, the brilliancy with which these arcades are illuminated—the splendor of the shops—the rival display of *bijouterie*—the crowd of beauty and fashion, moving in perpetual promenade—positively lead the senses astray. No age—no station—no temper—could leave it without wishing to return.

The sight is first caught, and your faculties follow in rapid succession. It would certainly be an easy matter to pass one's whole life on this enchanted spot, without breathing a wish to pass beyond its boundaries—unless, upon compulsion — mark that !

The shops are of every description, to gratify taste, luxury, or dissipation; all uniting to rob the unwary idler of his money; yet delight him in his loss.

Here every stranger resorts *pour s'adonner*, and you will not be surprised to find the tablets of a giddy girl, crowded with memorandums on the fashions of the day.

Ah ca, voyons !

Turbans — black, white, or crimson, form the head-dress, inclining with a graceful *penchant* to the left—these are ornamented with brilliants, pearls, or cameos, according to the fashion of the wearer: a long lock of hair steals from the temples, and sports, roguishly, adown the cheeks.

The robe is Grecian—shoes, gloves, and evantaille, or parasol, *en suit*, of light blue

or coquelicot—shawls of immense dimensions, and of the finest India muslin, with very deep gold fringe, are quite the *rage*.

When mamma and myself were *humaniſed*, we went to the *Opera-buffa*. The first consul, his lady, and Madame Louis Bonaparte, late Madlle. Beauharnois, honoured the entertainment with their presence.

The back of their box was crowded with general officers, in rich uniforms, who stood up the whole evening.

The entree of this *august* party, was announced by loud and reiterated plaudits from the *parterre* —the boxes were nearly empty,

Of the performance, I can say little—*Sirina Sacchi* executed some passages with taste; but her accent is not pure. *Razze-*

rini still evinces taste ; his voice, however, is quite gone. It is the same with *Raffanelli*, who is otherwise a very good actor.

There are no less than fifteen theatres open every evening at Paris, and all fill—on Sundays, and the last day of the decade, by holiday folks ; at other times by, *des gens bien comme il faut.*

The Carnival, which had been in a great measure discontinued by the timidity of the Directory, who are said to have trembled at every assemblage of the people, now revived in all its pristine splendour, by his Consular Majesty, who is a great promoter of public festivities.

Early yesterday morning—*Dimanche*—every vehicle was in motion on the Boulevards ; filled with masks of Turks, Tatars, Chinese, all elegantly, and characteristically, dressed.

From the humble Cabriolet, peeped out the head of a bear, a lion, an eagle or a monkey—and many of them so ably executed, that it required some nerve to bear their sudden appearance, without a scream.

The square of the Louvre—the garden of the Thuilleries—the bois de Boulogne—and every place of fashionable, or public resort, was filled with sportive and fantastic groupes, who had passed the day in one continued merriment. Nor does this scene of gaiety close with the parade of the day—*au contraire*—at eleven at night the *grand opera* opens a splendid saloon for the reception of the higher classes, and the dance is kept up till morning—admission six livres.

The Hameau de Chantilly receives a second class at 3 livres ; and to the lower

order, the Paphos, the Champs Elysees—
and other places with these pretty sort of
names—open at the reduced price of 20
sous.

Our next lounge was to the *Thuilleries*,
so called from tiles having been, originally,
made there. The facade of this building
conveys a melancholy memento to the
mind of the observer; as it bears many
marks of the memorable 10th of August,
1792, when the brave Swiss guard were
murdered there.

This palace is the residence of the three
Consuls; the apartments have undergone
little alteration; but the gardens are orna-
mented in a style to beggar all description.
They have been lately embellished with
statues, by eminent masters, exhibiting
the purest specimens of ancient and mo-
dern sculpture.

We were present at a Military parade, held in the Court-yard of the palace, by the First Consul—a very splendid spectacle indeed !

This parade is repeated every decade, attended by the flower of the French commanders. You would be in love with these brave veterans, my Laura, whose undaunted brows bear honourable testimony of their past services.

Le Grand Guerrier rides a milk white charger, and is attended by a numerous staff, mounted on prancing steeds richly caparisoned : Their uniforms glitter in the sun from excessive richness of design : Caps, coats, belts, pantaloons, boots, and spurs, all, are superbly ornamented with wrought gold and silver.

The colours are conducted to the ground by the body-guard, accompanied by a small

band playing the Marsellois hymn, which elevates the mind to a degree of enthusiasm, that must be witnessed, to be felt.

Of an evening, these charming Gardens fill with good company; like our Green Park, on the close of a serene Summer's evening; and hither, strangers of all nations, flock.

Now for the Louvre :

The novelty of this place is Maria Coway's visit to the picture gallery. She is reported to have nearly completed "The marriage of Canaan," from the original of Paul Veronese; and her friends speak in sanguine terms of the merit of her work.

Bonaparte subscribed, with his own hand, and complimented her highly on the specimen she exhibited of superior talent.

This famous gallery is said to have suffered considerably from the ignorance and impudence of the French artists, who have presumed to retouch the colouring of a Rubens, a Raphael, a Titian, a Corregio, or a Vandyke.

Pray compliment me on being so great a connoisseur in painting—not too hastily, either, Laura—I tell you, what others have told me: for, *malheureusement pour les étrangers*, the Louvre is shut up.

Au reste, the building is imperfect, like the other palaces; but the design magnificent.

I have been extremely disappointed in the Pont-neuf, of which every body has heard so much—it is a heavy mass—crowded with shops, on either side, and

distinguishable for nothing more, than a
Equestrian Statue, in bronze, of ~~Huss~~
IV.

How a Frenchman can pass it, and no
cry, VIVE LE ROI, is, to me, a riddle
I cannot solve.

"Coming mamma"—I am called; my
dear, to go in a party to Versailles—*attender*

Here I am Laura, just come back—
"In spirits I hope Emily?"—"No"
"indeed, Laura, I am always blue devile
"when I come away from any of them
residences of former monarchy. It is im-
possible not to give a sigh to the memory
of the unhappy royal family who lately
inhabited these palaces."

What a lesson on the instability of hu

man grandeur!—You see, my love, I am quite become a moralist—I will rise, and chase away this vapour.

To return; we traversed the state rooms, the picture gallery, the library, the museum; the whole forming a splendid national collection.

From the *Cabinet de la famille Royale*, all but foreigners are excluded; and the policy is well founded: for a stranger, even, cannot look upon the portraits of the Royal family, unmoved;—There are, by the first masters, full lengths of LOUIS XIV. LOUIS XV. Emperor Joseph, Maria Theresa, Madame Elizabeth, LOUIS XVI. in his coronation robes, and MARIE ANTOINETTE, with her three children. The late Dauphin, who died miserably in the Temple, (then duke of Normandy), lies in the arms of his mother, who gazes upon

him with eyes full of softness and maternal solicitude. On a cradle, by the queen's side, the dauphin is seen leaning, endeavouring to amuse his infant brother—on the other side, in a most interesting attitude, the Princess Royal is described kneeling; she presses the hand of the Duke, while she looks up to her mother with a countenance denoting excessive sweetness, vivacity, and filial affection tempered by respect.

The rooms where the queen was married, and where she was delivered of her children, were likewise shewn to us.

My favourite ramble is the Bois de Boulogne : A public promenade, said, for foreigners, to resemble Kensington gardens—dear Kensington gardens ! where groups of fashion, vie with each other, in beauty of person, and elegant simplicity of costume.

—how unlike thy fascinating variety to the sombre landscape of an almost deserted wood, where you meet, at best, with nothing but a *Bourgeois* in his great coat and half boots—sturdy beggars—or forsaken lovers.

Still it is my favourite walk, for I do not know how it is, but I really am no longer the mad-cap I used to be—I seek the shade of retirement: often alone; and sometimes accompanied by——'tis no matter whom.

I must not, however, forget to tell you an adventure we stumbled upon some mornings ago—lounging, as usual, beneath a double row of fine trees, which affords a most pleasing and romantic shade, I felt all the better emotions of my soul interested by the appearance of a poor old man, apparently in great distress—he leant

on the arm of a very charming young woman, whose affectionate attention gave me a most favourable impression of her character. His appearance was venerable and respectable—not devoid of certain infallible traits, which proved him to be the victim of misfortune, rather than that of guilt. I observed they made short turns, continuing to traverse the same small spot of ground, with a melancholy and desponding step.

I resolved to address them; and having done so with all possible delicacy, I told the old man, I feared he was distressed, and begged him to pardon me, as I placed two louis in his hand: The good creature looked first at the money—then at me—and his countenance bore an expression of grateful thanks, more eloquent than the language of a Cicero.

We passed on—but on the following morning, being alone on the same ramble, I again saw them, and the old man quickening his step, hastened to meet me.

“ Pardon, dear Lady,” he exclaimed, “ this rude intrusion: your goodness has preserved my life, and that of my unhappy child—we had not tasted food for three days, we had neither means, nor hopes, of procuring it, we sought a spot to lay down and die; your unexpected bounty has restored us.”

“ Oh, madame,” said his weeping daughter, “ 'tis I, who have brought down misery on my poor father's head.”

“ Be hushed, my child—the motive was virtuous and noble—heaven will enable us to bear the scourge with which tyranny repays humanity: The Al-

“ mighty, my Lucile, has already sent an
“ angel to our assistance, in this lovely
“ maiden.”

“ Let me tell the story, father.”

“ Do my child: no one can feel it bet-
“ ter.”

“ My father, madame, was an opulent
“ tradesman of Lyons; but the intrigues
“ of revolutionary policy, deprived him
“ of his fortune: he was denounced, and
“ escaped the guillotine by miracle.

“ After a variety of hardships, under
“ which my poor mother sank into the
“ awful grave, my father contrived to get
“ the appointment of sexton to a church,
“ Brussels, whither we had both re-
“ moved after my mother’s death.

" But what spot is sacred from the
 " violation of ambition, or a thirst of sor-
 " did gain ? After the battle of *Fleuris*,
 " the victorious French army marched into
 " the city of Brussels, taking up their abode
 " without ceremony or sanction, wherever
 " their caprice carried them.

" An universal terror pervaded the
 " whole town ; my father was out, and I,
 " fearful to remain alone at home, and
 " equally fearful to venture abroad, seated
 " myself at the door of our little cottage to
 " observe what passed.

" I had not long been thus engaged,
 " when I saw an elegant young man run-
 " ning down the street, whose air bespoke
 " terror and distraction.—Judging him to
 be an unfortunate refugee, dreading to
 encounter the French soldiery ;—and,
 impelled to the act by motives I did,

“ not wait to analyze by prudence, I calle
“ to him, as he approached me—“ Stay
“ you are lost if you go forward.”

“ And I am lost,” he answered, “ if
“ return.”—“ Then enter here,” I ha-
tily added, “ and be saved.”

“ The terrified youth accepted my offe-
“ I then told him who I was; that m-
“ father was absent;—who would not fa-
“ to censure so dangerous an act of ho-
“ pitality;—but that I could conceal him
“ in an out-house, where he would remai-
“ secure, till an opportunity offered for
“ his escape.

“ Towards dark, a party of French sol-
“ diery came to our Cottage to take up
“ their abode for the night.

“ Alarmed for the safety of the strange

" I anxiously awaited the moment they
" should lay themselves down to sleep,
" when I repaired to the out house, and
" telling my Protégée of the extreme,
" though unexpected, danger, which await-
" ed him, desired he would follow me.

" Passing through the house,— there
" being no other way to reach the street—
" in spite of all my caution, one of the
" soldiers was awakened, who, stretching
" out his hand, seized that of the refugee,
" crying out—‘ *Who goes there?*’

" I dexterously threw myself between
" them, and replied, without hesitation, “ it
" is only me, who am come for——there
" was no occasion to proceed—the soldier,
" deceived by a female voice, let go the
" hand he held, and turned himself,
" again, to sleep.

“ I then entered my father’s room, a
“ taking down the keys of the Church
“ together with a candle and tinder-box;
“ conducted the stranger thither, as the
“ safest asylum I could procure him.
“ We entered the Chapel, which the ravages
“ of war had despoiled of all its ancient
“ ornaments; and having struck a light,
“ I led my companion to the altar, behind
“ which, was the entrance to a vault,
“ artfully concealed, as to elude all communication
“ observation.

“ Our united efforts raised the door;
“ then giving him the candle, I told him
“ that the narrow stair-case led to the
“ last abode of an illustrious family; that
“ he must descend, and remain there
“ till I could, with safety, release him.

“ He descended;—with my adieus,
“ repeated my solemn assurances to v.

" him again with all convenient speed, and
" the trap door being once more closed; I
" groped my way through the Church aisle,
" into the open air.

" It happened, that this unfortunate
" youth, (originally of that country)
" had scarcely mingled with the melan-
" choly sepulchres below, 'ere he discovered
" by the help of the candle he held, his
" family arms emblazoned on the several
" tombs.

" With awe and veneration he approach-
" ed the marble monuments of his an-
" cestors; he rested his head, with emotion,
" against the cold stone, and his heart
" paid the tribute of reverence and affec-
" tion to the memory of departed worth,

" The first day passed, amid these strong
" impressions, scarcely perceived; but on

“ inflict more blows, and was merely
“ stunned.

“ I bound his forehead—gave him nou-
“ rishment, and revived him—I then ex-
“ plained how I had been detained from
“ him, and expressed hopes, that nothing
“ would again impede my daily visits, till
“ I could release him with safety.

“ Refreshed by my care, and consoled
“ by my assurances, I again left my poor
“ prisoner, who had detailed to me, the
“ relation I have just given you; but I had
“ scarcely proceeded ten paces, before I
“ heard the sound of voices at the church
“ door, in a tumultuous sort of argu-
“ ment—I flew back to the vault, and
“ whispered to the refugee, “ not to
“ move.”

“ The persons who now filled the church,

" were a detachment of French soldiers,
" in search of the object of my conceal-
" ment—my father had been accused of
" secreting him; but, bold in his inno-
" cence, he led the party on, inviting them
" to search every nook and corner, the
" better to establish his own good faith
" and probity.

" Alas, my dear father little knew the
" danger to which he now exposed his
" trembling daughter! our situation was,
" indeed, deplorable: several times we
" heard them pass over our heads, and
" I could almost have sank into the earth
" with terror:—each footstep sounded as
" the signal of immediate death.

" At length, they were retiring—I began,
" once more, to breathe freely, when my
" unhappy father boastingly recalled their
" attention, telling them, one spot was

“ yet unexplored—he invited them to
“ descend the vault.

“ At this moment he raised up the trap,
“ and discovered his fatal error—the de-
“ tachment, however, did not return—my
“ father closed the door again, and scarcely
“ able to walk, left the church.

“ He returned soon after, and without
“ a single upbraiding, desired me to follow
“ him—I did so, having previously coun-
“ sellled my companion how to depart,
“ with most probability of success, as soon
“ as it was dark—Leaving the trap door
“ open, we, now, hastened from the fa-
“ tal chapel, to go, we knew not whither;
“ my imprudent humanity having raised
“ the murderous axe above our heads,
“ which awaited nothing but the signal
“ to do its duty.

“ We left Brussels with the few things
“ we could hastily tie in a bundle ; and,
“ shortly after, heard that the noble youth
“ had been arrested in his flight, and execu-
“ ted—refusing, to the last moment, to
“ betray those who had secreted him;
“ although his pardon was the reward
“ offered to his compliance. Since then,
“ we have been wanderers on the face of
“ the earth, dragging on a precarious exis-
“ tence.

“ This, Madame, is the simple history of
“ our woes.”

If you are interested by my narrative,
Laura, judge what it must have been from
the lips of this generous girl-----I lay
down my pen.

One Comment, would rob my little
tale of all its worth !

I must attempt a livelier theme to-day, my Laura, yesterday's employment oppressed me quite.

You are not to suppose, however, my dear, that we lead a gay life, because I have given you a detail of so many gay things—*tout au contraire*, I can assure you; —we keep no carriage, and see very little company.—Occupy a small suite of apartments, at Beauvilliers, rue St. Honoré; and live, as soberly as possible.

In short, mamma is become quite an altered creature; and, if it were not for a few good natured souls, who have the compassion to call here sometimes of an evening, I should expire with *ennui*; but it is impossible to be grave among these merry people, they are so made up of entertaining nonsense—such agreeable flattery—that you are obliged to be pleased with them.

These thoughtless creatures inherit, from nature, social dispositions—So much gaiety—volubility—and badinage—that care vanishes before their influence.—They never think themselves, or suffer others to do so—then, they are so obsequious—so attentive to your every movement—they give interest to the dullest things imaginable.

They are said to be insincere—*mais qu'importe!*—a stranger does not come to Paris, in search of a benevolent, or confidential, friend.—We come to be amused; and there is a gallantry about them all—women as well as men—which proves extremely pleasant. The business of their lives, appears to be, “the pleasure of pleasing.”

In England, one handsome woman is filled with envy at the appearance of ano-

ther—here, they will, good humouredly flatter each other, by saying all sorts of pretty things.

Some days ago, I went to a perfumers to buy a pot of rouge.—A very lively brunette presented herself behind the counter, entreating to know, how she could have the honour to serve me—

I told my errand.

When she gave me the rouge, which was divine ; I could not avoid saying.—“ You are really very selfish on this side the water.”—“ *Comment Madame?*”—with a graceful inclination of the head.

“ Because,” said I, “ you never suffer such rouge as this to leave France. The Parisiennes know, too well, how to appreciate its value.”

"*Ah Madame,*" was the reply, accompanied by a certain smile—"Avec la "*beaute anglaise, on se moquent bien de rouge.*"

I looked full in the grisettes face, and thought it very handsome—*Certes*—she had a pretty round face, animated by a pair of black eyes, that asked no aid from language to make them eloquent.

Very possibly I paid a livre or two more than I ought, but I never left a shop, in my life, better pleased with a bargain.

For all this, we do not confine ourselves entirely to French manners. We have many of our young nobility here, and others of fashion.

"Pray, my dear, did you ever hear of "such an animal, as Sir George Sawyer?"

" Sir George Sawyer, Emily, pray what
" of him ?"

" Only, he is a sly fellow, Laura,
" that is all."

Now, wont you call me a good girl ?—
Let me see—one, two, three, four, five,
-----Oh, I cannot count over these
sheets.—You will certainly find it a pen-
ance to read them.

Is it not very singular, we learn no sort
of tidings of my father ? I am seriously
alarmed, and mamma very low spirited.—
Heaven protect him ! all will I hope be well
again.

Mamma writes to my uncle and aunt
this conveyance ; tell them both how
I love them ; and you may rememb

you are so pleased—that you possess a very snug corner in the heart of

Your ever affectionate,

EMILY BERTIE.

There were some sallies of sprightly humour in this letter, which could not fail to claim the smile of approbation ; and Laura engaged to repay her cousin's kindness, by a detail of the little domestic occurrences that marked the regularity of their humble life.

One circumstance, however, she had omitted in the perusal—and that was the name of Sir George Sawyer—he had been slightly known to her, and the mention of his name by her cousin, gave her no small degree of quietude. She feared Emily was in love—a certain sort of sigh expressed the fulness of her compassion. It was a

torment, whose power Laura had too fatally experienced, although the superiority of her mind, which still restrained its insidious progress, seemed to give a positive negative to the general opinion, "that love was omnipotent."

Sir George was a gay dashing young man, and had been a fellow student with young Manly, at Cambridge—this acquaintance, though not intimate, had introduced him to the Manly family, from which, however, he was soon after expelled, by the buzz of a little anecdote we shall recount.

The particulars had very partially reached our heroine's ears; but she knew enough to fill her sympathetic mind with a thousand apprehensions for the welfare of her cousin; she, therefore, hastened to put Emily on her guard.—To the tale.

“ At the Newmarket Spring meeting,
“ a few years since, Sir George Sawyer
“ and a number of others, as is usual with
“ the Cantabs, made a party to the races.

“ A trifling accident, that upset a poor
“ basket-woman on the course, presented
“ Sir George with an opportunity to dis-
“ play his gallantry.

“ Riding up to the spot, he found the
“ woman had sustained no other injury
“ than the loss of some hot spiced-ginger-
“ bread nuts ; and perceiving an elegant
“ barouche and four close by, he *generously*
“ threw the sufferer some silver, and
“ then turned his attention to the la-
“ dies in the carriage, who appeared much
“ alarmed at the crowd and uproar produced
“ by this little casualty.

“ The barouche was well appointed, and

“ contained two ladies, who were assiduously
“ employed in applying salts to the relief
“ of each other.

“ Sir George rode up to them, and hav-
“ ing calmed their fears, took advantage
“ of the polite service he had done them,
“ by entering into a familiar chit-chat; and
“ no objection being made on the part o~~E~~
“ the ladies, he continued by the side o~~E~~
“ the carriage all the morning;—describing
“ the favorite horses—pointing to noted
“ members of the turf—exposing the in-
“ famous association of the black legs and
“ the peer, between whom the spirit o~~F~~
“ gambling levelled all distinction—gave
“ anecdotes of characters as they passed,
“ and made himself so very agreeable, tha~~E~~
“ the ladies took infinite pleasure in hi~~E~~
“ society.

“ Several persons of fashion, as th~~E~~

“ rode by, saluting Sir George by his title,
 “ the elderly lady, who, though under
 “ forty, was the mother of her companion,
 “ frankly gave him her card, saying Mr.
 “ Tremor would be happy to see him in
 “ town, and acknowledge the service he
 “ had rendered them.

“ The carriage had scarcely driven off,
 “ before a town blood rode up behind Sir
 “ George, and tapping him on the shoul-
 “ der, wished him joy of his good luck.

‘ Good luck,’ repeated Sir George,
 ‘ why, my dear fellow, I have not made a
 ‘ single bet—I have been playing quite ano-
 ‘ ther game.’

‘ Exactly—and therefore do I call you
 ‘ lucky dog—dont you know the party
 ‘ you have been entertaining these three
 hours?’

‘ Not I, upon my soul—but I have a
‘ card, and the address bespeaks affluence.’

‘ Affluence, my boy ! why that girl’s
‘ fortune will not be less than 20 lacks of
‘ rupees. She is allied to a string of Na-
‘ bobs, who will vie with each other to
‘ make her a match for a Prince—but it
‘ will be your fault if you do not mar their
‘ prospects—that is, if the gilding will re-
‘ concile the pill.’

‘ Matrimony, to be sure, is a d——d
‘ nauseous dose—one is so cursedly afraid
‘ of cuckoldom ; and though it is pleasant
‘ enough to laugh at in the families of—
‘ our friends, it is not quite so agreeable at
‘ home.’

‘ Ha ! ha ! ha ! what, are you afraid o■
‘ retaliation, my boy ? Does your con■—
‘ science goad you ?’

‘ No—no—prithee, go on.’

‘ Well then, you must know the mother is a weak, vain, woman ; and Julia romantic to a degree of enthusiasm : make love to the mother *ostensibly*—to the daughter, *secretly*—you will by that means flatter both ; and while mamma is making comparisons between a gay young fellow, full of rich English blood, and an old sapless Asiatic twig ; it is easy to guess which will be the gainer.

‘ Meanwhile, plot and contrive—subscribe to every circulating library within the bills of mortality—devise plans for clandestine interviews—assume disguises—and while the mother is debating between the flesh and the spirit, her daughter will be ready to leap into your arms from a two pair of stairs window.’

‘ Upon my soul, Frank, nobly contrived! you shall be my *magnus Apollo*—we will achieve this adventure in style, and convince the little Julia, that modern knights errant are as adventurous and bold as those of yore.’

‘ Agreed—play or pay for a thousand guineas!—but where shall we dine?’

“ The last question was followed by an arrangement for the day, and they rode off.

“ It would be tedious to pursue the regular train of well-digested stratagems which at length hailed Sir George with a prospect of ultimate success.

“ Mamma was too much in love to dream of a rival, particularly in ‘the child,’ as she always called her daughter; but Miss,

though scarcely turned of fifteen, had other sentiments— she thought Sir. George a prodigious nice man, and doated on him to distraction.—She was delighted with the thoughts of foiling her mother—and, with the assistance of her abigail, contrived many tender meetings, with all the privacy and caution necessary— till invention being aground—the next novelty was—— the signal for elopement.

“ Just at this crisis, Papa, who had hitherto been busied in superintending the improvements of a new purchase, unluckily, for the lovers, returned to town.

“ Sir. George was introduced to Mr. Tremor, with a very magnified account of the obligation the family had to him—“ Mr. Tremor, full of acknowledgments,

“ returned the compliment by repeated invitatis to his table.

“ Affairs soon began to wear a very different aspect—Mr. Tremor was a man of the world ; he had studied mankind, and womankind too—all his ambitious views centered in his daughter—the reward of his toils abroad depended on her establishment ; and, with a fortune to purchase a coronet of the first rank, he made no doubt of speculating such an alliance ; proposing to conceal his original nothingness in the splendor of his daughter's connections.

“ With these objects in view, he scanned Miss Julia's actions with a jealous, scrutinizing, eye ; and although her years had hitherto kept him free from alarms, he did not fail to be on his guard,

" Suspicion was soon awakened—nor
" was it long before a confirmation followed
" —Sir George was politely forbidden the
" house, and Miss Julia locked up in her
" chamber.

" Day and night invention was on the
" rack—she could not write to Sir George,
" for her maid had been replaced by an
" old surly duenna—nor could she, for
" the same reason, receive a letter from
" him—a kind of desperation insensibly
" stole upon her faculties—her words
" were incoherent—her ravings frequent---
" her threats violent; insomuch, that se-
" rious apprehensions were entertained for
" her personal safety.

" The *humane* father, *very affectionately*
" deploring the situation of his daughter,
" sent for a nurse from a mad-house, who

“ instantly had recourse to the strait waist-coat.

“ The restraint of this machine, operating on a frenzied mind, deprived the poor girl of the little reason she had left; and her paroxysms grew so violent, it was thought expedient to remove her to a private mad-house in the suburbs.

“ The lover was as much enraged as his mistress, but more the master of his actions and understanding—Some very unpleasant rencontres took place with Mr. Tremor; and his lady, adding the pangs of disappointed love to her other feelings, was almost as ungovernable as her daughter.

“ It happened that the nurse, to whose care Julia was now entrusted, possessed a degree of humanity in her dispositi-

" unusual with persons in her situation.
" She soon read the cause of Julia's r-
" vings, and, by mingling tenderness with
" authority, restored her charge to the
" use of her senses.

" This change was succeeded by the
" confidence of the young lady; who at
" length, by intreaties, and great promises,
" won the nurse over to her interest.

" By means of this powerful ally, letters
" passed between Julia and Sir George, in
" the true spirit of romance: a key was
" made, from an impression in wax, to
" unscrew the bars of the window, and an
" hour appointed for Julia's escape.

" Sir George, attended by a trusty valet
" on horseback, repaired to the scene of
" action in a chaise and four: His friend
" Frank, and another blood, armed at all

“ points, awaited his arrival ;—a hackney
“ coach, with a ladder, was likewise posted.

“ Just as the watch went past twelve
“ o'clock, the valet fell from his horse—
“ his master, apprised of the accident,
“ loudly called for help—the rattle was
“ sprung, and presently a host of watch-
“ men appeared to the signal.

“ The man lay to all appearance dead—
“ his master—extremely affected—en-
“ quired where assistance might be found.

“ One of the watchmen readily offered
“ to call a surgeon, but Sir George's anxiety
“ was too great—he would go for the doc-
“ tor himself; and taking the address, or-
“ dered the postboys to fly with him thi-
“ ther, promising, at his return, to reward
“ the watch for their trouble.

“ Every body knows the idle curiosity
“ of the lower class of people in England ;
“ and while these *faithful* guardians of the
“ night, stood gaping, with their mouths
“ wide open, on the supposed corpse, Julia,
“ released from the fear of their intrusion,
“ descended the ladder in her lover’s arms,
“ and was soon beyond an apprehension of
“ pursuit.

“ Although no surgeon came, it is won-
“ derful to tell—the *dead* man presently
“ arose, and mounting his horse again,
“ rode off, to the great astonishment of
“ the affrighted watch.

“ Our partie quarrée arrived at a village
“ inn, about twenty miles from town,
“ where they halted for a few hours, pro-
“ posing to set off on foot the next day ;
“ and by sometimes walking, and some-

~~—~~ — ~~the~~ ~~country,~~
~~—~~ — ~~is~~ ~~being~~ traced.

... I do not know whose son he was. George beyond his power. He married by Sir George, but it is not so far so favorably as to make it the wife of a ten-year-old boy. He married his half-sister.

- has had a reinforcement negative effect on the language learning
- the parents accept

- Here will be passed oaths
- concerning the late promises to
- Mrs. Weston to marry her the moment
- they could get a license, or prevail with
- a clergyman to issue them,—an event
- however, he said, her youth would
- greatly retard—the unsuspecting Ju

" was lulled into security :—she passed the
" night forgetful of every sorrow,—and
" arose, at noon, with renovated charms.

" This ill-fated girl, who was really
" lovely in her person, and had been edu-
" cated with virtuous opinions, entered the
" breakfast-room with timidity ; and when
" her eyes met the bold stare of libertinism,
" with which her companions greeted her
" approach, she blushed with the genuine
" feelings of offended modesty.

" Led to her chair, by the enraptured
" Sir George, she sat down, silently, to
" table. The void in her heart was closed
" —a fullness of delight occupied her soul
" —she dared not meet the tender glances
" of her lover's eyes ; but she felt he was
" dearer to her than the whole world
" beside.

“ Thus blessed, the happy pair, who,
“ on the following day, dismissed their
“ friends, pursued a route of chance.—
“ At length, a month elapsed, and the
“ sweets of unlimited possession began to
“ pall upon the surfeited Sir George, who
“ determined to bring the farce to a de-
“ nouement.

“ It was agreed, that Julia should write
“ to her mother,—and Sir George to Mr.
“ Tremor,—they did so.

“ Julia's letter was such as might be
“ expected—full of contrition,—but still
“ more full of love;—abhorring the trea-
“ son—yet doating on the traitor;—it
“ concluded with supplications of forgive-
“ ness.

“ As the lioness, roused in her den **b**,
“ the approaching noise of hunters, wild **b**,

" erects her crest, and with eyes darting
" rage and fire, prepares to defend her
" helpless cubs,—so sprang the infuriate
" Mrs. Tremor from her seat, on reading
" Julia's letter,—every separate feature me-
" ditating vengeance on the authors of
" her wrongs !

" The letter from Sir George was a mild
" apology for the uncontrollable power of
" love ; which, added to the sternness of
" Mr. Tremor's conduct, had hurried him
" into the step he had taken. He en-
" treated Mr. Tremor to forget the little
" scenes of altercation that had passed be-
" tween them, and to receive him as his son :
" deplored, that the youth of Julia made
" his sanction necessary to their union ;
" and begged to be informed what fortune
" her friends proposed giving her on the
" day of marriage.

“ His own fortune, he said, was merely
“ equal to a bachelor’s expenses,—a poor
“ £3000 per annum, and that not free
“ from incumbrance.—He proposed prov-
“ ing the disinterestedness of his passion,
“ by the liberality of the settlement he
“ would make from her own fortune; and
“ entreated Mr. Tremor’s attorney might
“ be, forthwith, empowered to draw the
“ necessary writings.

“ Mr. Tremor was galled by every line
“ of this most impudent letter, but
“ restraining his feelings within proper
“ bounds, he summoned a meeting of
“ his family,—by whom it was *most bene-*
“ *volently* settled, that if Julia were beg-
“ ging about the streets, with *her bastard*
“ tied to her back, they would not afford
“ her the least relief.

“ The conduct of the noble bar 

" now visibly altered ;—Julia's beauties no
" longer tempted the libertine,—her art-
" less manners no longer pleased—To
" be concise,—he wished to get rid of her.

" With this *honourable* intention, he
" again wrote to Mr. Tremor, to say, that
" unless the family would give Julia a for-
" tune, he could not marry her,—that he
" loved her too well to reduce her to beg-
" gary, which must be the consequence of
" so imprudent a match,—and desired Mr.
" Tremor to consider that, as his *unalter-*
" *able* resolution.

" To this, no answer was returned.—
" Poor Julia now saw herself almost de-
" serted ; — she passed the lonely hours
" at a cottage near Windsor,—deplored,
" too late, the fatal effects of her credulity ;
" but still loving the object of her ruin.

“ In vain she sought to soften the
 “ rugged breast of her merciless mother,
 “ —in vain she pleaded to a relentless
 “ father,—in vain she looked up for com-
 “ fort, or reparation, from an unprincipled
 “ rake ;—in vain she solicited consolation
 “ from her own racked bosom !

“ Sir George now seldom saw her ;—
 “ and when he did, his manners were cold
 “ and ceremonious,—her supplications he
 “ called upbraiding,—her tears, hypocrisy.

“ At length, the hapless Julia, urged
 “ by despair to end a scene of insup-
 “ portable wretchedness, strolled pensively
 “ along the banks of the river, and at
 “ Datchet, plunged into the stream, and
 “ awfully closed the measure of her woes.

“ This story was soon whispered about
 “ town,—yet Sir George appeared as gay

ll called him a
oon lost in
n occupied
and Sir George
ed into society, un-
*the little gallantry he had
unmitted.*

As to the family of Julia, they do not deserve the least compassion.—May their own weak, sordid, and ambitious minds, groan under the pressure of remorse, till they can find consolation from that unprofitable wealth, the misapplication of which has hurled down misery on their wretched heads !

“ Let the stern,—obstinate,—unfeeling parent,—of every rank in life,—ponder on this melancholy tale;—let him learn to forgive his misled child, as he hopes forgiveness from HIM whom he daily

“ offends ; and let the selfish feelin
 “ the contracted soul, expand wit
 “ pure emotions of humanity towar
 “ the sufferings of mankind !”

In writing to Emily, Laura found it possible to argue caution in love, without recalling sentiments to her recollection such dangerous tendency, that she trembled at the abyss that yawned beneath, menacing her everlasting peace.

More resolved than ever to combat her affections, she drew resources of fort from the rectitude of her principles and innocence of her heart ; and abstained with renovated firmness, from re-exposing herself to similar temptations, by shunning Augustus with redoubled vigilance.

Many were the struggles occasioned by this virtuous contest.—Reflection,

ever, made them, daily, less poignant : and Victory, at length, gave assurance of repose to our amiable heroine.

The hay season commenced, and the Manlys joined in all the labors of the field—the season was prosperous, and they contemplated, with gratitude, the reward awaiting them.

Laura had no musical instruments to amuse her leisure hours, but she had other talents to cheer them, and those she did not neglect.

The country abounded in romantic scenery, and the little parlor already began to be ornamented, with picturesque designs, from her elegantly-descriptive pencil.

Of her poetical effusions, we have already given a slight specimen ; but add the fol-

lowing desultory poem, in confirming
the taste and fancy of her muse.

THE VISION.

By turns to climb the cloud-capp'd hill;
Or linger near yon murmuring rill ;
Or 'mid some grove's time-moulder'd trees,
To list the spirit of the breeze,
As passing at the close of day,
Its voice—swells in a sigh—then, trembling, dies at

Or from some high, impending cliff,
To view the fisher's lab'ring skiff,
As now behind a wave 'tis lost :
Now on a foaming surge 'tis lost.
Dim, thro' the evening mist, she looms,
And now a frigate's size assumes ;
Changing her figure as she nears,
At length, to land, in safety steers,
And, 'mid the beach's sullen roar,
Is drawn, triumphantly, on shore.

Yes!—let me rove such scenes among,
 Or hear, entranced, the shepherd's song;
 Ere yet the sun has tipp'd with fire,
 The solitary village spire !

The rural song that ev'ry morn,
 Rouses the sky lark from the corn ;
 While LUBIN marks, with blinking eyes,
 Her rapid progress thro' the skies,
 Fast lessening to his wearied sight,
 Shrinks to a speck absorb'd in light

If gentle SUSAN, chastely kind,
 Engrave upon the willow's rind,
 Her fond and constant WILLIAM's name,
 What transports glow thro' all his frame!
 By chance he finds this proof of love,
 And near—a flow'ry chaplet wove—
 Suspended by a ribbon blue,
 Sure pledge of passion—warm and true !

Oft times o'er rocky steeps I pore,
 And listen to the torrent's roar ;
 As rushing from a fissure high,
 Its rolling mists enchant the eye,

And o'er the mountain's reverend brow,
 The rainbows varied beauties throw ;—
 Here, pond'ring on the ruthless storm,
 I've seen the shipwreck'd sailor's form,
 Cast, lifeless on the bleakly strand,
 Half buried in the yielding sand.

Close to my ear, the screaming brood,
 Of Eaglet's rav'ning for their food ——
 Till, starting from the spell so strong,
 That bound my senses all night long,
 With holy transport I behold,
 The golden gates of day unfold ;
 While up the slope, soft breezes creep,
 Cool from the surface of the deep ;
 And every gently-waving thorn,
 Glitters with dewy pearls of morn :
 And thankful hear the surges roar,
 In idle fury to the shore ——
 While hungry sea-birds skim in vain,
 For human food, the billow'd main.

Imagination—wondrous pow'r !
 Aleft to heaven, sublime we tow'r,

Dr down on ocean's glittering bed,
 Thro' chrystral palaces we tread ;
 Like meteors, glide from pole to pole,
 Wrapt in illusion's magic stole,
 We dart, and every realm survey,
 That courts the genial blaze of day.

The summer made its circle ; and in this
 useful way, the inmates of Rosemary
 employed their time ; when an event,
 more fatal than all the powers of language
 to describe, invaded their humble bles-
 sgs, and placed them in a state bordering
 on madness.

The bleak winds of October had began
 to whistle through the almost leafless
 trees—the verdant garb of nature assumed
 a gloomy shade—and now the blazing billet
 reddened the rustic's hearth.

The family had retired, as usual, at an

early hour; but Mr. Manly was aroused towards morning, by a strong smell of fire; and rising, hastily, he beheld the whole building in a flame.

Throwing on a night-gown, and desiring his wife to get up with all imaginable haste, he ran to Laura's chamber, who had that moment been awakened from a deep sleep, and was dressing, with as much hurry as her fears would admit.

"Rise, my beloved child," exclaimed the agitated parent—"the flames gain fast upon us—our all is lost—God's will be done!"

"I come, dear father, I come—for heaven's sake return and comfort my mamma."

Mr. Manly met his wife on the head of

the stairs—scarcely dressed,—and bearing small trunk, under her arm, in which they kept their valuables.

He led her into the garden, where he soon saw it would be impossible to save any of their furniture.—He stood intent-gazing, with philosophic firmness, on the progress of the fire—then starting, exclaimed — “ But how is this—my Laura comes not.”—On the instant, lying towards her chamber, he called her, by name, at every step he took.

The door was open, and his daughter gone—supposing she had escaped through the back way, he hastened thither—the passage was open—he revived—the palpitations of his heart recovered their placid ones—he stopped a moment—and again breathed freely.

He now traversed the yard, calling upon Laura—but in vain—night was robbed of all its gloom by the expanding flames—he saw his way clearly before him—he left no place unexamined.

Then dreading, lest her fears had over-powered her—and that she might be laying in a fit in some part of the house----he eagerly regained the stair-case—again visited her room—again explored every avenue and corner—still calling, as he desperately pursued his search, upon the name of Laura.

By this time, some labourers had assembled before the house: and seeing the inevitable death that must be the consequence of Mr. Manly's remaining longer in the building; they rushed in, and forcibly drew him out.

The next moment, with a horrid crash,
the roof fell in.

Mrs. Manly, at the sight, gave a piercing
cry, and swooned on the ground.

This heart-rending spectacle seemed to
recall his bewildered faculties—and while
Martha endeavoured to restore her mistress,
he knelt, and prayed by her side.

The moment Mrs. Manly opened her
eyes, she looked wildly about her—seized
her husband's hand; pressed it with a bitter
grasp; and faintly articulating the name of
Laura, sank once more into the arms of
her attendant.

The people now ranged every part of
the farm, in search of Laura; while the
agonies of Mr. Manly so overpowered his

frame, he was no longer able to assist his wife, who relapsed, from one fainting fit into another, without intermission.

About day-break, the good curate and his wife, who had been apprised of this calamity, came, with a benevolent view to give their best assistance to the sufferers.

They found Mrs. Manly still lying on the ground, her head resting on Martha's lap; while her husband bent over her exhausted frame, pressing her hand—the statue of dumb, but expressive, woe!

Mr. Manly had scarcely withdrawn from his daughter's room, the first time, when her fears were increased by a loud thumping at the door.

"Who's there," said Laura, trembling all over—"For heaven's sake, dear Miss,

"make haste," was the reply—"the staircase is on fire."

Our heroine half dressed, and terrified almost beyond the power of supporting herself, opened the door; when a man, eagerly throwing his arm around her waist, cried out impatiently,

" This way—this way—my dear young lady—run—we have scarcely time to save ourselves."

Hurried onwards, her feet scarcely touched the ground, and horror had deprived her mind of all reflection—In this way she was led, or rather carried, into the back yard, where the terrific glare of the increasing flames, almost wholly deprived her of her senses.

At length, she beheld a chaise and se-

veral horsemen; but, before she form an opinion on the subject, a cloak was thrown over her shoulders the force of a ruffian's arm placed] the carriage, which moved off with treme rapidity.

All this was done so quickly, that had not even time to call for help.— sank backward in the carriage, oppy contending emotions; till, at leng flood of tears gave her considerable n

She then took a survey of her situat a wax taper burnt in a small lamp, a to the space between the front windo the carriage—the Venetian blinds up—and a motherly sort of looking w sat by her side.

The stranger now addressed our he praying her to be consoled—assure

she was in honourable hands, and that a few hours would open prospects to her, to compensate this momentary suffering.

" Who are you, my good mother," said Laura, plaintively—" and whither do " you take me ?—Oh, speak, and relieve " my distraction!—your years—your sex— " the softness of your manners—tell me I " may trust you, and that you cannot " league with vice to injure an unoffending " girl—perhaps you are a parent—oh, if " so, conceive the agony mine must endure, " to be thus violently deprived of a be- " loved daughter."

To this pathetic address, the woman mildly replied, that Laura had nothing to apprehend—that she would be happy—and her parents too—she entreated her to be composed; every thing would,

in proper time, be explained, and she would have no cause for regret.

This vague consolation by no means sufficed to relieve our heroine—Little accustomed to the storms of passion, she knew not how to assuage them—despair had presented her with a new lesson, the severity of which called all her faculties into play, and produced a chaos in her brain.

Her companion, who knew that ill-timed consolation was, like oil poured upon a lamp, food to the subject—left nature to restore itself; but when she found **Laura** enfeebled by the uncommon exertions of her mind, she ventured to propose assistance.

A travelling-case with cordials was now produced; and **Laura**, with much entreaty, took lavender drops on a lump of sugar.

A silence of some time succeeded—the

society with which they travelled increased the confusion of our heroine's feelings—she leaned backward in the carriage, endeavouring to summon up the aid of reflection.

Recovering gradually her scattered spirits, she began to seek a pretext for this unwarable seizure of her person; and a new horror assailed her mind, when she connected these deliberate preparations made for elopement, with the casualty of a fire.

Who could be guilty of such an outrage?—Dormer! ah, surely no.—His bosom was the seat of every virtue, although theings of hopeless love had led him to a ght estrangement from the paths of dis-
ction. Having thus acquitted him, she knew not where to place her suspicions, whom to suppose capable of so violent an atrocity. All her anxieties, however,

tended to no point of elucidation; therefore resolved to affect a perfect pliance with the will of her gaoler; a not without hopes of being able to i the people, in her behalf, whereve might stop to change horses; or, to the keepers of the turnpike gates.

But no gates opposed their rapid —presently the carriage made a mon rest; but the action of the body ha ceased, 'ere she perceived the wh turn again with renovated speed.

Laura now conjectured that relay provided, and turnpikes opened 1 outriders. Still she thought it p trifling as the stoppage was, to suc giving an alarm the next time they ch horses, when it would be broad day.

Meanwhile, our heroine was pre

her companion with cold chicken, and a glass of Madeira; but she refused to take any refreshment, and continued silent.

When they stopped, Laura suddenly let down the blind before her, and called loudly for help: but judge her astonishment, to find they were on a common, and that the horses had been waiting their arrival, in warm cloathing, and ready harnessed.

" You see," said the woman " how useless it is to torment yourself—be assured there is no possibility of escape—" I entreat you to regulate your conduct accordingly—you will not hereafter complain."

So saying, she put up the window; the carriage rolled off; and our heroine, again, sank backwards on her seat.

Baffled in her attempt—her fears increased—and her apprehensions for her parents were unbounded.

In this manner, without farther interruption, they pursued their route till dusk, when the carriage stopped.

“ Now, my lady, we are at home.”

On alighting from the carriage, they were received by a young person about the age of Laura, who called her companion mother, and welcomed our heroine; but with more form than cordiality.

With the housekeeper, for such was the woman, it was very different—with the most respectful manners she intreated to know our heroine’s commands—appeared extremely solicitous lest her health should suffer from the fatigue of body, and agita-

bition of mind, she had undergone—pressed her to take some cordial while supper was getting ready, and asked if she could add any particular dish to what they were preparing.

It was not in the nature of our heroine to repay kindness with ingratitude; she, therefore, received these obliging offers with a smile, and saying she supposed she was a prisoner, desired to be shewn to her apartment, as rest was the refreshment she most wanted.

The housekeeper, finding she could not otherwise prevail, prepared to obey; and having left the room a few minutes, returned to say every thing was ready.

Laura followed up stairs to an handsomely-furnished bed-room with a good fire; here she said she would retire alone.

The housekeeper replied, she would merely bring up a toast, and some white wine-whey.

Having done so, and opened a wardrobe containing every description of female attire, she wished Laura a good night and withdrew.

Our heroine having carefully examined the room, and found nothing calculated to alarm her; turned the key in the door, dropped the night-bolt, and went to bed

It was very mysterious!—so much caution—so much respect—yet such a daring act of villainy: it was in vain to puzzle herself; conjecture could not assist her; but the morrow was to explain all.

Having invoked the protection of heaven, and given a heartfelt sigh to the af-

fiction her parents were suffering under, the virtuous maid pressed her pillow, and exhausted nature yielded to the balm of soft repose.

This housekeeper was the widow of Mr. Timothy Spraggs, a fashionable boot-maker at the west end of the town ; and having formerly been *abigail* to a lady of high rank, she possessed all the *second-hand airs* of fashion—her extravagance, when she married, gradually led her husband into great difficulties ; so that at his death, about three years ago, he was declared “insolvent.”

Mrs. Spraggs having lost all her other children, it will not appear extraordinary that she should doat on her surviving daughter. Miss Aurelia Clementina Spraggs was therefore sent, by her accomplished mother, to a genteel boarding school a few

miles from the metropolis, where every useful branch of education is neglected for a smattering of bad French or Italian; the last new Scotch or Irish step; and a ridiculous parade of half-acquired music.

To these *elegancies*, Miss Aurelia Clementina devoted herself unceasingly; and nature having given her a pretty person, she left school, at the age of fifteen, armed at all points for conquest, and became the idol of her mother, who spared no expense in the indulgence of her unlimited vanity.

Poor Timothy, in this particular, fell into the error of his better half.—He could not conceive a girl with such *purdigious* beauty and accomplishment as his daughter, Miss Aurelia Clementina, possessed, was designed to stand behind a counter; and contributed his share to turn her giddy head.

the midst, however, of the visionary
deur, so anxiously expected by every in-
ual of this family, Timothy died sud-
; his creditors seized upon all the
; turning his widow, and Miss Au-
Clementina, pennyless into the world.

Mrs. Spraggs was much shocked at this
notious event, and Miss Aurelia Cle-
tina inconsolable. They were soon,
ever, compelled to take some active
for their support, and Mrs. Spraggs
d, too late, that her daughter was too
a lady to be of any service to her.

imothy had worked for Mr. Dormer,
that gentleman's amiable character, in-
d the widow to represent her lament-
situation to him, in hopes of relief.

ormer gave her a trifle for the present,
as he lost no opportunity of adding to

the fair name he enjoyed in the world, he very *generously* set a subscription on foot for the benefit of the parties. Mr. Dormer was irresistible—he soon realised a little sum to set them up in business—but things had taken a different turn—Miss Aurelia Clementina had the folly to suppose, the little attentions paid to her by Mr. Dormer, were the certain effect of her unrivalled charms—she, therefore, *set her cap at him*, and, in a very short time, had her vanity gratified at the expense of her virtue.

Mr. Dormer now proposed taking them both to his cottage, an elegant retirement presented to him by his uncle, where he thought Miss might serve, as a play-thing, to amuse his idle hours.

Miss Aurelia Clementina was all for love: and solitude—embellished by Dormer—was dearer to her heart, than a palace would

she had been without him. Her mother happier, perhaps, to find her daughter the mistress of a man of fashion, than the wife of a mechanic, consented to the change, and undertook the care of their house.

In this seclusion, admirably calculated to evade the impertinences of curiosity, Miss Aurelia Clementina became the mother of a fine boy, which was sent to nurse almost as soon as born, and this little amour was kept a profound secret from even his most intimate friends.

Without the least regard for her person, otherwise than as a pretty toy, Mr. Dormer had suffered her to reign for two years mistress of the cottage ; where, in his absence, she did every thing she pleased.

When Dormer meditated running away with Laura, he could not conceive any si-

the fair name he gave her his cottage—but very generously so to remove Miss Aurelia. the benefit of, to excessive vanity, added was irresistible turbulence of disposition, sum to say, to brook an insult.

had to

Clerks resorted to stratagem; and having sounded the mother, by their united influence, and the still more prevailing vanity of five hundred guineas, the love of Laura was, ideally, confirmed.

Mrs. Spraggs performed her part of the covenant to a miracle, by obeying every particular imposed by Mr. Dormer; but Miss Aurelia Clementina was not composed of such pliant materials. The moment she saw Laura, extreme beauty raised so much envy in her breast, that she repented having given a consent to be the tool of her own rising torments.

At supper, her mother found her quite out of humour, and had much difficulty to prevail with her to suffer the plan to proceed.

It was late when Laura awoke next morning, very much recruited by a good night's rest, but not less the prey of unceasing solicitude.

As soon as she was heard stirring in her room, Mrs. Spraggs tapped at the door; and, on being admitted, assisted Laura to dress; who, constrained by circumstances, took her linen from the wardrobe.

While dressing, Mrs. Spraggs told her the house she was in belonged to Mr. Dormer.

At the sound of that name, Laura shook like an aspen leaf—her cheek burnt—she

" parents, *obliged* him to constrain you
" consent to your own happiness."

" He is really very good—and very delicate in his resolves."

" There, my lady, the whole world does him justice."

Laura saw the poor woman was prejudiced by her dependance on Mr. Dormer to think all he did right; she therefore made no reply, but followed to the breakfast room.

It was fitted up with a very extensive library; a large bow window opened on a small grass plot, comprising just space to admit the light, and surrounded by thick clumps of trees inhabited by rooks.

Miss Aurelia Clementina arose to receive our heroine, but without the least affability.

—her features were at times sprightly ; yet borrowed a certain degree of pertness from a little turn up of her nose, by no means pleasing. Her dress was rather fine than neat, and her whole appearance a compound of affectation.

In her attentions to Laura, it was evident she imagined she did her vast honor in noticing her at all ; but Laura was too much occupied, by other subjects, to bestow a thought on her follies, particularly, when she observed her conduct to her mother was strongly marked by superiority and self-sufficiency.

After breakfast, Miss Aurelia Clementina, with unbending arrogance, led our heroine over the cottage, and grounds. At their return, taking Laura into the music-room,

she carelessly struck an octave, enquiring if Miss Manly played?

"To please myself," answered Laura.

"Oh, then you must be extremely careful how you touch this instrument—It is a STODDARD, with organised stops and pedals."

"You need not be afraid—I shall not injure it."

"But do you understand Italian? though I suppose not—I have no English music—it is such heavy composition."

"I presume, Miss, the *notes* in Italian are the same as those in English—but I am not disposed to play at any rate."

Our heroine, quite disgusted with her

companion, went up stairs to ruminate on her situation—and to endeavour to find a reason for Dormer's conduct, of whom she could not, yet, think ill ; but the idea of the fire having *so opportunely* assisted his project, filled her with horror. She resolved calmly to await the morrow ; she found an advocate in her gentle bosom, that softened the severity of censure ; she thought it just to hear, before she unmercifully condemned him ; she fortified her mind against the approaching interview, and entertained hopes he would not dare to urge any thing fatal either to her duty or repose.

The eventful morning came, and Laura was informed, before she left her chamber, that Mr. Dormer expected the pleasure of her company, *alone*, to breakfast.

As she entered the library, Dormer rose up to meet her, with all that insinuating

—no token of triumph sat upon his
—no libertine smile played on his chin;
his manner was impressive—yet tinctured
by humility.

He led her to a seat, thus addressing
her:

“ Probably, Miss Manly, all I make
“ to advance would not acquit me
“ before a jury of my peers; but I hope to
“ stand trial before a milder tribunal, and trust my
“ cause to the all-powerful God of Love;
“ having taught me to sin, will also
“ teach me how to plead for mercy.

" of that love with which I am inspired—
" nor can I describe the excess with which
" you are adored—I must confine myself
" simply to expose to you, the consequence
" of your cruel resolve to banish me for
" ever—for a venial fault too—committed
" in the fullness of a heart so perfectly
" guided by you, that it has no other
" thought, sentiment, or action, but that
" which is born, and matures, in the con-
" templation of your worth.

" I pursued your shade along the river's
" banks—I followed you through all our
" favorite walks—I conversed with you,
" yet you came not—I had moments—oh,
" Laura, horrible moments!—but when my
" heart was most torn, I would say, LAURA
" LOVES ME!—a momentary change took
" place through every fibre—still you came
" not—and I relapsed.

“ would be happy when I was no
“ *That* thought corrected me—and
“ you from one pang, I continued to
“ ten thousand.”

Here Dormer paused—and Laura

“ Before I can offer you any opinion
“ what you have advanced, Mr. Dormer,
“ must first know what fatality connects
“ the fire with the fulfilment of your
“ daring project.”

“ Would I could as readily remove
“ objection,” said Dormer, “by his
“ was the effect of chance. My ch

“ the fire gave another turn to my thoughts,
“ and frantic with the desire to possess
“ you, at all events, without reflection I
“ ordered you to be hurried to the car-
“ riage, and followed myself to guard you
“ —I had prepared the attendance of my
“ housekeeper, that you might have a com-
“ panion of your own sex—I forebore to
“ visit you yesterday, that you might have
“ time to recover your spirits—in all
“ things I have made your happiness my
“ first consideration—my own, is a minor
“ claim.”

“ I do not affect, Mr. Dormer, to deny
“ the sentiments with which I once per-
“ mitted myself to dwell, perhaps *too fondly*,
“ on your worth : While the invariable te-
“ nor of your conduct justified my affec-
“ tions, I partook all the pains you pro-
“ fessed to feel—I suffered with you—
“ loved with you—and had my prospects in

“ life maintained their independence, I
“ should have gloried in avowing to the
“ world the choice my heart had made.

“ But the Dormer I loved was gentle,
“ good, and virtuous—he would not have
“ betrayed me into error to profit by my
“ weakness---his godlike soul would have
“ sustained me in the pure pursuits of inno-
“ cence, even at the risk of his own hap-
“ piness---If, therefore, my sentiments are
“ changed; you, Sir, can explain the
“ cause: nor will you wonder if my judg-
“ ment can condemn, as freely, as it has ap-
“ proved: Enveloped by the shield of vir-
“ tue, I smile at the fancied power you may
“ presume upon, and *insist* on being re-
“ stored to my parents.”

Awed by the dignity of this calm address,
Dormer, for a time, lost all his presence
of mind—the superiority of Laura’s cha-

acter made him shrink from the contemplation of his own ; but it was absolutely necessary to restore himself to her good opinion, if possible—he rallied.

“ Angel of mercy,” said Dormer, with the most impassioned air, “ pity me ; hear me ; help me,—oh, disarm those beautiful eyes from all their threatening vengeance—let confidence resume its empire in your gentle bosom—be generous as you are good.

“ Laura,”—here his voice failed—“ your reproaches pierce me to the heart—I almost lose the power to breathe—here—feel my trembling heart—it beats with insupportable agony—you *only* can restore it to tranquillity. Renew, then, I conjure you, those moments of ineffable delight, that blessed me with returning love—renew those delicious bonds,

“ which bound us up in one common ex-
“ istence—save me from the worst of
“ pangs—to hate myself, and be despised
“ by thee.”

“ I must not—Mr Dormer, indeed, I
“ will not—listen to these raptures. Tell
“ me why I am here; for what purpose
“ detained; while my unhappy parents are
“ inconsolable about me?”

“ Consent then, adorable Laura, to be
“ mine; it is in vain to expect any other
“ sanction than our own consent, under
“ present circumstances. The instant the
“ ceremony concludes I will restore you to
“ your weeping parents—we will throw
“ ourselves at your father's feet, as I do
“ now at yours—we will sue him to forgive
“ us—nature will assist our cause—he will
“ raise us—press us to his heart: your
“ amiable mother will weep over us—both

“ will bless us. My uncle, when he sees
 “ your matchless beauty, and is compelled
 “ to acknowledge your transcendent
 “ virtues, will add his blessings—we shall
 “ be the envy of the world.”

“ Fine reasoning, Mr. Dormer, to snare
 “ a thoughtless mind ; I am not, however,
 “ to be duped by sophistry ; restore me to
 “ my father—he will be just to you—he
 “ loves his daughter—this effort of a great
 “ soul will doubly endear you to him ; nor
 “ will it lose its merit in *my* estimation.
 “ On these terms, instantly fulfilled, I
 “ consent to pardon the past ; but on no
 “ other—so witness heaven !”

Dormer perceiving he lost ground every moment, closed the contest, by begging she would give him a little time to fortify his mind with philosophy to bear her

loss, and he would endeavour to be all she wished.

They now entered into a little covenant and both more composed, Dormer rang for breakfast.

During the repast, he enquired of Laura if she found all things to her wish, and expressed much satisfaction to learn his commands had been so strictly obeyed.

Several days past; Dormer nothing relating his respect : but Laura unceasingly importuned him to send her home, although he artfully contrived to parry the fatal blow.

At length, teized by the repeated failings of her hopes, and oppressed by the severe agitations of her mind on her parents :

Laura was taken with a slight fever,
confining her to her room.

next day she was much worse ;
Traggs said it would be necessary to
assistance, unless her disorder took
rable turn before night.—Dormer
the news—he feared to lose her ;
also feared detection—he paced the
one distracted.

While, repeated quarrels had taken
between Miss Aurelia Clementina
protector—the respect, with which
Laura treated, raised up every
and selfish resentment in her bosom—
he called the dignity of Laura's
tyranny; the submission of Dor-
ject slavery. She saw her rival was
get off triumphant, and sickened
leia.

The goodness of Laura's constitution, however, overcame her temporary malady, and her recovery was materially assisted by Dormer's promises to let her go home, as soon as she could bear the fatigue—he even permitted her to write a letter to her father; but took care not to let it reach the post-office.

Our heroine was not insensible to the tenderness with which Dormer had watched the progress of her disorder; something like a sigh bespoke her gratitude; she began to think it possible he might, hereafter, deserve forgiveness; and fancy once at work, upon the subject, she built one prospect on another, till she almost found herself at the church door with the most amiable of men.

The fever was succeeded by that soft and dangerous kind of languor which ener-

tes the mind, and leaves the heart open
every weakness. Laura sat up in her
room; Dormer was admitted to her so-
ciety: she thanked him for his care of her
—began to smile—and was more in-
terestingly beautiful than ever.

Dormer had taken leave of Laura about
nine in the evening, and was sitting over
the fire in the Library, meditating on the
steps best to be pursued; despairing to re-
duce her angelic virtues to the common
standard of humanity; when his evil genius,
in the form of Miss Aurelia Clementina,
abruptly entered the room.

"Upon my word, Mr. Dormer, these
are fine goings-on—here's a to-do, in-
deed, with this whimsical piece of mo-
desty you have brought into *my* house—
but I will not be your dupe an hour
longer. Pursue your scheme—or you

“ Why, you unconscionable I
replied Dormer, rather alarmed—
“ not paid for what you do ?”

“ Paid, Mr. Dormer ! can n
“ the workings of revenge and
“ a woman’s soul ?—Poor man
“ know the sex better ! I a
“ every hour in the day, by t
“ with which you treat this artf
“ while my person is wholly
“ nor does this even satisfy yo
“ be the attendant, truly, of you
“ tyrant—I am to bow before he
“ command—no, Dormer, I will

I shall be satisfied—reduce this haughty beauty to my level—and I will kiss your feet.

“ Was I, pray, treated in this manner?—Were all these farcical delicacies thought necessary to compass my ruin? Were my tears regarded—my innocence respected?—No!—Like a satyr you rushed into my arms, and triumphed with a savage smile.”

“ I will order a chaise,” said Dormer, ring to ring, “ you shall not sleep another night in this house.”

“ Ah! do you threaten?— specious villain!—Then tremble at a woman’s wrongs. Move one step from where you stand, and I will unmask you to the world.—What! shall the man hesitate to proceed, who is already familiar with

"the extremes of guilt? Have you not
 torn her from the arms of her parent
 by means too horrible for repetition?
 Her fame too is destroyed—the next
 step, comparatively, is no crime.—This
 night, Mr. Dormer—aye!—this very
 night—or you are lost for ever!—
 One of you, I am determined, shall
 be on a level with myself."

This speech was accompanied by such frantic gesticulation, Dormer thought, as I saw all that ruin realized her frenzy had predicted—he clasped his hands across his eyes—while his companion, with folded arms, gazed full upon him, awaiting his reply.

Dormer was silent.

"Determine," said she, "another moment will be too late."

"To night," said Dormer in a tremulous voice—"Impossible—she is ill."

"Trifling subterfuge!—she is now dreaming of you, depend on it, and I will thank you, in her heart, for the intrusion—here is the key to the secret pannel."

Urged by this malignant demon—inspired with Champagne—infamed with desire—Dormer snatched up the candle, as the clock struck ONE, and proceeded to Laura's chamber.

His heart beat violently as he unlocked the pannel—he crept, on tiptoe, into the room—but had not advanced many paces, when Laura, rising suddenly in bed, exclaimed,

"Who's there?"

Dormer, in his dressing gown, approached the bed ; and Laura, uttering a violent shriek, sprang, from the opposite side, to the further part of the room.

" Forbear, my best beloved," said Dormer tenderly, " no harm can reach you when love's so near.—Your cries are fruitless.—In this house my will is all—No succour can possibly reach you. Come, then, thou master piece of heaven, disarun the rigour of thy purp—thus,"----folding her waist,—" me lead you to bliss unutterable !"

Laura dropped from his arms upon his knees, and raising her supplicating eyes to his, a celestial glance deprecated his fit

The beauty of the object however—negligence of her night clothes—the m

desire impulse of passion—hurried the
Libertine to improve the moment. He
again folded her almost naked form.—He
felt her agonized bosom throb against
his heart—He trembled ; and was unable,
from excessive agitation, to raise her to the
bed.

At this perilous moment, Laura, by a
~~desperate~~ spring, leaped from his arms ;—
She read the wildness of his wishes in his
~~rolling~~ eyes—She appealed to the most
~~weak~~ for succour.

On her knees, with uplifted hands—the
~~favor~~ of zealous piety emanating her hea-
~~lily~~ countenance,—she devoutly offered
~~a~~ silent prayer at the throne of Mercy.

Religion beamed around her person—
Former stood aghast !

" Be composed, sweet Excellence," said he, after a pause—again approaching.—

Laura moved towards him with the celebrity of lightning—seized his hands with a convulsive grasp—holding him, at arm's length, from her.

The tumult of his breast began to subside—his features softened. Laura hailed the blessed omen; and, looking with expressive confidence on him, said tenderly,

" Augustus! dear Augustus! spare the unhappy Laura—protect her, and heaven will reward you—oh, preserve from everlasting misery the life you have saved—be again my guardian angel, and I will do every thing you can, in honour, ask."

" Laura! your virtues are the peculiar

re of heaven.—Arise, angel of Per-
fection !----You have conquered, and
Iy trust, me."

**My God I thank thee !- ---Now Aug-
tus, pray leave the room ; my distress
insupportable."**

And you promise to be mine ?"

I do."

One reconciling kiss before we part ?"

**Oh, No—No—No—leave me—leave
e."**

One chaste embrace, Laura !"

**e kissed her passionately.—“ Now
ke the fatal key.—Remember !”**

With these words, he darted through opened pannel, which Laura on the instant fastened ; and then, bursting into a fit of tears, sank, almost senseless, upon the carpet..

Our heroine lay for some time in a stupor, which was succeeded by delirium—the rage of burning fancy, she had wandered through innumerable difficulties ; arrived at last at a little hovel, to which she heard her father had retreated. Her mother had fallen a victim to her terror on the night of the fire, aided by her subsequent sufferings at the loss of her daughter—Her father was grown old and feeble. She found him reclining on a miserable pallet—his fine eyes were dimmed—robbed of their wonted expression—his pale cheek scarcely betrayed signs of life—decayed frame bent, listlessly, over his couch.

Laura hastened to approach this remnant of her beloved parent; and, as she pressed his withered hand, the poor old man suddenly turned round.—A gleam of joy renovated his countenance; he would have spoken; he would have embraced his long lost child.—But nature had approached its last ebb—this effort of sudden transport extinguished the trembling spark—he sank backwards, and expired!

On this appalling vision, the wretched Laura continued, for some time, to look with all the tokens of intense, yet vacant, contemplation—she then kissed his still-warm lips—she hung over his lifeless body; but she could not utter a syllable, or give a single tear to his memory.—Her heart was almost bursting!

Then observing that his clenched hand contained a paper, she, with difficulty,

unclosed the convulsive grasp of death
and having unfolded, thus perused its contents.

TO LAURA MANLY.

A little longer, and these hollow eyes,
Will, with these haggard looks, reproach no more—
A little longer, and these deep-drawn sighs,
These bursts of agony—will all be o'er.

I little thought, when smiling in my arms,
Marking each op'ning beauty of thy face,
Gazing, with rapture, on thy infant charms,
While fancy pictur'd every rising grace;

I little thought, that like th' expanding rose,
Which blooms so sweetly in gay Summer's morn;
That, as it grew, 'twould rob me of repose,
And sting my bosom with a deadly thorn.

Oh! 'tis too much—life cannot long sustain—
And while I think, my brain, with grief, turns wild:
It cannot long support the torturing pain—
The worst of evils!—**AN UNGRATEFUL CHILD.**

Tho now you treat me with unfeeling scorn,
Thy wretched father will his child forgive;
Remorse will come, when to the grave I'm borne,
And bitter anguish in thy bosom live.

At time, my poor misguided child, will come,
When my reproaches you no longer hear;
When I am carried to my last long home,
Too late—repentance will thy bosom tear.

Oh, God! upon my wretched child look down,
To virtue's path her erring steps restore,
May her repentance, for her crimes, atone!
Oh grant this pray'r.—My last breath asks no more!

A horrible shriek now palsied her whole frame, and in the act of falling over her father's corpse—Laura awoke!

Large drops rolled from her forehead—the maddening recollection of her dream

was so perfect, she still dwelt on its reality—amazed—terrified—trembling—she felt as if every faculty was deserting her—she believed she still pressed her beloved parent's death-cold hand ; while the words, on the mysterious paper, seemed to be engraven on her heart in burning characters.

The fire was quite out : but the lamp still glimmered on the hearth—Laura sat on the floor ; her left hand supported her agitated frame ; the right circled her forehead.—It appeared on fire—the rapid pulsation of her temples seemed to portend a speedy dissolution.

Presently, the clock struck five—she arose with the sound—a soft and placid composure now gradually relaxed her features—her eyes had lost their wildness ; and with an inspiration, decisive as it was sudden, she hastily dressed herself in the

clothes she wore, when stolen from home ; loosed the fastenings of her chamber door ; and, with the lamp in her hand, advanced to the head of the stairs.

Here she paused-----nothing stirred except the echoing winds that groaned among the almost leafless trees.

With timid steps, and renewed caution, our heroine descended to the hall ; when she found the key of the entrance had been removed.

Disappointed, but not shaken in her purpose, she gave a fearful look around ; and, at the moment, recollecting the bow windows of the library were low, and that room more remote than any in the house, she opened the door ; and having locked it inside, soon effected her escape through the window.

A small, constant, rain was falling — still the undaunted Laura proceeded.

When she came to the gates, which were very lofty, and surmounted with iron spikes, she very composedly climbed over the hand railing, that extended a few yards on either side, and lowering herself quietly down the bank, caught at the Chinese work above the abutments of the bridge; and then, by an effort and constancy, heaven alone could have given her, she swung from one hold to another, and thus reached the opposite side of the ditch.

END OF VOL. I.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.

~~H. C. H.~~

THE
MASK OF FASHION,
A PLAIN TALE;
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.

THE
MASK OF FASHION;
A PLAIN TALE;

WITH,
ANECDOTES FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

VOL. II.

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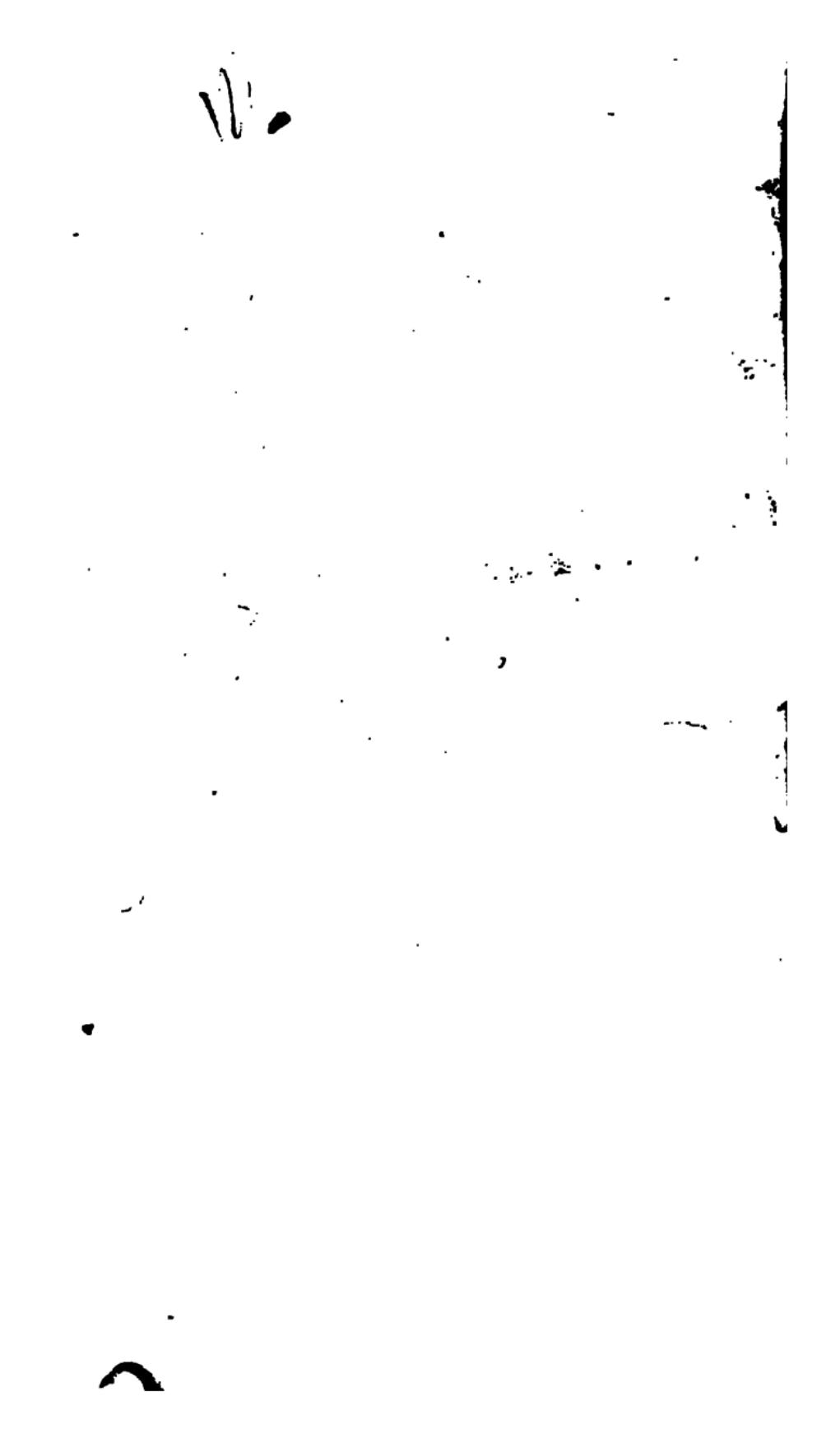


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air of freedom.	The beggarman,
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dly Civility.	Mr. Mansel.
ugh diamond.	The Bateman family.
nodore NELSON.	Domestic affliction.
:o board an enemy.	An unprotected female.
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nd in need.	A Good uncle.
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ience !	A wedding feast.
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l.	A double Wedding.
	The Denouement.



THE
MASK OF FASHION.

VOL. II.

OUR heroine having thus effected her escape from infamy and oppression, proceeded, as fast as her tender limbs would allow her, through a narrow lane, with deep waggon ruts on each side, made almost impassable by the heavy rains, which had fallen during the whole of the preceding day and night.

Unshaken, however, by the difficulties

VOL. II.

B

before her—insensible to fatigue—and smarting with the wounds her late exploit had imprinted on her delicate hands—the virtuous maid scrambled forwards.

With the glimpse of day, Laura found herself on an extended heath—the rain increased, and the ground was so slippery, she could scarcely maintain her footing—still persevering, she was cheered, at length, by the appearance of a high road; and, about nine o'clock, to her great joy, she discovered a public house at no great distance from her.

Approaching, she beheld the sign of a Crown hanging before the door, and underneath was written—“*Licensed to let Post-horses.*”—but the house was shabby in the extreme.

Dripping with wet, and pennyless, Laura

d a moment ; but personal considerations silenced her doubts, and she entered ~~the~~ without meeting any one, till she reached the tap-room ; where she found a woman with a decent-looking young woman, about five-and twenty, breakfasting before a blazing fire.

A smile was instantly made for the stranger by the woman herself ; but Laura had scarcely seated herself on this comfortable chair, when a short, squat, red-faced woman came waddling into the room.

"Good-morning ! " said she, clapping her hands, " what trumpery have we here ? —Marry, come up, my dirty girl, I'd have you to know this is an ~~old~~ or your betters."

"Good God's sake, my good woman ! " - -

“ for these fourteen years come
“ ter, and thof I say it, don’t
“ (snapping her thumb and finger)
“ lord or excise man ; and after
“ to be called *good woman* by’s
“ mint as you are—come, troo
“ troop—or I’ll send for a co
“ teach you to come sneaking in
“ folks’ premises.”

“ Hilloah !—----avast heaving
“ Catamaran,” exclaimed the h
—— “ What ! turn out a p
“ drownded traveller in su
“ ther as this ?—why, I’d hav
“ know, there is never an ene

" But she is a well-built little cruizer—
 " what if her rigging be a little damaged!—don't you see she has been scudding under bare poles, and wants to be refitted—I warrant me she requires nothing but an able commander, and will sail steadily through the voyage of life—winds and current serving.

" Come—come—take her in tow, d'ye see.—Here, you old land porpoise—Here is two yellow boys for you—both got King George's picture on them—God bless him, I say—there, take them—it never shall be said, d'ye see, that Ben Block turned his back upon a fellow creature in distress with a guinea in his pocket-----aye, you may squint at them—they are fairly come by—honestly earned in the service of my country, d'ye see.—Here I am, afraid of no man—for two and twenty years I've been

“ to sea, both man and boy, and
“ my duty—ne'er a betterer seame
“ stepped between stem and stern; I
“ one for that—many's the hard ga
“ weathered in my time, and many
“ brave messmate I've seen fall by n
“ when we've been grappling the
“ my, d'ye see,—yard arm and
“ arm—but here I am still, beca
“ how, my time is not come.—I
“ sailed with brave Nelson in the
“ tain----the Lord bless him—he is
“ ble commander—the seaman's fri
“ and an honour to old England.

“ But as I was saying—we were
“ battle off St. Vincent's—a Spanis
“ decker along side, and a three
“ upon both our quarters—why, we
“ them, d'ye see, till some more
“ fleet comed up—then we engage
“ *San Nicolas*—and boarded her—bk

“ but 'twas rare sport—our gallant com-
“ mander boarded himself from the fore
“ chains into the enemy's quarter gallery—
“ I, and a handful of others, followed—and
“ so we went through the cabin upon
“ deck—my eyes! how the Dons stared—
“ but we soon drove the lubbers below,
“ and clapped on the hatches—then we
“ were sorely raked by a three decker—
“ d'ye see—‘ come my boys’ says the
“ brave Nelson, ‘ we must board her
“ too’---and so we did, d'ye see, but they
“ made no resistance---so I counts that as
“ nothing.”

“ Lord, Mr. Block,” replied the land-
lady, whose features were astonishingly
softened by the two guineas---“ I am sure
“ I am not more hardhearteder than other
“ folks---only one does not chuse to have
“ people come into one's house, you know,
“ without seeing who is who---

“ Why there, it is now---no laterer
“ ago than last summer, a gipsy woman
“ comed here to tell me my fortune ; and
“ a sweet spoken young woman she was,
“ that's sartain---why she told me, do you
“ know, I should one day ride in my own
“ coach---so, as I was saying---while I
“ went to the larder to fetch her some bro-
“ ken victuals, what does my lady do, but
“ whips me a leg of mutton off the spit
“ that weighed 9½lbs. and marched clean
“ off with it.”

“ Belay your palaver there, old mother
“ bumboat, and get the poor young wo-
“ man somewhat to comfort her, and
“ here, Poll, go up stairs with the pretty
“ creature, and overhaul your bundle, d'ye
“ see, and let her have somewhat to make
“ her dry and wholesome---D——n it, my
“ girl, we are not made for ourselves, but

“ to help one another at a pinch, d'ye
 “ see.”

“ That I will, Ben, with every vein 'in,
 “ my heart”— answered his wife—“ come,
 “ my pretty dear, will you go with me?”

Laura, overpowered by the goodness and generosity of this honest pair, and attributing this unlooked for succour to the mediation of providence in her behalf, frankly accepted the liberal offer, saying, she should be enabled to repay them in a few days.

“ As to matter of paying back,” said Ben, “ why look ye—that argues nothing
 “ —Here's Poll and I been to the Agent
 “ in London, to get some prize-money—
 “ and when that's gone—why, then, I'll
 “ fight for more; peace cant last long,
 “ while little Boney is above ground.—

"Aye—many's the good fellow that Cor-sican lubber has sent to Davy's locker."

The landlady was now all officious civility, and shewed Laura to a bed-room upstairs—where she was soon joined by Polly Block with dry linen.

To say the truth, there was nothing very commendatory in Laura's dress, to persons who were accustomed to judge from outward appearances—she wore a quaker-coloured round gown, of Queen's stuff; and being without a hat, she had divided the shawl which, on the night of the fire, concealed her disordered dress; applying the one half to her shoulders, and the other to bind round her head—the whole drenched with rain, and her petticoats so clotted with mud, up to the knee, that suspicion might have been fairly awakened, had not

nature given her a superior air and loveliness not to be removed by any casualty.

While Laura was dressing, Polly went down for a basin of tea, and our heroine being much restored by this seasonable relief, determined on writing to her father immediately after breakfast.—In the mean time, Polly told her that they were within a short distance of Kingston upon Thames ; that they had travelled from town through Richmond, as she had an orphan niece living on the borders of Ham Common with her grand-mother ; and that they had put up at the Crown out of the rain the preceding evening, in their way to meet the Gosport Coach, at Kingston.

Our heroine, taking down their address, said she would trouble them to put a letter into the post-office when they reached town, and asking for pen, ink, and paper,

Polly left her to write ; but Laura's hands were so swelled, she could scarcely hold the pen.—Yet write she must—and the task, for the first time in her life, appeared difficult—at last she began.

Thursday.

“ After an absence, at once so alarming and mysterious, I should shudder to appeal to the best and most honoured of parents, had I, in the smallest degree, been instrumental to the act ; and my confidence, on the present occasion, is increased, by the favourable sentiments with which my dearest father and mother have always viewed my conduct.

“ It is my peculiar hard fate to have suffered, undeservedly, and to have the punishment increased—not by an oblivion—but by a silence on the past. And I trust to the indulgence of my beloved parents for the conviction, in their minds,

that I shall return to them, worthy their fondest partiality.

“ An avowal of names, or circumstances, would only tend to increase our domestic troubles—let me, therefore, intreat you to be silent on the subject, and with all convenient speed to send for me, at the Crown inn, near Ham Common ; where, by the help of the Almighty, I am free to fly once more to your dear—your parental—embraces—and in the sweet task of scotching your sorrows, forget the distraction of my own sufferings. From,

“ Your ever dutiful

“ and affectionate daughter,

“ LAURA MANLY.”

Having completed this painful task, our heroine asked to see Polly.—The thunder now began to shake the globe with awful,

and reiterated peals ; but the atmosphere gradually cleared, and in two hours, honest Ben and his wife took leave of the object of their benevolence with many hearty blessings.

Left to herself, Laura began to feel the effects of her extraordinary exertions, and hoping rest might improve her health, she took a basin of water gruel, and retired to bed.

The friendly admonitions of the good curate, drawn from the consoling resources of christianity, added to the cordial efforts of his wife, served, in time, partially to appease the agonizing sufferings of Mr. and Mrs. Manly ; who, were prevailed upon to accompany their friends to the Parsonage.

The left shoulder and arm of Mr. Manly

had been dreadfully burnt, during his frantic wanderings in search of his child—and this, now, proved a very fortunate circumstance; as the pain he suffered, and the attentions his case required, contributed, in some measure, to divide the feelings of his wife, and detach her sorrows from a subject calculated to harrow the sensibilities of her nature. Still, the mysterious absence of their daughter, preyed upon the very vitals of her desponding parents.—Every enquiry was set on foot, but all to no purpose—imagination, even, could not lead to any clue, either of suspicion or reality; and they became the wretched victims of a suspense, infinitely more oppressive, than the most poignant certainty.

Time rolled on, without presenting any gleam of hope to gild this melancholy scene; and although it wore off the more tumultuous effusions of outward grief, yet

the disease itself was deeply rooted in the heart of this virtuous pair, and they became perfectly regardless of themselves.

The landlord, however, who was well insured, set about rebuilding their cottage, and the Manlys were still at the parsonage, when Laura's letter arrived.

Excess of joy had now nearly proved more fatal than that of despair—they would have flown to embrace their darling child; but were too feeble to encounter such a journey.—At length, with infinite reluctance, they saw minutes lost by indecision—minutes, that would have accelerated their blissful meeting—and yielding to the earnest solicitations of the curate; he set off to the neighbouring post town; and stepping into a chaise; drove, without further delay, to the concealment of the expecting Laura.

Four days had passed : and our heroine, trembling with indefinable sensations of mingled pleasure and pain, was sitting by the fire in her bed-room, reading, notwithstanding it was near one in the morning when the rattle of a carriage up to the door, followed by a loud knocking, startled Laura from her book—she gave a faint ejaculation, as she half rose from her seat—but fell backwards, at the instant, in her chair without further power to move.

The violent throbings in her bosom assured her, it was her father—there was something solemn in the approaching meeting, which disturbed the fondness of anxiety—a painful emotion that mingled with her love and duty, and robbed them of that pure transport, which had hitherto distinguished every domestic hour of her life in their beloved society.

A short time, however, removed these involuntary oppressions of the spirits—she received the visit of the good curate, and her most anxious enquiries were answered with a softened regard to truth, that deprived circumstances of their asperity.

A few hours rest sufficed the worthy man, who felt that every hour was an age which retarded the happiness of his friend—they therefore set out about 11 o'clock, on their return to Devonshire.—Mine hostess, with a profusion of compliments, wishing her *ladyship* a pleasant journey.

Nineteen hours unremitting posting took them to the parsonage—As the carriage passed the honey suckle hedge before the door, Laura, quite overpowered by her feelings, exclaimed—

" My dear Sir; for heaven's sake support me!"

The next moment brought her father to the carriage door, although so early in the morning, and our heroine, no longer able to contend with her emotions, fainted ere he could press her to his exulting heart.

We now leave this happily re-united family to the indulgence of that supreme delight which virtuous minds alone partake—but which no language is equal to describe—and return to our *moral hero*.

When Laura, resisting all the tenderest appeals from love, nobly resolved to forego the dangerous indulgence of her passion; and with a constancy rare at her years, and foreign to the weakness of her sex, shunned every possibility of meeting her much-loved Dormer—he, by every disguise and

stratagem, sought an opportunity to renew his vows ; and, under the continued mask—of spotless honor, to prevail with the victim of fond credulity to bless his impatient wishes—not that he really proposed to marry ; his valet, the only confidant of his secret machinations, was to act the parson, and cheat the deluded Laura of her peace for ever.

Foiled in his hopes—he desperately resolved to fire the premises, and bear off Laura in the general confusion—the result of this refinement of infamy is before our readers, who may wonder, that a mind capable of so daring an act of villainy should relinquish his purpose, when the object was so completely in his power. Let it be remembered, that Dormer was no sensualist—he did not seek to violate her lovely person—his passion beat with all the eager expectation of being entranced, within

the arms of timid, half-reluctant, lovelessness—he read Laura's partiality in her eyes—he trusted to its influence on her conduct; and, by retarding, meant to augment, his happiness.

But judge his astonishment, on the morning following her escape, when his ~~dear~~ friend, Miss Aurelia Clementina, came into his dressing room, almost convulsed with laughter; and pointing her forefinger, in token of ridicule, remained sometime unable to utter a syllable—at length, the hysterick gust subsiding, she acquainted Mr. Dorner with the subject of her mirth.

"A pretty business—on my honour—good sentimental Sir! You have now nothing to do but consider whether the pistol—the poisoned chalice—or the rope—will be the most graceful passport

“ to the other world—nay, you must be
“ quick too—for I am much mistaken, if
“ the law, in a few days, will not limit you
“ to one way of travelling—and prove an
“ exalted, if not an honorable, exit.—Had
“ you taken my advice, Mr. Dormer, it
“ would have been otherwise;—A woman
“ once possessed—no matter how—who
“ loves the object of her ruin, *never* re-
“ pent; her heart opens to the full enjoy-
“ ment of her new-found happiness—and
“ the intoxicated senses shun all tendency
“ to reflection—do you think your pretty
“ Laura would have ran away, had you
“ behaved like a MAN?—No—on my
“ faith—but you deserve it, for being such
“ a pitiful villain.

“ For my own part—I mean to leave
“ you instantly, and to retire upon £200
“ a year—I do not ask your consent—not
“ do I trouble myself about writings—I

“ have a better security—YOUR LIFE!—and
“ upon the least failure on your part—if
“ you escape justice now—it is my firm,
“ and unalterable, resolution, to deliver
“ you up to that fate you have so well
“ merited !

“ Now, Mr. Dormer, you know my
“ mind—and will act as you think pro-
“ per.”

With these words—and a disdainful
toss of the head—Miss Aurelia Clementina quitted the room : leaving our hero in
a state of mind little short of actual
madness.

Having paced the room for some time
in a wild, disordered step, and frantic air,
he rang the bell, and ordered his horse to
be saddled.

For the whole day, he traversed the neighbourhood in quest of intelligence but, returned, at night, with increased despair—he had every thing to dread from Laura's family—he saw the fatal noose ready fitted to his neck.

In agonies not to be described, he called for his faithful valet, and having commissioned him to ride post to Devonshire, determined to absent himself from the world, till he should know the real position of affairs.

Simpson obeyed the impatience of his master, by setting off directly: and on his arrival, disguised himself in the habit of a poor old beggar man, giving his countenance the appearance of age, by means of an appropriate wig, and rough beard.

He hovered about the neighbourhood for some days, and found every body busied in relating the adventure of Laura, which was told in a variety of ways; but he heard no mention of his master's name—he, therefore, presented himself towards dusk at the parsonage, and having fabricated a piteous tale, was permitted to warm himself at the kitchen fire, where he was relieved with food and a mug of ale.

This indulgence he protracted as long as possible: and came away perfectly satisfied, from the conversation which passed, that Laura had not avowed the author of her misfortunes.

With these glad tidings, he hastened back to his master, who derived new existence from the information.—He pressed Simpson's hand with rapture, and

assured him, anew, that he would make him independent at his uncle's death.

Returning to the rookery, he learnt Miss Aurelia Clementina and her mother had both decamped; the former leaving a letter expressive of her detestation, and repeating those threats she positively proposed to fulfil, on the smallest delay on his part, to pay her the annuity she had dictated, half yearly, at a place to which she gave him the address.

Whatever his views might be respecting this termagent, they were, for the present, concealed; and he rather rejoiced at the freedom she had given him; although he was too much in her power, not to feel the policy of keeping terms with her—he, therefore, wrote expressing concern at the singularity of her conduct; and concluded, with the

t positive assurances, that he would
r prove inattentive to her welfare.

He continued in this seclusion for near
e months, and not having heard any
g from Laura, began to resume his
er tranquillity; when a new turn was
n to his affairs, as unexpected as
al—A letter from his uncle sum-
ed him to Mansel Hall.

Mr. Augustus Mansel, the maternal
e of Mr. Dormer, was a bachelor,
ed of sixty---a disappointment in love,
a very young man, had made him
ve to lead a single life; and having
rge fortune, he adopted his godson
 his birth; educated him, and
ght him up as heir to his estates.

His life was secluded, and passed in
midst of his tenantry, by whom he

was universally beloved.—He was the steady advocate of the poor, and inflexible in his friendships.

Among those more particularly distinguished by his regard, was Captain Bateman; a gentleman who was an honor to his profession; but having, unhappily in his youth, received a musket ball in the loins, just above his hip, which the faculty had not been able to extract, his country was deprived of his future services, and he retired invalided.

The Captain, with his wife and daughter, occupied a neat cottage about three quarters of a mile from the hall, and their sole dependance was his pay.

Their domestic happiness received a severe shock by the death of Mrs. Bateman, about three years ago, and his undi-

vided affections, then centered in his daughter Eliza, a very charming girl, now in her 23d year.

Mr. Mansel — whose regard for the Captain was enthusiastic-- had often attempted to press his purse upon him: But the honest pride of the soldier, gloried in his independence; he therefore reluctantly, yet obligingly, declined his friend's liberal offers.

But fate, which mars our best resolves, too often, suddenly deprived Eliza of her sole support; an apoplexy terminated the earthly career of her beloved father, leaving her without a shilling in the world.

Mr. Mansel, sensibly affected at the death of this worthy man, went immediately to the cottage, to comfort the weeping maid—and all that delicacy, and

the most affectionate attention, could do, was done, to alleviate her heartfelt sorrows.

Eliza refused to leave her father's remains; and paid the last tribute of filial affection at the grave.

Mr. Mansel, after a variety of plans to secure the happiness of this ill-fated girl; at length hit upon one, which, though it may be ridiculed as romantic; had, for its basis, the most noble and disinterested of principles---he only awaited till time would reconcile his declaration with the laws of propriety.

Hobling on his stick towards the cottage, Eliza, the moment she saw her friend ran out to meet him; a smile of welcome dimpled on her cheek, as she gave her arm to help him to her little parlor.

The common topics of the day having been exchanged; Mr. Mansel hemm'd twice; and, with an air of some embarrassment, proceeded:

“ There are few things, my dear Eliza,
“ sit nearer to my heart than your welfare
“ and establishment—I have pondered
“ on the means most likely to secure
“ it—but a busy, meddling world, steps
“ in between my wishes—I know enough
“ of the malevolence of human nature,
“ to fear, that neither my years, or my
“ gouty legs, would be a protection
“ against its virulence—my motives, how-
“ ever pure, would be subject to base
“ constructions, and while I sought to
“ befriend you, I should become the
“ author of your disgrace.

“ You well know my story, and the
“ faithful affections which have hitherto

“ wedded me to the grave ; and I do not
 “ fear your censure, although I may meet
 “ your refusal, when I solemnly declare—
 “ yourself excepted—there is not a woman,
 “ in the creation, to whom I would give
 “ my hand.”

Eliza blushed extremely—but was silent
 —Mr. Mansel arose, saying :—

“ I will leave you for the present—re-
 “ flect on what I have said, and ask your
 “ own heart (smiling) whether you should
 “ like to nurse a gouty old fellow ; and if
 “ the affectionate attentions of a friend can
 “ compensate for the ardors of a lover—
 “ when you have weighed the subject, send
 “ me your sentiments by letter : and re-
 “ member—as an alternative—that an
 “ annuity of £300 a year awaits your
 “ acceptance—but then we must part--
 “ never to meet again.

Mr Mansel without waiting a reply left the cottage.

Almost the whole of Eliza's life had been passed on this tranquil spot---her affections were bound up in every object around her ---she was well acquainted with the worth of Mr. Mansel---her gentle bosom never formed a truant wish---her education had been confined, but study had improved her understanding; and if she was not brilliant, she was, at least, sensible and well-informed.

Her heart made no objections to this proposal, which was enhanced by a consciousness of the generosity in which it originated---she dwelt on the subject all day and all night—and next morning, felt more pleasure, than pain, in writing to Mr. Mansel.

‘ My dear Sir,

“ An unnecessary reserve is as foreign from my heart, as it is from my practice; and I should be very unworthy the flattering opinion with which you distinguish me, if I was capable of offering a light, or coquetish answer, to the proposal you have honored me with—permit me, therefore, my dear Sir, to confess with freedom, that next to my beloved parents, you are the object dearest to my affections; and that I think I cannot better fulfil the gratitude, which mingles with my other emotions, than by declaring my perfect willingness to fulfil every duty towards you, sanctioned by a title—it will be my pride to acknowledge.

“ ELIZA.”

Mr. Mansel received this amiable confession with much pleasure, although he did not manifest it by any extravagance of

gesture—every thing was soon arranged; and, at the expiration of a suitable mourning, the wedding was appointed to take place.

It was to insure his presence on this occasion, that Mr. Mansel wrote to desire Mr. Dormer's company at the hall.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Mansel took him into his study, and thus addressed him---

“ I loved your mother---Augustus---
“ I respected your father---and have en-
“ deavored to prove my affection for you,
“ from your infancy.”

Mr. Dormer would have interrupted his uncle, here, with declarations of gratitude, sentimentally arranged—but the old gentleman desired he might have an uninterrupted hearing.

“ It is with pleasure I reflect, on the
“ happy effects resulting from the careful
“ education I have given you, which has
“ raised your character so much above the
“ generality of young men, in your rank
“ of life.—And the virtues I see blooming
“ in your mind, are a rich reward for all
“ my cares and anxieties on your ac-
“ count.

“ You have lived in independence since
“ your boyish days,—an independence,
“ Augustus, better calculated to insure
“ your happiness than a larger income:—
“ By teaching you to regulate your ex-
“ penses, you will know the value of af-
“ fluence hereafter; and those superflui-
“ ties which others lay out in gewgaws
“ of fashion or luxury, you will have learned
“ to offer to the sufferings of humanity.

“ So much for my motives, with regard

"to your conduct—now learn those which have influenced my own."

Here Mr. Mansel gave a feeling detail of his attachment to the Bateman Family; and concluded, with telling him, in four days the wedding would be privately celebrated.

Mr. Dormer assured his uncle of the joy with which he received this unexpected intelligence—an amiable companion would cheer his hours of solitude, and the participation of so charming a nurse, help to chase away the pettish humours, inseparable from pain and sufferings-----He begged to see his future aunt.

"Your conduct, on this occasion, "Augustus", replied his uncle, "endears you, to me, more than ever—most young men, in your situation, would

“ have thought it inimical to their future
 “ hopes—they would have feared the
 “ power of a blooming bride, over an
 “ old fellow enveloped in flannels—in
 “ short—they would tremble for their
 “ inheritance.

“ Now, although I do not pretend to
 “ be wiser than other people, I have no
 “ sort of apprehension that Mrs. Mansel
 “ will ever attempt an undue influence
 “ over me; but as nothing is certain, and you
 “ deserve so well from me, here” presenting
 a parchment .“ is an assignment of £ 5000
 “ per annum, at my death, in the mean time
 “ your present income will be increased to
 “ £ 1500 a year.”

Dormer received the parchment with a
 respectful bow, and replied :

“ I accept, my dear uncle, this act of
 “ munificence, as a test of your regard—

" and believe me, that assurance is infinitely more gratifying to my heart, than the revenue of a monarch would be—suffer me, therefore, to repose this treasure in security, which I do, by returning it to your custody, my dear uncle, being resolved to hold no interest separated from yours, while it may please God to spare you to me."

" Noble boy!" exclaimed his delighted uncle—while tears of joy ran down his cheeks, and he arose to embrace him.

In the evening they both went over to the cottage, and Augustus was introduced to his future aunt.

Eliza could not boast the regularity of beauty, but her features bespoke—a candor—vivacity—innocence—and modesty—that could not fail to interest the beholder.

Mr. Mansel was entirely ignorant of his nephew's attachment to Laura—indeed, it is most probable, he would have promoted such an union---but Dormer had other views---and while his ambition looked forward to a splendid alliance, he amused his passions, with objects, of less *worldly* consequence ; but rich in nature's gifts. Having been very little at Mansel hall since his school-days, he had never seen Eliza ; but when he did---the artless captivation of her winning beauty, roused all the devil in his dissembling bosom ;—and, with the malicious smile of fascinating courtesy, employed by Satan to seduce the first and loveliest of women---our accomplished hero, gracefully, saluted the elected bride.

Eliza blushed ; not with the simple flush of confusion ; but with an ardent, deepened glow—her eyes seemed opened on a new world—the elegant person—the dig-

nified address—the graceful manner—the insinuating smile, of the bewitching Dörmer, operated, like a charm, upon the senses of the astonished maiden; who gazed with trembling on his magic form.

Instead of the calm consent her heart had hitherto yielded to the wishes of Mr. Mansel, an unknown turbulent emotion sprang up—she almost shuddered at the expectation of the morrow—the intended ceremony filled her with apprehension—she wished she had never seen Dörmer—or that she might never see him again.

Such was the manner in which Eliza passed the short interval preparatory to her marriage—on the wedding morn, however, she arose—determined not to disgrace an event to which she had cheerfully assented—by any apparent reluctance—and

she began to con the first lesson in the great volume of dissimulation.

With this painful resolution, Eliza met her future husband, and a special license having been procured, the marriage was solemnized at the hall, without any other witness than the housekeeper, and Augustus who acted as the bride's father.

On the following week, an hospitable rustic entertainment was given to the tenantry—two large marquees were erected in the park; and beef, plumb pudding, and home-brewed ale, was the order of the day.

Eliza, already known among them for the benevolence of her character, was hailed, with honest, unaffected joy, the mistress of Mansel hall—while the worthy bridegroom almost forgot his gouty toes,

and would fain have led down the dance—a hasty twitch, or two, however, soon moderated his sportive fancies.

Augustus assisted his uncle in doing the honours of the feast—he laughed with one—joked with another—pledged a third—and removed all the tedious forms that rank placed between them, by the urbanity of his manners.—Eliza was hostess among their wives and daughters—and when the pipe and tabor called them to the merry dance—she gave her hand to Augustus, and joined the happy throng. Her spirits rose with those of her guests—her partner, did not, by any particularity of look or gesture, awaken the apprehensions of prudence—he was gay, lively, pleasing but all, within such well-regulated bounds, the severest prude could not have censured the delight which played in every

artless feature of Eliza's happy countenance.

The honey-moon passed without any interruption to the general harmony. Eliza had slightly cultivated music, and could just play to amuse herself on the piano. Augustus wished to improve her taste, by regular lessons—Mr. Mansel discovered much satisfaction at his nephew's proposal, and Eliza, notwithstanding she would rather have avoided such a connection with the too dangerous Dormer, could not offer any ostensible reason for declining so advantageous an offer.

About this time, Mr. Mansel was afflicted with a very severe fit of the gout, which confined him, altogether, to his easy chair—but the lessons had already begun: and although Eliza would have given up the pursuit, to become the constant nurse

of her benefactor, friend, and husband, the unconscious victim of ungrateful duplicity, persisted in urging her to a fatal perseverance.

Left to each other for hours in the morning, the insidious master taught a two-fold lesson—and the harmony produced by her skilful finger, was but a deluding contrast to the stormy passages which began to invade the feelings of her late peaceful bosom.

Still the rules of propriety were so strictly preserved, Eliza could not complain—It was not, by words that Dormer made his passion known—a look—a gesture—a well-timed confusion—all confessed what language dared not to avow—and the trembling victim thus received the barbed dart, while innocently thoughtless of a wound.

Summer advanced—Evening rambles were added to the baneful employments of the morning, and Dormer now began to meditate the accomplishment of his hellish purposes.

One morning, he presented Eliza, at the piano, with a song, written and composed by himself—it was folded like a note—and he pressed her to try it on the instrument—the music was soft—tender—insinuating—the language powerfully addressed to the heart—she attempted to play; but trembled so violently, she was compelled to plead an head-ache, and arose—Dormer darted an expressive glance from his fine black eyes it was answered by a crimson suffusion of the cheek, and downcast eyes, by Eliza—who, making a slight excuse to her husband, was about to retire.

Just as she reached the door, Dormer,

removing the song from the music stand,
and dexterously substituting an unsealed
note, of a similar appearance, said,

“ You do not honour my muse, Mrs.
Mansel ; or fear to make me proud of
“ my performance.”

“ I really beg your pardon, Mr. Dor-
mer ; but my indisposition is alone to
“ blame—indeed, I will learn this lesson
“ by heart, before to-morrow morning,
“ and that will, I hope, atone.”

She took it with a smile—and he, bowing, turned to his uncle—As she left the room—

“ Well, Augustus,” said the old gentle-
man, “ tell me candidly, my dear boy, do
“ you condemn my folly, or approve my
“ choice ?”

“ I should be a very imperfect observer
“ —my dear sir—if I did not see all that
“ is amiable in Mrs. Mansel—you cannot
“ sufficiently appreciate so great a bles-
“ sing—long—long—may you enjoy it.”

“ You are quite an enthusiast in Mrs.
“ Mansel’s praise, Augustus, but she
“ deserves it all—she is, in truth, a tre-
“ sure; and has made me so much in love
“ with matrimony, that I shall now long
“ to see you as happily settled.

“ *As happily settled*”—replied Dormer
with a smile, “ and where in the name of
“ fate, my good uncle, would you have
“ me seek the *rara avis* who could make
“ me so—not I hope, in our circles of
“ *haut ton*? ”

“ Why not Augustus—does not the
“ British court hold out the brightest

" examples of every feminine virtue in
 " the lovely family that surrounds the
 " throne ?---Our young nobility must emu-
 " late the model, or they do not deserve
 " the rank they hold."

" Good arguments enough, uncle, to
 " be made in an easy chair—a room pan-
 " nelled with oak—and a park and
 " grounds abounding with the simple
 " beauties of nature: but permit me to
 " assure you, nothing like nature is seen
 " in the metropolis—unless it be the dress
 " of the ladies—that, I confess, approaches
 " very nearly to nature."

" And pray, Augustus, with these opini-
 " ons, how do you mix in the world ?"

" Nothing more easy, my good Sir—
 " the follies, in which we have neither

“ interest, or connection, serve to amuse
“ us.”

“ But you do not hold this language,
“ surely, to every body.”

“ Oh, no—I do not set up for a pub-
“ lic reformer; it is quite bold enough, in
“ me, not to imitate manners I despise:
“ and I am well received, though differing
“ *in my principles*, from the generality of
“ my neighbours. All this is very well
“ for a party; but when I am induced to
“ marry, I shall look for the beauties of
“ the mind—on them, alone, I should
“ ever dream of founding hopes of hap-
“ piness.”

“ You are young enough, my boy; the
“ more experience you get of this same
“ comical kind of world, the better you
“ will be enabled to make a proper choice.

" All I have to say is---I will give you my
 " hearty blessing---and *something* to pay
 " the expenses of your nursery.

The footman announced to Mr. Dormer, that a groom waited with his saddle horses at the door---He, soon after, took a morning's ride.

Mrs. Mansel was not seen by her treacherous nephew till dinner: when her confusion gave him all the information he could wish. She studiously avoided his most trifling civilities; and, as soon as the cloth was removed, again retired to her dressing room.

Mr. Mansel, quite alarmed at this sudden indisposition, sent for a physician; while Augustus undertook, with every possible tenderness, to be the consolation of his uncle—but, when he took leave at

night—it was to arrange such proceedings, as would lead to the consummation of his plan. He wrote the following billet, to be ready at any favourable moment that might offer.

“ You fly me—nay, I fear, despise me; yet I do not attempt to justify my own conduct, or complain of your's: to be the cause of uneasiness, *to you*, is the most painful sentiment I can know.

“ Condemn not, therefore, too hastily. Be *You* my judge, and sum up evidence against me from my past actions.

“ Born with a heart fraught with sensibility, I have hitherto rambled through the world, like a Being without feeling—I have often wondered at my apathy on this material point, when, on all others, my

soul has been alive to the most exquisite emotions: what could it mean?

" Ah---Eliza--- why has it been reserved for you, *alone*, to unfold this long neglected mystery!

" I have passed calmly through the ring of rival beauties—I have been called insensible—I have been ridiculed—while my only fault was an excess of delicacy—purity—and refinement.

" The women assailed me with all those pleasures which would enslave the voluptuary—my heart asked for all the virtues which form the solid basis of real enjoyment.

" You came—you conquered! When I see you, I desire nothing else---when I

do not---I only desire you---Nothing can please me but that which resembles you---Hear me then---Relieve my torments, by pitying them. I am too much the votary of honour to wish for more."

By an artifice, as successful as the former, he delivered this billet, in the presence of his uncle, to Mrs. Mansel---She dared not refuse it.

In her room, she read it over and over; bathed it with tears; she felt he was master of her heart; and the tranquillity which he described, had once been the inmate of her own bosom. The same fatality seemed to have aroused all the energies of mutual love, and spread a dreadful ruin round them both.

After much painful reflection—and foreseeing how impossible it would be to

evade the advances of a man, so daringly open in the indulgence of his passion, although so respectful in its declaration—she thought it would be best to reply to the billets she had received, in the hope, that her arguments, and entreaty, might prevail upon Augustus to relieve her from the pangs of acting wrong, in addition to the burden of her thoughts---alas! too painful and reproachful—This was her reply :

“ To what purpose, Mr. Dormer, do you thus persecute me?—I ought not—will not—suffer it.

“ Admitting your passion to be such as you describe ; are there not obstacles—so stupendous—to impede its progress ; that the head grows giddy in their contemplation ?

“ Do not believe me so vile as to dis-

honour my husband—nor compel me to suppose you capable of injuring your benefactor. We are both bound by ties, so sacred; nothing but infamy can burst them asunder. And, as after what has passed, we cannot meet as will become us; let me *implore* you to leave the hall; and thereby deserve as much from my gratitude, as you already possess in my esteem."

Eliza, presumptuously satisfied with this sentimental effusion, and relying upon its efficacy, sought an opportunity to deliver the paper to Dormer—he received it with reverence, and having pressed an ardent kiss on the seal, retired to peruse it.

"*Io triumphans!*" exclaimed the enraptured monster — as his eyes eagerly traced the unsteady lines.—"A trembling

" hand, and still more trembling heart,
 " have framed this precious *morceau*—I will
 " devour it with kisses, as the prelude to
 " unutterable joys —A married woman
 " never betrays herself into a correspon-
 " dence with a lover, till her heart assures
 " her, he is essential to its peace."

With this conviction, he assumed a melancholy air; excused himself, for some lays, from his accustomed attendance at the piano; and was rewarded by perceiving the venom, he had administered, began sensibly to infuse every vein of his unhappy victim.

As the wary General, by a well concerted retreat, leaves the besieged confident in their safety he withdrew his attack, and employed the intermediate time in undermining the fortress.

At length, subtlety having performed its part, it became necessary to disturb the visionary repose into which he had lulled the confiding Eliza. He wrote the following billet — and stealing opportunely to her dressing room—placed it between the leaves of Pope's Homer, which he found laying on the table.

“ All that man can do to prove his reverence and obedience to a despotic monarch, I have done: But alas ! the effort cannot be sustained with life. Eliza !— I have shunned your society — borne your reproaches without a murmur.—I pass my days in masking my feelings.—my nights in a free indulgence of my woes.—Yet you are calm—every action displays the peaceful serenity of your bosom—and that insensibility serves to increase, and mock, my agonies.

“ I feel my duties to the best of uncle's ;

I respect your gratitude to the most indulgent of husband's; but—I cannot fail to observe the difference of your years—I revere your virtue; yet adore your beauty.—I would not trample on the moral duties of society, even, if the road led to your affections—still, I aspire to possess them—because I will never cease to deserve them.

“ Reserve your person, all lovely as it is, for him whom you are bound to respect—but do not steal from nature its inherent rights—the privilege of uniting two faithful hearts in one—the chaste intercourse of soul with soul—the pure joy of reciprocal affection—divested of the stormy wishes that rage in common minds.

“ This is all I ask—from your Justice ask it—and when I forget these sacred laws which dictate all my actions towards you—then spurn me—as I shall deserve.”

REPLY

"Force me not, Mr. Dorner, to regret my having known you. I am, as you describe, at peace with myself; and deserve to be so. Inclination, as much as duty, influences my conduct towards my husband; and if there are joys of a more exalted nature than those which I experience, I am content that others should partake them—my happiness is sufficiently perfect.

"I did not expect you would have dared to write again. Why do you attack the repose I cherish? Be satisfied with the errors you have already committed—otherwise, I must appeal to my natural protector to guard his own rights."

It will not be necessary to pursue the various stratagems employed by Dorner

to force his letters on Mrs. Mansel.—They were managed with a boldness of design, she was altogether unequal to contend with ; and while he thus, unceasingly, worked on the ruin of *his aunt*—he was loaded with encomiums from *his uncle*—who considered him a pattern of every moral excellence.

Mrs. Mansel's wishes, however, dictated by her evident fears, became so importunate, that he appeared to yield to them—this was his language :

“ Coldness is now succeeded by disdain; You, at first, made me unhappy —you, now, make me desperate. ”

“ Do you know whither despair may transport me! No: and what, then, will remorse avail? Love me, and all your chimeraical fears will vanish; your vir-

tue even will be more exemplary—your character more exalted—for that woman, alone, is virtuous, whose passions are controuled by duty and reason. I write to you on my knees; give me a meeting in the Summer house, at six this evening; and whatever you may determine, on an impartial hearing, I solemnly swear I will religiously obey."

REPLY.

" I cannot consent to the interview you request; but still insist on the necessity of prompt and decisive measures. The result of all your sophistry, too clearly proves, that I must either sacrifice myself, my husband, or you.

" I have no hesitation as to the object: and you have a thousand times told me, you

would not buy your own happiness at the expense of my tears: but let us not talk of happiness—I have much on another subject to say.

“ In return, I address *you* on *my* knees.—oh, Dormer!—I am terrified at my own thoughts—I tremble when I think on you—more so, when I think on myself.

“ For both our sakes, therefore, let this degrading confession suffice—Assailed by shame—torn by remorse—what, cruel as you are, would you desire more?—My best resolutions avail me nothing—I have lost all confidence in myself.

“ Such, Dormer, is the woman whom you love! look on me, a suppliant at your feet. Restore me to innocence—give me back my peace.—But for you, I never could have been thus humbled.

Leave me—in the name of pity—Leave
me!"

DORMER'S ANSWER.

" I have perused your letter—my blood
is frozen in my veins—farewell—for ever!"

The same evening, Dormer told his uncle he should leave the hall in the morning; that a letter from his brother pressed his return to town immediately.

Mr. Mansel heard this resolution with a great deal of pain; and Eliza turned, alternately, pale and crimson, betraying immoderate confusion.

He took leave at night, saying he should ride to breakfast at Newport Pagnel, and then take a chaise to town.

As he was retiring Mrs. Mansel advanced, and having added her regrets to those of her husband, at his sudden departure, begged he would allow her to lighten the expense of travelling.

She presented him with a check for five hundred guineas.

Any other man, than Mr. Mansel, would have felt ten thousand pangs from the embarrassed manner in which Mrs. Mansel executed his wishes; but the old gentleman's eyes were fixed on his nephew, whose air betrayed no confusion; and he felicitated himself upon the cordiality that existed between two objects, so deservedly dear to him.

Mr. Dorner left the hall next morning; but not the neighbourhood; his trusty Simpson, was, in disguise, hovering about; and our hero ready to take advantage of

a favourable moment. Mrs. Mansel had, latterly in particular, so evaded all occasions to be alone with Dorner, that she confined herself at home—He now judged, naturally enough, that she would embrace the freedom he had given her.

On the second evening his expectations were fulfilled ; he saw her, with a dejected air, and pensive step, traversing the serpentine walk that led round the shrubbery : from the opposite side of the quick-set hedge he followed ; hoping she might enter a small pavilion, that stood upon a mount, a little higher up.

With a bounding heart, he saw Eliza wind the eminence, and enter the temple—he passed on ; and by means of a pole he carried for the purpose, sprang across the fence into the grounds.

On tiptoe he ascended ; and, from a

side casement in the pavilion, beheld Eliza, pensively reclining her cheek upon her hand, the fair emblem of despondency. Heavy sighs, at intervals, interrupted the silence of the scene; and she relapsed again into the supineness of melancholy.

His feelings could no longer bear restraint; as he turned the lock of the door, he prefaced the intrusion by—"Eliza" in a tone and manner he had been accustomed to find irresistible.—Notwithstanding this precaution, his unexpected presence filled Eliza with terror—which she expressed by a loud scream.

Their distance, however, from the house, and his confidence in the dexterity of Simpson to keep any one from approaching the sanctuary he was about to consecrate to love—removed all his apprehensions: He fell at her feet—beseeching

her to be composed—to listen to his justification.

Eliza could ill repel the bold adventurer—her heart was softened by the tenderness of her previous reflections, which she ventured to indulge, supposing all danger far removed. His compliance with her last request, had considerably raised him in her esteem—and love did not fail to take advantage of the confession, and mould his victim to his purpose. She was unable to withdraw the hand Augustus pressed, and almost devoured with kisses—her feelings had perfectly silenced the voice of discretion—when a flood of tears, at once recalled her senses, and assuaged her agonised bosom.

Starting from her seat—she commanded Dormer to depart—and, as she spoke, indignation flushed every feature of her

wily countenance—but Dormer, fastening
on her robe, implored her to resume her
seat.

"Never will I submit to be thus freely
treated: Mr. Dormer! unless you im-
stantly retire—I will alarm my ser-
vants."

"For heaven's sake," replied Dormer,
"do not, by any premature decision, mar
your own reputation. Who, my beloved
Eliza, would believe this meeting acci-
dental? The arrival of your servants
would be followed by your certain ruin—
the busy and malignant world would ea-
gerly torture every circumstance into
guilt—the disparity of years, between my
uncle and yourself, would be an incon-
trovertible evidence against you—you
would be condemned without a dissent-
ing voice."

“ Oh, Dormer,” replied the now terrified Eliza—“ to what a dreadful precipice
“ have you led me? but I will not revile
“ you—I am, alone, to blame—my own
“ guilty heart, even at this moment,
“ pleads for you more powerfully than you
“ do yourself—but tell me, do you desire
“ my death?—would it please you to
“ mourn over my bier, or to exclaim—in
“ the fullness of triumph—*This was my*
“ *work!*

“ Nay, do not start—I would not—
“ could not—survive my dishonour; but
“ let me hope an happier lot, and owe the
“ change to your generosity—suffer me, in
“ solitude, to remember you, while the
“ gaieties of the metropolis will offer new
“ objects to your contemplation, and
“ soon restore you to reason—forget me
“ Dormer—I beseech you to forget me.”

“Forget you ! Eliza ! oh that I had
 the power—but it is impossible—I muse
 over my fate, till my bewildered senses
 lead me I know not whither—I am like
 unto a man lost in a labyrinth, who
 runs about—from side to side—but can
 discern no clue for his escape: there is
 a strange and dreadful tumult in my
 breast: at times I think—but of what
 use is thought?—there must—there must
 —be a sudden change: I have moments
 when I could grasp, within my desperate
 arms, this boundless globe—look with-
 out horror, on the mighty ruin; while,
 with ferocity uncurbed—deliberate—
 unrelenting—I crush, into atoms, all
 that hath life and feeling.”

The wildness of Dormer’s eyes as he
 uttered this rhapsody—his frenzied man-
 ier—and the violent pressure with which
 he held her hand—threw Eliza into a

state of inconceivable terror—She essayed in vain to escape from him—her struggles only urged him to make her bonds more lasting—he folded her waist---exclaiming, in a softened tone,----

“ Stay, my Eliza, yet a little minute,
“ stay—How cheerful is the air I breathe
“ enbalmed by your presence; my heart
“ throbs with delightful emotions; but
“ so tempered with respect, that virtue
“ need not be alarmed. I ask your pity,
“ not your love—oh, bless me—bless
“ me.”

The agitations of Eliza were now become so tumultuous, her head turned round; while Dormer, improving the opportunity, led her—half entranced—to the couch she had so lately quitted, and robbed innocence of its best support.

Awakened to reflection, remorse began to occupy the bosom of the poor Eliza; she wept, raved, sobbed with agony; but Dorner—employing all the aids of love, and every tender artifice, to reconcile contending passions — gradually succeeded in his object; till every apprehension vanished; and Eliza, once more, sank into the intoxicating oblivion of the guilty couch.

Arising, she hid her lovely face, crimsoned with blushes, in the perfidious bosom of her infamous seducer; and in murmuring accents, which bespoke the delirious tremulation of her heart, besought Dorner to pity, and to leave her: but the arch fiend, preying on the sensibilities of her nature, thus newly initiated into the blissful mysteries of all subduing love, rapturously snatched, with glowing lips, the pearly moisture which bedewed her

cheek. She smiled amid her tears—while her eyes, sparkling in their liquid orbs, resembled the resplendent sun darting a stolen glance through the mist of a light April shower.

Seduced by her own heart, and confiding in the sophistry of her lover; Eliza, now, eagerly repeated her visits to the mount.—During this intercourse—Dormer had satisfied her, that their offence was merely venial—that his uncle had married her with no other view, but that of making her happy—that it was, at most, the simple act of borrowing a jewel from an unused casket—which replaced, in proper time, lost none of its lustre to the right-owner.

Our hero then bound himself, under every solemn tie, to marry her at his uncle's death—and when she, trembling

and confused, whispered that she was with child—he blessed the happy omen: while he secretly derived new resources from the event, to impose on the credulity of his uncle; and by affecting disinterestedness, to establish a still higher claim on the good old gentleman's generosity.

The fate of the unborn infant was, however, predetermined.

In this way, some months elapsed, and with the returning *fashionable* winter, Dormer repaired to Town; leaving Eliza, confident in his honour; and so devoted to him, that life had no charm unembellished by his presence.

Leaving Eliza to the contemplation of her new prospects, we return to the Manly family.

Their Cottage was now rebuilt, and the remnant of the money they had laid by for contingencies was expended, to the last farthing, in furnishing their new dwelling. Laura was again a happy and contented creature; for the conduct of Ellermer had afforded her ample arguments to repel the claims of love; and her heart, thoroughly satisfied with the unworthiness of her lover, soon began to resume its wonted serenity. She had given her parents an outline of her adventure; but such was their confidence in the rectitude of her conduct and principles, they never urged her to a confidence she appeared so averse to perfect. In the mean time, packets arrived from India; but as they chiefly tended to detail the brilliant victories of the East,—so well known by every Briton—we should not add one laurel to the consummate genius of the noble Lord who planned this stupendous

conquest; or, to the inimitable address, courage, and perseverance, with which the commander in chief, his officers, and men, executed the vast commission, by glancing at an object which has immortalized their names: yet, as there were passages in those letters descriptive of the customs of the East, we shall partially recount them.

" Nothing can exceed the magnificence
 " of the mausoleums of the native princes
 " and great men: and by way of giving
 " you an idea of the expense and grandeur
 " with which these tombs are constructed,
 " I shall relate the recent destruction
 " and plunder of the tomb of Houssain,
 " the son of Ali, situated at *Imaum*, near
 " *Kerbella*, under the *Bachalic of Bag-*
 " *dat*.

" This sumptuous monument was built
 " by the first Sultaun of the race of

" Borides, and has been visited, with
 " great devotion, by the Persians. It is
 " called, by some, *Kunbad Faiz*, signifying
 " in the Persian language—‘the magni-
 " fcent Dome.’ By others—*Mished Hou-
 " seain*, or the sepulchre of *Houssain the
 " Martyr.*

" An aspiring sect of *Wahabees*,
 " having raised themselves into a con-
 " siderable army, under the command of
 " Sood, the eldest son of *Abdul Aziz*—
 " *Wahabee Shaik of Nagged*, in Arabia,
 " they became the terror of the neigh-
 " bouring states.

" These, amounting in force to between
 " six and seven thousand camels—each
 " camel carrying two musqueteers—and a
 " body of 500 horsemen, surrounded the
 " town of *Imaum*, in the month of April
 " last.

“ Having pitched their tents, they divided their army : and making their attacks on different quarters of the city, at the same moment, it soon became a prey to the Invaders.— The inhabitants sought their safety in a precipitate flight—but all who were overtaken by the *Wahabees*, in their progress, were inhumanly butchered on the spot.

“ On reaching the outward wall of the court before the sacred tomb, they found the gates closed ; and being unable to force them, they possessed themselves of a house adjoining the outer walls, through which they made a hole, proceeding to the area, and thence to the tomb itself; where, having put to death thirty or forty persons, they began to demolish the railing of the sepulchre.

“ Figure to yourself, a railing made of

“ the purest watered steel, inlaid with gold,
“ and embellished with a profusion of gems:
“ it was erected to prevent the too near
“ approach of pilgrims to the tomb.

“ The banditti, then, began to destroy
“ the case of the tomb; which, according
“ to tradition, occupied seven years in its
“ construction.—The workmanship was
“ exquisite beyond description, being
“ composed of different sorts of precious
“ woods profusely inlaid with jewels of
“ the highest value—the pier glasses, which
“ had been made in Europe, and were of
“ extraordinary dimensions, together with
“ the walls of *Lapis lazuli* and beaten
“ gold, were next heaped on the general
“ ruins.

“ Plunder succeeded this devastation—
“ they carried off two treasures, containing
“ legacies, from different Emperors and

" Kings, to the sacred tomb—together
 " with many gold and silver candlesticks;
 " one of which weighed 62,400 drachms
 " of gold. Embroidered carpets and
 " curtains followed—but the richest trea-
 " sury of the whole, being higher situated
 " than the others, escaped their ravage.

" The gates, which were covered with
 " plates of gold, or silver, as well as the
 " grated windows, were broken to pieces.
 " The dome, constructed with gilt bricks
 " a donation from the reigning king of
 " Persia, was also destroyed, and the
 " spoils carried away. The women, in all
 " parts of the town, were stripped quite
 " naked, and tortured to discover where
 " treasures were to be found.

" This scene of murder and devastation
 " lasted from the morning to nine in the

“evening—when the enemy evacuated,
“and returned to the desert.

“On this horrible occasion, between
“five and six, thousand dead bodies
“were left in the streets, and upwards of
“one hundred young virgins, of high
“rank, were carried off in captivity!”

On the subject of religious superstition,
he says,

“Hearing that an extraordinary cere-
mony was to take place, at a short dis-
tance from our tents, many of us went
“to see it.

“It was an *Hindu* festival, or the
“*Iatra* of their god *Mounee*.

“We reached the village between four
“and five o'clock in the evening, and found

" several hundreds of the natives assembled
 " on an extended plain ; where the sound
 " of trumpets, and *tom-toms*, together
 " with a general display of variegated flags,
 " gave an animated appearance to the
 " scene.

" We proceeded through the crowd to a
 " Pagoda, built on an eminence, where
 " the devotees were fervently offering up
 " their prayers to the Deity of the day.

" Some prostrated themselves in silent
 " and absorbed adoration ; others, with
 " frenzied look, and maniac gestures,
 " scared their bodies with naked poniards.

" These ceremonies ended, they de-
 " scended to the plain accompanied by
 " the shouting multitude, who testified
 " their satisfaction, by loud and reiterated
 " acclamations.

" In the centre of this plain, a pole
 " near 50 feet high was erected; four
 " feet from the summit of which, a scaf-
 " folding was built, to be ascended by a
 " ladder. To the top of the pole, a cross
 " beam, 15 feet in length, was affixed on a
 " pivot, which turned round by means of
 " long ropes suspended from either extre-
 " mity of the beam.

" On approaching this pole, the votary
 " knelt down—when the Brahmin, present-
 " ing two hooks, about 8 inches in length
 " and attached to small, but strong, cords;
 " these engines were inserted under the
 " blade bones of the fanatic by one of his
 " friends. He then mounted a ladder
 " to the scaffolding, where he was sus-
 " pended to the cross beam, by cords from
 " the hooks affixed to his shoulders.

" The beam was now set in motion, and

" in this aerial, and certainly excruciating, situation, he paid his *Salaams* to the Deity, to whom he prayed for the accomplishment of some particular desire.

" His prayers ended, he was taken down; the hooks were removed; the wounds rubbed over with hot ashes, and forcibly pressed down by a man's foot.

" This shameful imposition of priestcraft, was borne by the mistaken zealot with uncommon fortitude; although his features bore ample testimony of the torture he endured.

" We were told, that an elderly woman, a few months ago, made a vow of this kind; and, while suspended in the air, very calmly and devoutly prayed for the quick demise of her husband—Upon

" this, the enraged multitude pelted the
 " *pious* lady with eggs—but the Deity was
 " propitious; for her husband *actually*
 " died soon after.

" This ceremony is also observed by
 " many who have forfeited their *Cast*, and
 " are thereby restored to their ancient
 " privileges.

" Nor is the custom of self immolation
 " among the *Hindus*, by any means done
 " away; notwithstanding the British
 " government have used every justifiable
 " means to prevent its consummation.

" The late regent of *Tanjore*, *Ameer Jung*, died lately at his palace—the mo-
 " ment the event was certain, two of his
 " wives adorned with their jewels and
 " richest ornaments, entered the room,

“ and announced their intention to ascend the funeral pile.

“ The younger of these females was about twenty-two years of age, and without children; the other, about twenty-six, having a daughter nearly four years old.

“ The parents and relatives of the parties were present—but their most earnest entreaties could not avert purposes so horrible.

“ The British resident being informed of this circumstance, and not being able to be personally present at the court of Tanjore, sent his *Hircarrah* with orders to use every effort, short of absolute force, to restrain this horrid sacrifice; but the ladies laughed at the menaces of this officer; and the youngest

“ pointing to her father, who had actually
“ thrown himself at her feet in an agony
“ of despair, asked the *Hircarraḥ*, whether
“ he supposed any thing could alter her
“ resolution, when the affliction of her
“ parent failed.

“ Upon this, the *Hircarraḥ* insisted
“ that the late regent would have opposed
“ the act, had he been aware of their in-
“ tention; but they replied, they had
“ formed their resolution a year before,
“ and communicated it to him; who, after
“ many ineffectual attempts to dissuade
“ them, had consented to the sacrifice.

“ The *Hircarraḥ*, however, resolved to
“ protract the performance of these obse-
“ quies till the arrival of the resident—
“ but the ladies, suspecting his motives,
“ sent for him, and told him they were re-
“ solved to kill themselves before him, if

" he made any opposition to the setting
 " out of the procession—their relatives
 " now gave up the point—and joined in
 " asserting, that they had a right to be in-
 " dulged—as every argument failed—and
 " that they must not be restrained.

* The procession commenced. On their
 " arrival at the pile; the younger, who
 " was the regular wife, ascended it, and
 " was consumed with the dead body of
 " her husband—the fate of the other,
 " who was not entitled to this distinction,
 " appeared less dreadful.

" A few yards from the pile, was a pit,
 " eight feet deep and six in diameter; it
 " was filled with combustible matter and
 " set on fire—the elder, unsupported,
 " walking thrice round the flaming pit,
 " and having made an obeisance to the

" who threw herself into the burning
" grave, and was no more heard or seen."

" There are penances, however, according to the Hindu law, by which a woman may survive her husband with honor. These consist, in the practice of certain austerities during the remainder of their lives; the principal of which, is continence, and a total abstinence of the betel nut. They are also forbidden to ornament their persons— to exceed one meal a day—to sleep on a bed, would be to withdraw their husbands from the regions of joy.

" They must not use perfumes; but make daily offerings for their husbands with grass and water—In certain months certain fasts and oblations are to be observed—but above all, they are to

" keep their tongues, and other organs,
 " in perfect subjection; and never to pronounce the name of any other man than
 " their deceased husband—to THE END OF
 " LIFE.

" Such are the privations under which
 " a widow conditions for a prolonged
 " existence—an alternative frequently presented to a woman in the prime of youth
 " and beauty, who will usually prefer instant death to be entombed alive—and
 " hence it is, that this act of nuptial
 " martyrdom is mostly performed with a
 " magnanimity—not perhaps to be paralleled, by the brightest achievements of
 " military glory."

The nuptials of a Rajah's daughter, are thus described:

" Lately, at Seringapatam, the daughter

" of the Coorga Rajah was married to the
" Joonda Rajah; a prince about thirty
" years of age; lively, pleasant, and well
" informed.

" The bride is said to possess every
" superior accomplishment; and nature
" has given her a fine animated coun-
" nance, with a most delicate form.

" In every direction, the roads, for
" several miles, were illuminated on either
" side, and ornamented with curious and
" costly devices.

" On the arrival of the British officers
" at the palace—invited to this splendid
" ceremony—they were saluted with
" twenty-one guns; and ushered into the
" presence, preceded by dancing girls and
" bands of music.

“ For the space of seven days those rejoicings were unremitting ; the festivity of each was varied in form and splendour—displaying every thing that invention, or luxury, could suggest.

“ On one occasion, we attended a grand hunt ; when 18 Elks, 14 wild Buffaloes, 13 spotted Tygers, 2 Elephants, and 32 wild Boars, were slain. The heads of all these animals were laid, in triumph, at the feet of the lovely bride, who has scarcely attained her fifteenth year.

“ At the conclusion of the seven days ceremony ; or, as I may aptly call it, seven days wonder—the Rajah, who had been particularly attentive to his guests, expressed himself highly delighted with the favour done him by the British officers : and they separated, mutually pleased with each other.”

On the romantic state of the country
the following anecdote is introduced.

" *Luck-luck-kee-Puharee*, is a rough
" wild mountain about fifty miles from
" *Jeypoor*; and is so called, from an inter-
" resting event that took place there many
" years ago.

" At the foot of this mountain, lived
" a young, beautiful, and artless, rustic
" maiden, of that tribe of semibarbarians,
" called *Meena*.

" *Luck-luck-kee-Puharee*, having seen
" her by chance, was instantly smitten;
" and his passion was soon returned with
" equal warmth.

" It happened, that the father of this
" girl had already betrothed her to a
" young *Meena* farmer: but pressed by
" the urgent entreaties of *Luck-luck-kee-*

" *Puharee*—and convinced that his daughter would gladly approve his breach of faith—he decreed, that the maiden should be stationed on the summit of the mountain, and be the wife of him who should first ascend the steep, and claim her as his bride.

" *Luck-luc-kee-Puharee* flew with a lover's speed ; but just as he approached the summit, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong to the bottom.

" The lovely *Meena*, who beheld this cruel scene, instantly threw herself from the eminence, and rolled down to her lover at the bottom ; when both expired : they were buried in one grave on the summit of the mountain."

He concludes with a present to his sister.

“ Tell Laura, I have very carefully
“ preserved a part of Cleopatra’s needle
“ for her, which I brought with me from
“ Egypt: and as she will naturally betray
“ a curiosity to know the fashionable
“ needles of those days—pray inform her
“ that the needles, named after that fa-
“ mous Queen, are two enormous columns
“ of granite; eight feet square at the base,
“ and seventy-two feet long: of one entire
“ spar—the base of these gigantic obelisks,
“ was buried in the ruins more than six
“ feet deep; in digging many parts were
“ chipped; one of which, as a great curi-
“ osity, I possess.

“ The four sides of the columns are
“ covered, from top to bottom, with hier-
“ oglyphics which no one has been able
“ to decypher; nor is it known how, or
“ when these pillars were erected; but it
“ is supposed that they, as well as Pomi-

“ pey's pillar, which is also of a single
 “ granite and upwards of 100 feet high—
 “ were hewn out of the mountains in the
 “ sandy desert. How such vast bodies
 “ could be conducted from thence to
 “ Alexandria is beyond all conjecture !

“ The pedestal and capital of Pompey's
 “ pillar, are of the Corinthian order,
 “ without any entablature, freize, or cor-
 “ nice—but the capital of vine leaves is
 “ entire : Time has made very little im-
 “ pression upon this majestic monument
 “ of antiquity.

“ So much for my travels—Now listen
 “ to a discovery. Among Scindeah's officer
 “ —whom we have frequently entertained
 “ since the treaty—I have found several
 “ with whom my name was familiar.
 “ On enquiry, I found that a Mr. Manly
 “ had entered the service of that Prince

“ about thirty years ago, and had risen to
“ high command and distinction ; but, on
“ the rupture with the English, he pre-
“ fered the resignation of his honours to
“ fighting against his country : he accord-
“ ingly procured leave to retire, and was
“ escorted, by a guard of honour, to the
“ British lines, in his way to Calcutta. I
“ have since made very particular enquiries,
“ by means of a friend at that presidency,
“ and find, that our namesake embarked
“ in the first fleet that sailed for England
“ after his arrival. It is now near four
“ years since he quitted India.

“ Never having heard you speak of
“ such a relation, and the name not being
“ common ; I am at a loss to conjecture
“ who this soldier of fortune could be.
“ He was, I find, more remarkable for
“ his bravery, than his conciliating dis-
“ position.

The latter paragraph was quite a mystery to Mr. Manly—none of his family had ever gone abroad, except his son—he puzzled himself in vain.—At last it struck him, that as the gentlemen, who retire from India, usually continue the magnificence and splendor to which they have been accustomed abroad; to write to Mr. Traffic, requesting he would make enquiries, among the *Nabobs* of Portland-place and Harley-street, for General Manly.

This intelligence was, however, suspended by a misfortune that involved all meaner considerations in a state of oblivion.

Mr. Traffic was declared a bankrupt!

This heart-rending news was softened with assurances, that his business would only suffer a temporary suspension, in con-

sequence of some heavy losses at sea—still, it was a blow, calculated to subvert the remaining philosophy of this devoted family; who, notwithstanding, rose in greatness of mind, as calamities increased upon them.

The farm now was considered too great an undertaking to be pursued—it was therefore advertised, and a tenant offering, the whole was transferred; which, with good will, utensils, &c. produced Mr. Manly a sum of £250.

With this trifle, they bought a small cottage, and leased a slip of land, at a short distance from Teignmouth; proposing to make butter, and raise eggs and poultry for the neighbouring market.

Laura, with smiles of cheerfulness, accommodated herself to this further degra-

lation from their former affluence; and the magnanimity of this virtuous family bade defiance to the storms of fate.

The object of most regret to them, was their distance from the good curate, with whose family they had cultivated a most intimate and lasting friendship: but it was useless to repine—they took an affectionate leave—and soon after their arrival at the new cottage, they began their new pursuits.

Laura's duties were now transferred to the poultry-yard; but the business of the day completed, she often recreated her leisure hours with her pencil; and her muse, among other subjects, thus expressed her cheerful feelings.

HOME.

The bandit, whom the laws pursue,
 The soldier, and the gipsy crew,
 Arabs, and Tartars—ever doom'd to roam—
 Whate'er their place of shelter be,
 A tent, a cave, or hollow tree,
 Thither, they hie with joy—and call it home.

There, if a fav'rite, or a wife,
 Receive the wretch escap'd from strife;
 If there, his tattered brood around him cling;
 His features catch a bright'ning smile,
 He rests him from his vagrant toil,
 And, in his narrow confines, stalks a king.

While thus, the poor or wretched, find
 Asylum for a wounded mind;
 Distemper'd men there are—estrang'd from home—
 Cold to an angel's kind embrace,
 Cheerless, among a blooming race,
 And dead to comfort in a princely dome.

Men, in the lap of fortune, nurst,
With all her froward humours curst,
And teas'd by wishes ever on the wing ;
Who, wandering still thro' FOLLY's maze,
In search of bliss consume their days,
Nor taste her genuine draught at Nature's spring.

Such are the men who lead the gay !
The Pride—The Pattegn—of the day !
Whose high-born friendship fools and madmen boast :
Blush then—to court such barren fame ;
Let HOME, sweet HOME—thy presence claim,
And those enjoy thy smiles who love thee most !

Every Saturday, old Dobbin was laden
with his panniers ; and Goody Manly took
her provisions to market, or rather to a
shop in town, which she regularly supplied.

It happened—one evening—when her
mother was thus employed, and her father
absent in the field ; that Laura espied a
crowd coming up the lane that almost

fronted their cottage : and as the persons advanced, she perceived they supported a gentleman in their arms, to all appearance, dead.

Terrified at the sight—she became riveted to the spot—but finding they crossed from the road towards the cottage, humanity soon became the only sentiment of which she was susceptible, and she hastened to offer the stranger every assistance in her power.

There was no spare bed in the house; but those, in use, were of a superior order; and Laura made no difficulty in directing the people to carry the stranger into her own chamber.

He was an elderly gentleman of a remarkably dark complexion attended by two servants ; one, an Indian, whose unaffec-

ed distress bespoke a sincere attachment; and the other, a footman who had been riding post; his powder horn was slung across his shoulder; and his horse was led by one of the attendant rustics.

Having reposed their master—who continued in a fainting fit—the valet entreated to know where a surgeon might be procured; and the other servant immediately set off, full gallop, to bring a very skilful practitioner from Teignmouth.

In the mean time, efforts to that effect being used by Martha and Laura, the stranger opened his eyes, faintly exclaiming—“Where am I, William?”

William implored his master to be composed.

“Surely,”—he repeated,—“My fleet-

“ ing soul hath left its earthly abode, and
 “ I am transferred to Mahonimed’s para-
 “ dise.—Thou, beauteous Houri”—look-
 ing full at Laura—“ art the messenger of
 “ welcome hither !”

“ Alas, good Madam,” William added,
 “ My master raves ; the fever has mounted
 “ to his brain : indeed, I fear he is very
 “ dangerously bruised.”

It appeared that the axle of the chaise had suddenly snapped, as they were driving furiously along the cross road ; by which accident, the body of the carriage fell to the ground with a terrible concussion. William, who was in the carriage, fell uppermost, and was slightly hurt ; but his master’s ribs were perfectly driven into his side.

The stranger stared with a frantic sort

of curiosity around the room—his eyes were large, black, and penetrating,—but a scowling brow gave a degree of horror to the wildness of his looks.

Before Mr. Manly's return the surgeon had arrived; who immediately bled the stranger, declaring, at the same time, that four of his ribs were broken; and, that he could not be moved, except at the hazard of his life.

Mr. Manly, at this moment, entered the house, and readily consented to give every accomodation, in his power, to the unfortunate gentleman: while Laura, as cheerfully, agreed to share Martha's bed—but judge the astonishment of the whole party, when the stranger—who had been much restored by a cordial—darting a terrific glance at his host, shrieked with in-

conceivable agony—"MY BROTHER"—and fainted away.

These mysterious words operated like an electric shock upon the frame of Mr. Manly: and the surgeon, aware that some painful secret lurked within the discovery just made, begged that his patient might be left alone, as he could not answer for the consequences, of violent emotions, in his present state of health. Mr. Manly retired to ponder on the dispensations of Providence, and to bless the hour which had enabled him to repay *evil with good*.

"Come hither, Laura,"—said the "worthy man.—Behold, my love! the rich "reward with which heaven hath com- "pensated our late misfortunes. The "stranger who now shares all the hospita- "lity of our humble roof—whose life hath, "perhaps, been saved by our humanity—is

“ your uncle !—That uncle, my child, who
 “ unmercifully drove us to ruin—who
 “ cherishing the ill-founded hatred of his
 “ early youth—by stratagem most foul—
 “ hath reduced all his family to beggary.

“ You will remember how often you
 “ have wondered, that two brother’s should
 “ be at law, and at open enmity: but
 “ although I have hitherto foreborne to
 “ explain that subject to you ; the moment
 “ is now arrived to make the elucidation
 “ necessary.

“ Know then, that my elder brother,
 “ had by imprudent connections, and an
 “ uncontrollable disposition, so repeatedly
 “ and so variously raised the anger of my
 “ father, that he at last refused to honour
 “ his drafts, and threatened to disinherit
 “ him unless he changed his mode of
 “ life.

“ Inflamed, rather than corrected, by
“ this determination of my father’s—he
“ continued to act in open defiance of all
“ parental authority—but his birth gave
“ him unlimited credit at Oxford, where
“ he was then a student: his debts, however,
“ having grown into an enormous sum,
“ and being rendered desperate by circum-
“ stances, he forged my father’s name to
“ a check for two thousand pounds, which
“ he readily cashed with one of his trades-
“ men.

“ When the forgery was detected, my
“ father, in his wrath, swore the law
“ should take its course; but, as I was
“ doing my utmost to soften the severity
“ of this sentence, news was brought us
“ of my brother’s death.

“ This unexpected event silenced all
“ upbraiding—the body was, as we



“ thought, brought down to our family seat
“ and interred with every suitable pomp :
“ the check was paid—and all opprobrium
“ seemed buried in the grave with my de-
“ luded brother.

“ I now became the heir apparent ;
“ and my father, not calculating on the
“ possibility of having another son to dis-
“ pute my claim, made his will accordingly.

“ The fatal law-suit was instituted, how-
“ ever, by the resurrection of this very
“ son !—who, either terrified at the for-
“ gery he had committed, or otherwise
“ dreading the effects of my father’s dis-
“ pleasure, contrived the feigned ceremony
“ of his death, and disappeared for many
“ years.

“ At length, he rose up in vindication
“ of his birth-right — his identity was

“ proved beyond a doubt.—Your grand-
“ father not having *named* him in his will;
“ and the estate being all landed property;
“ he was declared heir to every thing,—
“ to the total exclusion of your aunts and
“ myself.

“ Where he had been all this time; and
“ how he had, since, disposed of himself,
“ were equally unknown to me, as he
“ never would admit an interview: but
“ cherishing the hatred of his boyish days;
“ founded, alone, on the partiality our
“ parents shewed their more deserving chil-
“ dren—he persevered in depriving us of
“ the last shilling.

“ This”—added Mr. Manly, rising with
dignity, and embracing Laura—“ This is a
“ noble vengeance.”

When Mrs. Manly returned, her sur-

prise was not less than her husband's had been; and as the imaginations of women are usually more fertile than those of men —she instantly combined circumstances with the detail of Edward, and discovered the General Manly, he had named, in their brother.

Nothing was left undone ; but the surgeon—who had called in the assistance of a second eminent professional character—saw his patient grow worse every hour: and they, at length, despaired of his recovery.

For some days, he raved incessantly on his brother—started in the short intervals of rest produced by opiates—and seemed to betray such apprehensions of encountering a second interview, that all the family, except Martha, abstained from visiting his room.

At length he was thrown into a deep sleep which lasted many hours: he appeared infinitely restored when he awoke; and a degree of composure, hitherto foreign to his manner, marked his emaciated countenance.

“ William,—he said feebly, “ Is it true
“ that I have seen my brother?—hide no-
“ thing from me, my faithful friend.”

William assured him that it was; and spoke in terms of the warmest gratitude, for the tender concern expressed by all the family for his recovery.

“ Then I will strive to do my duty—
“ Kind heaven, assist me in the task!—
“ William—do—give me—a—glass—of
“ wine.”

“ Now—raise me—up—by another pil-

" low—so—let—my brother—be called.

When Mr. Manly entered the chamber,
he affectionately approached the bed; and
raising his brother's hand, to his lips,
kissed it.

" Thank God, you are better my dear
brother! No retrospect—Heaven has re-
united us—we shall henceforth live as
will become brothers."

Tears rolled down the sick man's cheek
at this consoling address:—he grasped the
hand he held—and said—invigorated by
the cordial,

" Yes—my beloved brother! we will
henceforth live unseparated---My end
approaches---I feel I cannot long enjoy
the blissful intercourse to which I have
been so long a stranger ---Pray for me—

“ your virtues will be my advocate at the
“ throne of mercy—alas ! I have been a
“ very wicked sinner.

“ Be comforted,” replied Mr. Mainly,
“ repentance never comes too late---you
“ are forgiven on earth ; the almighty
“ father will forgive you also.”

A silent address, to heaven, was the
reply.—Then turning, again, he said—
“ while I have strength, hear my tale—it
“ will not detain us long.”

He took another glass of Madeira.

“ After I had so basely forged my
“ father’s name---remorse---or fear of the
“ consequences—made me fly from college,
“ attended by a trusty friend, and the
“ greater part of the money ; but when I
“ found my father gave me up to justice,

" I resolved to escape from the kingdom :
 " and my companion suggesting that I
 " should, infallibly, be cut off with a
 " shilling in my father's will ; we devised
 " and executed the plan of sending a mock
 " funeral down to the family. Every thing
 " having succeeded, we lived profusely—
 " and without fear—on our ill-gotten
 " riches.

" At length, reduced almost to the last
 " shilling, I entered on board an India-
 " man ; and having worked my passage
 " before the mast to Calcutta, I took
 " the first opportunity of running away
 " from my ship : and, after traversing
 " many weary miles beyond the British
 " territory ; I procured employ from one
 " of Scindeah's officers—here, I experi-
 " enced a variety of fortune—till my da-
 " ring conduct, in the field, first recom-
 " mended me to the notice of General

“ De Boigne, who promoted me to the
“ command of a small detachment. My
“ force was increased in proportion to
“ my successes—and at the secession of
“ General De Boigne, I served under
“ General Perron, with a command of
“ four battalions of foot—each 1000
“ strong—500 horse—and 30 pieces of
“ cannon—I had a *jaghire* granted for
“ the payment of my troops.

“ In the busy scene of warfare, which
“ now occupied all my thoughts; I was
“ weaned from every remembrance of
“ Europe; but when the contest broke
“ out between my Master and the British
“ Government, I instantly quitted the
“ service, and returned to England.

“ Here, all my old hatred blazed out
“ —and, in proportion as it had been sti-
“ fled, so was it now additionally inflamed.

“ I burnt with impatience to despoil you of
 “ your fortune—I aroused every vengeance
 “ in the law—I shunned you—no over-
 “ ture—no compromise—no palliative—
 “ would satisfy me—I resolved to crush
 “ you, and to glory in your ruin.”

“ Impelled by these base sentiments, I
 “ had no rest till my will was accomplished
 “ —but how have I enjoyed this accumu-
 “ lation of treasure? You have pursued me
 “ in all my researches after happiness—
 “ my restless spirit flew from place to
 “ place—but, no where, found repose.
 “ The disease travelled with me—alas!
 “ *a guilty conscience finds refuge no where.*

“ I must be concise—my strength fails
 “ me—I had now recourse to a remedy,
 “ unknown in the *materia medica*, to cure
 “ my heart-ache. I made my will—by
 “ which, barring restitution and interest

" De Boigne, and an annuity of £200
 " command to William, who has been
 " force w attendant many years—not
 " my s former fortune returns to you,
 " Gen additional two hundred thousand
 " Gr , the fruits of my Indian expedi-
 " f In the mean time, I was actually
 " my way to town in search of you—
 " proposing, to divide my fortune with you,
 " and to entreat your forgiveness.

" Providence has, however, otherwise
 " fulfilled my wishes—we meet—to part—
 " but, oh, my brother! what a weight is
 " taken from the painful load that oppres-
 " sed my feelings! let me embrace
 " you—I will now repose, for half an
 " hour, and then ask to see your fami.y."

The latter hope remained unaccom-
 plished!—This temporary calm was suc-
 ceeded by a raging fever; his constitution,

shaken by a long residence in the scorching plains of India—and still more torn by the workings of a guilty conscience since his return to Europe—proved too weak to combat with disease: he was perfectly insensible for several days, and, at length, expired in his brother's arms.

If this event did not occasion any violence of grief to the family, yet it produced a solemn pause.—Death is an awful contemplation, under the happiest circumstances—it now offered a lesson on the comparative virtues and frailties of mankind, which never fail to mark our latest moments of existence.

The Manlys took leave of their cottage; which, for the present, was entrusted to the care of a poor family in the neighbourhood: they accompanied the hearse to the family seat, where the funeral took

place; in a manner correspondent with the wealth of the deceased.

Steady, and philosophic, under the eventful changes they had lately experienced, Mr. Manly bore this restitution of his family honours, with a placid, dignified composure—his sisters were made acquainted with the circumstance, who learnt with no small degree of pleasure, that their fortunes would be restored: they, however, in decency, paid compliments of condolence to their brother; all, except Lady William, who was still abroad.

Her ladyship, at the renewal of hostilities, had precipitately left France, and retired to Vienna: where, indeed, Emily received Laura's last letter—and without being able exactly to state how she might have benefited by her cousin's advice, we shall merely say, that Sir George having

been detained a prisoner, by the *hospitable* consul, she was, at least, freed from any personal interruption to her sober resolves. Possibly, this circumstance lent much assistance to the operation in her favour—at all events—she afterwards assured Laura—that although she had really began to entertain strange vagaries about love, yet she had rattled away the sentimental folly, and was again heart-whole. He was—she said—the first wretch, and should be the last, whom she would invest with the power to chace mirth and laughter from her side—to supply their place with long-drawn sighs—fretful inquietudes—and constant fears.

It was Saturday when our hero arrived in town. His usual residence was Thomas's hotel—he dressed in the evening for the opera.

The moment Dormer appeared in the pit, he was surrounded by fashionables to welcome his return to town—the buzz having gone round the house, the ladies fans were all ready to offer him the signal of invitation, as soon as their eager eyes could catch his attention.

The first box he opened was that of a countess, lately come to the title; who, with her three grown up daughters, whom she really rivalled in beauty and attraction, had obtained the appellation of *the four graces*.

“ Dear Mr. Dormer” she exclaimed, offering her hand, “ how very glad I am “ to see you ! where have you hid yourself “ this age ?—we have missed you so, in “ all our parties, you have no notion ; “ but oh, law ! what do you think ? why, “ that nonsensical old fool—the Duke of

" Kingsbrow is at his last prayers—
 " milk baths will no longer save him—cor-
 " dial balms cannot add one other day to
 " his existence—he is on the full gallop to
 " eternity: the Duchess will now have
 " the privilege—at two and twenty—of
 " doing just as she pleases: with rank,
 " beauty, and riches, that will make her
 " the envy of all her acquaintance—If
 " I were her—I never would marry again.

" Indeed," replied Dormer, " it will
 " be a most happy change for her Grace.
 " Her punishment has been nearly equally
 " severe with that formerly inflicted on
 " vestals when they loosed the virgin zone:
 " and, yet, her Grace's life has been most
 " exemplary.—Scandal, even, has never
 " dared to prophane her virtues."

" And who, for God's sake, Dormer!
 " would not be virtuous with such a reward

“ in view ? Ever since last spring—when
 “ she was prevailed upon, by her sordid
 “ parents, to suffer martyrdom in the
 “ arms of a living ghost—has *she* not
 “ been, daily, looking forward to all the
 “ enchanting *et cætera's* which will follow
 “ her husband's death ?—Oh, how divine
 “ she will look in weeds !—I envy her—
 “ and that's poz !”

“ The weeds—perhaps—your Ladyship
 “ in other respects, will ever be *her* envy.”

“ Oh, you monster—dont talk to me of
 “ weeds—look at these girls ; and then
 “ tell me if you *suppose* it possible I could
 “ ever *think* of marrying again, even if
 “ I were a widow.”

“ I will not answer for *you*,”—replied
 Dormer,—“ but I will for *myself*, by as-
 “ suring you, I should take infinite pains

“ to persuade your Ladyship that a wed-
 - “ ding suit would best become your charms :
 - “ and, this I should plead *most interes-*
 - “ *tedly.*”

The countess endeavoured to blush—
 but being unable to call up the emotion.—
 She actually put her fan to her face ; and
 afterwards, with an infantive sort of emba-
 rassment, chid her flatterer’s impertinence.

“ *His Grace is really dead,*”—now flew
 from box to box—The attitudes of *Parisot*
 were disregarded.—The *Labories*, in vain,
 displayed the perfection of their art.—The
Deshayes were not seen—so occupied was
 all the fashionable world, with this impor-
 tant event.

To our hero, it was, *literally*, an impor-
 tant event ; for no sooner did he understand
 the position of affairs, than he resolved to

marry the Duchess. He, however, was not prevented, by the profoundness of his thoughts, from making a tour of the different circles, where every idea seemed absorbed in the death of the duke.

“ I am told,” said my lady Candour,
 “ the Grand Turk was a perfect moralist
 “ to him—far be it from me to heap aspersions on the ashes of the dead ; but it is asserted as a positive fact—that no less than five hundred damsels, whom he had seduced from their homes, were pensioned by him, subject, now and then to a *speculative* visit; for whatever his precepts, his practice, for many years, is said to have been altogether platonic.”

This sally was followed by an universal simper in the box—and many were the attempted witticisms, at the expence of a man whose life had been one continued scene

of derogation from the dignity of his rank in society. His title—his ribband—his fortune—were converted into snares to lure unwary innocence, and gild the wages of infamy.

Dormer mingled with another party.
Soon after the box-door opened——

“ Think of the devil,” exclaimed Miss Cassino, to the entering figure,—“ and “ you are sure to see his horns : But apro- “ pos, you must be in a monstrous good “ humour now, and let me coax you to “ write an epitaph for the poor Duke of “ Kingsbrow.”

“ That I am sure he will,”——replied my Lady Wormwood, ironically smiling —“ He is, you know my dear, an amateur “ of *Sleeping-Beauties*, and every body “ admits his polished taste: exuberant fancy

"—and classical designs. As a modern,
" his genius is without competitors."

"Aye—Aye,"—said a Lordling just
emancipated from Eton,—“Up to a thing
“ or two, dash me!—he’s the Twaddler,
“ queer me!—Beats old Laureat hollow—
“ all Bond-street to a china orange—game
“ chicken to a child in arms, dash me!

But who, it will be asked, claims all
this voluble attention?

Mr. Wiggins!—the gape of Bond-
street—the gaze of the Park—the wonder
of the Gardens—the bijou of the Toilet
—the Apollo of the day!

Thus he presented himself.

His little person was cased in five short
waisted vests, whose rival capes proudly

towered, in variegated stripes, above the black bristles of his *Sugden Crop*: a green coat, scarcely skirted, retreated from between his shoulders, down the back: spindle arms, swelled into importance, by the aid of fully plaited sleeves; and yellow indispensables, with immense round buttons, closed, at the front of each knee, with ribbons of the same colour. His bow—
—his simper—his *abord* were, peculiarly his own; and replying to these various compliments, in the softened tones of Tenducci's affettuoso, his smile brightened the lank features of a visage, embowered with well-trained whiskers.

“ Spare me—Spare me—dearest creatures, spare me!—day of adventure!—
“ nerves completely lacerated!—*Ah me infelice!*”

“ Now that's so monstrous rude, you

“ have no idea,”—repeated Miss Cassino;
 “ to be *au desespoir*, when I want you vif
 “ *et badnant*—a fair cut; and that’s
 “ poz !”

“ But the tale of wonder,” said Lady Wormwood,—“ The mountain groans;
 “ produce your mouse, good Mr. Wiggins.”

“ Just escaped the curling irons of La-
 “ fondé, when Sir John Slade dashed up
 “ to door, in Unicorn Barouch—Dressed
 “ *en bottines*—mounted box with Baro-
 “ net, tits in high condition, took Ux-
 “ bridge road—scarcely off stones when
 “ down came a wheeler—kicked and plan-
 “ ged most terrifically — dragged down
 “ partner before assistance could be given—
 “ took off leader—found Gimcrack had
 “ been execrably shod—stepped off hind
 “ foot into fore shoe—two dollies of the
 “ back stairs, vulgarly yclep’d housemaids,

" airing in carriage. One roared; other
 " fainted—compelled to return—lounged
 " to Owens—took warm jelly and rasp-
 " berry Ice. Engaged to dine with beau-
 " tiful Lady Percival—went home to dress
 " —resolved to look amiable—when—
 " *hinc illæ lachryme!*—Lafonde told
 " me, tears in his eyes, that Persian fa-
 " vorite just kittened in new flaxen
 " wig."

A scream of extatic merriment echoed
 throughout the box; but the Narrator
 continued—*unruefulised.*—

" Wore porcupine scratch—met large
 " party — monstrous beautiful women :
 " and now," — smiling conceitedly,—
 " for a morceau pour la bonne bouche."

Every one looked impatience.

“ Past seven—expecting dinner—enter
“ servant with small parcel”—

“ Full dress for lady Percival,” read lovely
hostess—“ and to be delivered immedi-
ately; what can it mean?”

“ Ladyship entreated to unfold.

“ Envelope removed—sheet silver pa-
per—another sheet—third sheet—when
“ —lo !-----

Mr. Wiggins paused to peruse the
countenances of his auditory; but their
united clamours forced him to proceed.

“ When, lo ! -----contained—A FIG-
LEAF !!!”

The ladies rapidly unfurled their fans
and all looked down.

"Famous hoax," exclaimed the strip-
ling Peer—make excellent *Birth-day*
"suit, quiz me."

"On mount Ida, perhaps;" returned
Dormer laughing.

The ballet concluded, and the squeeze
began; when the slowly retiring crowd
drove to St. James's Square.

Here, the arch Priestess of dissipation, in
the person of Mrs. Cassino, holds, twice a
week, her brilliant midnight orgies. Here
beauty is distorted by the baneful magic
of the pharaoh table—here losses at cards
are, often, paid with losses of virtue—
here the once reasonable Being puts on
the cap and bells of modish folly! And yet
to this quicksand of attraction, the high-
born mother leads her blooming daughter
the first winter of her presentation: when

the youthful victim learns to barter the ingenuous glow of native modesty, for the unblushing effrontery of haut-ton; smiles of innocence, for frowns of anguish: and, metamorphoses the timid maiden into the dashing belle of tolerated profligacy!

The remains of the late *noble Duke* lay in state at Kingsbrow-house; and the funeral was conducted with the most expensive pomp—Clouds of the nobility followed the hearse; and clouds of plebeians lined the streets, to witness the solemn pageantry; insomuch, that a stranger might have mistaken the procession for a nation's tribute to departed worth: but whatever was wanting in veneration, was amply supplied by curiosity.

As soon as the prescribed forms of decorum permitted the blooming, and equally amiable, Duchess, to open her

doors to the enquiries of her numerous friends, our hero presented himself in the circle—and having summoned all his powers into action; it will not be wondered, if he soon raised an interest in the bosom of his lovely mistress.—The news of the day, now, was—that “the accomplished Dormer was, very shortly, to lead the beautiful Duchess of Kingsbrow to “the Hymeneal-altar”—all the papers announced it as a settled point—nor, in truth, were the parties at all disposed to contradict the report.

At this momentous passage, our history returns to Mansel-hall.

When Dormer left the disconsolate Eliza—all joy fled with him—her heart no longer cheated out of virtue, by sweetly sounding sophistry, resumed its wonted power; and acrimony followed each ban-

ful recollection of her past offences.—Still Dormer preserved his empire in her affections—she adored him even to idolatry—but the bloom of contentment faded from her cheek—a melancholy langour usurped its place—and the bitterness of remorse received new pangs from the tender and affectionate solicitude, with which her husband watched over her declining health.

Meanwhile—the secret was divulged—she told Mr. Mansel she was about to become a mother, and the old gentleman, in the joyful anticipation of an heir, for a time forgot her altered appearance.

The faculty attributed Mrs. Mansel's ill health to her situation; while her infatuated husband accused himself ~~as the~~ of her present sufferings.

Upon reflection, he thought it proper to write an account to his Nephew of his family expectations, with assurances, that he would, under all circumstances, remain the faithful guardian of the trust reposed in him.

To this letter Dormer replied;

Berkeley Square.

" My dear Uncle,

" It is not easy to express our feelings, when every fibre of the heart trembles with joy—indeed, I partake your transports on this happy occasion; for I should be truly unworthy the unparalleled care and tenderness with which you have reared me, if affection and gratitude did not rise superior, in my soul, to the sordid gratifications of self interest. What alas! my dear uncle, are the frail enjoy-

ments of superabundant wealth?—as it enables us to wipe away the tear from misery's cheek—well—and, when delicacy combines with benevolence, surely the act is Godlike!—but I have enough to make me happy. Your generosity has provided for all my wants: and if I ever marry, the woman I choose, must esteem me more for my *unfashionable* regard to the moral duties of society, than for the extent of my rentroll—or, she is no wife for me.

“ Pray offer my affectionate remembrances to my amiable Aunt, and beg her to accept my congratulations. If a boy—I shall hope for the pleasing task, of assisting you both, to teach “ the young idea how to shoot”—to model his maturing years on the true principles of virtue and honor, and to render him the worthy heir of his so worthy parent.

"With unceasing regard, I must ever remain,
any dear uncle's

Most affectionate nephew,

A. M. DORMER."

As our hero sealed this letter, he could not avoid smiling at the effect it would produce on the credulous old fool to whom it was addressed. As to the *embryo*—he had, already, more than once, relieved a lady's qualms, by a friendly administration of an *innocent* drug—to save *her reputation*: surely, it was but fair to do so, now, to save *his inheritance*. His courtship was merely in train—he, therefore, galloped down to the neighbourhood of the hall, attended, only, by Simpson, and during his residence, for a few days, administered the fatal draught.

This second parting was more cruel

to Eliza than the former—she hung upon the person of her adored Dormer, as he was about to leave her, with tenderness bordering on agony—a sort of presentiment invaded her lovely bosom—her last adieu was renewed without end—her embraces became, if possible, more fervent, as she repeated them : at last—he tore himself away ; and Eliza, oppressed with the tumultuous exertion of her feelings ; sank on the ground—almost without life.

She retired to her room, as soon as she was able to totter home—the naedicine, in course of the night, began its operation—and when the wretched Eliza found herself deprived of a mother's tenderest hopes, she attributed her misfortune to the excess of grief she had suffered the preceding day. . Thus, every purpose was accomplished !—Suspicion slept—Dormer triumphed—but Eliza was inconsolable !

As to Mr. Mansel, it proved, indeed, a severe disappointment to find his fondest expectations “nipped in the bud;” but he looked forward to a *renewal* of his hopes, and bestowed all his attention on his disconsolate wife.

During the slow recovery of Eliza’s health, Dormer had successfully urged his suit with the blooming duchess; and a day was absolutely proposed for the celebration of their nuptials. Our hero had now a very difficult card to play—he was compelled to ask his uncle’s sanction to his approaching happiness—but how prepare the artless bosom of the ill-fated Eliza to hear the dreadful news!—while, however, he debated on the most efficacious plans to be employed; fate prepared a sudden attack upon him, that baffled all his skill to parry.

Miss Aurelia Clementina Spraggs having accompanied a party of *Demireps* to Vauxhall Gardens the preceding summer—In the true spirit of frolic and conviviality, Champaigne sparkled on the board; and the ladies' mirth grew loud—it was past two in the morning, when Miss Aurelia Clementina, with another laughter-loving female, proposed a romp, unattended by their party, along the mysterious avenues of the dark walk.

A city blood, half tipsey, and in search of an adventure, encountered the ladies' whom he instantly attacked—resistance on their part was so mingled with coquetry, and so interrupted by bursts of laughter, that my gentleman felt no hesitation to proceed from one liberty to another, till they were compelled to call out for help.

At this moment, a well-dressed youth

advanced, and a severe altercation ensued which ended in a *polite* exchange of cards.

After so material a service, it was impossible to resist the *elegant* importunities of the stranger; who, restoring them to their party, begged leave to see Miss Aurelia Clementina safely home.

The acquaintance thus accidentally began, was maintained eagerly by both parties—and a little time domesticated the *gallant* youth, whose name was Lacey, under the roof of his mistress.

A happy assurance—a pretty way of saying nothing—a confident air—and tolerable person—were the attractions of Mr Lacey; but he was one of those *avanturiers* who range the metropolis without profession or income—living on the credulity of tradespeople—or depending on the

.casual turn up of a die for their precarious subsistence. He was a known lounger in Bond-street—his boots were made by Hoby —his coat by Schwitzer—and the familiarity of the gaming table, gave him a sort of “ how d'ye do” privilege with persons of real rank in life.

A fine girl—*unknown* on the town—who had the command of between four and five hundred pounds, was exactly the thing. An extraordinary run of good luck had enabled him, the week before, to buy a second hand curricle, and they both set off---quite in style,---to the Brighton races.---It being---as Mr. Lacey assured his dear Clementina---the most vulgar thing possible, to be seen crawling about the dusty streets of London, after the birthday: “None---but filthy mechanics”—he added, “ find nerve to support the heat

of summer, in the confinement of the smokey metropolis."

All this was wonderfully fine—They dashed away at Brighton—subscribed to all the libraries—promenaded the Steyne—attended the raffle shops—and were *monstrously* genteel in their expenses.

Mrs. Spraggs, now and then, remonstrated with her daughter on the heavy draughts made by Mr. Lacey on her strong box; but he had so well amused her with a fabricated tale, about his steward—and his estate—that she went on, dreaming away her life, in fancied security.

But, "*all that glitters is not gold.*"

Towards winter—the curricle was sold—no remittance could be procured from

the steward—his tenants were all behind hand with their rent—tradespeople became clamourous—and Miss Aurelia Clementina, who had forgotten Dormer in the whirlpool of gaiety, now, became insolently importunate about the payment of her annuity.

These claims our Hero resisted, in the politest language, with promises that they should be satisfied very shortly : but, unfortunately, his friend *Nathan Bensakeen*, the money broker from Duke's place, who had already furnished him with large sums on post obit bonds payable at his uncle's death, declined further assistance, on the plea of that uncle's marriage: nor was Miss Aurelia Clementina's demand, the only one that plagued him : his approaching nuptials, however, silenced all other claimants.

In this desperate situation, Mr. Lacey went to his accustomed haunt in St. James's-street, and an enormous heap of money was rising before him ; when—just as he was about to shake the box, after throwing in nine times, in succession—his arm was arrested by a bystander ; who insisted on an examination of the dice : they were accordingly split, and found to be loaded : —yet, with such dexterity, as seemed calculated to evade all possibility of detection. They were regularly stamped ; but by an admirable finesse, drilled through the dots, and the ivory dust excavated by this operation, was supplied by lead, nicely introduced, and the spot reblackened : others of the same manufacture were found in the culprits pocket.

Little ceremony was used with the detected *blacklegs* : he was, first compelled to

make ~~vacation~~, and then kicked down stairs.

The fame of this exploit was spread all over the town next day : and when Mr. Lacey presented himself in Bond street, he was received ~~as~~ by every body. The tradespeople, getting scent of his disgrace, immediately, as is their humane custom, resolved to add to his distress ; and before night, he was safely seated by the fire side of a ~~scroving~~ house in Chancery lane.

Miss Aurelia Clementina, who saw not her own ruin in this denouement to the summer's farce she had been playing—but urged by the violence of her affection towards Lacey, and her malevolence towards Dorner ;—commanded the latter to call upon her the following morning, and that, in terms, which left him no alternative.



At this interview, Dormer softened the present vengeance of his tormentor, by a bank note for £ 50—and promised the remainder in a fortnight.

Meanwhile, detainers poured in upon her lover, with a rapidity that almost mocked calculation: distracted, more at his distress, than his villainy, she gave a free indulgence to the violence of her temper; till she perfectly raved.

In this situation, she heard of Dormer's approaching nuptials; and instigated by every infamous propensity, she set about the completion of his ruin.

“ May it please your Grace,

“ Impelled, alone, by a desire to save your virtues from pollution, have presumed, thus abruptly, to address

your Grace ; and will, if honored with an interview, open so barbarous a scene of villany, as will make your Grace shudder at the danger which threatens you : as your Grace values your own eternal welfare do not, I intreat, neglect the admonition of your Grace's,

respectful admirer, and

devoted humble servant,

A. C. SPRAGGS.

Durweston-street, Gloster-place.

The Duchess was extremely indignant at the receipt of this letter, which she at first attributed to the intriguing spirit of some envious dame of quality; but as she ruminated on the contents, there appeared degree of openness, and candour in the writer, which she thought entitled her warning to some consideration ; she therefore, ordered herself not to be at home

to any visitor, and desired, when Mr. Dormer called, that he should be told, she wished to see him the next morning at two o'clock—she, then, dispatched a message by her woman to Miss Spraggs, requesting to see her at a quarter before two, on the morning following.

The intermediate space was devoted to solitude; and the Duchess felt herself more deeply interested in the developement of the promised secret, the more she reflected on the note she had received. Still, it was impossible to think Dormer guilty of any crime—perhaps, some little indiscretion had been magnified into an heinous offence! —she was disturbed by her own reflections —she wished not to have been troubled on the subject.

When Dormer made his appearance next day, the Duchess, who had provided

against any interruption, received him with her accustomed affability; and after the usual ceremonies—she, smilingly, said

“ We have enemies, my dear Mr. Dormer—but be assured it is not in the power of malice to change my sentiments in your favor. Pray oblige me by reading this extraordinary letter, and tell me, if you can guess at the motives of the author.”

He received the letter, gracefully bowing; but at the sight of the writing, a momentary suffusion flushed his cheek—recovering —on the instant—he replied

“ The writer of this, is an abandoned woman; who, when I was very young, lured me, by no common artifices, into a temporary folly; but I soon shook off the degrading yoke; and have since,

“ frequently, been harassed by her importunities; although, I pledge you my honor, it is long—very long—since I have seen her. I will, however, peruse what she says, with your Grace's leave.”

It required a most intimate acquaintance with deception, and a happy talent of counteracting sudden events, to read this letter without betraying every symptom of conscious guilt: Yet Dormer's features preserved a stoic apathy—while his heart beat the most violent alarms; but fruitful at invention—and relying on his established character—he returned the note, saying,

“ Your grace will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that I cannot be the wretch described here.”

“ Most certainly, Mr. Dormer, and to prove to you how sincerely I partake

"the odium of any aspersion thrown
upon your character, I have sent for
Miss Spraggs—who now waits in an
anti-room—but I have not seen her.
Your honor demands this unequivocal
justification, and I have thought it my
duty to afford it to you."—She rang
for a servant.

"Let the person waiting be called."

Presently Miss Aurelia Clementina made her appearance: her *entree* was marked by a modest embarrassment—her dress was simple and unadorned—her manner altogether prepossessing.

"Pray be seated," said the Duchess—
"Mr. Dormer"—turning—"this business
relates to you—will you have the good-
ness to desire this lady's explanation?"

“ That he will never do, may it please
 “ your Grace — behold him ! --- panic
 “ struck ! — Mr. Dormer,” advancing—
 “ nay ! be not so much ashamed — there
 “ should not exist any material secrets
 “ between you, and a lady, to whom you
 “ are, so soon, to be united !”

“ This language, madam,” replied the
 Duchess with some warmth---“ is rather
 “ more free than your appearance seemed
 “ to predict --you will be pleased to re-
 “ tire.

Dormer essayed to speak ; but could not
 —his countenance underwent a variety of
 changes—the Duchess, who watched him,
 was truly alarmed—at length,

“ Merciful heaven,” she exclaimed,
 “ what can all this mean ?”

" That, with your Grace's leave"—replied Miss Aurelia Clementina—" I will " explain ; and with the same regard to " truth, as if I were confessing at the last " moment of my existence."

She, then, began the detail from her father's death, varnishing, with a hypocritical tear, her share in her own ruin—the story of Laura Manly followed—the confederacy between his valet and himself, by which the farm was burnt to the ground, and the family plunged in deeper ruin—the young lady's subsequent residence, against her will, at the rookery—the arts employed to gain her consent to a private marriage; when, his friend in iniquity, the infamous Simpson, was to have personated the clergyman—which ceremony would have been sanctioned by a forged licence.

" This, may it please your Grace, is

" a feeble outline of this elegant villain ;—
 " nor could I have reconciled it with my
 " feelings—once deeply interested in his
 " welfare—to have divulged this secret,
 " for the mere gratification of public
 " justice ; but your Grace's virtues, which
 " I have heard echoed from every tongue,
 " have influenced me to come forward
 " and save you. I do not wish to lead
 " him to that punishment his offences
 " deserve—I merely aim to save your Grace
 " from destruction."

Dormer would have interrupted the narrative more than once ; but an expressive glance from the Duchess forbade him.

Now, that the tale was unfolded—she begged him to explain.

" I pray your Grace," replied Dormer,
 " to dismiss this wicked woman, whom

“ I have, sometime, been induced to
“ think insane. I will get a warrant from
“ Bow-street to apprehend her; when, if
“ really mad—as I firmly believe—she
“ must be confined; if otherwise, I will
“ make a public example of her for the
“ good of the community. A wretch of
“ the same description, not long ago, em-
“ ployed various artifices to impose on the
“ public, and even took out warrants
“ against several gentlemen, whom she
“ accused of robbing her in Kensington
“ gardens—and they, to avoid the disgrace
“ of being taken before a justice, silenced
“ her with their purses—at length—one,
“ more public spirited, brought her to
“ trial; and the populace were so incensed,
“ they would have torn the poor wretch
“ to pieces coming out of court, had not
“ an extra number of constables been
“ employed to keep the peace—her name
“ was Jane Gibbs. As to this woman—I

"I really do not know the parties of whom
"she has spoken."

"And yet, Mr. Dormer,"—answered the Duchess gravely,—“*if this be madness,
there is much method in it.*”

“I will give your Grace,” added Miss Aurelia Clementina, “the address of Mr. Manly; and, since I have been thus threatened and insulted, I will, immediately, inform that family of all the circumstances, and let a jury of twelve men, at the Old Bailey, decide on the innocence of this gentleman, as well as the truth of my assertions—the address shall be left with your Grace’s porter.” —Have I now, your Grace’s permission “to retire?”

“If you please.—You will hear from me again.”

She curtesied, humbly, and withdrew.

The Duchess rang the bell---and, telling Mr. Dormer she wished to be alone---desired the footman to open the door, and, in future, to let her be denied when Mr. Dormer called.

Disgraced, in this manner before the servant, Dormer lost all confidence in himself---he staggered down the stairs---mentally cursing Miss Aurelia Clementina, ---himself---and all the world !

But this was a mere prelude to his punishment. The hour of retribution was come---and heavy was the penalty to be levied !

Rumour, which had armed Miss Aurelia Clementina with weapons of vengeance, hastened on airy pinions to Mansel Hall—

and Eliza, unprepared for the shock, fainted away, the moment the news was announced.

Recovering, she called upon Dormer, and uttered other incoherencies, which, for the first time, raised indefinable doubts in the mind of her husband; but he was not the less anxious about her health, or less tender in his attentions: yet a something—he knew not what—deprived him of his usual ease.

The next morning he received a sealed note from Eliza—before he left his dressing room—requesting he would send away his servant and receive her visit alone.

Trembling with anxiety, the old gentleman did as he was desired; and with his eyes fixed on the door, shuddered at the apprehension of what might follow.

Eliza entered---her cheek was pale---her eyes red with weeping----and hollow with the melancholy vigils of successive sleepless nights---while humility, and dignity, so tempered her appearance, that it bespoke commiseration, yet claimed respect.

Having turned the key---Eliza approached her husband, who was equally immovable from terror and weakness---She entreated to be heard without interruption.

“ Go on,—Go on,—my beloved Eliza
“ —be quick—if you would not kill me
“ with suspense.”

“ Forbear, Mr. Mansel, to honour with
“ epithets of affection or distinction, the
“ wretch who has injured you in the ten-
“ derest point. Yet heaven is my witness,

" how sincerely—how urgently I struggled
" with my fatal passion for your too
" accomplished nephew: but tempted by
" artifices unworthy the character of a
" man of honour—snared by false pre-
" tences—my privacy invaded—my reason
" stolen from me.—What, alas, could I
" do? But fall under the mighty pressure
" of so many circumstances—all assisting
" unbounded love in compassing my ruin!

" When honored with the offer of your
" hand, my affections were free; but
" from the moment I saw Mr. Dorner,
" they ceased to be so. I thought it then,
" too late to retract my engagement, as
" the motive was a secret that could not be
" divulged. I therefore gave you my hand,
" assured that my heart—whatever its
" sufferings—would never betray me into
" a disgraceful act. You may remember,
" how studiously I avoided Mr. Dorner's

“ wishes to be my music master, as well
“ as many other trifling occurrences, in
“ which I shunned—as much as possible—
“ all kind of intimate association with him :
“ but he practised such bold attempts on
“ my honour; nay, delivered me letters
“ filled with love, even in your presence;
“ and pursued a train of such systematic
“ villainy, as would have required more
“ than the ordinary powers of humanity
“ either to mitigate, or avert.—In short—
“ I became zealously devoted to him—the
“ child I bore, was his—we were to have
“ married at your death, and I suffered
“ my bigotted mind to dwell, with raptur-
“ e, on the fond anticipation. Still,
“ I hope, I never, outwardly, forgot my
“ duty towards you; and my attention
“ arose from different motives than his. I
“ acted from gratitude—he, from the re-
“ finement of duplicity. For, at those
“ moments, when he appeared most wor-

“ thy your regard, he was basely plotting
“ the overthrow of your happiness.

“ I do not ask you, Mr. Mansel, to
“ forgive me—I cannot forgive myself—
“ and this confession, is alike, intended to
“ display my own shame, and to open your
“ eyes to the real character of a wretch, on
“ whom you lavish your fortune and
“ affections. I am no longer wor-
“ thy your name—suffer me, therefore,
“ to retire, for ever, from your sight ! the
“ remembrance of my father’s worth, will,
“—perhaps—induce you to save his only
“ child from absolute beggary.”

The tears had, for some time, been running down the cheeks of Mr. Mansel : but at this concluding appeal, his agonies burst forth in violent, and convulsive, sabbings. It was in vain to offer relief—nature must be allowed the indulgence of

its emotions—and this gust of grief was succeeded by moderation. He held Eliza's hand grasped within his—he still addressed her by the tenderest names—but she only answered by her tears.

At length, she requested to retire; and having given him a bundle, containing Dormer's letters, said, she rested *all* that she could claim from mercy, on their contents.

She, then, left the room.

Mr. Mansel eagerly began the perusal of these papers; and, as he pursued the task, his hair almost stood on end at the tale of horror they unfolded. As soon as his passions would permit, he called for his writing desk, and began.

Mansel Hall.

" Sir,

" I am in possession of all your letters to Mrs. Mansel, and leave you to reflection; it will, one day or other, sufficiently punish you. In the mean time, my bankers have orders to discontinue the payment of your drafts.

" AUG: MANSEL."

This letter was the first object that presented itself to Mr. Dormer's notice on his return home: he snatched it from the table—he was petrified at the contents.—He trod the room in a hasty and disturbed step—beat his forehead with his clenched hand—raved—maddened!

He rang the bell for Simpson—Simpson was not at home.—He rushed from the house, saying, she should not return till night.

Miss Aurelia, all this time, was busily employed in providing for his total downfall. Having consulted with Lacey, and both with the keeper of the sponging-house, the latter engaged to settle the business before night. He, accordingly, dispatched one of his followers for a runner, and they went together to Simpson.—Having first alarmed him with a recapitulation of circumstances, they told him they had a warrant for his apprehension. Finding his terror equal to their wishes, they proceeded to soften the business, by telling him, he would be safe, if he turned King's evidence, and hanged his master:—to which alternative, the *faithful* fellow—seeing “*the game was up,*” as he expressed himself—readily agreed. He was taken before a magistrate, and a warrant made out for the apprehension of the Honourable Mr. Dormer, on his deposition.

Simpson, however, turned pale when he found he must remain in custody; but they assured him that was only a matter of form, by which the law secured evidence in criminal cases; and that he would be released, as soon as his master was condemned.

Consoled by this assurance, he went quietly to the Cold-bath fields' prison, expecting the result of this *ill-looking adventure*.

Here, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the birth, parentage, and education, of this prime minister to Mr. Dorner's pleasures.

Of his family, it will suffice to state, that his father was originally a country publican; but having accidentally entertained a grazier, one evening, who was returning home with

a leathern purse well filled—the conscientious landlord waylaid his unsuspecting guest, and eased him of the golden burthen.

This booty, which he very *piously* sir-named—a *God-send*—amounted to nearly three hundred guineas; but the news of the robbery soon taking wind—Mr. Simpson, the elder, who perceived his neighbours were not without their *opinions*, took himself off, and repaired to London.

Here he commenced gentleman—in other words—he opened a snug gaming table for the amusement of his friends; but as he wanted *talents* to silence *justice*; he was, after a short, though prosperous, reign, despoiled of his new avocation.

His next emigration was to Newgate

on *certain* suspicions, not highly redounding to his honor: and his present livelihood is earned at the tap of a prison within the metropolis.

The junior Mr. Simpson, who, in imitation of his *worthy* parents, was a strict methodist, commenced his early career as shopman to a Cheapside haberdasher—in this situation, assisted by a shewy exterior, and a wheedling tongue, he recommended himself particularly to the notice of Kitty, a smiling little rose-bud just apprenticed from Yorkshire, who condescended to take his arm on Sundays, and follow him to Chapel.

Miss was a novice: but, soon became a religious enthusiast. Young Simpson flattered the propensity, and “marked her for his own.” In the mean time Cupid played.

him a slippery trick ; but self interest reconciled him with the wanton urchin.

It happened, that Mr. Dormer in one of his sentimental rambles had strayed into the popular conventicle frequented by this devout pair, and seeing—admired, the object of Mr. Simpson's *pious gallantry*—he pursued, and won, the frail fair one to his wishes ; while her lover—like many other *great men*—was enriched, and pocketed the affront.

A fawning address—a puritanical air—a semblance of honesty—and a convenient conscience, were powerful qualities to recommend him to Mr. Dormer, who soon after placed him at the head of his establishment.

In this situation, he overcame the little virtue that was left his mistress, and became

her privy counsellor and friend. Thus tutored,—Kitty soon pressed a certain Viscount into her service, who was at that time, famous, or rather *infamous*, for the variety of his amours. Our Hero instantly dropped his visits; and *Madame* became the favorite Sultana of this new enamorado: but constancy was not his motto—she was, in turn, deserted.

Whilst he loved, my Lord had been lavish in his bounties; but as interest solely guided the affections of the lady, his attentions ceased to be desired, when unaccompanied by splendid presents. She, therefore, most philosophically submitted to his absence, and received his parting peace-offering without venting even an hypocritical tear.

Kitty—now a professed Cypriad—eagerly enlisted under the gaudy banners of

fashion and dissipation. She sported an elegant chariot—occupied an upper box at the opera—and was occasionally the *chere amie* of half the town ; till insolence increasing with prosperity, her lovers gradually forsook the mysteries of her boudoir ; and extravagance, nothing relaxing, her finances soon grew as taper as her reputation.

But Kitty still possessed an infinity of allurement : and so gifted, what had she to fear ? In these days of refinement, a mistress is considered an indispensable appendage to the suite of a boy of rank : and young maidens are taught to receive, as a laurelled hero, the abandoned lover, who has just paid £5000 damages for destroying the domestic peace of his most intimate friend : for branding with infamy and disgrace a previously exemplary wife : for entailing suspicion and unjust contempt on

the innocent, unoffending, offspring of illicit love!

These are the refinements of gallantry which dignify the courtly annals of modern times: where virtue is put out of countenance by the presumption of vice, and modest worth shrinks from assuming insolence, unequal to a contest with, “ the rattling tongue of saucy eloquence.”

Habits of expense are not easily eradicated: and although Kitty’s purse now filled by accident—her establishment was a regular drain on her decreasing property: till, at length, poverty stared fully in her face.

In the mean time, she was initiated by her *faithful* confidant—who shared her ill-gotten wages—into every species of vice, and soon became an adept: when want

and disease gradually reduced her to extract relief from unlawful depredations on the purses of the thoughtless few whom she still lured into her snares. At length, she was detected, arraigned, condemned and transported. On their passage to Botany Bay, she caught a fever from her fellow convicts, and died without time, or even inclination, to repent her mispent life.

This anecdote we record as one of many emblematical of the *moral*, both of the master and the man. Congenial minds united them in one common interest: hence the agonies of Dormer at the unaccountable absence of his valet.

A suspense arising from the hope of we know not what, and the fear of we know not why, is truly insupportable. The man

who forms plans of systematic deception, though every wish appears to be gratified, is still a miserable wretch.—He trembles at his shadow, and startles with the passing breeze that agitates each leaf. He lives in perpetual apprehension of discovery ; and too generally finds, in the accomplishment of his unwarrantable schemes, tortures, ten thousand times more acute, than any he could have experienced in the bitterest disappointment of his most darling hopes.

It was two o'clock, in the morning, when Mr. Dorner returned home ; and he was quite startled to find Simpson had not been seen at the hotel : He went to bed—but not to sleep.—Towards daylight, he had fallen into a doze, when a loud knocking, at his chamber door, aroused him. “ Who's there ”—he demanded—

upon which, he was ordered to open the door instantly, or it would be forced.

Dormer sprang wildly from the bed, and seizing his pistols, which hung on the wall, he discharged them both into his mouth, just as the runners had broken open the door—they found their prisoner weltering in his blood, without signs of life.

The confusion, naturally attendant on such a tragical event, roused every body in the hotel; and the fate of the Honourable Mr. Dormer occupied the conversation of every breakfast table, west of Charing Cross—his various delinquencies were bandied, from house to house, with incredible rapidity—and so embellished—that, before noon, he had altogether ceased to be the hero of the prevailing tale.

Thus perished a man, whose uncommon talents might have taught an admiring nation to look up to his exertions, as its best pride in prosperity; and its best hope in adversity:—yet, thus gifted—with a mind sufficiently capacious to imagine schemes for the aggrandisement of the state—he was content to grovel in the accomplishment of plans, degrading to human nature!

When all these reports were *obligingly* communicated to the Duchess by her friends; she could not forbear giving a sigh of regret to this monstrous distortion of so many valuable attributes—happily—her understanding had been more interested than her affections—her choice was, therefore, rather in compliment to her reason, than in obedience to her heart.

But with Laura Manly it was very dif-

ferent. The family had been a few weeks in town; and when Mr. Manly came home with the direful tidings of Mr. Dormer's violent death, without knowing all the particulars—Laura burst into a flood of tears.

“ My child,” exclaimed her anxious “ parent,“ this is an amiable tribute to “ the memory of man, who, at the “ hazard of his own, saved your, life: “ even the crimes which are said to have “ stained his character, do not exclude the “ virtuous from offering the tear of gra- “ titude to a deceased benefactor. My “ love!—I applaud your feelings.

“ Alas, my father, how will it be, when “ I have confessed that there is *one* act “ of my life, towards you, so tinctured “ with ingratitude, I tremble to make the “ discovery.”

“ What can you fear, my Laura, from
“ the *tenderness* of your father—when I
“ am confident, you have nothing to ap-
“ prehend from his *justice*? ”

“ Know then, best and most indul-
“ gent of parents, that the tears I drop
“ are the *last* remembrances of a *first*
“ passion—yes—my Father!—I loved Mr.
“ Dorner—fondly loved him—we had
“ many interviews at Rosemary farm, when
“ I confessed, to him, the fulness of my
“ feelings—His Uncle, however, having
“ disapproved his sentiments in my favour,
“ and knowing your approbation could
“ not, under such circumstances, have
“ been obtained,—he dared, in the ardour
“ of his passion, to propose an elope-
“ ment.

“ From that moment, I broke off all
“ intercourse with him, and never saw him

" again—till two days after the fire."

Mr. Nicky started!

" Well may you express astonishment,
 " my father: yes!—it was Dorner who
 " stole me from your arms on that dreadful
 " night—yet, I can assure you, the only ad-
 " vantage he took of my captivity, was his
 " unceasing prayers that I would consent
 " to become his wife.

" I am too much agitated, at this moment,
 " to give you the particulars of this adven-
 " ture; but I have a written account of it in
 " my port folio, which I will present to
 " you—my silence, as to his name, arose
 " from a fear of involving you in difficul-
 " ties—now, he is gone—poor, wicked,
 " man,—no family altercation can possibly
 " arise."

A servant entered the room, with a note to Mr. Manly, which, on opening, he found to contain a pressing invitation from the Duchess of Kingsbrow to see him; and apologies for the trouble, which she hoped would be atoned by communications she had to make—her Grace added, she would remain at home all the morning.

Laura, now, went up stairs to repose her troubles in the bosom of her mother, and to seek consolation from her tenderness; while Mr. Manly hastened to Grosvenor Square, in obedience to the commands of the Duchess.

He was immediately admitted—and ceremonials being adjusted—her Grace proceeded to explain her situation with Mr. Dormer at the time of his death, and the means by which his villanies were exposed

to the world—that the person who had rendered her this essential service, was, she feared, instigated by motives, not of a very amiable nature; but her obligations were not less, nor would Mr. Manly's, she believed, when he understood how much he was interested on the subject,

Her Grace then proceeded to explain to him how basely Mr. Dormer had acted, in order to facilitate the elopement of Miss Manly; and that Miss Spraggs—her informant—finding the name of that young lady must inevitably connect with the public detail of that peculiar branch of his offences—had made an affidavit of every particular relating to that young lady's conduct, from the evening of her arrival at his country seat, to her escape: all which was confirmed by the corresponding testimony of her mother—that having accidentally heard, in the morning, of Mr. Man-

ly's being in town, she deemed it incumbent on her to make him easy on this head. Her Grace concluded, by an animated eulogium on the conduct of his amiable daughter, whom she ardently longed to be acquainted with.

This public confirmation of the rectitude of Laura's conduct under circumstances, which might otherwise have infected her fair fame, could not fail to be pleasing to the family; and an acquaintance commenced, which soon became intimate and unreserved.

It happened, that the dukedom of Kingsbrow devolved on a very distant branch of the family; between whom and the late Duke, no sort of intercourse prevailed. The presumptive heir entered young into the army; and was, now a

Colonel,—serving in India—in the 29th year of his age.

At the famous battle of *Assye*, he had been dangerously wounded: but the skill of his surgeon restored him to every thing except his strength; when he procured leave to return to England for the benefit of his health.

Young Manly—now a Lieut. Colonel—had also obtained leave to return to Europe; and these Gentlemen were passengers together, on board the “*Marquis of Wellesley*,” from Calcutta.

A very lively friendship was cemented between these brother soldiers during their voyage, and Manly—who knew nothing of the vicissitudes which had taken place in his family—engaged his friend to accompany him down to the North,

where he supposed he should find his father at this season of the year.

The unexpected arrival of Edward diffused new joys among this, now, happy family. He did not forget to name his friend to his father, and nothing could equal his astonishment, when he learnt he was become Duke of Kingsbrow.

Mr. Manly, when a little released from the rapidity of events which had lately so crowded upon him, determined on a visit to Mr. Mansel.

The old Gentleman received him with unaffected kindness; and repeated the melancholy story of his domestic sufferings.

Convinced, by the perusal of the letters, that Mrs. Mansel had done all that could be done, in her circumstances—he deplo-

red, but did not censure, her weakness : By every tender care he had striven to make her at peace with herself ; but the sensibility of her amiable nature had been so powerfully shocked by the developement of Dormer's character, that she relapsed from one stage of melancholy, to another, till she totally lost her reason.

In this state, she wandered about the domain,—fancifully attired — insensible to every thing, except the wild—unconnected —images, she conjured up in her disturbed brain. She was perfectly harmless ; but altogether lost to every pleasurable recollection. She appeared the splendid ruin of her former self.

Here Mr. Manly, also, learnt, that Mr. Mansel was altogether ignorant of his nephew's attachment to Laura ; and that

so far from opposing, he would have accelerated, their union.

“ Merciful heaven,”—said Mr. Manly,—
 “ —how is it possible to conceive, that
 “ such a train of deception could ever have
 “ been practised !”

“ Had you but known, my good sir,”
 interrupted Mr. Mansel—sobbing aloud—
 “ had you but known, the enthusiasm
 “ with which I loved that wretch, you
 “ would not wonder, to see my heart-
 “ strings breaking with the agony of its
 “ own emotions!—Would, I were in the
 “ peaceful grave !

“ Methinks I feel, even now, the pres-
 “ sure of his infant hands, grasping my
 “ finger, as I caressed him on my sister’s
 “ knee—each playful wonder of his child-
 “ hood crouds on my memory—yet he

“ was virtuously educated—his mother was
“ a pattern to her sex, and the late Lord
“ Dormer, his father, a man universally
“ esteemed.—But alas! how have they
“ degenerated in their children!—the pre-
“ sent lord is a nonentity—a Being, who
“ seems to have been sent into the world,
“ merely to occupy a space in the creation:
“ without exertion—without talents—he
“ contents himself with doing no evil, as
“ if it were not a glaring defect, with the
“ power, to abstain from doing good.
“ He is a machine, worked by instinct,
“ and only differs from an automaton in
“ the gift of speech. On Augustus all
“ the family hopes depended—through
“ him, we expected to transmit the
“ family name, with dignity, to posterity
“ —Now, all is gone!—the title will be
“ extinct!—and I have no one to inherit
“ my fortune! Will you be my heir, Mr.
“ Manly?—will any body?—for I am

“ sick of life—but there is one thing
 “ still to be done. Mr. Manly!—you
 “ are a man of humanity—Poor Mrs.
 “ Mansel!—do you not pity *her*, and feel
 “ for me?

“ Dear, lovely, deluded, remnant, of
 “ every grace—beauty—and virtue—who,
 “ when I am gone, will humour thy way-
 “ ward fancies!—who, seek thee in thy
 “ wanderings! who, protect thee in thy
 “ helpless infirmities!”

“ That task be mine,” exclaimed Mr.
 Manly emphatically—“ I will pour wine
 “ and oil into the wounds of sensibility—I
 “ will be her friend—her parent.”

“ Heaven be praised”—said Mr. Mansel
 “—then I shall die in peace!”

This affecting visit lasted some days

Mr. Manly scarce knew how to leave the poor old gentleman, whom he had greatly comforted, by leading his mind to the never-failing resources of piety and resignation.—His presence, however, was necessary at home and they parted for a short time.

The Duchess, now, consulted the Manlys, as to the conduct she should pursue with regard to Miss Spraggs. She was by no means satisfied with that lady's conduct; still, there was a generosity in the part she took, relative to herself and Laura, which required some remuneration.—Her situation was looked into by Mr. Manly, and he found Lacey to be so worthless a character, that it would be no charity to negotiate a marriage between them, and to assist their views in life.—It was, therefore, determined, that Miss Spraggs should be invited to atone her

past offences in the Magdalen, upon a promise, if she conducted herself prudently and becomingly, to release her at the end of a twelvemonth ; when, she might retire with her mother into the country, on an annuity of £100 per annum.

Mrs. Spraggs being sent for, and severely lectured on her indiscretion in countenancing the ruin of her only child, she professed much penitence, and promised to obey her benefactors in all things.

This plan was, afterwards, realised ; and Miss Aurelia Clementina became a penitent. Indeed, the fate of Mr. Dormer had so awakened her to a just reflection on the hasty indulgence of violent passions, that she readily embraced a penance promising consolation to the tortures of an upbraiding conscience.

Before the expiration of summer, Lady William and Emily returned from the Continent: the former, a sensible, discreet woman; the latter, as gay, playful, and as amiable as ever. She soon found occasion to rally Laura anew; for, to tell the reader a truth—the Duke and Laura; the Colonel and the Duchess—had so well arranged their plans, that a double marriage, had not only been projected, but was on the eve of publication. Meanwhile the ladies visited the lovely maniac of Mansel-hall.

Having passed some time with Mr. Mansel, whose domestic afflictions had hurried on a violent fit of his old disorder, they requested to see the poor—ill-fated—Eliza.

“ Dear, fallen, Angel,”—said Mr. Mansel—his utterance almost choaked—“ she wanders about the grounds, insensible

" to all my tenderness—unconscious of
 " my despair. I cannot walk, dear ladies,
 " but you will find my poor Eliza near the
 " mount—that is her constant refuge."

The Duchess and Laura left the agonised husband, to pursue the object of their humane enquiries.

At a short distance from the pavilion, they met the lovely wanderer retiring from the scene of her destruction. She was clad in plain white muslin—no hat; but a simple fillet of wild flowers bound her temples—Her eyes intently bent upon the ground—her movement slow—her step solemn—her beautiful arms—ungloved—folded, pathetically, over her bosom, and appeared to press a small volume to her heart. She was wholly insensible to the approach of her pitying friends, till they crossed her path: seeing them—she halted—hesi-

tated—cast a wild look around her—and again sought the ground with her expressive eyes.

“ Do you not know me, my love,”—said Laura, attempting to take her disengaged hand, which now hung carelessly down her side—“ do you not know your friend ?”

Eliza gazed, stedfastly, on our heroine—and her features relaxed into a vacant smile:

“ Know you !”—she, at length, repeated—“ oh, yes!—you are the lady of “ the manor—but here”—patting her forehead—“ all is not well—my memory fails, “ I forget every thing.—Every thing,” starting—“ oh, no—not every thing—I “ remember *there*”—pointing to the pavilion—“ *there*, he is buried !---cold !---cold ! “ ---cold !”—She sighed piteously.

“ Had you but seen him,” she resumed
---her countenance brightening---“ such a
“ form!—such grace!---such manly beauty!
“ but he is dead---and my husband is dead
“ ---and I---pray shall not I die too?”

Tears had already stolen from the eyes
of the Duchess and Laura; but, at this
impressive address, they both wept abun-
dantly.

“ Nay now, fair ladies! prithee, shed no
“ tears---did you not hear there was no
“ pity in the world?---oh---no---no---no
“ ---mockery all!

“ Hush!---*somebody* will hear us, and
“ then you know *he* will be angry.”—She
paused some moments---“ Shall I sing you
“ my song, lady? well, mark how sweetly
“ it begins---’tis melody to me—here, here,

" here"—pressing her bosom—" I feel it
here—it will do me good."

Opening the volume, which was of poems, Eliza began her mournful strain, accompanying the words with tones so affectingly touching, they thrilled the very soul with agony.

Cold was the night, and drear the benth,
And high old ocean roll'd;
And still across the frighted gloom
The sorrow'd spirits howl'd.

Around the abbey's ivy'd wall,
The Dying Outlet flew,
By fits upon the moulder'd bone,
The moon-beam dash'd to view

When hapless Lucy left her cot,
And wander'd forth unseen;
Whilst gently on her throbbing breast
Her sleeping Babe did lean.

“ Ah ! cruel,” cried she, “ was the youth,
 “ That cou’d this bosom fly ;
 “ Ah ! cruel left these faithful arms,
 “ Nor breath’d one parting sigh !”

Then rush’d she madd’ning o’er the heath;
 Deep heav’d the swelling storm ;
 The chill rain fell, the cold wind beat,
 And shrank her gentle form.

“ Where shall I fly ?” she oft exclaim’d,
 “ Where shall I seek for aid ?
 “ Ah ! would that in the narrow cell
 “ This broken heart were laid.”

“ Hark ! hark ! thro’ yonder cloister’d aisle,
 “ How shrieks the northern blast !
 “ See ! see ! oh saw ye not my babe,
 “ Thy ruthless father pass ?”

Thus said she, and with sudden step,
 Sprang forward to pursue,
 When, dreadful, from her heedless grasp
 Her little infant flew.

Ah me ! upon the rocky ground,
 See, gor'd its tender breast !
 It scream'd, it writh'd, then stretch'd its arms,
 And sigh'd its soul to rest.

Ah Lucy, then how swell'd thine heart,
 How didst thy breast heave high !
 Pale grew thy features, pale thy lips,
 And pale thy sinking eye.

" Tis past," she cried, " and I will go
 " To my eternal home;
 " To where my little spirit's fled,
 " I come, my child, I come !

Then wildly to the sounding surge,
 And shrieking did she fly;
 Despair upon her pallid cheek,
 Distraction in her eye.

" I come, my child, my lovely child,
 " I come," was heard once more ;
 And loudly roar'd the foaming tide [REDACTED]
 And dash'd the rocky shore.

Then Lucy leap'd from off the cliff,
 Her eye was bent on heav'n;
 And sure as mercy dwelleth there,
 Shall Lucy be forgiv'n.

Now darker gloom'd the lurid sky,
 And louder groan'd the storm,
 And white upon the turbid wave,
 Fleeted fair Lucy's form.

"Forgive my love," she faintly cried,
 As wild the waters swept,
 And deep beneath the billow's rage,
 In peace poor Lucy slept.

At this conclusion, Eliza mused—looked down—shook her head—sighed bitterly.—At length, she exclaimed,

"But all this is nothing—Men, now,
 "parade the streets, in open day, with
 "masks upon their features—ah me!
 "well do I know—I know too—
 "that they can plant daggers in your heart;

" while they smile in your face—but they
 " draw no blood you know—is not that
 " admirable, lady!—Ha! ha! ha!"

The hysterical laugh was momentary—then, recollecting, as it were, she assumed the attitude of one listening:

" Hark!—one—two—they are pistols!
 " Is't the re-murder!—Nay,—do you
 " not see him bleed?"—Uttering a piercing
 shriek, Eliza bounded from the spot—
 her light form glided rapidly through the
 shrubbery—her flight unchecked, till
 she reached her dressing room—She
 closed the door—and was no more visi-
 ble that day.

At the following sessions, Simpson was taken up to the Old Bailey, to stand his trial; but no prosecutor appearing, he was dismissed, with an impressive admonition from the Bench.

The cottage, near Teignmouth, was ornamented; and converted with additions, into a snug farm, and presented to Martha, who would not, however, leave her dear Master and Mistress: she, therefore, rents it out, and funds the proceeds. Suitable acknowledgements were made to the kind-hearted Mrs. Block, and a handsome living was presented to the good Curate. Thus, in the re-establishment of his own happiness, the worthy Mr. Manly benevolently sought that of his friends and dependants.

To Laura, on her marriage, Mr. Manly gave £130,000—and Mr. Mansel, on the occasion, presented her with a magnificent suit of diamonds.

With Edward, the paternal estates were divided: and this double marriage, promising so much mutual happiness, was soon

after celebrated to the gratification of all parties.—The service, by the Rev. Mr. Douglass, who was a warm partaker in the general joy.

About this period, a splendid equipage drove up to Mr. Manly's door, and a ticket was ushered upstairs, announcing Mr. Elmore.

An elegant and accomplished gentleman presented himself to the company; and was received by Mr. Manly, with cordial tokens of welcome.—It was the young Misanthrope from the Fleet—nor was his pleasure less to find an handsome estate had lately devolved to his friend; who, now, knew how to estimate the possession of independence.

Mr. Elmore became an intimate guest at the tables of the Manly family, and the

gay Emily soon began to discover, he was
 " a most agreeable and charming fellow,"
 —Sir George still remained a prisoner in
 France.

It was now our heroine's turn to attack
 her rattling cousin.—Her heart at ease
 —her spirits on the *qui vive*—she tripped
 gaily upstairs, just before dinner, and tap-
 ping at Emily's door entered :

" 'Tis only me—but, prishee, why so
 grave sweet Coz?—Come, be a good
 girl, and confess—does not the *little*
 " *Urchin* make strange creatures of us all?
 " —But at first sight!—how ridiculous!—
 " the *stoic* Emily to be ensnared by a
 " single glance—'tis really a most enter-
 " taining *evenement*; and when *properly*
 " embellished, will electrify every tea-
 " table, within the circle of haut-ton.—
 " Permit me, however, to tell you, Emily,

“ that this new whim is more in compliment to your eyes, than your judgment.”

“ I saw with the eye of reason,”—retorted Emily with some confusion—“ Sentiment cherishes, and my heart approves, the emotion.”

“ Who is romantic now,”—answered Laura,—“ but I suppose your knight is equally stricken with yourself. — You have, doubtlessly, inspired him above vulgar mortals, and his heart, with peculiar facility, receives your lesson.”

“ There are circumstances and situations I believe, Laura, where the heart does not wait for prudence—but if reason, afterwards takes the lead, to correct first impressions, we pardon the hasty judgment of the eye, and discretion confirms her empire over our hopes.”

" I wish Elmore was slyly in a corner
 " listening to your logic Emily—with a
 " blush too—nay, be composed—I admit
 " your argument, *intuitively*; but we must
 " both allow, that there are millions of
 " deplorable instances, in domestic life,
 " where misery springs up from the fas-
 " cination of the senses, and the delusion
 " of the eye.—You, however, may cheer
 " up—your's, though a *quick*, will be a
 " *lasting*, impression; and I will gladly
 " guarantee the worth of the object.
 " Follow me, and let us tell him so."

" Willingly—*marriage* and *hanging* go
 " by destiny, you know, Laura !"

Of Lord William, it was long before
 any accounts could be collected; at last,
 it was ascertained, that he died by the
 stiletto of a bravo, at Venice, employed to
 satiate the jealous vengeance of a noble-

man, who had a very lovely wife; but her manners, being more tinctured with French levity, than Italian circumspection, this was the fifth sacrifice her *Caro Sposo* had made to the "green-eyed monster."

It remains only to state, that Mr. and Mrs. Manly live, happy in themselves, and happy in their children.—They anxiously expect the additional delight of two little playfellows—an event predicted by the young brides—to fill up the measure of their contentment. Thus, blessing and blessed, they enjoy all that peaceful serenity, which arises from a virtuous, and well spent, life.

"The ways of heaven are dark and
"intricate :"—events arise impervious to
the eyes of mortals : and those calamities,
we most grievously deplore, often, lead to
our ultimate happiness : while the profli-

gate pursues, for a season, his uninterrupted course, unchecked by the chastising hand of Providence; but it is to make the awful lesson more impressive!—In the gayest moment of fancied security, he is hurled from the presumptuous height to which his vices led him—and is presented—to the world—unmasked—an hideous form, writhing in the agonies of bitterness—anguish—and despair!

THE END.

part of the program. While some
of the systems intend to move
or classify incoming calls with no
identification of the source—such as
providing an automatic bill-of-
lading or telephone number—others

are designed to identify

the source of the call and then route it to the appropriate department.

For example, if a customer calls to inquire about a bill, the system can automatically connect him to the billing department.

Or, if a customer calls to complain about a service, the system can automatically connect him to the appropriate department.

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POSTSCRIPT.

While this volume was at press, the author, accidentally, stumbled on the following anecdote; which appeared so apposite to his Thesis, that he tore it from the European Magazine for the year 1801, to present it to the reader. It will, at least, tend to prove, that he is not singular in his opinions, on the extent and power of dissimulation.

A stranger, well mounted, and attended by a servant in a rich livery, one morning in the month of July, entered a market-town in Somersetshire, where the assizes were then held; and having put up at one of the principal inns, enquired of the land-

lord as to the curiosities and amusements of the place. Boniface, who was extremely well qualified to answer these enquiries, assured him, with a low bow, that there was no want of entertainment, as the players were in the town, and moreover that it was *Show time*; accompanying his remarks with a recommendation that the Gentleman should by all means go to hear the trials that morning, as a highwayman was to be brought up. The stranger made some objections to this invitation, upon the ground of his being unknown, and the little chance he stood of meeting with proper accomodation. This difficulty was, however, removed by the loquacious landlord assuring him, that a Gentleman of his appearance would be readily admitted: indeed, to make it more certain, he attended him to the Court-house, and represented him in such a way to his friends, the

Judge's Clerks, that he obtained a seat at a little distance from the Judge, just as the poor highwayman was about to make his defence. The appearance of the stranger, who was of elegant person and polished manners, arrested, for a moment, the attention of the Court, till the prisoner was asked, if he had any thing to say. The poor culprit assured the Judge, that he was not guilty of the robbery, and that if he knew where to find them, there were people who could prove an alibi. At this moment, the poor wretch happened to catch sight of the stranger, when he exclaimed with a degree of frantic joy, "can it be "possible?" and fell backwards on the floor. He was, however, with some difficulty, recovered. When the Judge humanely enquired into the cause of his extravagant behaviour, the poor wretch answered with tears in his eyes, "Oh my "Lord, how providential! that Gentle-

" man on your left hand can prove my
" alibi."

" How!" replied the Judge; " is this
" true? or is it merely a vain pretext to
" procrastinate the just sentence of the
" law? Pray, Sir, let me ask you (con-
" tinued his Lordship addressing himself
" to the stranger,) Do you know any thing
" of this man?"

Upon this the traveller surveyed the cri-
minal with the most scrupulous attention,
and then said, " I am sorry to assure your
" Lordship, that I do not know the pri-
" soner."

" I thought as much," replied the Judge;
" it is mere trifling with justice."

The prisoner, however, still insisted,
that the stranger knew him; and the stran-

ger again as positively denied the assertion ; till the Judge, displeased at his presumption, was about to receive the verdict of the Jury.

The culprit now on his knees, entreated permission to say one word.

"Indeed, my Lord," cried he, "the Gentleman does know me, though he may have forgotten my person; only give me leave to ask him three questions, and it will save my life."

The Judge humanely consented, and the curiosity of the whole court was excited.

"Pray, Sir," cried the prisoner, addressing himself to the stranger, "did not you land at Dover about a twelve-month since ?"

“ I believe I might,” replied the gentleman.

“ And pray, Sir, do you not recollect
“ that a man in a sailor’s jacket carried
“ your trunk from the beach to the
“ tavern ?”

“ I can’t say that I remember it,” returned the stranger ; “ but it might possibly
“ be so.”

At these words, the prisoner, not disheartened at the difficulties he had met with, pulled off his wig, and again interrogated the stranger.

“ Do you not, Sir, remember, that the
“ man who carried your trunk on that day
“ did wear he had got on his
“ head in fighting for his king and country;
“ and that he related the particulars of the

“ action in which he was wounded ? This
“ is the same scar ; look at it.”

“ Good God !” exclaimed the stranger ;
“ I do, indeed, perfectly remember the
“ circumstance, and have every reason to
“ believe this to be the man, though I
“ had entirely forgotten his face : but,
“ my Lord,” added the stranger, “ I can
“ put it to a certainty, for I have a memo-
“ randum of the day I arrived at Dover
“ from Calais.”

The date was compared with the day laid in the indictment, and found to be the same. The whole Court felt the impression, and joy was visible in every face ; when, after examining the gentleman as to his name and place of abode, the foreman of the Jury pronounced, “ Not Guilty.”

A few evenings only elapsed, when the prisoner, the stranger, and his livery-servant, were recognised upon the road in their original capacities of experienced highwaymen.

THE END.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.

